Boston Public Library
3 9999 10586 573 5

No.....

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

A Monthly,

COMPOSED OF

TALES, THE DRAMA, BIOGRAPHY, EPISODES IN IRISH AND AMERICAN HISTORY, POETRY, MUSIC, MISCELLANY, ETC.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING BOOKS EVER PUBLISHED.

VOL. I.

JANUARY TO JULY, 1879.

BOSTON:
T. B. NOONAN AND COMPANY.
1879.

*AP 2
.D7
1879

BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY

CONTENTS.

A.

A New Year's Story, 75.
A Liar and a Libeller, 163.
A Girl that will make her Way in the World, 168.
Alas! Poor Tray, 171.
A Noble Boy, 171.
Archbishop McHale, 172.
Ancient Irish Manuscripts, 174.
A Serpent among the Books, 174.
An Irish Poet in a Nameless Grave, 177.
Another Possible Difficulty for England, 255.
Ancient Irish Records, 265.
A Cooked Criticism of the New York Cathedral, 289.
Advice of the Late Cardinal Cullen, 297.
A Curious and Ancient Legend of Pilate, 329.
An Amazing Truth, 331.
A New English Cardinal, 457.
Another Terrible Disaster, 509.
An Incident in Father Burke's Visit to America, 525.
A Bill for Liquor, 544.
A Talk with our Readers, 91, 187, 283, 377, 474, 570.

B.

Big Cats and their Poor Relations, 81.
Book Notices, 96, 192, 288, 384, 480, 576.
Balance to Partners, 210.
British Civilizers at Work, 424.
British Rule in Afghanistan, 490.
Beautiful Women, 557.
Borax, 510.

C.

Commodore Barry, 67.
Cavan Superstitions, 146.
Chat with our Lady Readers on what they wear, 182, 277, 370, 467, 564.
Chapter in our Future History, 232.
Coasting, 264.
Criminal and Judicial Statistics of England and Ireland, 266.
Chickens coming Home to roost, 271.
Christianity's Work, 275.
Catholicity where the Sun does not shine for Months, 320.
Captain Molly Pitcher, 330.
Clerical Vocations in France, 406.

D.

Dignity and Rights of Labor, 1.
Daniel Webster's Blarney, 72.
Drunkenness, 80.
Drunkenness and Intemperance, 114.
Dirty Boy, 167.
Demise of a Sister of Gerald Griffin, 178.
Dean Stanley's Impressions of America, 250.
Destruction of Wealth in Great Britain, 332.
Duty of Parents towards their Children, 361.
Desertions from the British Army, 454.
Diphtheria and Kerosene Oil, 495.

E.

Events of the Month, 95, 191, 287, 384, 479, 574.
England and Afghanistan, 156.
Encyclical Letter of Leo XIII., 340.
Encounter with a Shark, 366.

F.

Fire at Maynooth, 66.
Freedom in the Church, 365.
Feudalism and Brehonism, 511.
Farming in the West, 523.

G.

Guinea Children, 132.
God prosper Old Ireland, 172.
God loves Children, 179.
Gen. Grant, 273.

H.

Hugh O'Neill, 97, 198.
Historical Portraits of the Tudor Dynasty and the Reformation, 438, 527.
How stands Ireland financially, 455.
Husbands and Wives, 505.

I.

Ireland to the Front, 14.
Ireland in America Seven Hundred and Fifty Years Ago, 22.
Ireland's Daughters in their New Homes, 53.
Is it a Plague? 64.
Irish Airs, 79.
Ireland in South America, 138.
Ireland in Gibraltar, 145.
I 'm not Irish, 151.
Irish Literature, 152.
Important Movement in Italy, 161.
Irish Intermediate Education, 165.
Irishmen in Cabul, 175.
Irish Music and Musicians, 206.
I Longed to be a Catholic, 225.
Integrity of Edmund Burke, 263.
Instructions in Reading Irish in Roman Letters, 87, 185, 279, 373, 470, 576.
Irish Songs and Song Writers, 298, 402.
Irish Literature, 444.
Irish Emigration for 1878, 489.
Ireland and Fiji, 496.

J.

Julia Marron, a Tale of Irish Life, 43, 139, 227, 321, 427, 550.
Jesuits and Politics, 561.
Jasper Monument Association, 533.

K.

Kildare's Holy Fane, 116, 408.
Keep Dwellings Dry, 523.

L.

Lady Blanche Murphy, 41.
London Gossip, 55.
Love, 143.
Life and Times of Sir Robert Peel, 160.
Labor and Wages in England, 162.
Life's Labors Ended, 328.
Little Charlie McKenzie, 337.
Letter from the Pope, Proclaiming a Jubilee, 461.

M.

Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise, 115.
Murder Will Out, 223.
Mothers-in-Law, 261.
Monseigneur Darboy; or, The Victims of the Commune, 350, 446.
Maurice Patrick McMahon, 362.
Thomas Moore, 483.
Mrs. Hannah Green, 498.
Munificence of McMahon, 524.

N.

Nelly, 24.
Napoleon I. and the Midnight Mass, 131.
Nano Nagle, Foundress of the Presentation Nuns, 497.

O.

O'Connell and the Jesuits, 78.
Obituary, 94, 190, 286, 382, 478, 573.
Our Kathleens and Bridgets, 112.
O'Donnell Aboo, 211.
Our Flag is There, 274.
Our Young Folks, 281, 375, 472, 568.

P.

Protestant Fear of O'Connell, 176.
Pharisees in Our Day, 260.
Personnel of Cardinal Manning, 336.
Pardon your Enemies, 367.
Progress of Catholicism in the United States, 398.
Pleasure for a Child, 561.
Pastoral of the Bishop of Salford, 545.

Q.

Queen of Spades Bounty, 272.

R.

Royalty and Loyalty in Ireland, 83.
Rev. Mr. Beecher and an Oregon Commissioner, 180.
Reminiscences of a Medical Student, 393.
Release of the Supposed Murderers of Lord Leitrim, 425.
Rev. Bully O'Cucumber, 507.

S.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, 70.
Summary of Recent Events, 88, 186, 376, 567.
Shop Girls, 110.
Societies, 157.
Sadlier's Tipperary Bank, 173.
Seventeenth of June, 194.
St. Patrick, 235.
Strikes, 359.
Step Inside, Gentlemen; Step into the Chinese Show, 491.
Sentiments of Leading Irish Nationalists on St. Patrick's Day, 493.

T.

The Bar Life of O'Connell, 15, 119, 212, 312, 413, 499.
The Happy New Year, 20.
The Lawyers of St. Peter's, 36.
The Basilica of the Nativity, Bethlehem, 38.
The Thundering Legion, 39.
The President of France, 53.
The Irish Element in the United States, 56.
The Lyric Drama, 73.
The Child and Infant Saviour, 74.
The Late Chief Justice Taney, 78.
Technical Education, 85.
The Humorist, 90, 182, 276, 369, 466, 563.
The French Republic, 114.
The Young Mind must receive Knowledge, 117.
The Celtic Language, 118.
The Future Church of the United States, 134.
Temperance, 144.
The Political Prisoners, 158.
The Drama, 166.
The School Manager, 169.
The Two Lines of Catholic Journalism, 170.
The Savings Banks, 175.
The Secular Press, 180.
The Lion, 209.
The Island of Ceylon, 211.
The Necessity and Dignity of Labor, 257.
The British Empire, 258.
The Kilkenny Cats, 261.
The Colleen's Song, 267.
The Outlook of the Church in the United States, 268.
The First Signer of Magna Charta, 270.
The Father Burke of France, 310.
The Story of the Leaf, 311.
The Golden Age of the Irish Church, 316.
The Faithful Irish Girl, 328.
The Late Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, 333.
The Late President McMahon, 346.
The Babylon of the World, 364.
The Voice of Time, 396.
The Archbishop of Paris and Hyacinthe Loyson, 401.
The Beautiful Month of May, 442.
The Colored Race, 457.
The Zulu King, 456.
The Late President of Holy Cross College, 459.
The Wonderful Organization of the Catholic Church, 506.
The Irish Land Question, 539.
The Catholics of France asserting their Rights, 547.

U.

Useful Knowledge, 89, 181, 368, 465, 562.

W.

Wealthy Men: Their Failure, 71.
Women's Rights, 138.
What is Ireland Doing? 169.
Woman's Influence, 224.
What Sort of a Man shall I have? 262
What We eat and drink, 305.
Who are the Persecutors? 385.
Woman's Tongue as a Drinking Cure, 524.
What Characters should be used in Writing and Printing the Irish Language? 558.
What is a Shyster? 561.

Y.

Young Napoleon, 458.

POETRY.

Baby Patrick, 339.
Children's Children and Peace, 538.
De Profundis, 397.
Erin's Flag, 437.
Irish Air, 177.
Tribute to the Memory of a Patriot Poet, 492.
The Heart of O'Neill, 526.
To a Child in Heaven, 22.
To the Memory of Father Prout, 111.
The Baby, 151.
There 's no Home like the Old Home, 274.
The Queen of the Seasons, 443.
The Meeting of the Waters, 560.
Will my Soul pass through Ireland? 37.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, JANUARY, 1879. No. 1.

"Were I to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me during life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss and the world frown upon me, it would be a taste for reading. . . . Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you can hardly fail of making him a happy man; unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history, — with the wisest, the wittiest, the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters who have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him." — SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

THE DIGNITY AND RIGHTS OF LABOR.

Cardinal Manning.*

IN everything of private life and everything of domestic and civil and political life, we have but one common interest, — the welfare of our common country. If there be divergences, as there must be, as always have been, and as I fear there always will be, it seems to me that it is the duty of every one of us to strive that they should be suspended at least in every region of our public and private life wheresoever it is possible. Lord Macaulay, in his *History of England*, tells us that in the reign of Charles II the town of Leeds was already a town of clothiers and cloth-makers; but, he said, it had only in the time of Charles I received its municipal privileges; it obtained the power of electing a member to Parliament in the time of Oliver Cromwell. It was a town of 7,000 inhabitants. It had a cloth trade which upon a brisk market-day, as he says, might sell in the open air upon the bridge some thousands of pounds' worth of cloth, and the men of Leeds were well satisfied with such a market. The oldest inhabitants of that day could remember the building of the first brick house, which was called for a long time after the Red House, which, as I am told, still exists.

Now I suppose at this moment there are single firms in Leeds that turn over a larger capital than the whole town of Leeds at that day. At that time Norwich was a far greater town in importance than the town of Leeds. Norwich was a city of eight or nine and twenty thousand people. It had already a flourishing trade. What is the relative condition of things now? Leeds has from two to three hundred thousand people. It has a manufacture which is amongst the most renowned in England, perhaps standing at the head of its kind. The capital of Leeds I will not venture to conjecture. It has become the sixth or seventh great city or town in the British Empire. While Leeds has grown to this vast importance in commerce and in wealth, the whole of the British Empire has increased likewise. There

* Mr. John O'Hart, of Dublin, has received a letter from Cardinal Manning, acknowledging Irish descent. His Eminence says: "I thank you much for your kindness in sending me your book on the Irish Pedigrees, and I am rejoiced to see that I may claim kindred with your faithful race, if not descent from King Fiacha. Hitherto I have been afraid that you would count me among the Saxons of Henry II, for the name is a tribal name of the Frisians, and is settled in Sussex, Kent, and Norfolk. I am glad, however, to know that it is, like the name Catholic, a bond with old Ireland."

has been a development of its commercial power, of its productiveness, of its labor, its skill, its capital, which is almost fabulous. I will give but one fact, which will be sufficient. A French gentleman, well conversant with commercial subjects, gave in evidence before a committee of commerce in France that at this time Great Britain, with its population of some 30,000,000, has a larger mercantile marine than all the other maritime powers of the world put together. Whereas the mercantile marine of all other powers reaches 6,600,000 tons, the mercantile marine of Great Britain reaches 6,900,000 tons. What is the cause of all this enormous development of wealth? Some may say it is capital. I say there is something before capital — there is skill. Some then may say it is skill. I say there is something before skill — there is labor; and we trace it up to labor strictly. The first agency and factor of this great commercial wealth, and therefore of the greatness of our country in this respect, is labor. In a book with which I have no doubt you are all familiar, one of the series of the Useful Knowledge Library, published first about the year 1830, when the insanity of certain uneducated persons set on foot an agitation to destroy agricultural machinery, — and perhaps many who hear me reach back in their lives sufficiently long to remember personally what I mean, — in this book, then called the *Results of Machinery*, and afterwards published some ten or fifteen years ago under the title of *Capital and Labor*, is to be found this sentence: "In the dim morning of society Labor was up and stirring before Capital was awake." There is no doubt of this; and therefore I may affirm that labor is the origin of all our greatness.

I am speaking, as you will remember, strictly upon that one point; I am not now speaking on the moral conditions of labor, though I may touch that hereafter slightly, but I speak of labor as a political economist would speak. I will not try to define labor, but will describe it to be the honest exertion of the powers of our mind and of our body for our own good and for the good of our neighbor. I say honest, for I do not account any labor which is not honest — which is superficial, tricky, and untrusty — as worthy of the name of labor. I call it exertion, because unless a man puts forth his powers, and puts them forth to the full, it is not worthy of the name of labor. Unless he puts forth his powers honestly for his own good, I call it his destruction; and if he does not put forth those powers for his own good, and also for the good of his neighbor, I call it selfishness. I think, therefore, that my description is a just one: it is the honest exertion of the powers of mind and body for our own good and the good of our neighbor. And here I must put in a plea in passing for the exertion of the powers of the mind, and I feel confident that in the Mechanics' Institute of Leeds I shall be safe in saying that those who exert the powers of the mind and of the brain are true laborers. They may never have wielded an axe, they may never have guided a locomotive, and they may never have driven a spade into the ground; but I will maintain they are true laborers, worthy of the name. But this I pass over, and shall only touch it again hereafter for the purpose of applying it strictly to our subject.

I. We will now come to what we call, for the present bodily labor. I may say that this bodily labor is in one sense the origin of everything, though it is clear that mind must precede it. The first man that ever bent a hook to take a fish, the first man that ever constructed and laid a snare to take a bird or a beast, that man exercised a mental action before his hand accomplished what he designed. This stands to reason.

In these days, perhaps, men are inclined to depreciate mere strength without skill, because our labor is become half skilled and fully skilled,

and our industry is becoming scientific. Nevertheless in the mere labor of the body there is a true dignity. The man who puts forth the powers of the body, and that honestly, for his own good and the good of his neighbor, is living a high and worthy life, and that because it is his state in the world. It is the lot in which we are placed, and any man who fulfils the lot of his existence is in a state of dignity.

The condition on which we obtain everything in the world has always more or less of labor. Nature, it is quite true, offers to us certain of her gifts as if she held them out in her hands. The trees bear fruit over our heads, and they seem to be offered to us to eat; and yet we must take them. The gold is in the earth, coal is in the mine, and we must take them too; and the taking is more laborious. And the bread that we eat is in the grain, and before that grain will nourish us there is a great deal of labor in raising it and in preparing it. So in the smaller things; and that which is in the smallest becomes more complex as we advance.

Now there is no limit as yet ascertained to the fertility of the earth. We are told that in the time of King John the productiveness of the soil of England was about one fourth as compared with the productiveness of the soil all over the face of England at this time, and as about one fifth compared with the productiveness of the soil round about London. What makes the difference? Labor, skill, capital, science, and the advancement of agriculture. This calculation shows that we have been steadily advancing in the productiveness of our soil, and have never reached its limit. Only the other day I saw a statement, which seemed to me at first so incredible that I bought the Report, and verified it by examining the passage. Till then I believed that there must be some inaccuracy in it. The committee of the House of Lords last year upon the drainage and improvement of land has this statement, resting upon the authority of two very eminent agriculturists. The one stated that of 20,000,000 of acres in England only 3,000,000 are adequately drained; and the other said that of the land in England only one-fifth part is as yet adequately treated by agriculture. Therefore labor may be only in the dawn of its work; and if England has developed itself by its labor — as I began by saying — to so vast an extent, do not let us for a moment imagine that we have reached the limit of what may be done by the advancement of that labor.

I am old enough to recollect when the political economists of England startled us by a statement that there did not exist in England coal under the earth for more than eight hundred years. It seemed to me even then that our nerves might stand the announcement. Nevertheless it is clear that we never yet have ascertained what is the limit of the coal-mines in England. I do not know that any man can make even a probable conjecture.

But not only is labor the law of our state, it is also the law of our development, — it is the law of the development of mind and body. Just as labor cultivates the earth, so labor cultivates and civilizes man. I do not know whether those who hear me are familiar with the book of Mr. Pritchard, published some years ago, on man. The first chapter contains a contrast which I always thought both just and striking, proving what I say. He says, "Who could ever imagine that a boshman sitting in a hole of the earth, and watching for spiders as his daily food, was of the same race as the civilized and cultured Englishman whom we see in the streets of London?" I have shown that the soil of England, in King John's time, as compared with the soil of England in the time of Queen Victoria, represents the same law of advancement. Now, what has been the cause of this? Call it education, call it civilization, if you like; it is, after all, labor bestowed upon ourselves, —

self-culture, self-improvement, — that for which, I suppose, all Mechanics' Institutes were formed.

But, further than this, labor is the condition of all invention. I quoted before a very expressive sentence, that "In the dim morning of society, Labor was up and stirring before Capital was awake." I may say that not only in the "dim morning," but through the noontide of society, mind must be up and stirring before labor is awake, for mind must precede labor; and the whole history of inventions of every form, scientific and social, all show this law, that mind carries the light before the hand, — mind goes first and labor follows. I need not dwell upon this, because it is a truism. Nevertheless, an illustration or two may show more clearly what I mean. Between the intelligence and the hand there is a correspondence so delicate, so minute, that it bears one of the strongest evidences of the wisdom of our Maker. The versatility of the mind, in its operations, can never be measured; nevertheless, the flexibility of the hand is such that it corresponds with the versatility of the mind. The man who in the dim morning of society made a flint knife, had a hard labor to execute works of skill. The man who succeeding him had a Sheffield blade, could do perhaps a thousand operations which the flint knife could not accomplish. Now, we read that in the time of Edward III a tax was laid upon the property of England for a war against France, and in Colchester, at that day one of the largest towns, a tax was laid upon all property. The names of all the tradesmen, artificers, and residents were taken down, with the value and description of their property, and I think the whole amount came to something like £3,000 or £4,000; and yet Colchester was then about the tenth town of importance in England. There was a carpenter in the town, whose whole stock in trade was taxed, and the value of his implements and tools was put down at one shilling. We will not calculate the difference of the value in money; he possessed two axes, one adze, a square, and a naviger for making wheels. Supposing that this carpenter, who was far beyond the man with only a Sheffield blade, and still farther beyond the man with the flint knife only, were to find himself in such a shop as Holtzapffel's, in Long Acre, and were to see himself surrounded with planes and bevel-planes and finishers and centre-bits, and I know not what, he would believe that he had got into a magician's palace, or that he himself had a hundred hands, and every one of those hands had a hundred operations: that is to say, mechanical instruments give to the intelligence an outlet, arm it with power, invest it with a variety and a tact and a delicacy of execution, so great that we can set no limit to its capacity.

Next, labor with invention is the condition of all creation. I should like to know — if the mayor of Leeds, who is the highest authority here, will tell me — how many hands were employed in making a yard of cloth when cloth was sold upon the bridge. Compare it with the number of hands employed in making a yard of cloth now, when we are seated here in the Mechanics' Institute. The other day I made a calculation on this point. You will find in the little book to which I have already referred, and from which, if there be anything that I am saying worthy of your hearing, I may confess it is in most part derived, that there must be now some five-and-twenty operations before ever we get a coat of Leeds cloth on our back. I will throw out the farmer and the factor and the shipper and the carrier, until we get the wool into Leeds; and I then find certain operations, which were to me occult and mysterious, the very names of which I had never heard before and cannot even now understand, but I have no doubt to practised ears I shall only be speaking words of a most familiar language. I find there were sorters and scourers and dyers and carders and slubbers and spinners; and that there was warping and weaving and

burling and muling and dressing and gigging and brushing and singeing and friezing, as I suppose it ought to be, and drawing, that is to say, sixteen distinct, skilful operations. Invention has separated the tangled skein of labor, and has thrown off separate threads into a multitude of hands; these operations have become finer and finer and continually more perfect by that operation. I suppose that I ought to add that the calculation says there are still five-and-twenty thousand stitches before the coat is put on our back; and this, too, shows how minutely labor is subdivided, and how in that minuteness of labor perfection is ever advancing.

Well, further than this, I have already said I can remember the time of what were called the Swing riots. I dare say, in the North of England, the fame of Swing may not be so familiar as it is to me, who have lived all my life in the South; but I remember well at that time I was living in the county of Kent, and night after night I saw the horizon red with the burning of thrashing-machines and of rick yards. Madness had been infused into the minds of our simple agricultural population. They believed that machinery was their ruin. We have now happily, and I think through the action of Mechanics' Institutes more than any other agency, come to a period when our whole population, agricultural and manufacturing, recognize that the advancement and multiplication of machinery is the greatest aid to them in creating labor. In order to give the simplest proof of this — if proof be needed, and from your response I see it cannot be — I will mention one or two facts which may not be familiar to some who hear me. Until the other day they were not familiar to myself. First of all, in the last century, inventions followed one another in a rapid succession. As you are well aware, in 1743 the fly-shuttle was invented; in 1769 the son of the inventor constructed what is called the drop box; in 1767 came the spinning jenny, in 1769 the water frame, in 1779 the two were combined into the mule, in 1813 the power loom followed; in 1765 the steam engine had been completed; in 1811 steam was applied to ships, and in 1824 it was applied to railroads. That is to say, taking only one line of invention — that which applies to the manufacture of cotton and wool — this extraordinary advancement in machinery was attained in two-and-twenty years. Then the power of locomotion by land and by sea was added. Now, what was the effect of this? At first sight it might have been supposed that it would have thrown out of employment a vast number of hands.

M. Say, the French political economist, in his *Complete Course of Political Economy*, states, upon the authority of an English manufacturer of fifty years' experience, that in ten years after the introduction of the machines the people employed in the trade — spinners and weavers — were more than forty times as many as when the spinning was done by hand. According to a calculation made in 1825, it appears that the power of 20 000 horses was employed in the spinning of cotton, and that the power of each horse yielded, with the aid of machinery, as much yarn as 1066 persons could produce by hand. But if this calculation be correct — and there is no reason to doubt it — the spinning machinery of Lancashire alone produced in 1825 as much yarn as would have required 21,302,000 persons to produce with the distaff and spindle. In order to bring down our calculation to a nearer time, I find in Mr. Brassey's most interesting address on wages the other day, before the Social Science Association, at Norwich, this statement: he says, "Messrs. Bridges & Holmes estimate that the proportion of spindles in 1833 (eight years later than the date I have quoted) was one hundred and twelve to each hand, while the corresponding number at the present day would be five hundred and seventeen. The speed of the mule has been so much increased that more

stretches are now made in ten and a half hours than formerly in twelve. In 1848 a woman would have had only two looms, now she will attend to four. The speed of the power loom in 1833 varied between ninety and one hundred and twelve; it now varies between one hundred and seventy and two hundred picks in a minute." * The Great Pyramid in Egypt is one of the mechanical wonders of the world, and we have no certain knowledge of the mechanism by which the stone was lifted into its place from the quarry, but we have one mode of estimating the amount of labor that was employed on it. The Egyptians, according to Herodotus, hated the memory of the kings who built the Pyramids, and he tells us that the Great Pyramid occupied 100,000 men for twenty years in its erection. Now, it has been calculated that the steam engines of England, worked by 36,000 men, would raise the same quantity of stones from the quarry and elevate them to the same height as the Great Pyramid in eighteen hours. If this be so, it seems to be a proof that while labor is advancing, skill has been developing, invention has been increasing, and the creation of every kind of capital has been augmented beyond anything we could have conceived, so that there has been a perpetual accumulation of muscular power, of mental power, of manual power, and of mechanical power; and this is the true capital of our country, not money alone.

Let us, then, enlarge our idea of capital, and take into that conception all that I have enumerated, — the muscular and mental and manual and mechanical power which has been created by labor. Therefore, as I said before, I claim for the man that can only bring to the field of labor his strength without skill, as well as the man that brings his strength with a half skill, or with a complete skill, or with a scientific industry, — I claim for them all the name of honest laborers; and I believe that if they be honest, that is, mentally and morally exerting their power for their own good and the good of their neighbor, they are entitled to all respect for the dignity of their state and of their work. And I cannot better express what I mean than in these words, which I find also quoted by Mr. Brassey, and his selection of them shows how he sympathized in what I am saying. Quoting some words of Mr. Ruskin, who has written lately with great sympathy for working men, and for all who are engaged in labor, Mr. Brassey says that "there is one thing necessary for us all, and that is reverence."

I know nothing that is more undignified than for a man to think there is nobody of higher stature, morally or intellectually, than himself. The smallest man on earth is the man who thinks there is nobody greater than himself. A man who is able to lift up his eyes to excellence wherever he finds it, and who has an honest and earnest admiration for it, without a spark of jealousy and without a particle of envy, — I think that man is worthy of the name of a true laborer. "Now," Mr. Ruskin says, "this is the thing which I know, and which if you labor people usually know also, that in reverence is the chief power and joy of life; reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth, for what is true and tried in the age of others, for all that is gracious among the living, and great among the dead, and marvellous in the powers that cannot die." *

II. I will turn now to the other part of my thesis; that is, to the rights of labor. I am not going to be communistic and I have no will to be revolutionary. Adam Smith says, "The property which every man has in his own labor, as it is the original foundation of all other property, so it is the most sacred and inviolable. The patrimony of a poor man lies in the strength and dexterity of his hands; and to hinder him from employing this

* Wages in 1873, p. 39. By Thos. Brassey, M. P. (Longmans, 1873.)

* Wages in 1873, p. 53. By Thos. Brassey, M. P. (Longmans, 1873.)

strength and dexterity in what manner he thinks proper, without injury to his neighbor, is a plain violation of this most sacred property." Therefore, first of all, I claim for labor the rights of property. There is no personal property so strictly one's own. It is altogether and entirely personal. The strength and skill that are in a man are as much his own as his life-blood; and that skill and strength which he has as his personal property no man may control. He has this property in him. Lawyers say a man's will is ambulatory, that is, it travels with him all over the world. So the working man carries this property with him as ready money. He can buy with it, and he can sell it. He can exchange it. He may set a price on it. And this ready money which he carries with him, he may carry to every market all over the world; and, what is more, he will not be impeded by any foreign currency. No coins, no difficult calculations, decimal or otherwise, obstruct his exchange with other nations of the world. And further, in one sense it is inexhaustible, except that we all have limits and dimensions, and our strength and skill are bounded by what we are. But there it is, perennial, going on always through his life till old age diminishes it; then what remains in him is to be honored with a reverence of which I spoke just now. Shakespeare gives an account of what a true laborer is in this way. He says in *As You Like It*, and puts it into the mouth of a laborer, "I am a true laborer; I earn that I eat, get that I wear; owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my harm." Well, then, I claim for labor (and the skill which is always acquired by labor) the rights of capital. It is capital in the truest sense. Now, our Saxon ancestors used to call what we call cattle "live money," and we are told that what we call chattels, and cattle, and the Latin word *capita*, are one and the same thing; that is, "heads" of cattle, or workers or serfs. This was "live money." And so is the labor, the strength, and the skill in the honest workman "live money." It is capital laid up in him; and that capital is the condition of production. For capital which is in money, which I will call dead capital, or dead money, receives its life from the living power and skill of the laborer. These two must be united. The capital of money and the capital of strength and of skill must be united together, or we can have no production and no progress. And therefore "Labor and Capital must," as the book I quoted from before puts it, "ride on the same horse"; and that book says, in a sort of mother-wit way, that "when two men ride on a horse, one must ride behind." It says that Capital rides before. Well, now, if they cannot ride side by side, they ought to walk hand in hand. Whatever rights, then, capital possesses, labor possesses.

Once more: labor has a right of liberty. We read in Columella, who wrote a book on Roman agriculture in the first century of our era, that the soil all around Rome became so sterile, barren, and unproductive, and year after year so perceptibly lost its fertility, that the philosophers of Rome accounted for it by saying that the earth was growing old. We do not find that England has grown old, as comparing King John's time with our own. But the secret of this diminution in its productiveness was very easily discovered. It was cultivated by slaves; and slave labor is labor without a heart, it is labor without a will. It is not the strength of the arm, but it is the vigor of the will that makes the axe ring upon the root of a tree. Every laborer has a right to work or not to work. If he refuses to work, as an idler there is an old law which says, "If a man will not work, neither let him eat." * That law has never been repealed. And the same law says that "the laborer is worthy of his hire," † and I am happy to say that

* 2 Thess. iii, 10. † St. Luke x, 7.

law still stands in the sacred statute-book. Well, a laborer has a right to determine for whom he will work and where he will work. I do not mean in any capricious and extortionate way, but he must be first and last the judge and the controller of his own life, and he must pay the penalty if he abuses that freedom. This carries with it also the right to say whether he can subsist upon certain wages. This is undeniable. He may set too high a price upon his labor, but then he will pay the penalty. No man can appraise it for him. Another man may offer him his wages, and if he is not content he may refuse it. He cannot say, "You shall work." Well, now, in England serfdom lasted until the fourteenth century, and I have no doubt that serfdom was one of the reasons why the fertility of England was not what it is now; one, I say, for I do not forget capital, skill, and science. Serfdom died out under the benign action of Christianity. Then for many centuries there existed a state of labor in this country which, though it was free in one sense, was not altogether free in another. It was under certain social circumscriptions which limited the freedom of the laborer, — the old law of settlement and the like, into which I will not enter. At the present time the labor of Englishmen is, I may say, as free as the air. They may go where they will; they may labor where they will; they may labor for whom they will; they may labor for what they can obtain; they may even refuse to labor. This again is undeniable. I do not see how anybody can deny this without denying a right which belongs both to property and to capital.

Let me here enter a protest, though I have no doubt you do not need it. I have said it before, in Manchester, some years ago; and I cannot help saying it again in Leeds. There are some people who are trying to force into the mouths of Englishmen a very long word,— the *proletariat*. I have no doubt you have all heard it and all read it. When I see it in a book, I suspect the book at once. When a man says it to me, I doubt whether he is an Englishman. Our old mother-tongue has a great many more monosyllables than polysyllables in it, and I love it all the more for that, for I think our old Saxon monosyllables have the strength of a strong race in them. Now, I had ten thousand times rather be called a working man than a *prolétaire*. I will tell you my reasons against the name of *prolétaire*. It is pedantry; it is paganism; it is false; and it is an indignity to the working man. It is pedantry, because it was dug up out of the old Roman law by certain French writers, chiefly in or about the time of the first French Revolution, and that accounts, perhaps, for its paganism in its revived state, because that was a period very rank with paganism. It is strictly pagan in its origin; it belongs to the Roman civilization such as it was before the Christian era. But further, it is utterly inapplicable to our present state, and I will tell you why. The population of Rome was distinguished into classes. There were those that were called in legal phrase *capite censi*, or men told by the head. They were mere numbers; they possessed nothing; they were nothing; they could do nothing; they had two eyes and two hands and two feet, and they were entered in the poll-tax by the tale. These were the lowest of the Roman population. Next to them were the *proletarii*, or men who had homes and families—if you call a home a roof or a shelter where a man could lie down; but they were destitute of property. They had nothing but their children. They could only serve the State by themselves and by their children in military service, or something of that sort. Moreover, they were slaves, or to a great extent they were slaves. They were the greatest of idlers, and the most profligate and the most dependent of the Roman populace. They lived on alms; or, what is worse, they were the followers and the flatterers of those who had anything to

give them. Well, now, I ask whether it is not an indignity to English working men to call them *prolétaires?*

Labor has a right not only to its own freedom, but it has a right to protect itself. And now, gentlemen, I know I am treading very near to dangerous ground; nevertheless I will speak as an historian or as a political economist, but certainly not as a demagogue. If you go back to the earliest period of our Saxon history, you will find that there always were associations distinct from the life of the family on the one side and from the State on the other. The family has laws of its own, laws of domestic authority, laws of domestic order, and — I will say, after King Solomon — laws of very salutary domestic punishment. On the other hand, the State has its public laws, its legislature, and its executive. But between the public and the domestic life there is a wide field of the free action of men and of their mutual contracts, their mutual relations, which are not to be controlled, either, by domestic authority, and cannot be meddled with by the public authority of the State. I mean the whole order of commerce. Commerce existed as soon as there was the interchange of one thing for another; and these free contracts between man and man, between employer and employed, are as old as civilization. Clearly, therefore, there is a certain field which must be regulated by a law of its own, by tribunals of its own; and as soon as we begin to trace anything in our Saxon history, we begin to trace the rise of guilds. They were of a religious character at first. Some have thought they were religious only, but that is a mistake; they were also what we should call benefit societies; they were also for protection; they were again for the vindication of liberty from the oppressive jurisdiction of those who held local authority. There were guilds, or gilds, of many kinds; some were called "frith-gilds," and others were called "craft-gilds," and these craft-gilds were composed of masters and of men, of employers and of employed.

In all the history of civilization, if you go back to the Greeks or to the Romans, you find that trades and professions always had their societies and fellowships by which they were united together. It seems to me that this is a sound and legitimate social law. I can conceive nothing more entirely in accordance with natural right and with the higher jurisprudence than that those who have one common interest should unite together for the promotion of that interest. I hope to show before I have done that this has always been a principle of the most solid civil and political order, and it is that with which I am now concerned. To tell the truth, the Leeds Mechanics' Institute, as described to me by its excellent president before I came here, appears to me to be a craft-gild; for, as I understand, there are in it both employers and employed; there are both capitalists who hold what I have called the dead money, and there are capitalists who hold the live money; and therefore you are united in a common interest. You seem to me, if craft-gilds are dangerous bodies, to be a very dangerous body. Well, the whole of our social order in England springs from organizations of this sort. First of all, let me refer you to a book which I can only name, because I heard the clock just now, and though I was kindly told that I might have a large margin, for very shame I should not venture to go up to the frontier that was assigned to me. Therefore all that I can do will be to refer to a book by Brentano, a Bavarian writer, on the history of craft-gilds, tracing them down to present associations of trades in various kinds; and I confess that book took out of my mind entirely the erroneous conception, which in some degree I had formed, that such associations have anything about them which is not perfectly innocuous if they are rightly conducted. Only let us remember this one fact: All the great mercantile cities of England are little

more than the aggregation of these gilds. In Norwich there were twelve; and that was when as yet Leeds was nothing. In King's Lynn there was twelve; in Bishop's Lynn there were nine; in Cologne there were eighty; in Lubeck there were seventy; in Hamburg there were one hundred; in London there were seventy; and, as I think I can show, London itself is the greatest example of an aggregation of craft-gilds, for, as Brentano says, "The oldest reliable and detailed account which we have of gilds come from England. They consist of free gild statutes. The drawing up of these statutes took place in England in the beginning of the eleventh century. In the case of one of these gilds, there is no doubt whatever as to the accuracy of this date. This gild was founded and richly endowed by Orcy, a friend of Canute the Great, at Abbotsbury.* He says again, "The forbiddance of gilds in the Frankish Empire — for abroad they were not well regarded — could only be justified from certain motives relating to their mode of being conducted; but from England we hear nothing whatever of any evil in these gilds.† It appears that Englishmen at all times knew better than Continentals how to maintain their right of free and independent action, and their government seems to have known, even at that time, how to make use in an excellent manner, and in the interest of public order, of organizations freely created by the people. At Canterbury a gild following the same ends stood at that time at the head of the city, whilst two others existed by the side of it. There are also accounts of a "Gildhall" at Dover, from which a craft-gild may be inferred; and charters of a somewhat later time frequently mention many other gilds besides these as having been long in existence.

The organization of the gilds was thus, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries, not only completed, but probably already widely extended amongst the Anglo-Saxons, who even recognized all their ordinances, or at least permitted them, in legislation. The gilds enjoyed already such authority in England that their agreements bound even non-members, and town constitutions were already developing themselves from them. I may say, in passing, that York at that time had three and Beverley had four. As an example of what they were, here is a curious extract from the gild of Killingham in Lincolnshire: "If a brother or a sister is unlucky enough to lose a beast worth a half a merk, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny towards getting another beast. If the house of any brother or sister is burned by mishap, every brother and every sister shall give a halfpenny towards a new house." Brentano then goes on, but I must not venture to give you all the matter which I have before me. He says that a much higher degree of development comes in with the amalgamated gilds. These amalgamated gilds had each grown up distinctly and separately; then they were amalgamated together. "The fact of London preceding other places in this development presents no difficulty, since England must be regarded as the birthplace of gilds, and London, perhaps, as their cradle. At least there is documentary evidence that the constitution of the city was based upon a gild, and it served as a model for other English towns. According to the *Judicia Civitatis Lundoniæ* of the time of King Athelstane, the frith-gilds of London united to form one gild, that they might carry out their aims more vigorously. This London gild governed the town, as is proved by the facts that their regulations bound even non-members. The occasion of this union was, perhaps, that here, as afterwards in other places, other gilds had gradually been formed at the side of the original old gild, and the rivalries between the old and the new prejudiced the objects of the gilds, — the protection of freedom and of right." Bren-

* Brentano on Gilds, p. 1. (Trübner, 1870.)
† *Ibid.*, p. 15.

tano shows that "a similar union took place three centuries later at Berwick-on-Tweed in the year 1283–4. The townsmen of Berwick agreed upon the statute of a single united gild, that where many bodies are found side by side in one place, they may become one and have one weal, and in dealings of one with another have a strong and hearty love." Now, London at this moment has, I think, some seventy-three or seventy-four liveries or companies, which are strictly the old traditional gilds surviving to this day. The Lord Mayor of London invites them to a great banquet once a year, and they are solemnly introduced to him, with all the ceremonies of the city of London, as representing the original gilds.

From this it would seem to me to follow that the protection of labor and of industry has at all times been a recognized right of those who possess the same craft: that they have united together; that those unions have been recognized by the legislature; that whether they be employers or employed, whether they possess the dead capital or the live capital, — the dead money or the live money, — all have the same rights. And I do not see, I confess, why all men should not organize themselves together, so long as they are truly and honestly submissive to one higher and chief, who is superior over us all,— the supreme reign of law which has governed, at all times, the people of England. There is a passage of great interest quoted in this same book. I verified it, lest there should be any inaccuracy on the part of a foreign writer, and I found it entirely correct. At a time in the early part, I think, of this century, or at the close of the last, when there was great suffering at Nottingham, when the stocking weavers were under severe depression, and there were very painful and hostile conflicts between the employed and the employer, Mr. Pitt said in the House of Commons, "The time will come when manufactures will have been so long established, and the operatives not having any other business to flee to, that it will be in the power of any one man in a town to reduce the wages; and all the other manufacturers must follow. Then, when you are goaded with reductions and willing to flee your country, France and America will receive you with open arms; and then farewell to our commercial state. If ever it does arrive to this pitch, Parliament (if it be not then sitting) ought to be called together, and if it cannot redress your grievances, its power is at an end. Tell me not that Parliament cannot: it is omnipotent to protect"* I think it remarkable that Mr. Pitt at that day should have foreseen the questions which are before us at this moment; but it is not remarkable that he should have had the statesmanlike prudence of seeing that the remedy lies in the supreme control and protection of the law.

I am now, I fear, going to utter a politico-economical heresy. I have great respect for political economy. I entirely believe, as you may have seen, in the law of supply and demand and free exchange and safety of capital, which are the first conditions of industry; but there is one point on which, I am sorry to say, I am a very lame political economist, and I cannot keep pace with others. I find political economists denouncing all interference, as they call it, of Parliament with the supply and demand in any form of any article whatsoever. They argue that as a reduction of the price of bread gives the poor more food, and as the reduction of the price of cloth gives the poor more clothing, so the reduction of the price of intoxicating drink gives the poor a greater abundance of comfort. Now, gentlemen, I do not introduce this for the purpose of giving any expression on the Permissive Bill. I have done that at other times and elsewhere; this is not the place for it, neither was I

* Pitt's Speech on the Arbitration Act, quoted in Vol. XXIII, p. 1091, *Hansard*.

invited for this purpose. But I give that instance to show that the principle of free trade is not applicable to everything. Why is it not applicable? Because it is met and checked by a moral condition. There is no moral condition checking the multiplication of food and the multiplication of clothing, — the multiplication of almost every article of life which is not easily susceptible of an abuse fatal to men and to society. Well, now I am afraid I am going to tread upon difficult ground, but I must do so. I am one of those — which is of no importance, but Mr. Brassey is also one of those, and that is of a great deal more — who are of opinion that the hours of labor must be further regulated by law. I know the difficulty of the subject; but I say the application of unchecked political enonomy to the hours of labor must be met and checked by a moral condition.

If the great end of life were to multiply yards of cloth and cotton twist, and if the glory of England consists or consisted in multiplying, without stint or limit, these articles and the like at the lowest possible price, so as to undersell the nations of the world, well, then, let us go on. But if the domestic life of the people be vital above all; if the peace, the purity of homes, the education of children, the duties of wives and mothers, the duties of husbands and fathers, be written in the natural laws of mankind, and if these things are sacred, far beyond anything that can be sold in the market,— then I say, if the hours of labor resulting from the unregulated sale of a man's strength and skill shall lead to the destruction of domestic life, to the neglect of children, to turning wives and mothers into living machines, and of fathers and husbands into — what shall I say? — creatures of burden,— I will not use any other word,— who rise up before the sun, and come back when it is set, wearied and able only to take food and to lie down to rest, the domestic life of men exists no longer, and we dare not go on in this path. I am not going to attempt a prescription, — I should fail if I were to attempt to practise in an art which is not my own; but this I will say: Parliament has done it already. Parliament, at the instance of Lord Ashley, now Lord Shaftesbury, whom all men honor for his life of charity, has set the precedent. Lord Shaftesbury, about the year 1834–5, as I remember, obtained a committee, by which he brought to light — he unearthed and brought on the surface of the earth, under the light of the sun — all that was hidden in the mines, and Parliament forbade the employment of the labor of women and of children. Parliament has again and again interposed to forbid the employment of children in factories before a certain age. In some they cannot be employed as whole-timers till after eleven years of age; in others not until after fourteen years of age; in agricultural labor not before ten years of age. Parliament has interposed over and over again with the freedom of labor. More than this; Parliament has interposed to prevent fathers and mothers from selling the labor of their children. It has forbidden it; and Mr. Walpole, the other day, extended to other trades the Acts by which the employment of children in certain noxious trades is limited or forbidden altogether. It has forbidden even the parents themselves to employ their children in those trades They may not use the labor of their own children, to enrich themselves, if the employment of that labor be injurious to the child. Do not let it be said, therefore, that Parliament has not interposed in the question of labor, and in the question of the hours of labor. I will ask, is it possible for a child to be educated who becomes a full-timer at ten or even twelve years of age? Is it possible for a child in the agricultural districts to be educated who may be sent out into the fields at nine? I will ask, can a woman be the mother and head of a family who works sixty hours a

week? You may know better than I, but bear with me if I say I do not understand how a woman can train her children in the hours after they come home from school if she works all day in a factory. The children come home at four and five in the afternoon; there is no mother in the house. I do not know how she can either clothe them or train them or watch over them, when her time is given to labor for sixty hours a week. I know I am treading upon a very difficult subject, but I feel confident of this,— that we must face it, and that we must face it calmly, justly, and with a willingness to put labor and the profits of labor second, the moral state and the domestic life of the whole working population first. I will not venture to draw up such an Act of Parliament further than to lay down this principle.

I saw in my early days a good deal of what the homes of agricultural laborers were. With all their poverty, they were often very beautiful. I have seen cottages with cottage gardens, and with a scanty but bright furniture, a hearth glowing with peat, and children playing at the door; poverty was indeed everywhere, but happiness everywhere too. Well, I hope this may still be found in the agricultural districts. What may be the homes in our great manufacturing towns I do not know, but the homes of the poor in London are often very miserable. The state of the houses — families living in single rooms, sometimes many families in one room, a corner apiece. These things cannot go on; these things ought not to go on. The accumulation of wealth in the land, the piling up of wealth like mountains, in the possession of classes or of individuals, cannot go on, if these moral conditions of our people are not healed. No commonwealth can rest on such foundations.

I have endeavored to draw out before you what is the dignity of labor. It is the law of our state, the law of our development and perfection, the source of invention, the power of creation, and the cause of manifold capital in money and in skill. And as to its rights, I have shown that it is true property, true capital; that it has a primary right of freedom, a right to protect itself, and a claim upon the law of the land to protect it. I will only add that there can be nothing in a working man undignified unless he be himself the cause of it. Forgive me if I use a very common proverb, and if I make another like it: "An idle man is the devil's playfellow," and "An intemperate man is the devil's slave." As to the rights, I know nothing that can ever limit the rights of a working man excepting his committing wrong. If he commits wrong, the strong may retaliate; if he does no wrong, the supreme power of law will protect him.

Now, gentlemen, I have detained you a great deal longer than I ought, a great deal longer than I intended. I will therefore bring what I have said to an end.

I said at first that I should claim for those that labor with the head a share with those who labor with the hand. Without brain-work where would have been all the inventions which have created our new continents of toil, our new worlds of industry? And the brain-work, how long, how continuous, how exhausting it has been before it has reached its end! how many have been worn out by it in the search after some invention which they never found! but though they died in disappointment, they laid the trains of the discovery for those who came after them. It was well said by a writer of the last century, "We cannot reasonably expect that a piece of woollen cloth will be wrought to perfection in a nation which is ignorant of astronomy, or where ethics are neglected." The intelligence of a country does not rise like the peaks of mountains, nor like artesian wells, in isolated spots. The intelligence of a country rises equably all over the surface, like the waters of a lake. The cultivation of science in its highest

ranges enriches the lowest valleys and plains of labor. The science of Davy gave the safety-lamp to mines; the chemistry of Liebnitz has multiplied the fertility of our fields. And it is not only astronomy that helps the clothiers of Leeds, but ethics; and in morals I ought to have my say, but at the beginning, not at the end, of an evening; and therefore with ethics I will conclude. The science of morals rests on four foundations, — on prudence, which guides the intellect; on justice, which guides the will; on temperance, which governs the passions; and on fortitude, which sustains the whole man in the guidance and government of himself. These four cardinal virtues of the natural order perfect the character of man; and to-night I am not speaking in any other sense. They underlie all the dignity of man, and they justify all his rights. The laborer in our common field of toil who is prudent, just, temperate, and brave is indeed "a workman that needeth not to be ashamed."

IRELAND TO THE FRONT.

The report which reaches us from Flanders should give the greatest encouragement to Irish manufacturers. It would seem by the late returns that the cambric manufactured at Valenciennes has been productive of over a million during the past year. The development of the trade is attributed to the period of the American war. Ever since that time, when cotton goods were not to be procured, has the conviction arisen among the higher classes all over Europe that they were not worth procuring when linen fabrics were to be had so much finer and softer and of far more durable quality, the primary excess of cost being amply compensated by this latter recommendation. In Flanders the wife of the cambric weaver assists her husband at the loom, and whole families work together by their own fireside. The large and overgrown factories, so common in England, are unknown in Flanders. The manufacturers have at present but one aim in view, — that of underselling their Irish rivals. They are already compelled to purchase their thread in the Irish market, being unable to spin so fine a thread as there produced for want of the same machinery. The Flemish and Belgian employers are much discomfited at this necessity, and heavy wages are obtained by the workman who can manipulate the thread as deftly as accomplished by the English machinery. The Flemish manufacturers have always been opposed to the Treaty of Commerce on this account, and in the French Chamber of Deputies have retarded the universal adoption of Free Trade. Any rise in the price of imported raw flax would ruin the French linen weavers and compel them to leave the market to their competitors in Ireland. Already are the Irish fabrics of thread-lace obtaining favor in the eyes of the ladies of France; and at the latest fashionable weddings the *chec* has been for the bride's dress to be completely covered with *dentelle d'Irlande*. The exorbitant price demanded for the Flemish laces of every description would render competition easy for the Irish manufacturer.

It would be not far from the truth to say that apostates and schismatics are generally sensualists.

Be industrious. Improve each day as if you expect to die on the morrow. Indolence, debt, and disease are brothers.

Martin Luther, the founder of the church that bears his name, was a Catholic priest of the order of St. Augustine. He was born in Saxony about four hundred years ago, apostatized from the faith of his fathers, got married and organized a church of his own, which is still in existence, but which has drifted far away from the creed of its founder.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER I.

THE IRISH BAR BEFORE THE UNION.

Integrity of the Irish Bar. — Courtesy of its Members. — Catholic Judges and Law Officers in the Reign of James II. — Testimony of the Earl of Clarendon, Lord Lieutenant, to their Moderation. — Sir Richard Nagle, Attorney-General. — Sir Theobald Butler, Solicitor-General. — He is heard at the Bar of the Irish House of Commons against the Penal Code. — Catholics excluded from the Bar. — Protestant Liberality. — Biography neglected in Ireland. — Evil Effects of Party. — Want of Irish Writers. — Desire of the Author to supply Omission. — Patriotism of the Irish Protestant Bar. — Honored Names. — Leading Members of the Bar opposed to the Legislative Union. — Bar Meeting of 1799. — Mr. Saurin, his Character and Arguments — Mr. Plunket, his Reputation. — The Horse Stealer. — Mr. Plunket's Speech on the Union. — Mr. Bushe, Appearance and Manner. — Poetical Account of his Talents — The Supporters of the Union. — Mr. Daly. — Mr. Thomas Grady, his singular Harangue. — Mr. Thomas Goold declares against the Measure. — His Oration. — Majority of the Bar meeting against the Union, 134.

THE bar of Ireland has always maintained in these kingdoms the highest place in public estimation. The personal independence of its members, their boldness in advocacy, their firmness in upholding the privileges of their profession, their learning and zeal in the cause of their clients, have ever been remarkable. No matter how, from time to time, the bench was constituted, no matter what had been the conduct of the party on trial, his rights were asserted, and his case presented to the court and jury in the fullest, the freest, the ablest manner. Suspicion of the bench there might be, distrust of the jury there might be, but want of confidence in the integrity of the bar — never. Another distinguishing feature of the Irish bar has been its decorous bearing towards the bench, and courtesy amongst its members. Altercations, of course, may be inevitable, as also fierce contentions respecting points in dispute ; but offensive language, personal recrimination, or suggestion of improper conduct scarcely ever raises angry feeling or calls for the intervention of the bench.

From the time of James II to the year 1792, the members of the Irish bar were Protestant. During the reign of that unfortunate monarch, who was himself a Roman Catholic, many members of that religion, eminent Irish barristers, obtained judgeships and other high legal appointments ; and Lord Clarendon, who was lord lieutenant of Ireland in 1685, tells us in his state letters, "that when the popish judges were made privy councillors, they conducted themselves with singular modesty." The lord lieutenant, who was a strict Protestant, gives several instances of the pains those judges took "to quiet the minds of the people wherever they went; and that they took care to have all the jurors mingled, half English and half Irish." * Judge Daly and Judge Nugent are specially commended.

Two Irishmen, Sir Richard Nagle, then attorney-general, and Sir Theobald Butler, the solicitor-general, both Catholics, were men of able and distinguished acquirements. The latter, popularly known as Sir Toby Butler, is remembered to this day. He was a member of the Ormond family, and employed to settle the articles of capitulation at Limerick. When, in 1703, twelve years after the treaty had been signed, the first wedge of the Penal Code was about being introduced into Ireland in the shape of a bill to annul these articles, Sir Theobald appeared at the bar of the Irish House of Commons, with the treaty of Limerick in his hand, and on the part of himself and his Roman Catholic fellow-countrymen prayed to be heard against the penal enactment. He was allowed to address the House, and his speech was most able ; but, as he anticipated, it was unavailing. He lived to see the Act passed by which Roman Catholics were excluded from the profession of the bar. He lies buried in the churchyard of St. James, Dublin.

* State Letters, Vol. I, p. 326.

From 1720 to 1793 the members of the bar were Protestant, both in England and Ireland. As a monopoly in all the offices of the law, from lord high chancellor to the sub-sheriff of a county, awaited the sons of the Irish Protestants, they necessarily availed themselves of the boon, and aptly sustained the dignity of their calling; yet it is only just to say, that the Protestant bar were not parties to withholding the honors and privileges they enjoyed from their Catholic countrymen. They frequently evinced their liberality; and on discussions of Catholic complaints expressed sentiments of indignation at the injustice perpetrated against their fellow-gownsmen.

Dr. Johnson says no study is more delightful or useful than biography; none can more enliven the heart by irresistible interest, or more readily diffuse instruction; yet, unquestionably, in no country has it been more neglected than in Ireland. Nor is it difficult to find the cause: the hateful spirit of party — "Divide and conquer" — blinds people's eyes to the truth; for if one side praise, the other blames, and the truth is suppressed by both. Literature thus failed to strike root; or, if it put forth its leaves, they drooped and perished for want of nourishing culture. Hence, few of our Irish chroniclers have left sufficient traces of genius. Noble and illustrious characters lived, moved, and had their being, of whom little, save a name, survives. Some, whose careers were more marked, received but scant justice, — their actions either unnoticed or maligned, their conduct either unappreciated or misrepresented; while those whose position enabled them to observe and record passing events possessed neither taste nor inclination to preserve reminiscences of those with whom they had associated.

The close of the eighteenth century reckoned a host of great men in Ireland. It was a time to stir men's souls. The great depths were unloosed; the thunder of war rolled across the Atlantic; thrones and dynasties of Europe were tottering at the base; the elements of strife in Ireland were lowering, and the tramp of armed men resounded through the land. When the old boundaries are broken up, and society is being reconstructed, active and buoyant spirits float upwards, while the inert and sluggish sink to the bottom. Of those active spirits the greater number were members of the Irish bar, whom industry and abilities had placed in the first rank.

It is the career of some of these illustrious men we wish to trace, to show how, by perseverance and plodding industry, they were enabled to overcome the most formidable obstacles, and by energy and opportunity emerged from obscurity to fame and fortune. The spirit of determination to be disenthralled from the operation of partial and unjust legislation which shackled this country was kindled by the patriotic Protestant bar of Ireland, and soon the hallowed fire was cherished in the home of the mechanic, in the cottage of the poor, in the mansion of the Irish gentleman. Malone, Grattan, Hussey Burgh, aided by others not of the bar, labored with great energy, and succeeded at last.

The independence of the judges was a great achievement, and had its due effect upon the bar; and when the union was impending, the spirit of the men of '82 animated all who vehemently and eloquently resisted that measure. Again rose high amidst the storm of debate the voice of the Protestant bar Grattan, Hussey Burgh, Yelverton, Curran, Foster, Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, John Egan, Wolfe, Plunket, Ponsonby, are honored names in Ireland. These men were of the Irish bar, and all Protestants Many of them exercised no small influence over the destinies of their country. No sooner had they developed their capacity, and found that knowledge is power, than they co-operated to destroy those oppressive enactments which retarded all social and industrial

progress in Ireland, and infused their own ardor into the hearts of the people. Strongly opposed to the union, they resolved to protest solemnly against it.

The celebrated meeting of the Irish bar, assembled to discuss the projected union between Great Britain and Ireland, took place on the 9th December, 1799, at the Exhibition Room in William Street, Dublin, on which occasion Mr. Smith, the Father of the Bar as the senior member is always called, presided. The requisition calling the meeting was signed by fourteen of the king's counsel, namely, William Saurin, William Conyngham Plunket, Charles Kendal Bushe, Jonah Barrington, Peter Burrowes, E. Mayne, J. Lloyd, Richard Jebb, W. Sankey, B. Burton, H. Joy, A. M'Cartney, G. O'Farrell, J. O'Driscoll; there were also the signatures of several of the outer bar, and about two hundred members of the profession testified by the part they took in the meeting the vital importance of the subject under discussion.

Mr. Saurin opened the proceedings; he was descended from one of the Huguenot families which the impolitic measure of revoking the edict of Nantes by the ministry of Louis XIV introduced into Ireland. Having entered Trinity College, Dublin, as fellow commoner in 1775, he gained the highest academic honors. Here he took his degree; and, inclined to adopt the legal profession, he became a law student, and was called to the Irish bar in 1780. He was deeply read in professional learning; his style of speaking was more argumentative than oratorical; he spoke to the understanding rather than to the passions, and aimed at the head instead of the heart. He was an expert logician, and the habit of arranging his thoughts in natural order made him independent of preparation He was in great practice at the time of this meeting, and opposed the union, which he contended was no remedy for the disorders of Ireland He argued "that Ireland was afflicted by disorders which could only be remedied by a wise government, salutary laws, or perhaps — though to be lamented — coercion and force, — disorders with which, however, a transfer of the legislation from Ireland to Great Britain had no sort of connection." Such, he contended was a "subversion and a sacrifice of the constitution of Ireland, and surrender of the most invaluable privilege of a nation, for doubtful if not idle speculation, and visionary objects, when no necessity existed for any constitutional change."

Mr. Plunket was also an anti-Unionist; he was from the province of Ulster, a distinguished ornament of the College Historical Society, and a fellow-student at the University with Bushe, Burrowes, Magee, who was afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and Dr. Millar, author of the "Philosophy of History." He was called to the bar in 1787, and soon his great legal talents procured him employment. When he selected his circuit, he took his place on the one which embraced his native county, and soon established a high reputation. It is said that in the county Fermanagh he defended a notorious horse-stealer so successfully as to procure his acquittal; another of the gang, who had been present at the trial, exclaimed, "Long life to you, Councillor Plunket! The *first horse I steal*, by Jekers, I'll have you, Plunket!"

The popular party at this time were much in need of a man of talent to encounter Castlereagh in the House of Commons, and when the dauntless energy, great power of invective, high logical arguments, and courage equal to the occasion, of Plunket became known, Lord Charlemont at once placed the borough from which he took his title at the young lawyer's disposal; and thus Mr. Plunket became a member of the Irish Parliament in 1797. When the projected union with Great Britain was brought before the House, he at once took his stand with the opponents of that measure.

His speeches in Parliament, like those at the bar, are remarkable for their earnestness, their simplicity, and their force. He always reminded the auditor of one who meant what he said, and said what he meant, — who spoke to achieve an end, not for mere display; and the effect was always enhanced by the discourse referring to some topic suggested by the discussion, thereby showing the apparent impossibility of the speech having been prepared. The following is an extract from his speech on the union: —

"Sir, I warn the ministers of this country against persevering in their present system. Let them not presume to offer violence to the settled principles, or to shake the attached loyalty of the country. Let them not persist in the wicked and deplorable doctrine which places British connection in contradiction to Irish freedom. I revere them both, — it has been the habit of my life to do so. For the present constitution I am ready to make any sacrifice, — I have proved it. For British connection I am ready to lay down my life, — my actions have proved it. Why have I done so? Because I consider that connection essential to the freedom of Ireland. Do not, therefore, tear asunder, to oppose each other, the principles which are identical in the minds of loyal Irishmen. For me, I do not hesitate to declare, that if the madness of the revolutionist should tell me, 'You must sacrifice British connection,' I would adhere to that connection in preference to the independence of my country. But I have as little hesitation in saying that if the wanton ambition of a minister should assail the freedom of Ireland, and compel me to the alternative, I would fling the connection to the winds, and I would clasp the independence of my country to my heart. I trust the virtue and wisdom of the Irish Parliament and people will prevent the alternative from arising. If it should come, be the guilt on the heads of those who made it necessary."

Mr. Bushe was a violent anti-Unionist. He was the son of a clergyman of good family, and connected with Henry Grattan. There was no member of the Irish bar more gifted by nature than Mr. Bushe. His countenance was strikingly handsome, and a smile of singular sweetness perpetually hovered upon his lips; unaffected good-nature beamed from his mild blue eyes; his voice was harmonious and flexible; and when addressing the court or jury, his countenance as well as the sweet-toned voice spoke. The most graceful delivery, the most appropriate action, the most suitable attitude waited on his words. Neither Kean nor Kemble was a more consummate actor, and he alternately held in his power the understanding, the passions, and the senses of his auditory. There was no effort, no appearance of preparation, observable; all appeared natural, simple, and smooth. In the anonymous poem called "The Metropolis," published in Dublin, the following description is given of his varied accomplishments: —

"Sedate at first, at length his passion warms,
And every word and every gesture charms
Sunk to no meanness, by no flourish swelled,
The copious stream its course majestic held,
The graces to his polished wit gave birth,
Which makes the smile, but not the roar of mirth.
His legal tenets stand on stablest ground,
His moral precepts novel and profound.
Well has he traced the law's unbounded chart,
Well searched each corner of the human heart.
In triumph his resistless march proceeds —
Reason and Passion follow where he leads.
In justice his inalienable trust,
Or does he deem each cause he battles just?
Suffice it — every energy of zeal
Makes that conviction he makes others feel."

This was no exaggeration; the words and gestures were alike effective, the passions described by his lips were depicted in his glance, and John Kemble described him as "the best actor *off the stage*."

The anti-Unionists, however, were not allowed to have all the speaking to themselves. Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, the Lord High Chancellor, was creating offices for such pliant mem-

bers of the bar as saw the benefits which would accrue to Ireland by the union, and several, with a lively sense of *future* favors, attended this meeting. "Mr. St. George Daly, a briefless barrister," says Sir Jonah Barrington,* "was the first supporter of the union." Of all of the men he was the least thought of for promotion; but it was wittily observed that "the union was the first brief Mr. Daly had spoken from." He moved an adjournment. Mr. Thomas Grady followed on the same side. He was a member of the Munster circuit, possessed of considerable talents, but of low tastes and fond of dissipation. Being extremely near-sighted, and never seen without glasses, he was called "Spectacle Grady." He was an assistant-barrister in expectancy, and sought the patronage of Lord Clare. "The Irish," said Mr. Grady in characteristic phraseology, "are only the rump of an aristocracy. Shall I visit posterity with a system of war, pestilence, and famine? No! no! give me a union; unite me to that country where all is peace and order and prosperity. Without a union we shall see embryo chief judges, attorneys-general in perspective, and animalculæ sergeants. All the cities of the south and west are on the Atlantic Ocean, between the rest of the world and Great Britain; they are all for it — they must all become warehouses. The people are Catholics, and they are all for it!" But strange as was Mr. Grady's harangue in favor of the measure, Mr. Goold's sublime oration against it was no less startling. This gentleman was descended from an ancient and distinguished Cork family and possessed many recommendatory qualifications besides that of birth. His features were attractive, he was an accomplished scholar, and his literary talents won him the friendship of Edmund Burke. On being called to the bar, Goold got into practice, and was particularly successful in *nisi prius* cases, where the feelings of the jury were to be appealed to. He felt strongly on the subject of the union, and this meeting was an appropriate occasion to ventilate his opinions on that measure. Accordingly, he spoke at much length against it, and thus concluded: "There are 40,000 British troops in Ireland, and with 40,000 bayonets at my breast the minister shall not plant another Sicily in the bosom of the Atlantic. I want not the assistance of Divine inspiration to foretell, for I am enabled by the visible and unerring demonstrations of nature to assert, that Ireland was designed to be a free and independent nation. Our patent to be a state, not a shire, came direct from heaven. The Almighty has, in majestic characters, signed the great charter of our independence. The great Creator of the world has given our beloved country the gigantic outlines of a kingdom. The God of nature never intended that Ireland should be a province, *and by G— she never shall!*"

The effect of this speech was electrical. Cheer after cheer rang from the assembled throng, and even those who were opposed to the views supported by the speaker gave way under the force of his eloquence. But they recovered in time to vote for their chief. The division was:

Against the union . . .	166
For the union	32
Majority against it . .	134

Into this spirited profession Catholics were then but recently admissible.

To be continued.

ALEXANDER CAMPBELL, who organized the Campbellite or Christian Church, was born in County Antrim, Ireland, but spent the greater portion of his life in the State of Virginia. He was a man of temperate habits and large abilities. He was the first and last Irishman who ever attempted to found a religion.

* Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation, p. 384.

"THE HAPPY NEW YEAR."

Dublin Saturday Magazine.

CHAPTER I.

In a mean and poorly furnished cabin on the western coast of Ireland live those to whom our story refers. A poor fisherman, with his wife, a grown-up daughter, and two younger sons, constituted the household. The time is Christmas eve, and though the season is not cold or frosty, the strong gales blowing on that iron-bound coast prevent the hale, hearty, and generally successful fisherman from plying his usual calling.

The eldest son is "away in Amerikay," and as the father and mother draw their settles closer to the expiring embers of a clear turf fire which has been burning on the hearthstone, their conversation naturally reverts to him; while the "colleen," whose lover has also gone to that "land of promise," sits moodily listening to their remarks, and occasionally, but rarely, intrudes her own opinions on the elders.

Being Christmas eve, the larder almost empty, and the gale blowing so hard that there is no possibility of putting out to sea, they are planning how to make the morrow pass as cheerfully and happily as they possibly can.

"Sure, Biddy Flannigan has killed the pig this Christmas, and would not scruple to lend us a bit till the fishing comes round again."

"Indeed it's thrue for you, Peggy darlin'; many 's the time she 's helped us, and a good woman she always was; but then, alanna, to my thinkin' it would be a mane thing to borrow our Christmas dinner, so we 'll go to the chapel. Aye, and we 've given Father Mulcahy his dues as usual, and if we do make our dinner of praties and milk, nobody need be a bit the wiser."

All this time Ellie Keegan, the daughter of the fisherman, had not said a word, but she now burst forth,—

"I glory in your spirit, father, not to let any one know how we have been forsaken by them as ought to have cared for us, and that them as went away and promised to be thrue-hearted, has given us up entirely."

Poor girl! her feelings were too much for her, so, throwing her apron over her head, she had what is denominated "a good cry."

At length she started up and said, "Wirasthrue! and there is not even the Christmas candle to the fore."

She sent her younger brother to the next neighbor (the Biddy Flannigan, owner of the pig) to beg her to lend her, if possible, a candle for the evening.

"Och, then, ma cushla, but you 're the lucky boy; the man at Raheen had only the two remaining, and he said to me, 'Perhaps some of the neighbors may want one, and you had betther take it with you'; and sorra neighbor I know is more welcome to it nor yourselves."

The boy, whose name was Patrick, after the national patron (familiarly called Paudheen), having received the candle, was subjected to a severe cross-questioning on the part of the buxom widow as to the reason of its having been forgotten. For a time he tried to evade her, but at length was forced to confess that the times being bad they could not manage to get one, nor get the usual piece of meat on this occasion. The good little widow listened very attentively to his details, and then taking down a large jar of honey, and a loaf of bread of her own baking, she gave the boy a huge slice and bade him eat that and dream upon it and see if his dream would come true. The poor fellow, nothing loath, eat his bread and honey, and started for his home, but like a wise child, as he was, said nothing of the fair Biddy's questionings, nor of his own replies thereto, but on going to bed found his sleep much disturbed by the vision of a beautiful leg of pork, with greens in abundance. So vivid was this dream that when on returning from the chapel the next day, he saw what appeared to him the identical leg

of pork, with the greens, he was more pleased than surprised, and looked upon it as quite a fulfilling of his dream and nothing else.

Not so the rest of the household; they wondered who could have sent it, and the fisherman vowed that if he only knew, the first good fish he ever caught should go to repay the donor.

Everybody was pleased, with the exception of the grown-up daughter, Ellie, who still felt almost affronted at a dinner being given to them by any one, and much inclined to blame the young men, who, on leaving, had vowed never to forget the "ould home." Nevertheless, they had a pleasant Christmas dinner, and often did they ponder on the words of the good priest, when he said, "Never saw I the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging their bread."

CHAPTER II.

THE Christmas evening passed off cheerfully and happily, and many a guess was hazarded as to the benefactor who had so generously provided for their comfort. If Master "Paudheen" had his own ideas on the subject, he took good care not to divulge them, well knowing how annoyed his parents and sister would be that he should have made their poverty known to any one, even to the kind-hearted Biddy.

In a few days, the wild weather abating, old Keegan was enabled once more to go out fishing, and was most successful, catching a few fine cod, which he carried to the neighboring village of Raheen to dispose of, and having reserved one for the use of his own family (a piece of extravagance not often indulged in), he resolved to pay a visit to his neighbor, the widow. On entering he found a leg of pork set out for her dinner, which so much resembled his own that he discovered at once who had given them their Christmas dinner, when, grasping the fair widow's hand, he thanked her most sincerely. She tried to deny it, and then, finding that it was useless, she burst forth with, —

"And then who has a betther right than the one you helped many a time? But sure I have good news for you. I was in Raheen this morning afore you were, and got this letther for you."

The old man examined it, and soon discovered that it must have been enclosed in another, when the fair widow blushingly confessed that it came in one from "John" to her. She gave it to her old friend to read, who, after a vast deal of trouble, and "spelling out," learned that it was an offer of marriage from the said John, setting forth how long he had loved her etc., but that being poor he would not ask her to be his wife. "Now," he writes "I have good wages, and can make you comfortable, if you love me well enough to come out with the father and mother, and the young craythurs. Ellen, of course, will come for the sake of Milligan, who can now afford to keep a wife too."

At first the old man could hardly understand it all, and remained quite mute, until Biddy, throwing her arms round his neck said, "Won't you have me for daughther after all?"

The old man, solemnly laying his hand on the head of the young woman, which lay on his breast, said, "May the Blessed Virgin and all the saints protect you, my purty darlin'. 'T is I that 'll be proud to call you daughter; and now, alanna, just step over with me to see the ould woman and make her happy."

All this time the old man held his son's letter between his fingers; he now folded it carefully in a red cotton handkerchief, which he placed inside his hat, and then covering his fine bushy gray head of hair with the latter, started for his own cot, accompanied by the betrothed of his son.

Arrived at home, the latter was introduced as "Biddy, our future daughter," an announcement requiring explanation and the due perusal of the different missives. There were amp e enclosures for making merry on

New Year's day (but which ought to have arrived in time for the Christmas dinner), and also for taking the family across the Atlantic. Even the proud and passionate Ellie was convinced that her young lover had not forgotten her, and quickly made up her mind to reward him for his faithfulness.

We will leave them making their preparations for departure to that land at which most Irish emigrants look through a golden medium. I mean the younger portion of the family made their preparations for departure, but the "ould people" could not be persuaded to leave their own dear cabin on the high western cliff, against which the mighty waters of the broad Atlantic washed in interminable waves, with a deep boom surpassing that of the most powerful artillery.

We are perfectly sure that never again will the old fisherman or his faithful partner want the means of homely comfort, and certainly never again will they be without their Christmas dinner.

TO A CHILD IN HEAVEN.

From the Italian, by Lady Wilde.

O LOVED one! O lost one! through grief and despairing,
I see thee with angels thy golden crown wearing;
I hear thy sweet voice 'mid the music of heaven,
When tones from the spirit-land float by at even;
And through the dark clouds of my tears and my sorrow,
From dreams of thy glory new strength I can borrow.
O loved one, passed from me, beyond the dark river
I feel thou art living for ever and ever.

O loved one! — the world was not made for thy dwelling,
God took thee to splendors beyond human telling.
I see thee, I see thee in white raiment shining,
While seraph bands round thee their arms are entwining.
Where palm-trees are waving, and incense is burning,
Before the white throne thou art safe from life's mourning
O loved one, — not lost; for beyond the dark river
I know thou art living for ever and ever.

IRELAND IN AMERICA SEVEN HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The Catholic Review.

THE statement may be startling to some of our readers — but it is borne out by no less than eight eminent authorities which are before us, and by others which we have not been able personally to examine — that the first Catholic bishop in America held his seat here more than seven hundred and fifty years ago, A. D. 1121. This was Eric, the Bishop of Garda. From Ireland, blessed land of the saints and prolific cradle of the Church, the faith had been carried to Iceland; and the Icelanders, the boldest and most adventurous of sailors, pushed their explorations first to Greenland, and then to the shores of our own country. In the year 1000, or shortly thereafter, most of the Northmen in America had become Catholic Christians; and some of these had reached the regions which now are Canada and New England, had coasted along Labrador and Nova Scotia, and had sailed into Narragansett Bay. "The country," says Richard H. Clarke, A. M., in his *Lives of the Catholic Bishops*, "was festooned with vines teeming with wild grapes, and received from these first of European visitors the name of Vinland." With the explorers came the priests, and the most active and zealous of these ardent soldiers of the cross was the renowned Eric, the first bishop who exercised jurisdiction over any part of America. Three Northmen, Thorwald, Thorstein, and Thorfeir, who were of Irish birth, undertook to colonize Vinland; and Eric came with them. Honorius II was then pope. One hundred and sixty-one pontiffs had preceded him in the chair of St. Peter; ninety-five others have since succeeded him. Is this a people of yesterday? What dynasty or family on earth is not a mushroom compared with it? In his new fields of apostolic labor, the ardent Eric toiled for several years with great success; and in the year 1120 he went to Norway

to induce the authorities of the Church there to found a bishopric in the new colony. They decided that he, who had ploughed the field and sowed the seed, should reap the precious harvest of souls; they marked out for him the new episcopate, the see of Garda; and exercising wisely the discretion and authority reposed in them by the pope, they consecrated him Bishop of Garda, in Greenland, in 1121, with jurisdiction extending over the whole of the Norse colonies in America, including the Vinland which is now the New England States. The consecration was performed in Denmark, and Archbishop Adzar was the presiding prelate. Immediately after receiving his consecration Bishop Eric set out for his work, accompanied by a band of priests and a colony of settlers. The colonists already established on the shores of Narragansett Bay received them with joy; and Bishop Eric, enraptured with his labor of love, erelong resolved to give over his see in Greenland, which was already well provided with priests and for which a new bishop could easily be obtained, and to give himself up wholly to the Church in Vinland. This being arranged, he established his headquarters at or near the place where Newport now stands; erected there a monastery, of which the relics still remain; and from thence conducted his work until he went to his eternal reward. "Though the silence of ages has concealed the fate of Bishop Eric and his companions," said Mr. Clarke, "there is every reason to believe that following their zeal and charity amid the dangers of savage war, shipwreck, and famine, they welcomed death in the glorious pursuit." Through the inscrutable decrees of Divine wisdom the tangible fruits of their labors perished with them; but the fact remains that the Catholic Church discovered and colonized America seven hundred and fifty years ago, and that a Catholic bishop had jurisdiction here in the ages of faith.

Not only were all the earlier Spanish and French colonies Catholic, but more than two hundred years ago Irish Catholics began to come hither in great numbers. The wretch Cromwell — whose memory even in England is held to this day in such detestation that no statue of him has yet been permitted to be placed among those of the other rulers of the land, although he governed the country for ten years — transported 60,000 Irishmen, in 1653–58, to America. From that time on, a constantly increasing stream of Catholic Irish came hither, swollen later on by Catholic Germans, and Catholics of other lands, while in the far South the Catholic immigrants and colonies were for a long time largely in the majority. During the reign of the cold-hearted and unfilial William III, not less than 100,000 Irishmen sought a new home here; in 1729, in Pennsylvania alone, over 5,600 of these Irish Catholic pioneers arrived, — tenfold more than came in that year from all of the rest of the Old World. Among them were the Carrolls, who gave to Maryland such fame; many of the others of them belonged to the best families of Ireland. The Catholic Irish were among the pioneer settlers of Arkansas, Kentucky, California, Illinois, Indiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Missouri, New York, North Carolina, South Carolina, Pennsylvania, and in later days, with their German co-religionists, of all our Western States and Territories.

John Calvin, from whose religious opinions the Presbyterian Church took its rise, was educated for the priesthood, at the expense of the benefice of a chapel in France. He was never ordained. He abandoned the Catholic faith, went to Switzerland, where he preached his gospel and burned Servetus. He died in Geneva from a complication of disorders May 27, 1564. No monument was erected to his memory, and the exact location of his grave is unknown.

NELLY.

"See a pin and pick it up,
All the day you shall have luck."

STANDING at the gate of his pretty garden, so well stocked with flowers, so trimly and neatly kept by his own hands, is the village schoolmaster, watching away the boys, so glad to be out of the thraldom of school, shouting, jumping, tossing their caps in the air, chasing butterflies, and otherwise expending the excitement natural to their age. From the other side of the schoolhouse troop the girls, in something more of orderly fashion, their arms round each other, whispering "secrets"; others, of more hoydenish tastes, racing along, to the great distress of some tiny sister, whose short, fat legs cannot keep pace with the rapid running of her companions, and who takes refuge in a prolonged howl, until some gentler and more compassionate little maiden, wiping the tears from her face with her pinafore, leads her along, and calls to "Mary Jane" to "please to stop for Susy."

Day after day, in the sunny summer-time, Master Goldsworth stood thus watching the children away, a smile lighting up his fine, benevolent face,— a smile of tenderness and love, aye, love for all those little rough urchins who gave him such an infinity of trouble, perhaps for that very reason loving them the more. A noble character was clothed in the humble form of the village schoolmaster. Charity in its grandest and most extended form, the charity "which thinketh no evil." Honesty, in word and deed, so that his simplest aye and nay were believed like other men's oaths. Justice, which enabled him to form a right judgment in all things. Humbleness, which made him consider all men better than himself. Pride, which kept him above the smallest mean or unworthy action; and above all, faith, which nothing could shake; and cheerfulness, which proved beyond a doubt on what that faith was founded. Such was Gideon Goldsworth, who for thirty years had now been schoolmaster at Westhampton.

His wife had been the schoolmistress, but she had been gone to her rest some year or two, and a kind-hearted but somewhat eccentric woman had been appointed in her stead, rejoicing in the extraordinary name of Almira Maytree, giving an opportunity for the young curate to perpetrate what he considered a little joke, and call her Alma Mater, by which name she was mostly called, but not in her hearing; on that subject she was most sensitive; she considered there was a poetry in her name, and that it was very foolish fun to turn it into ridicule. Her Christian name had sad recollections connected with it, she would say, connected with her early life, but what they were she never revealed; and as for her surname, suggestive of the fair spring-time, it must be indeed a coarse nature not to see its beauty. Fun and Miss Maytree were certainly not synonymous. She occasionally moved the muscles of her face into what she meant for a smile; but it had none of the heart-gladness in it which makes a face brighten up, and speaks of real enjoyment. And she would have saved herself an immense amount of trouble if she could have been persuaded not to express herself in such grand language, for neither her pupils nor the villagers understood half she said. She was continually at the pains to explain her meaning, not unfrequently by so doing confusing them the more. Still, there was much of good in Almira Maytree. She was kindness itself to the sick and suffering, and marvellously patient and gentle with her little scholars. And though her views of life and its responsibilities were gloomy and stern, still she conscientiously strove to teach the children their duty in all relations of life, and succeeded, in many instances, in making some frivolous-minded girls think more wisely and soberly; and those over whom terrors of future punishment had more power than the

promises of a bright hereafter she induced to pay more attention to their religious duties, and think more seriously of sacred things.

When Goldsworth turned away from the gate as the last child ran out of sight, he went into the schoolhouse. A little girl was there, busy with broom and pail, cleaning it, for it was Saturday. She was a bright, intelligent looking girl, about thirteen or fourteen years old

"Sweep the corners out well, Nelly," said the old man, patting her on the head, and smiling kindly at the little busy maiden.

"Yes, sir; mother always says if I 'll do the corners, she 'll do the middle if I 'm tired by then."

"Bravo, mother! You sweep up at home then, do you?"

"Yes, sir; mother learns us all to sweep and clean. Little Sally can sweep beautiful."

"And excellent learning, too, my child. Let me see — your name is —"

"Nelly, sir," said the girl, — "Nelly Netley, and we live in Church Lane; there 's nine of us, and father 's got the rheumatics and has n't done any work this three weeks," said the communicative little maid; "but I hope things are going to look a little brighter now, for I have picked up three pins to-day."

"Three pins, eh! Are they good for the rheumatism?"

"No, sir," answered the child with a merry laugh; "but mother always says, 'See a pin and pick it up, all the day you shall have luck,' and I thought if I kept on picking of them up, luck would come by father getting well, and so I never pass one now."

"Aye, aye, I remember," said the schoolmaster, "your mother is the woman with the many sayings. She rules her house by proverbs, it is said in the village; and if they help her to turn out such bright, handy little maids as you, she 's right to abide by them. And if she were here now, she would tell me, 'Talk much, err much,' for I am hindering you in your work; so I 'll go. Good by, Nelly."

"Good by, sir." And Nelly went with a good-will to her work, singing as she swept and scrubbed; and when all was done she went to the girls' school to call for Betsy Raikes (whose turn it was to clean the school-room there), that they might walk home together.

Besty was not so fortunate a little lass as Nelly. Her mother was a poor, helpless body, who took but little pains with her children; and though she had only three, and her husband was in constant work, they were always miserably clothed, and looked ragged and wretched. They were neighbors of the Netleys, and many times Mrs. Netley would run in and try to help the woman set things a bit to rights, telling her she should make the children handy, as she did.

"Many hands make light work, you know," she would tell her. "Why, every one of my children help me somehow, or how ever should I get on?"

"What, the baby?" asked the poor, listless woman once, with a grim smile, when Mrs. Netley was bustling about the room, and she sat by the fire, with a miserable, dirty-looking child in her lap.

"The baby! yes, I believe you. The baby keeps me in good temper; and I 'm not sure that is n't the biggest help of all."

Betsy Raikes was the eldest of Mrs. Raikes's children, and as great a contrast to her friend Nelly as the mothers were, for Betsy was as gloomy and dull as Nelly was bright and hopeful. Perhaps for her very gloominess she was a favorite with her teacher; but anyhow, it was evident that she was a favorite, and Miss Maytree often quoted Betsy as a "promising young girl, who saw and grieved over the vileness of her nature," and she therefore took more pains in "admonishing" her than any of her scholars.

Nelly went, as I have said, as soon as she had finished her own cleaning, to fetch Betsy; but she was standing, broom in hand, listening to Miss May-

tree, and so Nelly, perforce, listened too.

"You see, my dear child," Miss Maytree was saying, "what I wish you to understand is your own inefficiency, your own unprofitableness; and to avoid that mode of speech which induces the companions you associate with to imagine that you consider yourself their superiors in any way. I have sought for an opportunity, Betsy, to point this out to you often before, but until this morning I have never seen such a marked evidence of your peculiar mode of transgressing, and so I deemed it advisable no longer to put off admonishing you, even though the opportunity might not be so good as I had hoped for."

Betsy, leaning on her broom, with her large, vacant eyes fixed on Miss Maytree's face, listened most patiently to this oration; but its sense was evidently entirely hidden from her, for when her teacher had quite ceased speaking, she said, in her especially dreary, sad tones, "What is it I bean't to do?"

She knew it was reproof, but beyond that, it was Hebrew to her.

"Why, Betsy," patiently Miss Maytree tried to explain, "you have engendered a habit of bragging, or boasting of your capabilities. You certainly read the best in your class, but it is sad to hear you say, as I did to-day, and also with a sad neglect of all grammatical rules, 'I reads best.' *You* must not say so."

"Bean't it true, teacher?"

"Yes, it's true; but there is a good line which you must often have transcribed in your copy-book, 'Self-praise is no recommendation.' You must leave your good qualities and your intellectual attainments to be admired by others, not to be proclaimed by yourself."

"Yes, teacher."

"Now, continue your cleaning; your friend Nelly waits for you. I trust this admonition will not have been thrown away." And the gentle teacher, with her apology for a smile at Nelly, walked away; and—alas for the depravity of human nature!—the girl she had been so kindly advising, put her tongue out at her retreating figure.

"O Betsy!" said Nelly, reprovingly.

"Well, she do keep on a-jawing so. I knows how bad I am, what's the use of always a-telling on me? I'm a poor miserable sinner, and so's everybody; and this here's a wretched wale of tears; and if we tries all we knows, we sha' n't be no better then, nor have no credit. And it puzzles me to know whatever we was put here for, to be for everlasting a-doing something as we did n't ought." And as she spoke, she violently swept a cloud of dust all over the room.

"Oh! gently, Betsy," said Nelly, laughing, "that dust bean't us You need n't be so cross with it."

"Why, bean't us all dust and ashes? Muster Comyngs says so."

"Oh, I dare say! but never mind about that now. Get on, I want to get home. Stop, there's a pin; don't sweep that away."

"Why not? I shall."

"Oh, no, no!" said Nelly. "If you won't pick it up, I will; that's the fourth to-day. I shall be lucky," she continued, putting the pin in a pincushion she carried in her school-bag.

"Why, be it lucky then to pick up pins?"

"Mother says so," answered Nelly; "and 'a pin a day 's a groat a year,' remember."

"It's very wicked to talk about luck, teacher says; there bean't no such thing, and I'll lay she's right, for I never had none."

"Oh! the saying's all nonsense, I dare say; but by minding it, I've always got a pin to use, and that's something—without buying them, you know. Mother often asks me for a pin out of my cushion; and Miss Comyngs wanted one last Sunday, in school, and I gave her one of mine; she was just pleased, and said, 'There's a tidy little maid.'"

"Ah! you did n't ought to listen when you 're praised, teacher says. See, what du teacher say — 'The praise of men is deceitfulness upon the weights.'"

"Oh! that bean't right, I'm sure, Betsy," said Nelly, "it don't seem as if it meant anything."

"No more don't anything teacher says, because she talks so clever. I say, how still Dan'el must have set to have his picture took like that, with that lion a staring at 'im too, so hard. I could n't; could you?" she said, pointing as she spoke suddenly, with her broom, to one of the pictures on the wall.

"I doan't fancy that were done when Dan'el was alive, Betsy."

"Well, they could n't 'a' made him sit up there loike that when he were dead, could 'em?"

"No, no; I thinks it were done from the reading, you know, in the Bible."

"Well, I can't think how they knowed what he was like, for I don't mind that it tells us anything about his face, do it? Nor none of these," she said, waving her broom round the room at the pictures.

"No, but then I suppose clever folks what do them kind o' things, they know pretty much what people did used to look like in them days."

"Ah! well, I don't think they 've got any right to call em Dan'el and David, and such like; there might be a picture of a gal sweeping a room, but they 'd no business to call it Betsy Raikes if it warn't me!"

"It would n't be a bit like Betsy Raikes, any way," said Nelly, laughing, "for you ain't even sweeping a room. Do go on or let me do it."

"No, no, I'll do it. Oh, dear, I wish I was dead or summats! You go on home, I shall catch you up."

Nelly waited a moment, but finding Betsy's performances still of the slowest kind, and fearing her mother would want her, she set off at a quick pace for her own home, and was there long before poor Betsy had finished her work. She came dragging home about an hour afterward, and Nelly, while she sat sewing at the open window, saw Betsy sitting on the doorstep, with the wretched, dirty little baby in her lap, looking as it were hopelessly into the world, which was to her such a dreary, miserable dwelling-place.

As Nelly sat there, humming some little hymn she had learned at school, a shadow passed the window, and a knock at the door proclaimed a visitor to the cottage.

Nelly went to answer the summons, and admitted Mrs. Comyngs, the rector's kindly wife.

"Is your mother in, Nelly?" she asked. "I want to speak to her a moment."

"Yes, mum, I'll fetch mother. Will you please to sit down?" And Nelly ran out to the wash-house to tell her mother, who was busy there.

The sweet, fat, rosy baby lay asleep in the cot, and Mrs. Comyngs, with motherly love strong in her warm heart, bent over the cot, and softly kissed the little cheek.

Mrs. Netley came in, drying her hands as she came, and taking off her coarse apron.

"O Mrs. Netley, I am sorry to disturb you!" said Mrs. Comyngs. "I won't detain you a moment, but I came with a piece of news. Emily is going to be married on Tuesday week, and I and Mr. Comyngs wish all the fathers and mothers who have girls at our schools, to come and dine on the lawn, or sup perhaps we had better say. Do you think the men could get leave from their employers to come about five?"

"Yes, ma'am, I should think so; our master would have let my man off, I know, for he 's such a terrible good-natured gentleman; but he ain't been able to go to work for this three weeks, and I am doubtful if he 'll be fit to be out by Tuesday."

"Oh, dear, I hope he will, if this nice weather lasts; and the school girls must strew the path with flowers, and they are to have a grand merry-

making in the boys' school-room. You will like to help to strew the flowers for Miss Emily, won't you, Nelly?" she asked, turning to the child, who stood beside her, her face all aglow at the news.

"Oh, yes, ma'am!" she answered earnestly.

"They'd all like to do anything for Miss Em'ly, mum," said Mrs. Netley, "I'll lay, for she's a right down nice young lady, she is; and you'll excuse my boldness, mum, but I say he's a lucky gentleman that'll call her wife."

"She's a good girl, certainly, Mrs. Netley, and I shall miss her more than I can say."

"True, ma'am, you will doubtless; but 'daughters and dead fish are no keeping wares,' and the Scriptures tell us much the same, that it is a good thing to marry your daughter."

"I suppose so, Mrs. Netley; I hope I shall have cause to say so, and Emily will, I hope, make good another saying, 'Blest is the wooing that's not long a-doing,' for she has known Mr. Macdonald a very little while."

"Yes, ma'am, but his face is his surety."

"I believe Emily thought so," answered Mrs. Comyngs, smiling; "but I must not hinder you. Good morning!"

"Good morning, ma'am. Nelly, lass, open the door for the lady!"

"This is a good little woman, too, I think," said Mrs. Comyngs, as she passed out of the door.

"Yes, ma'am, thank God, I have nothing to say ag'in any of them; 'Children are certain cares, but uncertain comforts,' and we've great call to be thankful when they turns out about right. 'If parents are fools when children are little, they'll be mad when they're big.'"

"How many have you, Mrs. Netley?"

"Nine living, ma'am," said the mother, with a tinge of sadness in the voice.

"Ah, poor Jem, I remember! the fever, was n't it?"

Mrs. Netley muttered a low response, and with another friendly good-by, Mrs. Comyngs took her departure, and Nelly returned to her sewing, and her mother to her washing.

Presently Nelly said, —

"Mother, may I just run in and tell Betsy Raikes about Miss Em'ly's wedding?"

"Yes, but don't stop there long; there's more harm to be learned there than good to be taught."

"I won't be more than five minutes, mother," and away ran Nelly to her friend.

But she failed to arouse in doleful Betsy the same pleasant anticipation she felt herself.

"I'll lay it 'ull rain, and we shall spoil all our best clothes!" she said in her dreary voice.

"Oh, no, I hope not," said Nelly, "for dear Miss Em'ly's sake; because, you know, 'it's happy is the bride that the sun shines on.'"

"Oh, bother! I wish your mother had never learned you all them sayings. Teacher says we ought not to take no count of them at all."

"I don't see any harm in them, Betsy; the sun, mother says, does bring blessings on us all, and she says lots of her sayings are took from the Bible."

"Oh, how awful wicked, Nelly! I heard her say the other day, 'He that makes the shoe don't tan the leather'; that's not in the Bible."

"Well, not them words, I daresay, but the meaning of them; I can't tell you, but mother explains it beautiful. But I must go, really. Oh, I am looking forward to the wedding so!" And away flew happy little Nelly, full of bright and hopeful anticipations.

The day so eagerly looked forward to by Nelly Netley, and we must suppose by the bride elect, came at last.

Great preparations had been making all the day before, and early in the morning a grand triumphal arch was

being adorned by flowers at the entrance of the village, and another at the church gate.

Miss Maytree and Master Goldsworth had had long consultations as to the proper arrangement of the school children, and it was at length agreed that they were to stand on either side the walk from the church down to the gate, a boy and a girl alternately, the boys carrying flags, the girls baskets of flowers.

All had subscribed their pence to procure a present for the bride, and a very handsome Bible had been purchased, which was to be presented to her on the evening before her bridal, when she came, as she had promised to do, to wish them all good by. She had little expected this testimony of the children's affection, and was proportionately touched by it; but she had well deserved it. She had been their patient, loving teacher from her girlhood, when, younger than the youngest in her class, she had first taught in the school; not only their teacher, but their comforter in their sorrows and sicknesses, their encourager in all that was good. She could scarcely find voice for the last farewell, as the little ones crowded round her, and smiles and tears mingled as she looked up in her future husband's face, when one little rosy-cheeked child hid its face in her gown, and said, "That was a nasty naughty gentleum, and she did hate him!"

The wedding morning dawned, bright as Nelly herself could have wished; the sun streamed forth as though dressed in its most glittering apparel to do honor to the occasion; and full an hour before the time fixed for the wedding the villagers began streaming towards the church.

No one seemed able to do any work; at every sound of wheels heads were poked out of the windows, and people ran to their doors; and children who did not belong to the schools, and therefore were not among the happy party to line the walk, early assembled round the vicarage door, uttering little weak shouts at the sight of a maid in a white cap, and exhausting themselves in a cheer at the arrival of the landlord of the inn, in a gorgeous white waistcoat and white favor, who was going to assist in waiting at the breakfast. Poor children! they waited with extraordinary patience, bearing the "chaffing" of other children, who passed them with books, on their way to the chapel schools.

"Why don't you go to the parson's school, and then you 'd go to the treat? We bean't a-going, 'cause we 're Chapellers we are," and such like derisive and trying taunts; and one child, who had thought herself very much above the girls who paid twopence a week at the parson's school, because her mother paid fourpence for her at Miss Mason's, the grocer's daughter, who kept a school in the drawing-room, with a piano and globes, was driven at last to wish she was amongst the happy little ones, when, dressed in their best, they now came sailing past, carrying their baskets of flowers, each girl wearing a white satin bow pinned on her shoulder. Very wistfully she saw the procession pass, and the look of bright and innocent exultation in the faces of the girls who were thus distinguished, and the fourpence and the globes and piano were as nothing to her now.

The crowd round the vicarage thickens as the church clock chimes the half-hour, and the company begin to arrive.

Emily has asked, as a favor, that if the weather would permit they might walk to church, it is such a little way; and so in a few minutes, after the last carriage has deposited the guests, the excited watchers see the hall door open, and, on her father's arm, the bride comes out, in a dress of white Indian muslin, a tiny bonnet, or headdress, amongst the soft tulle of which lilies and myrtle seem hiding, and in her hand a bouquet of real orange blossoms, sent her by the squire's wife, who had been watching the tree for weeks, in hopes of there being enough

in bloom to form the bouquet. She is followed by four bridesmaids, all in white dresses and white bonnets, with blush roses, carrying bouquets of roses in their hands; and then the company, two and two, till the last couple are scarcely past the gate before the bride elect places her foot in the church.

Nelly Netley is the nearest to the door on one side, and Betsy Raikes on the other, as they are the two eldest girls in the school. Very anxiously they wait, and very long the ceremony seems, and Nelly watches some clouds which are gathering, with a dread that they will shadow the sun before dear Miss Emily is really married; but no, they sail away like sorrows which we often dread, and which pass us by, coming often when we neither see nor expect them; and from the painted window before which she kneels, a ray of golden light is resting on the bride's head, as the solemn words are uttered, "What God has joined let no man put asunder,"—alas! so lightly regarded now,—and in a moment the crowd comes hurriedly out of church, and the bells send forth their joyous peal; and on her husband's arm, now she comes, and the little eager children strew their flowers on her path, and old women, with moistened eyes, bid "God bless her!" and some stretch forth their hands to clasp hers who fear never to touch them again; and she smiles and bows from side to side, and he, her husband, looks down on her so proudly as these marks of love are poured on her, and as they pass beneath the arch he points out to her the banner flowing from it, with the words, "God bless the friend of the poor!"

One lady, as she came through the line of school children, caught her dress in some manner, and tore a long strip of the rich lace from the flounce.

There was a stop and stir amongst the company, and many pressed forward to be of use. A pin,—had any one some pins? The sound reached Nelly's ears, and starting forward with flushed face and little, timid voice, she offered her pin-cushion.

"Thank you, dear child, very much!" said the lady, and whispering something to the gentleman who was with her, he put his hand in his pocket and said,—

"Which is the little girl who gave the pins?" for Nelly had sprung back into her place.

She was instantly pushed forward by the other children, who eagerly said,—

"This here's her, this here!" and dropping something into her hand he said,—

"Buy yourself a little book, or something to remember to-day with"

When Nellie unclosed her plump little hand, she found therein a half-sovereign.

Oh, the visions of things to be bought with this great wealth! Nelly could think of nothing else, and rushed into the cottage, holding the coin above her head.

"See mother, see!" she exclaimed, and eagerly related the story to Mrs. Netley, who, smiling at the child's excitement, said, —

"Well, Nelly, I don't want to make you downcast, but it strikes me there 's a mistake somewheres. I don't think a gentleman would give you all that money for such a little service. I think he must have mistook it for a sixpence."

"Oh, no, mother," said poor Nelly. "He said I was to buy a book, and see what a lot of money books cost."

"No, child; a very pretty book, fit for you, may be bought for sixpence No, you just run to the vicarage at once, and ask to see the gentleman, for I would n't have you keep it, and he was to come and ask for it, for double the money."

"But I don't know the gentleman's name, mother," said Nelly ruefully.

"You can go and ask to see the gentleman that gave a little girl some money, child, can't you? Now, Nelly, do as I bid you without a word."

Nelly was not perfect, and it must

be owned she did not go on her errand with a good grace; it was such a disappointment, and she felt very angry with her mother, and in a very sulky tone said, as she moved slowly away,

"I 'll lay I 'll pick up no more pins if this is the luck it 's to bring me. I did think I had got some luck at last."

"Come back here, Nelly, a minute," said her mother, gravely. "Don't go and misuse a good saying. You ain't got to pick up pins for the hope of the luck it will bring you to pick them up, but because it 's tidy and saving to do so. Pins have got to be bought and paid for, and it 's wasteful to let 'em lay on the ground and be swept up; but people have made them sayings to help young folks to remember what 's right to be done, for we 're all, old or young, more apt to think of a silly thing like that than plain words. And now and then the sayings come true to encourage us, I believe, to do right again. Why, you will be a lucky little girl if you get a shilling through having a pin, and it 's plenty of money for a little girl like you; so run away, now, and do what I tell you cheerfully."

A little ashamed of her temper, though still feeling rather aggrieved, Nelly went off to do her mother's bidding, and, arrived at the back door of the vicarage, stated her errand to the servant who answered it.

"Well, come in, dear, a minute. We 're awfully busy, but I 'll see if I can find the gentleman. Would you like to have a peep at the breakfast, now you are here?"

"Oh, so very much!" said Nelly, brightening up at the idea.

"Come along then." And the good-natured girl took the child to the dining-room, and displayed to her astonished gaze the tables, laid in a manner she could only have believed was to be seen in dreams; the flowers, the fruit, the plate, the glass, *and* the cake. Nelly stood speechless. Presently a rustle of silk was heard behind her, and a voice said, —

"Who is this little girl?" and turning, Nelly saw it was Mrs. Comyngs herself.

"It is Nelly Netley, ma'am," said the servant.

"Oh, I know Nelly, of course. How do you do, child? Have you come to see the cake?"

"No, ma'am," answered Nelly timidly, "I came to see a gentleman." And then the maid, in answer to Mrs. Comyngs's inquiring look, told Nelly's story.

"I know who it was, Nelly, and will send him to you directly. You wait here." And in a few moments the door reopened, and the gentleman entered who had given Nelly the money.

"Where 's this honest little girl?" he asked.

Nelly dropped him a curtsey.

"Ah, that 's the little maid. I remember her. Now, what 's your name?" he said, sitting down and drawing the blushing child towards him.

"Nelly, sir.

"Nelly, sir — umph! Nelly 's a very pretty name. And you would rather not keep half a sovereign that you do not think was meant for you."

"Please, sir, it is n't me, it 's mother as won't let me keep it."

"Better still, — truthful as well as honest. Where is the half-sovereign?"

Nelly handed it to him, and he put it into his pocket.

"Have you a father?"

"Yes, sir; he 's bad with the rheumatics."

"Yes? and how many brothers and sisters?"

"Eight, sir."

"All at home?"

"No, sir; Polly and Jenny have got little places."

"And if this half-sovereign had really been yours, what should you have spent it in?"

Nelly's lip began to tremble; with a great effort she said, —

"I meant to buy father a warm waistcoat and mother a Sunday gown, and baby a nodding donkey, what

she's been a-crying for this month past."

"And did you tell your mother what you wanted to buy if she 'd let you keep the money?"

"Oh no, sir; I wanted to surprise mother, and she might have thought I only said so to keep the money."

"Generous and wise, as well as truthful and honest. Very good. Now, look here, Nelly, your mother is a sensible, honest woman, and is evidently bringing up her child to be the same. I *did* mean to give you that half-sovereign, for I liked the look of your face. Your readiness to do a civil action, and your neatness in having that pin-cushion about you, convinced me that you deserved encouragement; but I think your mother was wiser than I, for it was perhaps too much money to give to some little girls; but you have proved to me — for I believe you implicitly — that you have sense enough to make good use of money. So, look here, I shall give you your money back, doubled; there is ten shillings for yourself and ten shillings to buy the gown, the waistcoat, and the nodding donkey. God has blessed me largely, and amongst the many subjects of gratitude to him is that I am enabled to give myself the great pleasure of rewarding honesty and virtue. God bless you, my little girl, and grant you his grace to go on as you have begun."

How Nelly got out of the house with that golden sovereign in her hand she scarcely knew, nor what she was crying for, when she got home, so heartily that she could not speak to her mother, she could not tell; but you may rest assured that she lost but little time in presenting father with the new waistcoat, mother with the new dress, and baby with the coveted toy; and the only dissatisfaction connected with it all was that the nodding donkey ceased to nod three minutes after baby was its happy possessor, for Nelly discovered her crowing on the floor with the body in her lap and the head at some respectful distance.

As they walked down together to the tea that was given to the children in the school-room, Nelly and Betsy Raikes, Nelly told her, of course, of her good fortune.

"Yes, it's all very well, Nelly," said Betsy; "but it ain't the pins, nor nothing else; I believe some is born lucky and some unlucky. Why, yesterday I see a pin lay as I was a-coming up the street; I thought of your saying and I bobbed down to pick it up, and as near as possible throwed down Mrs. Evans. She was just cross, said she'd tell the parson, and tell teacher, and tell Binny the p'liceman as the school-girls was always a-running under people's feet, and a misbehaving of theirselves in the street, and ever such a lot more, so I've done with picking up of pins."

Nelly laughed heartily as poor Betsy, in her melancholy voice, related this misadventure, but could not be persuaded that the laudable pursuit of pins need be given up in consequence.

The tea and general merry-making in the school was a great success, as well as the dinner on the lawn. The bride and bridegroom were duly assaulted with old shoes and loudly cheered by the schoo'-boys, with Master Goldsworth at their head, as they left the village, and by ten o'clock in the evening the unwonted excitement had subsided and the village slept calmly and tranquilly.

But the even tenor of its way was once more to be disturbed. A week only had passed when Master Goldsworth sought an interview with the parson. He was shown into the study, but it was some minutes before he could command his voice to tell his business.

"I scarcely know, sir," at length he said, "whether joy or sorrow fill my heart most at what has befallen me; but it is a very mingled sensation any way. Will you read that, sir?" And he handed a letter to Mr. Comyngs. It ran as follows: —

SIR, — We have the pleasure to inform you that, as the next of kin to the late Josiah Goldsworth, dying without a will, you are in possession of £30,000 and the manor known by the name of the Pines, in the county of Dorsetshire, with the furniture, books, plate, etc., belonging thereto, and we shall be glad to see you as soon as you can make it convenient on the receipt of this letter.

Yours, for Skinner and Fleecer,

JAMES HUNT.

"Well, Mr. Goldsworth, I can only congratulate you most heartily and pity myself. We shall lose the best schoolmaster and the greatest gentleman, in its highest sense, that our village possesses, and it will be long, if ever, we replace you."

"You are very good, sir," said the old man, wiping the tears from his eyes. "I shall deeply regret leaving my pretty home here, my little scholars, and the many persons to whom I have become attached in my thirty years' residence, I can assure you, and, for my own sake, I should have been glad this had not happened; but there is one I can serve so much, and I hope make so happy, that for her I am glad. I should trespass too much on your time, sir, to tell you all about it."

"Not at all, Mr. Goldsworth; you interest me very much," answered the vicar.

"Well, sir, this Josiah by whose death I am thus benefited was my father's eldest son by a first marriage. I and a girl resulted from the second, and, as too frequently occurs, domestic quarrels of all kinds were a common occurrence, and at the death of our own mother, my sister and myself determined to seek our own fortunes. Into our lives then, I will not enter. Suffice it, my father was grievously offended, considered we had behaved ill to Josiah, who was his favorite child always, and said he would have nothing more to do with us. We never saw him again until he was dying. Lucy and I got on very fairly; we both married, perhaps unwisely; but we were happy. She and her husband are both dead, but they have left a sweet young daughter to battle with the world, and it was only yesterday I had a piteous letter from her, written from a London lodging, imploring me to send her a little money, or she would be turned from even that poor refuge."

"Poor girl! In what way has she been endeavoring to support herself?" asked Mr. Comyngs.

"She joined the herd of governesses, sir, and has been struggling along on a miserable salary for some years, and having left that situation has been trying daily teaching. Of course, she will now come to me."

"That is in itself, Goldsworth, a matter of congratulation. I think I can safely say that to assist a fellow-creature in distress is the most real happiness we can enjoy; it is pure enjoyment, without a tinge of alloy. Long may you live to benefit by this change in your fortune! And now, I suppose, I must quickly find a successor for you."

"I should be sorry to inconvenience you, sir, in the least. If you will give me a week's leave to make arrangements, I will return and stay with you until you are suited. The poor little men must not be neglected," he said, smiling.

"Thank you. I will lose no time in finding some one, and now you must really come with me to the drawing-room to tell my wife and drink a glass of wine with us on so great an occasion."

The news soon spread through the village, and by the end of the week it was reported Goldsworth had £60,000 a year and several mansions; but, any way, it was a singular fact that the rejoicing in his good fortune was universal, as well as the regret for his departure.

On his return from the vicar's house he met Nelly Netley going to afternoon school, and stopping her he said, —

"Nelly, my child, since you told me about the pins, do you know, I have taken to picking them up, and I have kept them in a little box to see

how many I can get; I believe already I have over fifty; and I think I have picked up luck with it, for I have become a rich man, Nelly."

"Oh, I am glad!" said Nelly, heartily, for the gentle-hearted schoolmaster was a great favorite with the child; but when he told her all, and that he must leave her, she could not so heartily say she was glad, and suggested a variety of modes of making him stay in the village, which were, of course, utterly impossible to be carried out.

Mr. Comyngs was soon fortunate in discovering a young schoolmaster in Master Goldsworth's place, and the day of his departure was fixed. The evening before, he had asked the vicar's permission to give a treat to the school children, and it was one long remembered in Westhampton.

Tea and buns they were accustomed to, — nuts, oranges, and ginger beer, even; but a dinner, — a dinner, on long tables, covered with white cloths, flowers standing in vases down the middle of them, roast beef, boiled beef, hot and cold pies and puddings, vegetables, salad, beer, — it was too lovely! And did they not do justice to it? To see those little ones eat was something wonderful. Girls and boys were all invited, and the mothers came to wait on them; and the vicar and the curate and the clerk carved; and Miss Maytree was an invited guest, and had made herself radiant in a new gown for the occasion. Then the tables were cleared away as if by magic, and the fiddlers came, and they danced — oh, such dancing! The scuffling and stamping of their feet, keeping time to the rapid beating of their happy hearts, might have been heard a mile off.

But what was that noise compared to the shouts raised when Mr. Comyngs, having requested silence and attention for a moment, asked them all to show how cordially they rejoiced in Master Goldsworth's good fortune, and how highly they esteemed him, by a loud cheer.

"You are not up to making speeches, any of you, but you've got capital good lungs, all of you, and I should like to hear you exercise them in this good cause," and they *did;* and then when the good old man, in a few and earnest words thanked them all heartily, and said he hoped they would let him come and see them sometimes, they cheered again, if anything louder; and then they played at games and forfeits. When they thought, as they grew tired, that the fun was all over, and they must soon be going home, there was a fresh excitement. The boys and girls were silenced, and six of the tradesmen entered the room, and the vicar rose again, and said he had been appointed spokesman to the parish, and in the name of all — for he believed all had subscribed, even to the poorest — they begged him to accept, with their good wishes, this small mark of their esteem and affection; and they laid before him a splendid book, containing photographs of all the principal persons in the village; a group of school-girls and school-boys; the church and vicarage; and the schools and master's house; inscribed in gold letters, "To Master Goldsworth, with the love and esteem of the Parishioners of Westhampton."

It is impossible to express the good old man's feelings; he could not express them himself, but the boys expressed it for him in another loud and prolonged cheer.

In a cottage in one of Dorsetshire's prettiest villages, there is one remarkable for its brightness and cleanliness above all others, and for the air of "well-to-do," which speaks in its pretty garden, filled with flowers; the nice, freshly painted fence; the bright, pretty window-curtains, between which a bird in a cage is singing gayly; and the appearance of its mistress, who stands at the door, with her hand shading her eyes, watching for some one; a little girl holds her dress, and presently the mother says, —

"Look, Nelly, there's a pin. Pick it up, dear."

At these words, an older child started forward, and said, —

"O mother, tell us now about the pin when you were a little girl, and how you came to buy this cottage and all of us with it."

The mother laughed down into the little earnest face raised to hers, and said, —

"Well, if father is not in in five minutes, I will tell you."

The child has its wish: father is late; so with baby on her knee, and Nelly and Bessie close beside her, our Nelly — Nelly Netley, years ago — tells her children how she gave a pin to a lady who tore her dress, from the pincushion in which she stored the pins her mother had taught her to pick up; the story of the half-sovereign; and how, soon after the village schoolmaster had come into a property, which, strangely enough, was in the same village with the giver of the half-sovereign; how he and the master had talked together of the little girl, and how, after a while, she had been sent for to be nursemaid to the gentleman's children. "Father," she went on to say, "was this gentleman's gamekeeper."

"Was it Mr. Maynard, then, mother?" eagerly interrupted the children.

The mother smiled and went on, —

"He was his gamekeeper, and we got acquainted; and when Mr. Maynard knew we wanted to be married, Bessie, he gave us this pretty new cottage, neatly furnished, and on the table in my bedroom was a large pincushion full of pins."

"Oh! what a nice, nice gentleman," said both the children.

"And then we were married, and he gave father more money; and then we had you three good little babies, and here we are as merry as crickets."

"And where's the schoolmaster?" asked Bessie.

"The schoolmaster that *was*, is now Squire Goldsworth, at the Pines."

"Then all your good fortune came by minding the old saying, mother, did it?"

"Well, Bessie, we must not quite say that; but sooner or later, wise and thrifty ways will meet a reward, and I bless my good old mother for having taught them to me! I can tell you how the end of the saying has been made true, too, and I will if I've time to-morrow."

"What is the end of it, mother?"

"Why, 'See a pin and let it lay, you shall have no luck all day.'"

"Oh! tell us now, do."

"No, no; here's father. I'll tell you to-morrow, whilst you hem me a duster. Let's go to father."

And baby is in a moment in father's arms, and Nelly and Bessie hanging round his legs, making his progress up the garden a difficult one; and when he enters the cottage, with mock gravity he presents his wife with a pin.

She laughs as she gives him the payment he always demands, — a hearty kiss; and then little Bessie says, —

"Do you, father, think it lucky to pick up pins?"

"Do I?" he answers. "That I do, Bessie; picking up a pin once got me a diamond."

If the child did not understand, Nelly did, and with a smile of love and joy looked up in her husband's face.

He spoke truly, for "her price was far above rubies."

The pride of riches is the most foolish phase of that vice. All that money can buy for us is subsistence and a coffin. What folly it is to take pleasure in having more than we need, when, after a little while, we shall have nothing! What unreasonable perversity in a Christian to puff himself up and boast that he has made himself as unlike Jesus Christ as possible!

Rich men "heap up money, not knowing who will gather it."

THE LAWYERS OF ST. PETER.

LAST year, when the whole Catholic world was sending its deputies to celebrate the Episcopal Jubilee of the glorious and much lamented Pius IX, the lawyers of Rome and of Italy, who have remained faithful to principles of religion and morality, formed the idea of showing their loyalty to the Church and the Holy See by uniting themselves in a society for the defence of the rights of Holy Church. In the audience granted them by His Holiness, on the 24th of May, 1877, Pius IX not only approved and blessed their plan, but declared it was his wish that the society should be spread all over the world "We must have lawyers of St. Peter in every part of the world," he said, "for everywhere there are interests of the Church to be defended."

An association was at once formed under the title of "Societa degli Avvocati di St. Pietro," or "Society of the Lawyers of St. Peter," and Count Agnelli dei Malherbi, elected president, was requested to draw up the statutes of the new society. On the 17th of June, 1877, the festival of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, whose miraculous picture is venerated in the Church of St. Alphonsus on the Esquiline, the president went to that church to consecrate himself and all his associates to Our Lady, and to place at her feet the statutes of the society. The principal ones are:

1. The Society of the Lawyers of St. Peter is composed of barristers, solicitors, doctors in law, and men versed in the science of the law, whose devotedness to the Holy See is either publicly known or attested by competent authority.

2. The society is placed under the special patronage of Our Lady of Perpetual Succor, and of St. Peter.

3. The Society must embrace all nationalities, but its centre is established in Rome.

4. The principal end of the society is to defend, by legal means, the rights of the Church and of the Holy See, and to procure stanch defenders for the Catholic cause all over the world by the union of really Christian lawyers.

On Aug. 27, 1877, the statutes were presented to His Holiness for his approbation. In an address read on that occasion, after announcing that new associates were being enrolled every day, and that many of the greatest glories of the bar, in Italy and elsewhere, had already joined the society, the president added the following words, which are worthy of record, as they express the whole spirit of the society: "And these valiant athletes, who glory in being called the Lawyers of St. Peter, long for the occasion to show they know their duty, and can keep the promise they have made, ever to be ready to defend, in public and in private, the rights of the holy Church and of the clergy, whatever be the decisions of legislators and the intolerance of magistrates."

His Holiness again encouraged the undertaking, blessed all the members present and future, and repeated to them the words of Our Lord, "Nolite cogitare quid loquamini, dabitur enim vobis in illa hora quid louquamini." The desire expressed by the great Pius IX, of sacred memory, is being accomplished, his blessing is bearing fruit. The society, spread over the whole of Italy, is continually receiving the names of illustrious lawyers of other countries. It counts already more than six hundred members, and we hope before long to see upon the list of the Lawyers of St. Peter many names of the English and Irish-American bar, and of other professional gentlemen so well known for their practical science and their adherence to the Holy Faith. Shortly after the death of the beloved Pius IX, His Eminence the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, by decree of the 11th of April, 1878, elevated the society to the rank of a Canonical Institution, and the glorious successor of Pius IX, our Holy Father Leo XIII, deigned to confer upon it, by a solemn brief of

the 5th of July, the most special spiritual privileges. Seeing the undertaking so successful and so blessed by the supreme authority of the Vicar of Christ, the Council of Directors has thought the time come to decide the manner by which the institute may best attain its end in every part of the Catholic world. After deliberation they have adopted the two following means: —

1. To found a journal to be published under the title of "Annals of the Lawyers of St. Peter." All the members will be invited to send to this periodical their contributions in defence of the Holy Faith, assailed in all countries by every species of error. They will also be able to put forward in the columns of this journal the means that appear the most adapted to protect the rights of Holy Church and of the Holy See.

2. The second means proposed was to send out, at once, an invitation to all the members and honorary members of the society, requesting them to assemble in this city of Rome, capital of the Catholic world, on the 18th of January of the coming year, 1879, the Festival of the Chair of St. Peter, to hold a congress for the discussion of the measures to be adopted by the associates, in order that the "Society of the Lawyers of St. Peter" may attain its end and may act in union in all parts of the world.

By this present letter, therefore, the undersigned invites all the members of the society, and all those who wish to join it, to come to the congress, which will be opened on the aforenamed day, the 18th of January, 1879.

GAETANO, COUNT AGNELLI DEI MALHERBI.
President of the Society — Advocate.
ROME — Via Principe Amedeo — 67.

N. B. — Those who wish to join the society are requested to enclose in their letter of petition a testimonial of their bishop or parish priest, attesting that they are members of the Catholic Church. All communications can be addressed to the president at his residence as above.

"WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?"

D. O'Sullivan.

DID any one ever hear or conceive a more beautiful idea than that expressed by the talented author of "Knocdnagow," where Father O'Neill tells of the old woman who is dying in a strange land, and, having received the last sacraments, turns once more to the priest and anxiously inquires, —

"WILL MY SOUL PASS THROUGH IRELAND?"

O soggarth aroon! sure I know life is fleeting;
Soon, soon in the strange earth my poor bones will lie.
I have said my last prayer and received my last blessing,
And if the Lord 's willing, I 'm ready to die.
But, soggarth aroon, can I never again see
The valleys and hills of my dear native land?
When my soul takes its flight from this dark world of sorrow,
Will it pass through old Ireland to join the blest band?

O soggarth aroon! sure I know that in heaven
The loved ones are waiting and watching for me,
And the Lord knows how anxious I am to be with them,
In those realms of joy, 'mid souls pure and free;
Yet, soggarth, I pray, ere you leave me forever,
Relieve the last doubt of a poor, dying soul,
Whose hope, next to God, is to know that, when leaving,
'T will pass through old Ireland on the way to its goal!

O soggarth aroon! I have kept through all changes
The thrice-blessèd shamrock to lay o'er my clay;
And oh! it has 'minded me, often and often,
Of that bright, smiling valley so far, far away.
Then tell me, I pray you, will I ever again see
The place where it grew, on my own native sod?
When my body lies cold in the land of the stranger,
Will my soul pass through Erin on its way to our God?

THE ONLY ALTERNATIVES. — There are but two alternatives, — the way to Rome and the way to Atheism: Anglicanism is the half-way house on the one side, and Liberalism is the half-way house on the other. — *Father Newman.*

THE BASILICA OF THE NATIVITY—BETHLEHEM.

The Illustrated Monitor.

Six miles southwest of Jerusalem, on the road to Hebron, on the brow of an eminence overlooking a deep and extended valley abounding in rich pastures, stands Bethlehem, the "City of David," and, as the prophet Micheas had foretold, the hallowed birthplace of the Messiah. When the time appointed in the eternal decrees for the coming of the Redeemer arrived, the sceptre had departed from the house of Judah, the fourth great empire pointed out by Daniel had attained the zenith of its greatness, and from the capital of imperial Rome, mistress of the nations, the mandate of Cæsar Augustus went forth that the whole world should be enrolled. In obedience to this decree, St. Joseph, being of the tribe of David, went up from Nazareth to Bethlehem, with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child On their arrival in that city, whither numbers in compliance with the Roman ordinance had resorted, they found it impossible to obtain shelter or accommodation. The hospitality denied to them was reserved for wealthier applicants. In the caravansary or public inn every available space had been appropriated; and cold and weary with their long travel, as the fast-deepening shades of the winter sunset closed around, they wandered into the outskirts of the town, and were finally compelled to take shelter in one of the grottos in the southern slope of the hill upon which Bethlehem is built. This grotto was used as a stable by the travellers stopping at the caravansary, and here, in this damp and dismal cave, when the stars marked the midnight hour, Mary brought forth her Divine Son, the Eternal Word become incarnate for the redemption of man.

Over the spot where this tremendous mystery was accomplished, and which during the early Christian centuries had been the resort of the faithful, the Empress St. Helen, mother of Constantine, erected a noble basilica, that, after the lapse of so many ages, still preserves its original features. It is built in the form of a cross, the nave being adorned with forty-eight marble Corinthian columns in four rows, each column being two feet six inches in diameter, and eighteen feet high, including the base and capital. The walls were formerly covered with precious marbles and mosaics. At the period of the Crusades this church was richly embellished by the Latin princes, as may be proved by the inscriptions that abound; here the standard of the valiant Tancred waved in triumph, and Baldwin I was anointed King of Jerusalem

The Grotto of the Nativity extends underneath the choir of the basilica. It is a crypt of irregular form, nearly forty feet in length, twelve in breadth, and nine in height. The walls of the rock and the pavement are covered with precious marbles of various colors. Thirty-two lamps of massive silver, the gifts of Christian princes, perpetually illume this venerable sanctuary. A silver star, with the inscription, "*Hic de Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est*," marks the spot where our Blessed Lord was born. The manger was removed to Rome in the seventh century, where it is preserved in the Basilica of Sta. Maria Maggiore, in a superb reliquary.

Entering the sacred crypt of Bethlehem, the Christian traveller feels transported back to that hallowed night when the humble shepherds, directed by the celestial envoy, came thither, while yet lingered in their ears the thrilling sweetness of that heavenly harmony when the glorious diapason of the angelic choirs pealed forth the sublime anthem that proclaimed to earth the birth of the Incarnate Word. He beholds in spirit that consecrated grotto peopled once more with the venerable and majestic forms of the Magi, who over the desert solitudes had followed their mysterious guide, beaming in the blue heaven,

leading them onward to adore the new-born King in the manger of Bethlehem.

Thither, through revolving centuries, have journeyed devout pilgrims from all lands, to pour forth their prayers at the august shrine. Yet more, the spirit of Catholic devotion, which sheds so much beauty and pathos around the Christian festivals, has loved, in every clime, at the return of the Christmas solemnity, to reproduce in miniature the "Holy Cave," thus to awaken those tender sentiments inspired by the touching mystery of the Saviour's birth, and to consecrate at the "Crib of Bethlehem" the brightest and purest joys of childhood and the sweetest and most treasured memories of after life.

THE THUNDERING LEGION.

Rev. Father Burke, O. P.

The church in which we are assembled is built and consecrated to be officiated in by Jesuits. At that altar will stand every day, priest after priest, the sons of St. Ignatius; from this pulpit will resound the gospel of eternal peace and love and truth, preached by the Jesuit Fathers. Why do I say this makes the ceremony of to-day more interesting? The holy Church of God is triumphant in Heaven, she is suffering and expiating in Purgatory; but on earth she is militant, that is to say, she is as the army of God, created to do battle, the battle of the Lord; her life upon the earth is a warfare. The sword that is drawn is the word of God; with that sword the Church is bound by every action of her being to make war on the world with the living shield of faith; she is bound to turn aside all the fiery darts of hell, by her bishops, her clergy, her spiritual army. Now, in this militant army of the Church there are many orders in said serried ranks, and it is, as in all militant ranks, the post of honor is the post of danger. He who bears most wounds is the most honored; he who stands in the most dangerous part of the fight, he whose sword is quickest, whose hand heaviest, and whose heart is most dauntless is the most honored man.

Three hundred years ago a mighty army laid siege to a Spanish town, to the city of Pampeluna. The siege had continued for some time; many fierce encounters had taken place; blood was shed thickly; fearlessly did men defend the points where the attack was fiercest; inch by inch the ground was fought; the bastion yielded, and at length but one point remained unconquered. The garrison, seeing no hope remaining, were inclined to lay down their arms and surrender to the foe, but there was one who stood by the walls, — a mighty figure, brave and dauntless, whose voice resounded over the shouts of the battle like the clear notes of a trumpet; his sword flashed like a meteor amid the dull clouds of the battle, and his word was to dauntlessly resist to the death. Thus did he encourage his followers and boldly face the advancing foe until he was stricken down by a cruel wound. Then and then only did Pampeluna yield. That man was Ignatius Loyola. He was that brave, intrepid soldier. God intended him to be a saint, but God did not in so intending mean that he should cease to be a soldier. He is the soldier-saint of the Church of God, — the soldier-saint whose heart never knew fear, whose hand was never unready, whose heart never was unwilling to draw the sword, whose blood was hot and quick; and he as a saint assembled around him men imbued with his own spirit, and he communicated his mind and heart into them, and formed on the heights of Montmartre, outside Paris, the first foundation of the Society of Jesus.

Three hundred years are passed, and every Catholic or non-Catholic student of the world's history must acknowledge the wonderful part that these sons of St. Ignatius have played in the world's history. Wherever the

danger was greatest, there were they found; wherever persecution was heaviest. there were they found; wherever the word that contradicted the Church seemed most threatening and dangerous with the authority of false and spurious learning, there the Jesuits came in with their deeper learning and greater eloquence and wider power of intellect, shattered the false doctrines, and proclaimed aloud the irresistible words of the Church of God; wherever blood was to be shed, the heart of Ignatius was ready and willing to pour it out for his God. This is the history of that order for three hundred years.

In the armies of old imperial Rome — those armies that conquered the world — there was one legion of 10,000 men, the most distinguished of all for fearless, reckless bravery, for intelligence and firmness in the hour of danger, and it was called the "Thundering Legion," for so soon as its banners were unfurled the stoutest hearts of the enemies of Rome quailed with fear, and those enemies fled from the battle-field in confusion. To belong to that Thundering Legion was the highest ambition of the Roman soldier, to wear its insignia the greatest boast of those conquerors of the world. Now, I say that in this militant army of God, in His Church, where all fight, where all receive wounds, where all from time to time have to suffer, where to-day we see her noble episcopacy persecuted almost in every land, — I say that in this army of God the Thundering Legion is the Society of Jesus. Whoever strikes a blow at Jesus Christ, first must strike Ignatius. Even to-day Gambetta, that great enemy of the Church of God, who seems to hold the immediate future and destinies of France in his hand, has published his programme and declared his war against the Catholic Church, and characteristically carrying out and following the example of all her enemies, the first item in his programme is, "We must first suppress and punish the Jesuits; we must crush the Thundering Legion; we must take their weapons out of their hands." What is this but the greatest honor, the greatest glory that could be conferred on these men? — that every enemy of the Church of God acknowledges that he must first deal with the Jesuits before he can attempt to put the handcuffs on the wrists of the sons of the Church of Christ. And, dearly beloved, even to-day, whilst they are preaching in a strange tongue in Cochin China, whilst they are preaching in North America, in Central and Southern Africa, preaching the gospel in all languages and in all the remotest parts of the globe, we have them here in the midst of us, you have the happiness of having the genius and energy of the sons of St. Ignatius in your ancient and honorable Catholic city Just as the enemies of the Church hate them, the lovers of the Church and all true Catholics love them; ay, and they bless the hands that have blessed their coming here, they bless the noble and generous heart and hand that led them to this city, and that to-day put forth that consecrated power to bless and consecrate this altar.

DESPONDENCY. — The most perilous hour of a person's life is when he is tempted to despond. The man who loses his courage loses all; there is no more hope of him than of a dead man; but it matters not how poor he may be, how much pushed by circumstances, how much deserted by friends, how much lost to the world, if he only keeps his courage holds up his head, works on with his hands, and with unconquerable will determines to be and to do what becomes a man, all will be well. It is nothing outside of him that kills, but what is within that makes or unmakes.

"I AM an obstinate partisan of liberty of conscience," Gambetta declares; and Cromwell made a similar declaration with equal truth.

LADY BLANCHE MURPHY.—A BIT OF ROMANCE.

Lady Blanche, the eldest daughter, though yet young, of the haughty English Earl of Gainsborough, is a resident of New England, earning a livelihood in the fields of magazine literature. Her mother, the deceased wife of the Earl of Gainsborough, was Lady Augusta, the eldest daughter of the Earl of Erroll. Her two brothers are Viscount Campden and Lord Edward, and her two younger sisters are Lady Georgiana and Lady Frances. The Earldom of Gainsborough belongs to the proudest aristocracy in the Kingdom of Great Britain. Noel, the founder of the family, with Celestria his wife, was one of the nobles who entered England with the Conqueror, who granted him immense estates for his services; and many of his descendants were men of great note and magnificence. The family were raised to the earldom in 1682; but it is within a century that the title passed to the present branch of the family, whose living representative is therefore known as the second Earl of Gainsborough. By referring to that part of Burke's "Peerage" which contains the history of the earldom from which Lady Blanche sprang, the following line, which involves the history and mystery of her career, will be found immediately after her name:—

M. Thomas T. Murphy, 6 March, 1870.

The simple meaning of this line is that Lady Blanche married the Murphy who is referred to, at the date which is here indicated. The few people hereabouts who are acquainted with "Mrs. B. Murphy," or the editors who have received notes signed "Blanche Murphy," are not all aware that the name of their acquaintance or correspondent can be found under the coat-of-arms of the Earl of Gainsborough in Burke's "Peerage." The earl's ancient motto is, "Tout bien ou rien," which, though not easily put into English, may be translated, "All well or nothing"; and this motto has an application to one living member of the family which probably was never dreamed of in any previous generation of its existence. It was not "all well" in the sight of Lady Blanche's father when she decamped from Exton Hall, where she was born, to marry Mr. Murphy, and so she has since been to him as "nothing." This marriage or *mésalliance* of the eldest daughter of so great a house was of course a surprise and a horror to her father, then in his fifty-second year. The earl, who is a Roman Catholic, has a private chapel at Exton Hall, in which divine worship is celebrated daily, and some seven years ago he engaged a young Irish musician, named Murphy, as organist. As a member of the family, Lady Blanche sang in the service to the organ accompaniment, and thus became familiar with the organist. She was in her twenty-first year, intellectual and handsome, though unassuming and *petite*, while he was a modest young Irishman of about the same age. Standing near him every morning at matins and every evening at vespers, singing daily in harmony with the solemn or joyous tunes which he performed so finely, it was no wonder that the affections of the twain were awakened toward each other, though

> "She was a lady of high degree,
> And he but an humble swain."

Often, when the services were over, and the rest of the family had retired from the chapel, she would remain with him for hours, he playing, she singing, and both practising so as to perfect their musical skill. The sound of the instrument and her voice, or both their voices, could be heard at such times swelling out of the chapel windows and trembling among the foliage of the ancient woods.

The old earl himself thought nothing of all this, and the watchful eyes of Lady Blanche's mother had recently been closed in death. So matters went along for the greater part of a year. At last, upon a time, one of

the earl's relatives, who happened to be visiting Exton Hall, asked him if he was not suprised that his daughter should spend so many hours every day with the organist, in the chapel, after the close of service. The earl was astonished that such a question should be asked about his daughter's musical practice, and when the observing relative was about to go a step further in his inquiries, he forestalled the hint by laughing at the thought of such an idea. It was, however, on the very night after his suggestive inquiry that Lady Blanche and the organist took their flight together from Exton Hall. It would be impossible to tell how the haughty earl was overwhelmed at his daughter's disappearance, and when she sent him word soon after from London that she had been married to her Murphy, the earl in his wrath disowned her, forbade her return to the ancestral halls, and cut her off from all the heritage of the family. Lady Blanche had of course known that it would be impossible for her to form such an alliance with her father's consent, or to mention such a subject in his presence, though she had probably never imagined that such a stern penalty would be visited upon her for marrying out of her rank. Lady Blanche was not a silly girl, nor ignorant of the world at this time. She was twenty-one years of age, she had seen a great deal of high life; she had been two seasons in London society; she was a devotee of art and literature; she was a woman of cultivated intellect and brilliant talents. Mr. and Mrs. Murphy very soon experienced the trials of penury and adversity in London. Some four years ago, or within the first year after their marriage, they arrived in New York, when they again felt the pressure of straitened circumstances, and she especially found out the transformation that takes place when an earl's daughter becomes a poor man's wife. But if "Love laughs at locksmiths," it also smiles at poverty, and the young people cheerily began the struggle of life. After a time he, who had no resource but his musical skill, got a place in a suburban church as an organist at a small salary, and she made an attempt to turn her talents to use as a contributor to periodical literature. She was persevering, and some of her sparkling manuscripts soon found acceptance, and brought her a little income. Among other things, she contributed to the *Galaxy* a series of brilliant essays on Engiish life and the English aristocracy, which attracted much notice, and which she might have continued for an indefinite length of time; but she brought them to a close when she found that some personages in the aristocratic circles which she described took offence at their publication. The essays, as they appeared, were announced to be "By Lady Blanche Murphy," but few people were aware of the identity of the essayist who wrote under that name. For the four years of her residence here she has kept up the hard literary work which she undertook after her arrival, writing for *Scribner's Monthly*, the *Galaxy*, the *Catholic Review*, *Catholic World*, and other periodicals; and although the income is small, it is enough to help her husband in sustaining the modest place of their residence at New Rochelle. The Earl of Gainsborough has relented in some measure toward his daughter. He recently settled upon her an income of £80 a year for her own use, and invited her back to her old place in the family and to her home at Exton Hall, on condition that she would leave her husband. But it was for this husband's sake that Lady Blanche had surrendered all else the world could give, and she clings to him.

Lady Blanche is a small, slight blonde, with elegant features and lambent eyes, and is timid in her ways, though easy in her address. Her husband also is a blonde, pleasant and genteel, whose worst fault is the lack of "push." I never heard of either man or wife figuring in the fashionable society or the literary society or the shoddy society of our large cities.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That, even in sorrow, were sweet?
Doth time with its cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I 'll weep with thee, tear for tear."
MOORE.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

THERE is, on the borders where a certain county of Leinster meets with a certain of Ulster, a locality which the inhabitants of the place call by its Irish name, but which, translated into English, may be styled "The Seven Hotels." I have never seen this townland set down in any map I have ever looked at; nor have I met with its name in any geography I have ever read; nor is it even once mentioned in that most instructive and useful work, Mason's "Survey of Ireland." And yet it is an interesting district, — interesting not alone on account of its antiquities, which any one who will take the trouble of visiting the place will at once admit, but interesting, and that more particularly, on account of the many celebrities which this place, above all others, was said once to abound in.

One word more. It is a word of advice to certain classes of bookworms who, when they read of a new name, will at once run to Joyce's "Irish Names of Places": to them I say, don't mind it; you will not find it there. If I like I can tell the meaning. I may or may not. The story will tell if it wills.

It was an October day, and one of the first of the month. It was a wild, blustery day, such as stirs the blood and braces the nerves. Though being wild, however, it was not a cold day. Bob Reeves sat reading, as was his custom, in the little grove or fort that crowned the hill above his father's cottage. Bob was the youngest of three. There were in the family besides him an elder sister and a brother. Their father was a widower, and the name of their house was Green Cottage.

Bob was rather delicate, and had not much taste for farming pursuits except now and then as a recreation. He had one passion, that was reading; and this passion he was allowed to indulge in to his heart's content, — a thing which in this world happens seldom enough.

His father saw reflected in the depths of his eye and on the calmness of his brow, dreams of glorious things on which the mind was pondering. He could not but feel that a position, clerkship, profession, or some such like, would be for Bob a more substantial thing in the future. However, the old man was in comfortable circumstances, and he merely said, "Well, let him have his way. It is not rank or position he cares for; he wants but the wisdom of men. He prefers that to the yellow dross of money-hunters, and he is perhaps right."

So Bob Reeves sat reading in the fort at the top of the hill. This was for him a tempting place. The old fort stood on the highest hill in the district, with the exception of one other, for many miles around. Nature, or successive revolutions (if geologists' tales be true), had not formed the country that lay beneath his eye in one monotonous plain; on the contrary, the landscape was diversified as much as it possibly could be. Hill and vale, and lake and stream, and meadow and wood, formed its prominent features. Bounding in the view, in the distance along the horizon, were the uplands of four counties; nearer were the undulating hills, with their fields of tillage and whitewashed farm-houses. At the foot of the hill on which he sat was a rural hamlet, which had now fallen more or less to decay. In from this little hamlet, and nestling among the trees, was "the big house." It was untenanted, and, like the village, had a neglected and decaying look about it.

That "big house" had an interest for Bob Reeves. He could see it just beneath him. Sometimes the sunshine

pictured up old things that were past and gone, making it for the moment the bright and cheerful thing it once was; for Bob had known it when it was not ruinous-looking or uncared for. There was a day when it had plenty of life and gayety within and around it. But what matter now?

Hard and deep a student of books though Bob was, yet his bosom was not insensible to the varied and romantic picture that lay before him. Indeed, what bookworm ever was? He would often take off his hat and continue gazing till sensations soft and sad as the memory of the past would fill his bosom. Oftentimes his eye would rise from his book, as we have just said, and his heart salute the wild breeze that blew from the lake and hurried over the hills; but this day more frequently than usual. Indeed, to the ordinary observer it was plain, from the wandering of his mind and the many times that he looked at his watch, that he was just then awaiting something with expectation, if not with anxiety.

As he was looking to see what time it was for the twenty-second turn, a tall boy came up, bearing a basket on his arm.

"Ho! Willie, is this you? And how does the world use you, my brave man?"

"Pullin' on, and on'y middlin'. No use in complainin', Master Bob."

"Tell me, Willie, — my eyes are fairly crooked from looking, — tell me, have you seen those weddingers coming, or were you up near the chapel at all?"

"Arrah! not a one o' myself was, Master Bob, but I suppose Father Bryan is giving them a long lecther."

"Shame, shame upon you, now, for one, Long Willie!" and Bob laughed. "Now, don't you see that the mother is 'going the way of all flesh,' and who will you have to get a cup of tea ready for you when she's gone? And there now, when you got a fair chance — and you know how hard 't is to get a chance now; weddings, like angels' visits, are getting few and far between, at least here; and there when you got the chance of getting some of the bridescake, you would n't take it. And you could put it under your pillow at night, and you 'd dream who 'd be taking 'th' ould 'oman's' place at the hearth for you."

"Oh, folly on, Master Bob; you 're welcome to your game. But if what they tells Willie be true, it is at the house the cake will be sould. And be the same token, too, I hear that Father Mac sent a whole pig that had been only four weeks in salt; and they drained the neighbors of every drop of whiskey, and they say the whole country is to be invited."

'Now, Willie, like a decent fellow, tell me all you heard are to be there.'

"Well, why, Master Bob, as I hear, these are Father Mac's own words to Mrs. Marron: 'See, now, Betty,' says he, 'I send you a little pig that I had salted for the winter, for I 'm glad you 're getting the little girl married; and if I had more I 'd send it as willing, Betty,' says Father Mac. 'So let everything be done dacent,' says he. 'Invite all the neighbors, rich and poor. There was a time, Betty, and you could hould up your head with the best of them."

"So, Willie, on these grounds, we may expect a large gathering."

"Oh, a power, I hear, Master Bob, a power entirely. First and foremost among them is Master Sam, a gay man, and they won't want for a laugh or a dhroll story while he is there. He 's the gallowsest* man at a story I ever heard. And then I hear that Steevie, the lad with his white hat, is to come all the ways from Liverpool; and Jadie and Christie are to dance a treble hornpipe. I hear that 'the Drubber' is on one side to challenge any man for strength or speed, and 'Jemmy the Smoker' is to back the other. And I suppose 'the Bloomer' and his vanithee (woman of the house)

* Most rollicking. A person of light and pleasant temperament is often jocosely threatened with the gallows.

and the colleen will be there; and I couldn't tell you half, Master Bob."

"'Pon my word, a most varied, and withal select party. But you have forgotten to add Miss Anne Reeves and her brother Bob"

"Troth! and I'm glad to hear it. But tell me, Master Bob, how is Miss Anne, as we have spoken of her?"

"Not in the best of fettle just now, Willie. Women don't know what they're doing when they hear of a marriage. There is n't a ha'p'orth about the house but 's broken."

"Lave off now, Master Bob; no fear of Miss Anne yet. Long is it from her, I'm sure, to care. 'T is she has the fine house of it, God spare it long to her! and sure 't is nothing more than she deserves. Small hurry need she be in from it, but if she does, may she get ten times a better one."

"I shall convey to her, Willie, your very warm wishes in her regard," said Bob, assuming a pretendedly pompous tone.

"Arrah! maybe you 'd convey these little bades, too, sir; I chained them for her. It was the best steel chain I could get in D——'s; I put some nice figuring there about the cross. I was just going to step down with them to her, but Mrs. Marron tould me to bring her a new holy-water fount, and a weeny drop of holy water to put in it, and to hang it up in the bride's room; and I'm afraid I'll hardly have my heels out of it before they're in on top of me."

"And I 'd better hurry off, too," said Bob. "Some one will be waiting for me to escort her."

Willie took two or three long steps, and he halted: "We 'd have paice anyway, now, Master Bob, if we got some one else married."

"Who, Willie?"

"Miss ——, Miss ——." Willie pointed in a certain direction.

"Miss Reid." They both smiled, and each took his separate way.

The smile, however, faded away from Bob's face as he went thoughtfully down the hill towards his father's dwelling. He was thinking of Julia Marron, and his thoughts were more akin to pity than to glee. "She ought to have had trial enough of the tippler in her father," his lips half unconsciously muttered. "Tales tell no great things of this fellow she 's getting. But here 's God's blessing light upon you, Julia Marron, for yours is a pure, noble, innocent heart! and truth to tell, I wish you were getting married to any one else than to Andy M'Kenna to-day."

CHAPTER II.

THE MARRIAGE.

THERE was antiquity, we have said, attaching to this place of "The Seven Hotels." The church where the good people went to pray was old; it was old in years, in design, and in its inner adornments. The high road passed at the front of it. No wall, no plot of grass separated from the road. It ran parallel to it, and seemed coeval with it. Within, it was one long rectangle, whose length was more than three times its breadth. Its monotony was broken only by two or three pieces of sacred furniture, — the altar, namely, which stood close by one wall, somewhere at or about the middle of its length, and two huge confessionals, where this primitive people knelt to their pastor, the Rev. Father M'Keown, or his humble curate, on Saturdays or the eves of festivals. The galleries at either end of the church were not formed according to the approved fashion of our chapels-of-ease. They were old and rickety looking. The ascent to them was from the outside. The staircase was of stone, and at the time we write, on account of some of the steps being loose and others wanting, it formed as precarious a footway as might be met with ascending the Alps.

At the back of the church was a graveyard, with some singular inscriptions and some exceedingly old dates on the headstones. In front of it was a large mound of earth, raised beside

the stream that flowed through the hamlet. For information on the probable uses of this artificial mound, we refer the reader to the pages of a rare but valuable work, called "Louthiana"

The people that inhabited this district of "The Seven Hotels" were every one of them descended from old stocks, who had for centuries lived undisturbed in this place.* Some of them claimed a descent from a certain Wicklow tribe,† of heroic name, who, on being expelled from their own county, took refuge in an adjoining place, called Daisy Hill, and in time became proprietors of the soil on which they first found rest for the soles of their feet.

With this people, so sequestered and so isolated, it will be readily understood that many an old custom had sway. Many a practice, too, which in olden times was customary enough, but which the wiser folk of the present generation had dropped, did here prevail; nay, even those ceremonies which elsewhere might be regarded as superstitious or disedifying, were here preserved and maintained, and looked up to with reverence and respect, on account of their religious antiquity; nor did the uncritical eyes of this simple people ever find in them anything suspicious or unbeseeming.

In the chapel we have described stood Andy M'Kenna and Julia Marron on the day of the marriage. Father M'Keown was moving slowly round a vacant space in the church, engaged in reading his office. Father Bryan, his curate, was vesting himself in surplice and soutane, to assist at the marriage ceremony.

As the crowd gathered, the old priest shut his breviary, and setting two fingers of one hand between the leaves to act as markers, with two fingers of the other he took a large pinch of snuff from his vest-pocket, snuffed it, and approached the sanctuary. The other priest hurried on with his vesting, and that being completed, he knelt for a second or two in prayer at the foot of the altar, where bride and bridegroom were already awaiting.

The sacred duty they were going to perform and the responsibilities they were about to take upon themselves, the venerable pastor referred to in a few touching and simple sentences. "The holy state of matrimony," he said, "has been instituted by our blessed Lord, that God might be glorified, and man in this life might be made virtuous and happy. We are blest in a friend if he be a man of moral dispositions; we are cursed in an acquaintance if he be vicious. But what shall I say of friend and friend? What bond of friendship is so close as that of man and wife? What knot is so firmly tied and so lasting? Once the contract is spoken, nothing on earth or in heaven can separate them, till 'death doth them part.' 'What God has put together, let no man set asunder.' It is a blessing from God for a husband to get a virtuous spouse, and good angels have prayed for the poor wife if she get a sober, industrious, and affectionate husband. Kneel down, children, and in your heart of hearts beg of God to make you pure and to keep you pure, otherwise no blessing will you be to each other; but, on the contrary, all your life long you will be a burden and a torment one to the other; and that death, which, according to nature, should have come upon you as a pang and a bereavement, will be welcomed as a friend and a liberator."

They have spoken the word. "The rite is completed; the two they are one." And surely Julia Marron is now happy; nor never crossed her young, innocent mind the shadow of a doubt that Andy M'Kenna was good and virtuous as he is fair looking.

On the road outside the chapel the bridal party formed in procession. Leading the van was Master Sam

* Thanks to a kind and indulgent family, who held the position of middlemen between this people and the head landlord, and whose name, though they have parted with the estate, is revered here yet.

† The Byrnes.

Reid's pony, driven by the renowned Edward William Jones. Master Jones and the pony were inevitable things at any of the weddings in the neighborhood. It was unlucky (such was the unhesitating belief of the locality) to bring a bride home on a car drawn by a mare. Master Sam was a generous man at lending. He was called Master Sam from the time he was a boy, and it continued with him, though he was now a man nearly seventy years of age, with a long white beard and a patriarchal look. Many a thing the same Master Sam was kind at. Many a poor neighbor's farm he sowed; gave oats or corn to plant it, sent his horses to plough it, and gave bail to the agent for the poor farmer's rent. God rest him! He is gone where we 'll all have to go; and whatever his faults were, may our good deeds be like his, and may we have the prayers and tears of the poor at our demise, as he had.

To Master Sam, then, every one who wanted to borrow a mode of conveyance for a wedding drive had to apply. Of course the pony was never refused; and, to be sure, when the pony was asked to the wedding, by all means Master Sam and his daughter Kate were asked too. Neither of them could be beaten at a good story, and they were "neither proud or saucy into the bargain."

It was a consequence of rural etiquette that Master Sam and Miss Kate were asked; and this same rural etiquette, with its simple eye, seldom misses the fitness of things. But it was a consequence of necessity that Master Jones, the head groom, should be invited; for, to the great discredit of the pony, it must be told that he was n't at all as tractable as his master or the young mistress. The pony's history was a long and rather eventful one; but as the procession is almost ready to start, we cannot linger any longer at the head of it, except to point out that the pony's color was chestnut; that his neck was long and arched, betokening blood and mettle, which he really did possess; and it was to this proud spirit, inherited from his ancestors, and to an unsatisfactory education in his early days, that most of his vagaries were in justice to be attributed.

At one side, behold the bride and bridegroom; at the other, Miss Kate and her papa; and mounted on the "dicky," observe the aristocratic *pose* of Mr. Jones, with his everlasting white beaver hat and flaunting speckled tie. Now, then, wish the bride and bridegroom the pleasantest of journeys, lift your hat to the lady, salute Mr. Jones, and retire.

"Ho! be the hoaney, they 're off!" "Clear the way!" "Lay the road!" Helter, skelter, — jaunting-cars, horsemen, and young lads swinging on the backs of the cars, or racing along on foot. "As I live, there goes Lukey Bawn's white horse, six aboord, closely followed by George the Second's 'Skewball,' Wat Finegan's 'Rainbow,' and Henry Agnew's 'Black Shamrock!'" "See the little fellow in the saddle, how manly he goes, — up and down, off and on. Away! away! God speed yous all, and good luck attend you, Julia Marron!"

This drive was taken through the country, going one way and returning another, making in all a circuit of six or eight miles, sometimes less and sometimes more, according to their time and their ways of travelling. It was meant as an "airing out" to give an appetite. It was in a certain sense an epitome of the pleasure-trip that more fashionable folk take to Killarney, or the metropolis, or the Continent, or other places of like resort. It was meant to make a little stir through the country, each showing what a "brave turnout" was at his or her wedding. It was furthermore intended by this drive to give time to those at home to prepare the wedding feast; and it was carried out in such a way that the procession might return by nightfall, or after that hour, in order that illuminations, or what would

stand in their place, would be held in honor of the bride.

Those illuminations commenced on the return of the bride, and at a certain distance from her home. They consisted of a light placed in the window of each house along the route. It was accounted a sign of great respect if two or more candles were lighted in the window; and the same held good in the event of a house lying at some distance from the road, if a lantern and lighted candle were brought and held at the gateway leading to it.

As the procession filed along, cheers, hearty and frequent, were given by the on-lookers, and were responded to by the processionists with a mirth and a hilarity which were no way less hearty or enlivening. In other parts of Ireland, such a touching custom does not so generally prevail; and for the bride thus brought home to her parents' or husband's house, we think it is peculiarly blissful and consoling.

CHAPTER III.

THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

When Willie, "Long Willie," as he was called, and Bob Reeves parted company, the latter hastened down the hill, as we have already remarked, towards his father's cottage. He found his sister Anne on his return dressed and awaiting him.

A little luncheon was laid on the table. Anne induced Bob to take some, with this argument: "You don't know what time dinner will be; and you don't know if even then you will like it, Bob." So Bob sat to the luncheon, more indeed to please his sister than to satisfy any cravings of hunger.

The afternoon of the bright October day had come. The "gay, wild wind" blew gayly still. It sent a cheery thrill through brother and sister as they stepped down from the hall door on their way to the wedding house. Kitty, the housemaid, stood on the steps, and wished them a pleasant evening.

When our friends arrived at the wedding-house, they received a regular ovation. Mrs. Marron, who had not gone to the marriage ceremony, welcomed them, and thanked them over and over for coming to her "poor gersha's wedding."

"I'd be a great deal worse than I'd wish to be, Mrs. Marron," said Bob, "if I did not come to rejoice with poor Julia, or if I could forget that we had many a day's sport with those that are dead and gone, up at 'the big house' in days of auld lang syne."

"God bless you, Master Bob."

Jenny M'Cann and Nancy, the cook, were busy preparing the meats. There was a huge boiler containing the priest's pig, with all the cabbage they could beg or borrow in the neighborhood. A goose was in a Dutch oven beside the fire, and a leg of mutton was in a pot boiling in another quarter of the hearth. A cord of woollen yarn, suspended from a peg above the chimney-tree, supported a sirloin of beef. Half a dozen barn-fowl were slaughtered for the occasion, and three pairs of fat ducks suffered the same fate.

On the hob beside the fire rested a monstrous plum-pudding, containing at least two stone of flour, with a due proportion of raisins and currants, and all the other *et ceteras* requisite for that dainty.

At the lower end of the table sat two women, beggars; these had evidently been tasting some of "the neighbor's" *eau-de-vie*. One, a little further gone than the other, stood up to speak the praises of "Master Bob and Miss Anne," when the latter took their exit into the orchard that stood at the rear of the house, and thus escaped adulations they did not desire to listen to.

They sat down on a rudely carved seat, at the foot of an old apple-tree. The sinking sun was blinking and gleaming through the trees. The wind tossed the golden-colored leaves, and the branches on which they hung

swayed up and down beneath the weight of the blast. There was something in the scene that captivated the attention of both. Their eyes at the same moment discovered a view of "the big house" through the trees.

"Oh, dear! what a great change the lapse of a few years makes, Anne! Look at it — the big house, I mean. Old times are changed, old manners gone. Of all the gay things that we were then, how sadly have we changed, — serious men and women! And we were once wild little romping things, with heart and life and soul. Nothing now but thought and care for some, anxiety and troubles for others. Mary and Alice and Lizzie gone, Jane away, Julia Marron getting married; and 'none are left, Ben, but you and I.'"

"Such is the world, and such is life, Bob; but we 'll meet them all at home in heaven, where there is no change or absence or death."

"Do you know, Anne, I should like to die in autumn."

His sister looked at him, and the slightest shade of sorrow darkened her face.

"That's a queer thing you say, Bob; but no doubt a thought like that comes to every one's mind. This, it seems to me, should be our only wish in that way, — to die where and when and in the manner that God wills."

"Right, Anne," and after giving the suggestion another moment's consideration, he added, "You are right, Anne; you are always right. Yet sometimes I wish I had health and strength, Anne. There is ambition here in this half-gasping heart, and dreams sometimes come upon me, — but where is the use? The poor bird that warbles his little song in his cage falls asleep, and dreams of sunny fields and liberty. Half awaked, he starts up, opens his little wings, flutters for a second or two in fancied freedom, falls back from the wires of his gilded prison and gives up the hope"

"Listen!" said Anne, interrupting him. "Do you hear the galloping of horses? That is the race for the bottle. Come, come! we must not miss it," she said, bounding from her seat; and turning round, she gave him her hand and helped him to rise.

They hastened into the house. The noise of the horses had attracted those within to the door, and from the door to the little gateway that stood at the roadside. To this little gate Bob and Anne followed them Soon two horsemen were seen riding furiously down the slope of the road that led to the house. The whole party watched the race with the greatest interest; but the two beggar-women, who had been "a little elevated" already, gave vent to their excited feelings in such phrases as, —

"Dhrive for it, Larry! Will you 'low the Marrons, that were never yet bet, to be bet? Dhrive for it, or you 're bet."

Every second the horses came nearer, rushing on at a furious pace on the stony road, and urged to the top of their speed by the eagerness of their riders. Larry led the way by a length or two.

"Bravo, Larry, jewel!" cried Mrs. Marron, through her tears; for she was overjoyed at the success of her party-man.

"Larry, if you were bet," roared out beggar-woman No. 1, in a voice and with a gesture that gave evident signs of incipient intoxication, "I 'd dhrag you off Fireball, and hould baytin' you while I 'd have a hand on me."

"Here, Larry *avic*," said Mrs. Marron, as Larry, after wiping off the perspiration from his forehead, put out his hand for the bottle, — "here, Larry, here it is for you, *avic machree*."

When Larry received the bottle, the two riders turned their horses' heads, and rode slowly back to meet the wedding party. It may be necessary to state that the start had taken place when the wedding party had approached within a short mile to the house The bride's and bridegroom's

party sent off each a man and horse. Each party selected of course its best man, and the honor of the party was for the time being intrusted to him. So seriously is the honor of winning the bottle thought of, that in a certain case that came to our own knowledge, a father refused to speak to his son for the whole night because the latter happened to be beaten at such a race. As a further detail of this case, we may mention that when the riders come to the house, the *un*welcome man arrived first. He was refused the bottle. He took a handful of thatch from the house, and with this token returned to the party. The indignation of the party in whose favor he ran was great against the people that refused him the usual courtesy on such occasions; but it was partly balanced by the fact that if he did not get the bottle, he at least won it.

When Larry and his comrade returned, Larry was received by his party with shouts of joy, his opponent with silence and dissatisfaction. There were even sullen looks on the faces of many of his party, and more than one angry word was spoken in the heat of the moment. The bottle was then handed to the bride to taste the liquor; after her, to her husband, and then from one to another, until it was drained. The empty bottle was then returned to the hands of the bride; and now came the critical moment The Romans never watched the flight of birds with such fear or trembling, nor were the entrails of the roasting victim ever scrutinized with a more anxious eye, than the ceremony now going to take place. None of the above ever foreboded more surely good luck than the success of the present adventure Mark it well then!

When the two men were returning with the bottle towards the wedding party, they stopped in front of a large stone that stood on the roadside. Here the party drew up; here the bottle was handed to the bride; here it was drained, and here it was to be broken. Look at the stone. The bottle is in the hands of the bride: if she breaks it at the first throw against the stone, good luck is hers; if not, woe betide her. It is no time, Sir Looker-on, to preach the superstition and the absurdity of such a rite. Behold her hand is raised! the hand trembles — shakes. The bottle is flung. *The stone is not struck, and the bottle is not broken!*

Poor Julia! Her husband, her new-made husband, took the bottle up, while the creature trembled from head to foot with emotion. He raised the bottle high, he ground his teeth; for he was angry at the failure of his party man in the race, he was angry at the timidity of his wife, and his cowardly and superstitious mind was angry at the ill-omen of the bottle. "Woman! could you not do it so?" he said, as with the terrible force of the passionate stroke the bottle was shivered into a thousand pieces against the stone. These were almost the first words she had heard from her husband that day. Oh, the confusion of the poor girl, and the tremulous panting, like a captured bird, of the poor convulsed heart! She feared her husband, and so well she may!

As a somnambulist that walks about in a wild, delirious dream, so Julia Marron entered her home. A mother's kiss did not bring her to her senses, nor did the sincere and hearty congratulations of Jenny M'Cann and her assistant, Nancy, the cook; nor did the more boisterous thunders of the half-intoxicated beggars.

When she felt Anne's soft cheek laid to hers, she opened her eyes and looked; and when Bob, with his old smile, held out his hand, and wished her a thousand joys, she felt happy; for, for the moment, she had forgotten that she was a married woman.

She followed Anne into her own room, and as she put her head into that modest little apartment, she heard Bob's pleasant voice again speaking to her husband, —

"I wish you joy, sir! but I need not wish it. Why, you have got a thousand joys in that little woman we gave you. She is worth her weight in gold!"

The words came kind and cheery to her soul, and they fell upon her heart so appropriately that, like a landscape lighted up by the sunshine after a fierce and unexpected storm, she grew peaceful and happy.

Bustle and confusion reigned in the little kitchen. There was hurrying and hastening, there was dragging of chairs, and there was moving of tables. There were noises of pots and savory odors. Men were talking loud and cheery. They laughed a good deal too, and from time to time helped themselves to the liquors on the table.

Dinner was soon ready. Before the guests were fully assembled, Father Mac had given "grace" in a peculiar fashion of his own. He had taken the head of the table, and beside the good old priest sat the bride and bridegroom. Father Bryan took the foot of the table, and the rest took what places they wished. There was a good deal of chattering and joking, but there was no lack of busy work during dinner. The viands laid on the table and all the other good things made them feel comfortable with themselves; and man is never in such a mood for chat or repartee as when he is so situated.

When the monstrous plum-pudding had been duly experimented upon and praised, and the cloth had been removed, then did the wit and the fun commence in right good earnest with the circulation of the decanter. Every man round the table was busy with tumbler, sugar, hot water and decanter. There was stirring and sipping, and adding and praising, and grinning and thirsting to no end. Each encouraged his neighbor to do the work well. Father Mac kept an especial eye on Father Bryan. He knew that the latter had often severe duties to perform, and Father Mac, as belonging to the good old school, thought the best way to meet them was by having recourse to a moderate quantity of stimulants.

When he saw that the glass of whiskey which was going to make Father Bryan's tumbler of punch was scarcely half filled, he called attention of all round the table to the fact; in particular, he addressed Mr. Reid.

"Master Sam, what do you think of that sort of a glass of punch?"

"In Scripture phrase, it is a lukewarm one, Father Mac," said Master Sam. "But I'll tell you, Father Mac, of a man that used to take a strong tumbler. His name was 'Rough Jack' — you never heard of 'Rough,' sir?"

The priest nodded his head in the negative.

"Well, well, the poor fellow!" said Mr. Reid, evidently with a kindly feeling for one who lived but in memory now. "He was as dacent a creature, Father Mac, as there was in the whole country, though he had n't a rag to his back, and he used to wash his face only once in the twelve months. Well, sir, 'Rough' was a great favorite with Lord L——, and 'Rough' had but very little English. 'That 's a strong glass of punch, Jack,' Lord L—— would say. 'A strong man me too,' Jack would reply."

In order to get them all into one apartment, and to get them in good cheer, Mr Reid suggested that Barney Maguire should sing a song.

"Mr. Bernard Maguire," said Father Mac, with a slight shade of mock-solemn in his tone, "I have it on the best authority that you can favor us with a good song; and then my young curate, God bless him! will propose the health of the bride in more appropriate terms than an old man could do"

"I wish you had n't minded your young curate," said Father Bryan, in an undertone; for he had a great horror of being pushed to the front in a public place, except the altar of God, where he felt it was his duty, and where indeed he felt at home.

ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY

Mr. Bernard Maguire prepared himself for a more long-winded oration. "It would be unbecoming in me to contradict your reverence," said Barney Maguire. "I am a man of poor judgment, and that judgment would lead me to say, Barney Maguire, you cannot sing a good song. However, as your reverence says you have it on good grounds that Barney Maguire can sing, Barney Maguire will not dispute."

"Thank you, Barney!" from Father Mac, and many a one round the table whispered (but a whisper loud enough to be heard), "The Chucky Black Hen," "My Neighbor's Dog" (these were two favorite songs of his).

"Now, I'll not give yous 'The Chucky Black Hen,' for a very good reason — she died just three days ago; and neither will I give yous 'My Neighbor's Dog,' for the poor fellow took a colic and died. But I'll give yous as good a one, and one that yous never heard afore, and its name is —

THE WONDERFUL GANDER.

When I was down in a neighborin' town,
Than my first dinner was never a grander;
Cabbage and spuds so well went down,
With the bony limbs of a tough old gander.
Every sod that we got from the bog
We burnt, and more, in trying to bake him;
And Molly cried, as she looked on the hog,
'Oh, I wish to the saints *his own* would take him!'

When we saw his face, we both said grace —
No bird on a dish did ever look broader.
With the lordly air of his noble race,
He looked like a duke or a bould marauder.
We thought it a sin to touch e'en his skin,
But hunger had made us as fierce as a panther;
And so we decided we just would put in,
And have a slight tip at my brave ould gander.

My host did rise, and with some surprise
The fork he thrust down to the hilt and under;
The knife he addressed to the gander's ould breast —
And now here comes the point of the wonder.
Oh, no lie I tell you, upon my life,
For every word is the truest candor;
He pulled the fork, and he pulled the knife,
But both were stuck fast in my brave ould gander.

He looked at the bird, and none said a word,
Until I proposed thus to solve the riddle —
That each should begin at his own nearest end,
And that sooner or later we 'd meet in the middle.
And so then like soldiers attacking in mail,
With the fork in the midst for a royal standar',
He charged the head, and I charged the tail,
And we rattled away at my brave ould gander."

As Barney ended his song, the cheering was boisterous. "Now," thought Father Bryan, — "now is my time or never." So when the storm had a little subsided, he got on his feet, and held his glass in his hand.

"I thank my friend Barney," he said, "and his rattling gander for getting you into these exceedingly joyous spirits. It is very happy, friends, to see you so. How much better this, than that a rough word should be amongst us. And while you are in this happy humor — and may you never have reason to be in any other — I will propose a toast that I know will be welcome to you all, — the health of the bride and bridegroom. Poor Julia Marron was always here amongst us. I doubt if any one ever looked on her face that they did not see a smile there. She was like the ray of the summer sun when it beams on the skipping lambs, or perhaps more like its soft hue at even, when it smiles in the western heavens. The snowdrop was not more pure; the primrose, with its modest drooping head, was not more meek; nor was the tender violet in the hidden nook more full of fragrance than she was of virtue, in the silence of her mother's home. Perhaps you are expecting — but you need not, for I have no notion of telling you about the wanderings of our friend there — you may perhaps expect a full description of the old Indian lady squaw that invited him to be her eighth husband. Now I'll say no more about that. All I wish to remind you is, that after all his wanderings, to-day that fate of his, that he had kept so long undecided, has been settled. They have put their hands together.

This is their roof, this is their home. Here have they met to-night to go through life together. I ask you to join with me in wishing them a future that will be successful, contented, and happy!"

The toast was duly honored with a three times three, and a hip, hip, hurrah! It was well known what usually followed the toasting of the bride and bridegroom's health. The offerings customary on such occasions were made for the priests, and large and generous they were.

Then Father Mac, who had been in their midst for thirty years and more, thanked them in words of gratitude and fatherly kindness that touched them all to the heart. He next proposed the "doch-an-dhurras" (the parting glass), and he and Father Bryan then took their departure.

To be continued.

THE PRESIDENT OF FRANCE.

THE evidence of the noble descent of the Duke of Magenta from O'Brien, formerly King of Ireland, is complete and incontestible. Mahon, the second son of Murtagh O'Brien, King of Ireland, who died at Lismore in 1119, and was the great-grandson of the famous monarch Brian Boroimhe, killed at the battle of Clontarf, was the prince who founded that clan of the O'Briens distinguished by the name of MacMahon, and known as Clonderlaw in the county of Clare.

The genealogy of these MacMahons, legally chronicled in the archives by my predecessor when king-at-arms, traces their descent down to Sir John Baptist MacMahon, who, it is unnecessary for me to say, was the grandfather of the Duke of Magenta. I have before me at this moment the identical document whose authenticity was established in 1749, which certifies the genealogy of the Marquis John Baptist MacMahon, Lord of Equilly, and many other manuscripts which go into the minutest details of his descent from O'Brien, King of Thomond.

IRELAND'S DAUGHTERS IN THEIR NEW HOMES.

Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe.*

I HAVE never sympathized with the popular murmurs against the Irish. What would our nation have done without them? They have brought to us strong hands and willing minds; they have built our roads and bridges, and laid our railroads, and been everywhere at hand in our families to help. Of course, they are but human, subject to all the defects of imperfect humanity; but, notwithstanding that, I do not hesitate to say they have been a blessing to this country.

I have always maintained that the very best, the safest, the most respectable, and (taking all things into account) the most really desirable situation for a working-woman was that of a family domestic. Through foolish pride and prejudice, the American woman has refused this position, and it has therefore fallen to the lot of the stranger. Thousands of young Irish girls have landed on our shores, utter strangers, far from the advice and protection of fathers and mothers, with no reliance but their priests and their church, and into their hands have been committed the life and health of our young children, the ministration of our substance, the care of luxurious homes, and the maintenance of that order, neatness, and economy on which depends the enjoyment of domestic life.

Taking them as a class, considering the inexperienced age at which they come, and that often they are as young as the daughters of the family they serve, it seems to me that any sensible person would rather wonder to see how well they do their duties, than rail at their shortcomings. Let any father and mother imagine their own daughter, at sixteen or eighteen, landed in Ireland to seek self-support, and ask if young American females,

* Written at the suggestion of Mr. Donahoe some years ago, in reply to some strictures in a Boston paper.

similarly tried, would do any better. Would they do even as well? Certainly, so far as I have observed, the American woman lacks that physical stamina and strength which belong to those who come over to us from the old country. There are many of the girls who come, who have not only fine, healthy physical systems, but a good training in neatness, industry, and economy.

In my own family and those of my friends, I have observed many young women who brought to this country the best domestic training. There have been those who could write a handsome letter, who could cut and fit garments, and even do the finest needlework. I can call to mind now families which have been from the very beginning carried on by the help of such girls, and who have valued them as they deserve, as real and true friends.

I know an eminent clergyman of Boston who has often been heard to say that the claim to saintship of some of the Irish nurses who have been helpers in his family went beyond that of many saints in the calendar.

In my own family, I have had every reason to speak well of the Irish. Better domestic service could not be than they have rendered me; and even after leaving they have remained true and constant friends. In my late tour through the West I was more than once sought out by those who, ten or fifteen years ago, were domestics in my house, now thriving mothers of families, and with children growing up in our schools to take rank as educated American citizens. If I mistake not, from the sons of some of these girls who began their career in domestic service, will come some of the brightest and best of our future citizens.

One thing in regard to the Irish servant girls should not be omitted. Considering their youth, their inexperience, their coming strangers into the country, their separation from parental oversight, — their uniform purity and propriety of conduct is certainly remarkable. Seldom in the course of my observations have I known an Irish girl to go astray, or conduct herself immodestly; and it is a respect in which the watch and care of their Church is most specially marked.

As to honesty, in estimating that trait of Irish servants, we must not expect superhuman virtue. We must not say that they are dishonest because they do not rise to a height of excellence above the average of our best educated and most respectable public men. With our newspapers full of trials for defalcations and frauds, in every department of public life, on the part of mature men, who have every advantage of training and position, let us not be too exacting of immature young persons, who are suddenly brought from poverty into what seems to them a most profuse and superfluous abundance. In nine cases out of ten, ill health or love of ease makes the mistress averse to the minutiæ of superintendence. In such circumstances, there is on the part of servants such a temptation to wastefulness and profusion, and the lapse into dishonesty seems so easy, that we rather wonder at the average trustworthiness of this class than rail at the instances of reverse A kind, consistent, watchful, careful mistress will keep her servants in the way of honesty; a careless or incompetent one tempts them to fall.

It is true not merely of the Irish servants, but of all servants, that they need careful watchfulness to keep them in order. Even our public servants at Washington need this. But it is due to the class to state my own private observation, that among these girls I have known some of the most trustworthy, high-principled, self-respecting people, some of the most practical, consistent Christians I have ever met with anywhere.

As to their charity to the poor, I think that the newspapers could not have attacked the Irish character more

unjustly than in representing Bridget as despising the poor. Never have I failed of earnest, hearty co-operation from my servants, at any expense of time or trouble, in relieving the sufferings of the poor, and I believe the door is never willingly shut on the face of any poor man by an Irish servant.

These few hasty jottings of my opinion and observation on this subject are quite at your service, as it is a point on which I am most free to bear testimony.

LONDON GOSSIP.

Lady Correspondent of the *Evening Telegraph*.

The old dowagers and aged spinsters, the young brides and demure little maidens, are all in a flutter. The bath-chair, the india-rubber overalls, the Balmoral boots, and the open Molière high-lows, are all in request, according to the requirements of the wearer. The news has spread like wildfire. It has floated through Belgravia, and even reached Buckingham Palace, whence if conveyed to Balmoral, it will most assuredly hasten the journey of her Majesty homewards; and as out of evil sometimes comes good, so shall we reap the benefit of what by all sensible men must be deemed a new misfortune, — the return of Mr. Sankey, of the firm of Moody and Sankey, whose religious revival some few years ago set the whole town raving, ranting, and rushing from one tabernacle to another. Sankey comes alone this time. There will be no preaching, only meditation and singing. At the last visit Sankey claimed the popularity jointly acquired by the pair all to himself, and now this pretension will be put to the test. *Vanity Fair* did much for them both. Moody's bushy beard and rolling eyes were very successful, and Sankey's tongue touching the roof of his mouth shown through the open jaws, as in religious ecstasy his fingers pressed the keys of the harmonium, made the world laugh; but the honest couple thus caricatured were the winners notwithstanding. They had her Majesty's Theatre on that occasion, and her Majesty occupied the stage box, hidden behind the curtains, and listening with eager eyes and clasped hands to the fervid preaching of the orator. The Princess of Wales sat with the late Duchess of Argyll in the adjoining box, and the tears which now and then glittered in the gaslight bore witness to the emotion which the rude speech of the Yankee orator produced. The Princess, they say, was much weakened both by moral and physical suffering at the time, and thus was, perhaps, more easily moved than it is likely will be the case should her Royal Highness pay a second visit to the rude Apostle of the Far West. She has overcome all her physical pain and all her moral suffering, and the feelings which may be excited by the unartistic melodies alone may perhaps have lost their tenderness. Lord Cairns, too, who so zealously sought to place the vast crowd in the amphitheatre, will not again exhibit his white wand and courteous manners in the Bethelehem Chapel of Zion in the Harrow-road, where it is said that Sankey intends to make his first stand. Much interest is excited concerning the arrival in London of Mr. Sankey with his harmonium, and already caricatures are afloat representing the evangelist carrying the instrument on his back through the streets, and displaying the celebrated fragment of tongue as he looks up at the first-floor window in quest of an audience. Some folks are bold enough to assert that he comes in the pay of Hamlin, the organ-maker, who has improved the instrument since the last concert.

Quince-Seed.— Quince-seed is good for sore or inflamed eyes. Take about one half-dozen quince-seeds, put in about a tablespoonful scalding water; let it stand till cool, and bathe the eyes just before going to bed and in the morning.

THE IRISH ELEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES;

OR RATHER, THE HISTORY OF THE AMERICAN PEOPLE, WHENCE THEY CAME, WHEN THEY IMMIGRATED, AND HOW THEY INCREASED.

We have the promise of the early publication of a book from the pen of William E. Robinson, for many years Washington correspondent of the *New York Tribune*, under the signature of "Richelieu," and more recently member of Congress from Brooklyn, N. Y. The subject of the new publication is "The Irish Element in the United States; or rather, The History of the American People, Their Origin, Immigration, and Increase, whence they came, when they immigrated, and how they increased." This subject has been for many years a study with Mr. Robinson. St. Patrick's day, 1842, he delivered an oration in New Haven, which was published in a pamphlet of sixty-four pages, in which he dwelt upon this subject. It was extensively read and reviewed. Two years afterward, William Lyon Mackenzie, a Scotchman, who had become famous in the Canadian Rebellion of 1837–8, commenced the publication in New York of a book, in numbers, entitled, "The Sons of the Emerald Isle; or, Lives of One Thousand Remarkable Irishmen, including Memoirs of Noted Characters of Irish Parentage or Descent." The publication extended only to two numbers of the ten promised, including only about one hundred names, not half of them American by birth or adoption; but the work was notable from the fact that it was the first effort to establish the truth that in American society the Irish element had a right to assert itself. Brief biographies were given of Fulton, Montgomery, Barry, Clinton, Thompson, Sullivan, Rutledge, Wayne, Stark, McKean, Carroll, Thomas Addis Emmet, and others. In the same year, 1844, a very important work appeared in Philadelphia, entitled "A Brief Account of the Society of the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, with Biographical Notices of some of the Members and Extracts from the Minutes," compiled by Samuel Hood, Esq This publication, we believe, was generally for private use among the members of the Hibernian Society of Philadelphia, the successor of the Friendly Sons; it abundantly showed that among those who sustained Washington by their counsel, their purses, and their swords, the Friendly Sons stood prominent, if not foremost. Among its members were Commodore John Barry, Col Ephraim Blaine, Col. Richard Butler, Dr. John Cochran, Capt. John Dunlap (editor of the first daily paper published in America), Hon. Thomas Fitzsimmons, Gen. Edward Hand, Gen. William Irvine, Gen. Henry Knox, George Meade (great-grandfather of the general commanding the Union army at Gettysburg), Gen. Stephen Moylan (brother of the Catholic Bishop of Cork), Gen. Walter Stewart, Gen. William Thompson, and Gen. Anthony Wayne. In 1851 we published Thomas Darcy McGee's "Early Settlers of America," and in July of that year Mr. Robinson delivered an oration at the Psi Upsilon Convention, assembled at Hamilton College, with delegates from Yale, Harvard, Brown, Dartmouth, Amherst, and other colleges, in which, for the first time, it was boldly asserted that the Irish element was first in number and influence in the United States. This oration was reported in the *New York Tribune* of July 30, 1851, occupying eight columns. It was extensively quoted and criticised by the press of Europe and America. It was criticised in the London *Quarterly Review*, quoted in the House of Lords, and reviewed at length in the London *Times*. It attracted the attention of scholars at home and abroad, and the late Senator Sumner wrote to Mr. Ripley of the *Tribune*, complaining that a copy which he had "well thumbed" had been lost or stolen, and begging for another, which he wished to preserve among his valuable papers.

In 1842–3 Mr. Robinson lectured on the subject in Boston, Gov. Davis being among the audience; in Providence, Gov. Hoppin and family being present; in Albany before the Legislature in the Assembly Chamber; in Lexington, where he was introduced to the audience by Henry Clay; and in Washington, New York, Richmond, Cincinnati, Chicago, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and other leading cities of the Union.

It will be seen, therefore, that for more than a third of a century Mr. Robinson has been speaking and writing upon this subject, and has devoted time and study to it, more, perhaps, than any one else living.

His book is intended to place the Irish element in the front rank of American population; to correct and confute the idea which too many writers seem to entertain, — that the Irish are strangers seeking a refuge or begging a privilege from some other race, who have peopled a country and established a government to which these strangers have no claim and have contributed no service, and in and under which they can expect to receive only what this superior race may condescend to bestow; to show that this country is not peopled, nor were its liberties achieved and its government established, by the English and their descendants; to show that the early Irish settlers of the original thirteen provinces peopled these provinces, established them as States, fought for their freedom on every battle-field from Lexington to Gettysburg, framed their constitutions, matured their laws, founded their schools and colleges, and that it is not necessary to ask permission to live in this land from those whom these Irish settlers under Washington and Wayne, Stark and Sullivan, Clinton and Jackson, met and vanquished at Bennington and Princeton, Stony Point and King's Mountain, Yorktown and New Orleans.

Mr. Robinson shows that among the early immigrants to Virginia, before the "Mayflower" came with the Plymouth colony, there were many Irish. The persecutions and cruelties of Cromwell drove many thousands of men, women, and children from Ireland, to Barbadoes and other western islands. In 1649, 45,000 Irishmen were transported beyond the seas. In 1654 Cromwell ordered 1,000 young men and women sent from Ireland to Jamaica. Many Irish were sent to the Bermudas, and one of the chief islands of that group was called and is still known as Ireland; and many Irishmen, hunted from home, found refuge in these clustering islands that dotted the ocean pathway of the early colonists. In 1609 one of the nine ships of Lord de la Warre was cast ashore on one of the Bermudas, and its passengers, with other earlier colonists to these islands, many of them doubtless Irish, afterwards arrived in Virginia. There were probably more Irishmen in Virginia, before the Plymouth colony arrived in Massachusetts, than the entire number who landed from the "Mayflower." In 1621 Mr. Gookin, father of the celebrated Daniel Gookin, came from Cork, Ireland, to Virginia. One of his ships arrived from Ireland with passengers and provisions; and eighty-five persons from this one nameless ship settled at Newport News, in Virginia, and have perhaps as many descendants to-day in America as the Pilgrims of the "Mayflower." About the same time another Irish ship, commanded by a Dutch captain, arrived in Virginia and the reports of the Virginia company at this time, from their agents in Virginia, say that "great multitudes from Ireland" were expected in that colony. In 1622 Edward Waterhouse, writing to the Virginia company, says that nine ships, transporting from England *and Ireland*, had in that year safely landed seven hundred passengers, and that in 1619–21, forty-two ships, with 1,200 marines, had brought 3,570 passengers. These were the year before and the year after the landing of the "Mayflower" passengers.

While Plymouth was inflating herself about her hundred passengers, half of whom died within six months, passengers from Ireland were coming by the thousand, in fifty-one ships, each of which had aboard as many passengers as the "Mayflower."

About this time Sir William Nuce came from Ireland to Virginia, and made a proposition to the Virginia Company to transport 2,000 Irish emigrants to Virginia. Whether the proposition was immediately accepted we have not seen stated, but presume the 2,000 Irishmen found their way to the colony.

About 1648, numbers of Virginia immigrants removed to New England to escape the offence of episcopacy, and among them Daniel Gookin, already mentioned, who was for many years a magistrate, superintendent of the Indians, and major-general in Massachusetts. It is a question whether New England did not receive as many of her people from the overflow of this Virginia-Irish immigration as she did from her original Plymouth settlers.

In the Indian massacres in Virginia, in 1622, several Irish names are mentioned among the victims.

Hinman, in his "Connecticut Settlers," mentions, among the prominent men of Wethersfield in 1648, John and Richard Riley, men of wealth and of large families.

In 1681, as we learn from Mather's "Magnalia" a ship from Dublin, Ireland, commanded by Capt. Bennett, was wrecked off Cape Cod. She was loaded with passengers, of whom sixteen men and three women were lost. This quaint old Puritan historian does not mention the fact of a ship loaded with passengers for New England from Ireland being anything remarkable. He mentions it only for the miraculous escape of the captain and his remaining companions.

Mr. Robinson mentions as a curious fact that the pilot of the "Mayflower" gave up the meagre business of conveying passengers from England, and went into the more flourishing business of conducting emigrant ships from Ireland to the colonies. He also calls attention to the remarkable fact that the New England colonists, after living here for some time, got discontented with their continuous struggle with rude nature and savage Indians, and talked of returning *home*, and Ireland was the place they indicated as home.

Within fifteen years after the arrival of the "Mayflower," John Livingston, an Irish Presbyterian minister, and the father of the great American family of Livingston, went from Ireland to Plymouth, England, on his way to New England, with a Mr. William Wallace, of Ireland, to consult about the Irish emigration to New England. Disappointed in his efforts to reach New England, he returned to Ireland, and soon afterwards raised an Irish colony to emigrate to New England. A ship, prophetically called the "Eagle Wing," of one hundred and fifty tons, was built at Groomsport, on Belfast Lough, to convey this Irish colony to America, and upon this vessel John Livingston, with three other ministers and many families, numbering one third more than the "Mayflower's" passengers, embarked for New England. Though driven back by stress of weather to Ireland, there is little doubt that they found other means of reaching America, and formed no inconsiderable portion of the original settlers of New England.

In 1634 the "Ark and Dove" landed at St. Mary's, Maryland, with the Maryland colony, under Leonard, son of George Calvert, who had been created an Irish peer. Here it may be noticed how intimately Ireland was connected with the early immigration to this country. Sir Walter Raleigh became a resident of Ireland, and he was the earliest colonizer of British America. John Livingston, an Irish Presbyterian, who failed himself after repeated efforts to reach America, and died in Holland, gave a marked impulse to the early colonization of

America, and furnished the young Republic with some of her most illustrious jurists, statesmen, and soldiers. Calvert took an Irish title before he contributed his colony to America; William Penn, himself of an illustrious Irish family, was the founder of Pennsylvania; Oglethorpe, the son of an Irish mother, founded Georgia; and from the swarms of Irish colonists first settling in Pennsylvania, went forth the early pioneers to Kentucky, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and the great Western wilderness, meeting with other swarms from the original Irish hive at home. Two of the leaders of these hosts of early colonizers were each a Moses to their people, and never reached the promised land, — John Robinson, of the Plymouth colony, and John Livingston, of the Irish. Both died in Holland; and of the two, Livingston did more than Robinson for American colonization.

In addition to the thousands of early Irish settlers in Virginnia, Massachusetts, Maryland, and Pennsylvania, we have the numerous Irish colonists of the Carolinas, New York, New Jersey, and Georgia.

The first authentic estimate of the population of these colonies was given at 200,000, in 1688, the year of the English Revolution, when William and Mary usurped the throne of her father, James. Of these 200,000, New Hampshire had 6,000, Rhode Island 6,000, Connecticut 19,000, Massachusetts, Plymouth, and Maine 44,000, New York 20,000, New Jersey 10,000, Pennsylvania 12,000, Maryland 25,000, Virginia 50,000, Carolinas and Georgia 8,000. Of these it is difficult to estimate how many were Irish by birth and blood; perhaps one half or one third. But from the English Revolution, 1688, till the American Revolution, 1776, the swollen stream of Irish immigration overflowed and submerged the rills flowing from other countries.

More than one half of the immigrants, from 1688 to 1714, were Irish either direct from home or from Barbadoes and other temporary resting-places of the Irish exiles; from 1716 to 1727, or during the reign of George I, more than one half were from Ireland, and Irish from the West Indies. From 1727 to 1750, there was an increase of 680,000 to our population; of these over 400,000 were immigrants, and their children born within those twenty-three years. We must remember that an immigrant population is mostly of adults at the producing age, and these twenty-three years embraced the Irish settlers in Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachusetts, who, with their children and grandchildren, were increasing by ten to twenty children in each family. The Rev. Mr. Adams, writing from Philadelphia in 1730, speaks of the "multitudes of people coming in from Ireland of late years." At Philadelphia alone, in 1729, there arrived 5,655 immigrants, and nine tenths of them were Irish. In these twenty-three years the Irish overran New England, they added largely to the population of New York and New Jersey, they literally swarmed into Pennsylvania, they crowded into Delaware, Maryland, Virginia, the Carolinas, and Georgia, and of these 400,000 immigrants and their children two thirds or three fourths were Irish.

By this time the population of the country was more than one half Irish by birth or blood; and from increase of this Irish element, by natural increase and by the flood of immigration, in which the Irish largely predominated, at the commencement of our Revolution in 1776, our population was two millions and a little over of white men, and of these at least two thirds were Irish or inheriting Irish blood.

Strange as this result may appear to those who have slept the past century on Anglo-Saxon absurdities, it seems but the natural conclusion from acknowledged facts. After the first few thousands that landed at Jamestown and Plymouth, — and many of these were Irish, — the fountain of

English emigration ran dry, and the gushing fountains of Irish emigration swelled into rivers.

From our Revolution till 1790, when our first census was taken, our population had increased to nearly four millions. Of these, three quarters of a million were colored. The official statement made from the statistical bureau at Washington in 1867 (H. R. Reports, No. 13, 2d Session 40th Cong., page 23) estimates our national increase at 1.38 per cent per annum, and our population at the close of 1867 as 35,000,000. Only for immigration since 1790, our population in 1867 would have been 9,250,000, leaving 25,750,000, or about 22,000,000 exclusive of colored, as the number of our population from immigrants since 1790 and their descendants. Population scarcely ever doubles itself in fifty years without extraneous aid. Our population, without aid from immigration, would have been, in 1826, 5,000,000, in 1876, 10,000,000, but in 1876 in was over 40,000,000, of whom 30,000,000 were immigrants and their descendants since 1776. About two thirds of the people of the United States in 1776 were of Irish descent, and the immi gration since then has been largely over half from Ireland. The census of 1870 gives the number of our population, foreign born, or the children of foreign-born parents, as about 11,000,000. It is therefore more than probable that about 25,000,000 of our people inherit Irish blood, leaving 15,000,000 to all other races.

The German element, though among the earliest and most reputable of our population did not amount to much during the first third of the present century, but for the last thirty or forty years it has risen very rapidly. From 1847 to 1870, the German immigration was only about 20,000 less than that from Ireland. But the Irish element, for two centuries before 1847, so far outnumbered other races and their descendants, increasing in such a rapid ratio, that all other races combined, and their descendants, will probably never equal the Irish. The American people will remain substantially Irish, as it is to-day.

We have dwelt so long upon the introductory chapter of Mr. Robinson's book, in which he discusses immigration and its increase in our population, that we have little space to direct to the remaining twenty or thirty chapters. Among the subjects of these remaining chapters are "The Declaration of Independence and its Signers," in which he claims Hancock, Clark, Ross, Nelson, and others as of Irish descent, in addition to the signers usually claimed; "The Army of the Revolution," in which he claims many distinguished officers in addition to those usually mentioned. Morgan, the hero of the Cowpens, usually put down as a Jersey man, he shows was born near Dungiven, in Ireland. He claims that the Friendly Sons of St. Patrick, of Philadelphia, furnished more soldiers to Washington than the entire descendants of the "Mayflower" Pilgrims The second war with England, the Mexican war, and the war of the Rebellion, each occupies a chapter, with brief biographies of Jackson, Butler, Kearney, Shields, Meagher, Mulligan, Corcoran, Sheridan, Johnston, and others of both sides in the recent war.

A chapter on the navy embraces sketches of the O'Briens of Maine, Barry, Decatur, Porter, Rodgers, Kearney, McDonough, Bleakley, Shaw, Stewart, Rowan, and many others.

The chapter on the American pulpit shows that not only the distinguished Catholics, but most of the Presbyterians and other Protestant denominations were from Ireland. The first Presbyterian minister and the first Methodist minister were Irishmen; and the most illustrious Presbyterians, Baptists, Episcopalians, Reformed Presbyterians, and Dutch Reformed were Irish.

The chapter on American education, schools and colleges shows that Irishmen were foremost in these glorious works. The founding and the

vast and successful workings of Catholic schools and colleges and of Protestant schools and colleges were the work of Irishmen. The Alisons, Finleys, Beattys, Tennents, Carnahans, Smiths, Breckinridges, Caldwells, McKeens, and others, were Irishmen. The first president of Dartmouth College, the first president of Union College, the leading presidents and professors of Princeton, Hampden-Sidney, and other colleges were Irishmen by birth or descent. The patriots of our Revolution were almost all pupils of Irish schoolmasters. One Irishman supplied from his sons presidents to Princeton, Union, and Hampden-Sidney Colleges.

There is a chapter devoted to Catholicism and one to Presbyterianism. To these two, the Presbyterians from Ireland and the Catholics of the world, are we indebted for the liberties and institutions of our country. To Carroll, Fitzsimmons, Rodgers, McWhorter, Caldwell, and other illustrious Irish Catholics and Irish Presbyterians, and above all to Catholic France,—to glorious Lafayette and his more glorious young marchioness,— are we so largely indebted for the liberties we enjoy. Rev. James Caldwell, of Elizabeth, of an illustrious Irish family, earned the love of Washington and the hatred of the British, who burned his church, set his mountain retreat in flames, and shot his wife amid its blazing ruins, surrounded by her children, one of whom was adopted and tenderly reared by Marchioness Lafayette.

There is a chapter on the members of Congress, enumerating hundreds of Irishmen and their descendants who were members of the House and of the Senate. Another chapter on governors of States, embracing almost all the States in the Union. Another on the framers of our constitutions, both State and national, showing that Ireland was prominent, perhaps pre-eminent, in these great works. Another chapter on the Presidents, Vice-Presidents, and cabinet ministers, claiming Madison and Monroe as among our Irish-American presidents. Another on the foreign ambassadors of Irish birth or blood to the leading courts of Europe. Another on the American bar, another on the American bench, — Chief Justice Rutledge, Chief Justice Taney, with the associate justices of the United States Supreme Court and the chief justices, chancellors, and judges of the several States. Another chapter on the American press,—Dunlap, the first editor of an American daily paper, Horace Greeley, James Gordon Bennett the younger, Morton McMichael, Robert Bonner; the *New York Observer*, the *Evening Post*, the Catholic and Presbyterian press, etc. Another chapter on the American stage, another on Irish-American literature, art, etc., and one on inventors,— Fulton, McCormick, Morse, etc. To the families of Carroll, Livingston, Emmet, Clinton, Meade, and Preston, each, a chapter is devoted, and perhaps we could not give a more interesting view of the influence of the Irish element in the United States than by selecting a part of Mr. Robinson's chapter on the Preston family.

In 1740 John Preston, a native of the city of Derry, Ireland, and his wife, Elizabeth Patton, sister of Col. James Patton, of Donegal, Ireland, came to Virginia with their children. Col. Patton was a man of property and influence. He and his associates obtained a grant of land in Virginia of 120,000 acres. Among his descendants were John Floyd, governor of Virginia, James D. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Col. W. P. Anderson, of the United States Army. But we confine ourselves to the Preston family.

John Preston first resided in Augusta County, Virginia, and in 1743 he moved to a farm which he had purchased near Staunton, in that State, where he died. He left five children,— Letitia, who married Col. Robert Breckinridge, of Botetourt County, Va.; Margaret, who married Rev. John Brown; William, who married Susanna Smith; Ann, who married Col. Francis Smith; and Mary, who married John Howard. These five children were all born in Ireland, and came with their parents to America.

1. His first child, Letitia Breckinridge, on the death of her husband, moved to Kentucky, and gave to the country, among her numerous Irish-American descendants, Samuel M. Breckinridge, of the United States Navy; John Breckinridge, an eminent lawyer a senator in Congress, and attorney-general of the United States under Jefferson; John B. Grayson, an officer in the United States Army and afterwards in the Confederate Army; John

B. Grayson, Jr., an officer in the Confederate Army; Peter A. Porter, a colonel of New York Volunteers in the Union Army, killed at Cold Harbor; Joseph Cabell Breckinridge, speaker of the Kentucky House of Representatives, and secretary of State of Kentucky; John C. Breckinridge, senator from Kentucky, Vice-President of the United States, and major-general in the Confederate Army; John Breckinridge, a distinguished Presbyterian minister and professor at Princeton College; Samuel M. Breckinridge, a lawyer and judge in St. Louis; Margaret M. Breckinridge, conspicuous in hospital charities during the war; Robert J. Breckinridge, a distinguished Presbyterian theologian and political writer (he had fourteen children); Robert J. Breckinridge, Jr., a lawyer, colonel in the Confederate Army and member of the Confederate Congress; William C. P. Breckinridge, a lawyer of Lexington, Ky., and a colonel in the Confederate Army (married a granddaughter of Henry Clay); Joseph C. Breckinridge, major of artillery in the United States Army; Charles H. Breckinridge, captain United States Army; William L. Breckinridge, Presbyterian minister, president of Danville College (he had twelve children); James Breckinridge, lawyer and congressman from Virginia (he had ten children); James B. Gamble, of Richmond, Va.; Cary B. Gamble, surgeon in the Confederate Army (whose daughter Letitia married C. H. Latrobe, of Baltimore); William Watts, a member of the Constitutional Convention of Virginia, and a colonel in the Confederate Army; Gilmer Breckinridge, captain Confederate Army, fell in battle; James Breckinridge, an officer in the Confederate service; Cary Breckinridge, colonel of cavalry in the Confederate Army; John Breckinridge, officer in Confederate Army, killed in battle; Woodville Bowyer, officer in Confederate service, fell in battle; Edward Bowyer, surgeon in Confederate Army; Elizabeth Meredith, grandniece of Patrick Henry and wife of James Coleman, of Fayette County, Ky.

2. Margaret Preston, the second daughter of John and Elizabeth Preston, married Rev. John Brown, a graduate of Princeton College, and a well-known Presbyterian minister in Virginia and Kentucky. Among her numerous descendants were John B. Craighead, a planter of Iberville, La.; David Craighead, a lawyer and planter in Arkansas; John Brown, a lawyer and member of Congress from Virginia, 1787-8, afterwards member of Congress from Kentucky, and first senator in Congress from that State, being re-elected three times (married daughter of Rev. Dr. John Mason, of New York); Mason Brown, a judge and secretary of State of Kentucky; Benjamin Gratz Brown, of St. Louis, Mo., U. S. senator from Missouri, and candidate for Vice-President on the ticket with Horace Greeley; John Mason Brown, a distinguished lawyer of Lexington, Ky., and colonel of cavalry in the U. S. service; Orlando Brown, journalist and lawyer; Mason P. Brown, treasurer of Kentucky; Orlando Brown, Jr., lieutenant-colonel in United States Army; Samuel B. Todd, a merchant of New Orleans and an officer of the Confederate Army, fell at Shiloh; James Brown, first secretary of State of Kentucky, senator of the United States from Louisiana, and minister to the court of France (married Ann Hart, daughter of Col. Thomas Hart, and sister of Mrs. Henry Clay); Samuel Brown, a distinguished practitioner and professor of medicine in Alabama

3. William Preston, the third child of John and Elizabeth Preston, was eight years old when his parents came to America. He was a member of the House of Burgesses, of Virginia, and was a decided rebel in the Revolution. He left eleven children and numerous descendants, some of whom were and are: John Preston, member of the Virginia Legislature, and many years treasurer of that State; John B. Preston, member of the Kentucky Legislature; J. Preston Johnstone, lieutenant United States Army, fell at Churubusco; Major Thomas M. Bowyer; Francis Preston, congressman from Virginia, and brigadier-general in the war of 1812 (married Miss Sarah B., daughter of Gen. William Campbell, who commanded at King's Mountain, and a niece of Patrick Henry); Will am Campbell Preston, greatly distinguished as an orator and statesman, senator from South Carolina, and president of the South Carolina College; Edward C. Carrington, captain in the Mexican war, member of the legislature of Virginia, brigadier-general in the Union Army and United States attorney for the District of Columbia. William C. P. Carrington, lawyer in St. Louis, fell in battle; John S. Preston, member South Carolina Legislature, brigadier-general in the Confederate Army (married Miss Caroline, sister of Wade Hampton); William C. Preston, fell in battle of Atlanta; Mrs. Wade Hampton, of South Carolina; Mrs. John B. Weller (senator United States); Mrs. Senator Thomas Hart Benton; Mrs. Jessie Benton Fremont; Charles Fremont, United States Navy; Richard Jacob, United States Army; Madame Baron Gauldree Boilleau (French Minister to Peru); James McDowell, governor of Virginia; James McDowell, a physcian in Paris, France; Mrs. Gov. Francis Thomas, of Maryland; William Preston, a captain under Gen. Anthony Wayne; Mrs. Albert Sidney Johnston; Col. William Preston Johnston, confidential aid to Jefferson Davis, professor in Washington College, Virginia; William Preston, lieutenant-colonel in Mexican war, minister to Spain, and major-general in the Confederate Army (married daughter of Robert Wickliffe, of Lexington, Ky.); Randall Lee Gibson, brigadier-general in the Confederate Army, lawyer in New Orleans, and member of Congress; William Preston Gibson, surgeon in the Confederate service; Hart Gibson, member of the Kentucky Legislature; Claude Gibson, captain Confederate Army; McKinley Gibson, captain Confederate Army; James Patton Preston, colonel United States Army, governor of Virginia; William Ballard Preston, secretary of the navy under President Taylor, and senator in Confederate Congress; Mr. John Hampden Pleasants, of Richmond; James Pleasants, a lawyer in that city; Henry Massie, of the University of Virginia; Mrs. Gov. John Floyd, of Virginia; John B. Floyd, governor of Virginia, and secretary of war under Buchanan, general in Confederate Army; Mrs. Senator John W. Johnston, of Virginia; Thomas Lewis Preston, a major in the war of 1812, and member of the Virginia Legislature; John T. L. Preston, colonel in Confederate service and professor in the Virginia Military Academy.

4. Ann Preston, fourth child of John and Elizabeth Preston, married Francis Smith, of Virginia, and moved to Kentucky. Among her descendants are the following:—Francis P. Blair, Sr., the distinguished editor, son of James Blair, attorney-general of Kentucky; Montgomery Blair, judge, postmaster-general under President Lincoln (married daughter of Judge Woodbury, United States Supreme Court); James Blair, United States Navy (married daughter of Gen. Jessup); Francis P. Blair, Jr., major-general Union Army, United States senator, and candidate for Vice-President with Horatio Seymour; Mrs. Admiral S. P. Lee; Capt. William Blair, United States Army; Patrick M. Blair, Illinois; John Preston Young, lawyer, Memphis, Tenn.; Mrs. Gov. George Madison, of Kentucky; Andrew A. Blair, United States Navy; Andrew J. Alexander, brigadier-general of volunteers and major United States Army; Capt. W. P. Smith, United States Army; Thomas F. Marshall, the distinguished orator and congressman from Kentucky; William L. Marshall, lawyer, Baltimore; Alexander K. Marshall, member of Congress from Kentucky; Edward C. Marshall, member of Congress from California.

5. Mary Preston, the fifth and youngest child of John and Elizabeth Preston, married John Howard, of Virginia, and removed to Kentucky. Among her descendants were Edward C. Payne, lawyer, of Shelbyville, Ky.; Daniel McCarty Payne, lawyer, Lexington, Ky.; John Breckinridge Payne, lawyer in Lexington, Ky.; Mrs. Thomas F. Crittenden (judge and secretary of State for Kentucky); Mrs. Tod Robinson, of California; Alexander P. Crittenden, lawyer, San Francisco; James L. Crittenden, lawyer, New York; Benjamin Howard, congressman from Kentucky, and governor of Missouri Territory; Mrs. Robert Wickliffe; Mrs Judge Aaron K. Woolley; Robert W. Wooley, lawyer, Louisville, secretary legation to Spain.

And all these from one Irish emigrant landing in 1740, with thousands of his countrymen equally prolific for twenty years before his arrival. Let us recapitulate alphabetically a tithe of his illustrious descendants.

Francis P. Blair, the distinguished journalist.

Francis P. Blair, Jr., senator, major-general, and candidate for Vice-President.

Montgomery Blair, postmaster-general, Lincoln's cabinet.

John Breckinridge, attorney-general in Jefferson's cabinet.

Rev. John Breckinridge, professor at Princeton.

John Cabell Breckinridge, senator, major-general, and Vice-President United States.

John Cabell Breckinridge, speaker of legislature and attorney-general Kentucky.

William S. Breckinridge, president Danville College.

B. Gratz Brown, senator, and candidate for Vice-President.

James Brown, secretary State, Kentucky, senator Louisiana, and minister to France.

John Brown, first U. S. senator from Kentucky. Thrice elected.

Mason Brown, secretary State, Kentucky.

John B. Floyd, governor of Virginia, secretary war, Buchanan's cabinet.

Benjamin Howard, governor Territory Missouri.

Edward C. Marshall, congressman from California.

Alexander K. Marshall, congressman from Kentucky.

Thomas F. Marshall, eloquent orator, and congressman from Kentucky.

James McDowell, governor of Virginia.

John Preston, treasurer of Virginia.

James Patton Preston, governor of Virginia.

William Preston, major-general; minister to Spain.

William C. Preston, the South Carolina orator and statesman.

William Ballard Preston, secretary navy, Taylor's cabinet.

Four members of different cabinets, several governors of Virginia and one of Missouri, one Vice-President and two candidates for Vice-President, two foreign ambassadors, senators to Congress, members of the House of Representatives, generals to our armies, ministers to our pulpits, presidents and professors to our colleges, judges to our bench, lawyers to our forum, officers to our army and navy, journalists to our press, wives to our illustrious statesmen and explorers, and intermarrying with the families of Washington, Patrick Henry, Thomas H. Benton, Henry Clay, Wade Hampton, John C. Fremont, Blair, Breckinridges, Floyds, Peytons, and Wickliffes, most of them also of Irish descent; and all this current of blood, which has given bravery, beauty, manhood, and wisdom to the American people, flowing from the veins of this one Derry Irishman.

A careful examination of the families of other Irish immigrants would show similar results.

Archibald Alexander gave many eminent divines and illustrious names to America.

John Armstrong, father of Gen. John Armstrong, and great-grandfather of John Jacob Astor, Charles Beatty, John Bell, Ephraim Brevard, John Caldwell, Patrick Calhoun, Charles Carroll, George Chambers, founder of Chambersburg, Charles Clinton, father of Governor and Vice-President Clinton, and grandfather of Gov. DeWitt Clinton, Samuel Finley, president of Princeton, and progenitor of the Breeses, Morses, etc., John Livingston, progenitor of a race of illustrious Americans, James McKeen, George Meade, Andrew Pickens, Robert Smith (whose sons were presidents of Hampden-Sidney, Princeton, and Union colleges), James Sullivan, father of Gen. John and Gov. James Sullivan, William Tennent, the founder of a family of eminent ministers, with the Campbells, of New Hampshire, North Carolina, and Cherry Valley, Gastons, Halls, Pattersons, Porters, Rodgers, Reads, Reeds, Reids, and others too numerous to mention,—all Irishmen, and founders of families that have given to our country its most eloquent orators, wisest statesmen, bravest soldiers, most gallant commanders and admirals, purest judges, ablest lawyers, most skilful physicians, and greatest divines.

Mr. Robinson, we believe, hopes to have the book ready for the press this month. He is open to receive offers

for a lecture this winter, in which he will give the substance of the book, which must prove very interesting to American audiences, particularly of the Irish element.

If any of our readers have any facts concerning the Irish race in America, they should address them to W. E. Robinson, Brooklyn, N. Y. They may be in time to add to the interest of the work, or for a second edition.

IS IT A PLAGUE?

Buffalo Catholic Union.

"War, pestilence, and famine are the three greatest evils that can befall a nation." Thus spoke a wise American statesman less than half a century ago. He saw from afar the suicidal contest between the North and South that was impending. But no one thought it possible that America should ever be rent by civil war. Still many of those to whom he spoke lived to take part in one of the deadliest conflicts that has desolated the earth.

May not the scourge desolating the South be the beginning of the other evil he pointed out? Although it should abate on the approach of winter, may it not burst forth next year with increased virulence and in widely distant localities? May it not under some other form decimate our Northern cities?

There is sufficient reason to fear that God will in his anger or in his mercy chastise this country as he did the nations of old. These terrible scourges are sometimes necessary to bring a people back to a sense of their duty. There has been too much national pride and too much forgetfulness of God. Unfortunately only too many Catholics deserve their share of this reproach. They are not only neglecting themselves, but sadly neglecting their offspring. God grant that they, and all who believe in God and fear his judgments, may by an amendment of life turn away his anger.

THE MOUSE AND HIS FRIENDS.

A STORY FOR LITTLE READERS.

'T was a winter night. The cold wind whistled loud and shrill, and the cold moonlight fell on all around.

But the old kitchen was warm. A fire blazed on the hearth and lighted up the brass andirons and bright tins wonderfully, a streak of pale moonlight lay across the floor, and a merry little Cricket was singing on the hearth while the old Clock beat time for him.

"Tick, tick, tick, *sing*," said the Clock, and the Cricket began. He sang of the beautiful summer-time and of the warm and glowing meadow.

A Mouse put his head out of a hole. "Don't let me interrupt you," said he.

"Hullo!" said the Cricket. "We are waiting for you. Come through the moonlight for good luck."

"What good luck can there be for a three-legged mouse?" said the newcomer, as he limped in and took a seat before the fire.

"Oh, don't be unhappy," said the Cricket. "It will grow again."

"Never!" said the Mouse.

"Somebody will mend it," said the Table. "I have had two legs broken off short and mended again."

"Impossible," said the Mouse. "I wish that old Trap was —"

"My dear fellow," interrupted the Trap, "don't be unreasonable. I've nothing against you. It was only in the way of my business."

"Is it your business to nip off my leg?" said the Mouse in a passion.

"It is my business to catch you if I can," said the Trap. "That's what I am here for."

"I wish you were *not* here, then," said the Mouse. "It was very pleasant before you came."

"It was indeed," said the Cricket. "You used to come and see us every night, and dance and frisk about as lively as a cricket, almost."

"My dancing days are over," said the poor Mouse.

"Oh, dear, no! Don't be down-

hearted," said the Andirons. "Here blaze away, you fire, and make it look cheerful."

"You'll find something to eat in the crack under the table," said the Broom. "Some split peas and a raisin. Cook tried to make me sweep them away, but I would n't."

"'An old broom knows where the crumbs are,'" said the Cricket.

"You are very kind," said the Mouse, as he went under the table and brought out the feast.

"Perfectly delicious," said he, as he nibbled away. "It is a long time since I have tasted a split pea."

"Have some cheese?" said the Trap.

"For shame!" cried the Broom. "Another word and I'll sweep you away." So the Trap said no more.

"Come," said the Cricket, "now tell us more about the old times."

"Where did I leave off?" asked the Mouse.

"She did n't like cats," replied the Cricket.

"Oh, yes. Polly did n't like cats," resumed the Mouse. "She threw water at them and drove them away whenever they came near the house. So we were safe from *them*. She lost the trap. She said she could n't tell whatever had become of it, and that loss was our gain. When she went out of an evening she always left the doors open so we could come in from the shed and go straight into the pantry and help ourselves to cheese and pies and everything good"

"Catch Jane leaving the doors open!" said the Broom.

"No," said the Mouse. "If you want to go in *now*, you must gnaw a hole, and by the time you get it gnawed, they fill it up. I am expecting every day they 'll stop up the one I have made behind the door."

"Not if I can help it," said the Broom. "That 's where I stand, you know, and I try to hide it."

"Thank you," replied the Mouse. "I have *some* friends."

"I should think so," said the Cricket.

"She always left the bread-box open a little," continued the Mouse, "so that we could easily go in and out of it. We never nibbled a whole loaf or a whole pie. Take what was cut. That was the rule."

"I wish I had been here then," said the Cricket.

"Ah, well," sighed the Mouse, "it was not all pleasant. Accidents happened. Once a cousin of mine fell into a deep pan of milk, and with all we could do we could n't get him out. I ran round the edge of that pan as many as fifty times, and came near slipping in myself, but it did no good. We had to leave him there, with his whiskers and the tips of his ears sticking up through the cream. 'T was sad."

"Oh dear! If you had only had one of my straws, he could have clung to it," said the Broom.

"Perhaps so," replied the Mouse, as he wiped his eyes. "Another time a friend of mine fell into a high pitcher and could n't get out, and we could do nothing for him. He was taken prisoner and we never saw him again."

"Oh, horrors!" exclaimed the Cricket.

"And though Polly was so kind to us in some ways," continued the Mouse, "she did n't really seem to like us. I've known her to scream and jump up on the table if one of us ran out on the floor."

"So have I," said the Table, "to my sorrow."

"Come, come," said the Clock, as he struck twelve. "It is time to go to sleep. I 'm going to take a nap myself, now I have come to the small hours, so good night."

"Good night then," said the Mouse. "I 'll take home this raisin for to-morrow."

"Do," said the Broom.

"Good night," chirped the Cricket. "Come again."

LET your word be your bond. Good credit is a fortune to begin with.

FIRE AT MAYNOOTH.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Nov. 1 a great conflagration broke out at Maynooth College and destroyed a considerable portion of that noble edifice. The catastrophe will, in every part of Ireland and throughout the Irish world, be heard of with the most profound sorrow. The Royal College of Maynooth has long been the centre of spiritual heat to all Catholic Ireland. Within its walls the vast majority of the clergy who now minister in the churches of Ireland have been trained for their sacred calling. Within its walls at this moment are sheltered the band of youthful Levites who are to be the priests of the future. Maynooth is no Oxford, or Sorbonne, or Salamanca It has no long-descended pedigree lost in mediæval gloom. There are old men still living who remember its foundation; but its brief history has been one full of the profoundest interest, and already around its high roofs and pointed gables cling many noble memories of patriotism, learning, and piety. In the year 1795, when the frost of the Penal Laws was thawing in the sun of advancing civilization, and the wars of the French Revolution had closed to the Irish clerical students the foreign universities in which their predecessors were educated, the Irish Parliament passed an Act in effect founding and endowing the Royal College of St Patrick, at Maynooth, with an income of £8,000 a year from the public purse. Its first president was the famous Dr. Hussey, one of the most remarkable men who ever appeared in the ranks of the Irish Catholic Church. Dr. Hussey had for years been the chaplain of the Spanish Embassy in London; he had in that capital moved in the highest circles, enjoyed the intimate friendship of Johnson and Burke, and had been elected a Fellow of the Royal Society. So splendid was his reputation that, in after years, when Bishop of Waterford, he was employed by the Emperor Napoleon and the Holy See as one of the mixed body of divines and statesmen who drew up the Concordat of 1802. Maynooth did not long enjoy the advantage of Dr. Hussey's great genius, enlightened piety, and elegant manners, for in two years he was advanced to the Bishopric of Waterford and Lismore.

In the early period of its existence Maynooth had to struggle with the grinding pressure of poverty. The State Fund was entirely inadequate to maintain the number of students who thronged to its halls, and the then circumstances of Catholic Ireland did not allow of much private aid being given. One remarkable benefaction came to the struggling institution. In the closing years of the eighteenth century a cadet of the noble house of Butler was Catholic Bishop of Cork. On the death of a relative, Dr. Butler succeeded to the ancient title of Dunboyne, and, most unhappily, a desire to enjoy the privileges of rank and to escape from the restraints of the priesthood, tempted him in an evil moment into the dreadful act of apostasy. Penitence, however, came on the footprints of sin, and Lord Dunboyne before his death renounced his errors, was received back into the bosom of the Catholic Church, and by his last will provided that "Dunboyne Establishment" which has ever since enabled young ecclesiastics of ability to enjoy a more prolonged study of divinity than the ordinary curriculum of the college would permit. The Dunboyne Establishment, however, went only a little way to help the collegiate needs of Maynooth, and as years went on, these needs grew into one of the most exciting questions of the day. Those who are now middle aged can remember when the "Maynooth Question" convulsed the Empire and decided the fate of Parliaments and Cabinets. In 1845, that great but inconsistent statesman, Sir Robert Peel, turning his back on his own declarations increased the grant to £26,000 a year, and gave a sum

of £30,000 to enlarge the collegiate buildings. Macaulay, in a famous passage in one of the speeches, has described the tremendous howl of "No Popery" rage with which Sir Robert's conduct was received, a storm in which he said could be plainly distinguished the Orangeman's war-whoop, the bray of Exeter Hall, the groans of the Rev Mr. M'Neile over the sumptuous fare which was to be spread at the queen's table for the priests of Baal, and the cries of the "Protestant artisans of Dublin calling for impeachments in exceedingly bad English."

The last great public event in the history of Maynooth was its "disendowment" by the Church Act, when it received by way of compensation a sum of £400,000, charged, of course, with the claims of the professors and others. The public history of Maynooth is not, however, its true history. Its true history is the silent story of its sacred work for three generations, during which, ruled over by eminent men from Dr. Hussey down to its present most distinguished head, professed by learned scholars and holy divines, it has been the chief place of education for the priesthood of Ireland. By its fruits we know it; and the beloved priesthood of Ireland being what they are, we know what Maynooth must be. With its spiritual growth the work of material improvement has gone *pari passu*, and the tottering house of the Duke of Leinster's steward, in which the college first was planted, has developed into that noble quadrangle which bears all the marks of the genius of Pugin, and even in its unfinished state may compare with the stateliest pile in the Quartier Latin or the High Street of Oxford. The catastrophe by which such a serious amount of injury was done to this noble building was nothing short of a national misfortune, but fortunately our sorrow for the calamity is tempered by the fact that most providentially upon this occasion we have escaped any of the horrors that have recently crowded so thick upon us, and that we have only to regret loss of property without mourning over the loss of a single human life. As a lesser, but still a real source of satisfaction, we may add the fact that the prudence of those who have charge of the college has, by largely insuring the buildings, arrested, or at least seriously diminished, the loss to the college funds.

COMMODORE BARRY, THE FATHER OF THE AMERICAN NAVY.

John O'Kane Murray, B. S.

"He made a valiant assault against the nation of his enemies."—*Eccles.*

One of the bravest and truest heroes of the Revolution was John Barry, "the father and founder of the American Navy." He was born in 1745, in the County Wexford, Ireland. His father was a well-to-do farmer The purest principles of the Catholic faith were deeply impressed upon the mind and heart of the youthful Barry, and brightly they shone forth throughout his whole life. His father's house was so near the beach that "he had but to step out of his own door, to stand beside the sea." As his eye daily swept the majestic Atlantic, the mind of the ardent boy expanded, and he conceived a great fondness for the ocean. His father, noting the direction of his inclinations, placed him on board of a merchantman; and at about fourteen years of age, John Barry began to sail regularly between Philadelphia and the British ports. By self-culture and fidelity to duty he rose rapidly in his chosen profession. At the age of twenty-five he was captain of the "Black Prince," one of the best packet vessels of that day. The owner of this ship was Mr. Meredith, of Philadelphia, at whose house Washington was an occasional visitor. Here he first met the young sailor, "and marked the future commodore."

Captain Barry was already an American. When the Revolutionary war began, he espoused the cause of the

oppressed colonies with great enthusiasm, and embarked his all in the struggles of his adopted country. He gave up, to use his own language, "the finest ship and the first employ in America, and entered into the service of his country"

Congress, towards the close of 1776, purchased several merchant vessels, with the view of having them hastily fitted out as ships of war. To Captain Barry was committed the superintendence of the equipment of this first American fleet. When all was finished, he was appointed to the command of the "Lexington." This was the first ship to hoist the Stars and Stripes. Captain Barry without delay proceeded to sea in search of the enemy's cruisers. In the midst of a superior hostile force, he had a wide and dangerous field for the display of his genuis and patriotism. Under the very eyes of an English squadron, he made short work of several of the enemy's small cruisers, and on the 17th of April, 1776, fell in with the armed tender "Edward," which after a spirited contest he captured. This affair is worthy of note as the first capture of any vessel of war by a regular American cruiser in battle.

Captain Barry was next appointed to the "Effingham," but as soon as the rigorous winter prevented the ship from proceeding to sea, he joined the army, and, by his dashing bravery and cool judgment, won the admiration of all. After the British army under Lord Howe had obtained possession of Philadelphia, Captain Barry continued in command of the "Effingham," which was still ice-bound in the Delaware, a few miles from the city, and in a position which the English general saw could be rendered of great service to the British, if the vessel and her commander could be gained over to the royalist cause. Lord Howe accordingly made an offer of fifteen thousand guineas, and the command of a British ship of the line to Captain Barry, if he would deliver up his vessel to the royalists. With a noble indignation this heroic Catholic replied that "he had devoted himself to the cause of his country, *and not the value or command of the whole British fleet could seduce him from it.*"

While the English held the Delaware, he gave them constant annoyance by boat expeditions, cutting off their supplies and smaller craft. On one occasion, with only twenty-eight men in four small boats, Captain Barry captured two British ships and a schooner. "The courage that inspired this small and heroic band," says the "National Portrait Gallery," "is not alone sufficient to account for his wonderful success, but it must be ascribed to a combination of daring bravery and consummate skill by which the diminutive power under his command was directed with unerring rapidity and irresistible force."*

Getting at last to sea in command of the "Raleigh" of thirty-two guns, he kept three British ships at bay, and finally disabling one succeeded in running his ship ashore, and saving most of his men. He received the title of Commodore, being the *first* American officer upon whom it was conferred. In the famous frigate "Alliance," Commodore Barry made many captures, and after a terrible engagement in which he was severely wounded he took the English sloop of war "Atlanta" and her consort, the brig "Treassy."

In the spring of 1782, he performed

* For this brilliant exploit Barry received the following public testimonial from the Commander-in-Chief:—

HEADQUARTERS, 12th March, 1778.

TO CAPTAIN JOHN BARRY:

Sir,—I have received your favor of the 9th inst., and congratulate you on the success which has crowned your gallantry and address in the late attack upon the enemy's ships. Although circumstances have prevented you from reaping the full benefits of your conquest, yet there is ample consolation in the degree of glory which you have acquired. You will be pleased to accept of my thanks for the good things which you were so polite as to send me, with my own wishes that a suitable recompense may always attend your bravery.

I am, sir, &c., GO. WASHINGTON.

a most brilliant action. Returning from Havana with a large amount of specie and supplies, he encountered a British squadron, in the very sight of which he attacked and disabled the sloop "Sibyl." When hailed by the squadron as to the name of the ship, the captain, etc., the hero gave this spirited reply: "*United States ship Alliance, saucy Jack Barry, half Irishman, half Yankee. Who are you?*"

"This is the ship 'Alliance'
From Philadelphia town,
And proudly bids defiance
To England's king and crown.
As captain on the deck I stand
To guard her banner true,—
Half Yankee and half Irishman.
What tyrant's slave are you?"*

After the Revolution, Commodore Barry, as the senior officer, continued at the head of the navy to the day of his death. During the misunderstanding with the French government in 1798, which occasioned a partial naval war, he rendered eminent service in protecting our commerce, and inflicting severe punishment on the French. He died at Philadelphia on the 13th of September, 1803, and was interred in St. Mary's burying-ground, where his monument may yet be seen. As the Commodore died without children, he left the Catholic Orphan Asylum of Philadelphia his chief legatee.

In person Commodore Barry was tall, graceful, and commanding. His manners were simple and courteous, but very dignified. His fine, manly countenance showed the kindness of his heart no less than the firmness of his character. Through life he was a sincere, practical Catholic, remarkable for his strict and noble observance of the duties of religion. He was unsurpassed in all the qualities which constitute a great naval commander. The coolness and intrepidity no less than the skill and fertility in expedients which he displayed in various memorable conflicts are described in naval annals as truly wonderful.

"His private life," says an excellent authority,* "was as amiable as his public career was brilliant. In his domestic relations he was frank and affectionate. Deeply impressed with religion, he exacted an observance of its ceremonies and duties on board of his ship as well as in the retirement of private life. His lofty feelings of honor secured the confidence of the most illustrious men of the nation, and gave him an extensive influence in the various spheres in which his active life required him to move. The regard and admiration of Gen. Washington, which he possessed to an eminent extent, was among the most enviable fruits of this patriotic career. His public services were not limited to any customary rule of professional duty, but without regard to labor, danger, or expense, his devotion to his country kept him constantly engaged in disinterested acts of public utility."

"The Lexington of the Seas,"—as Cooper terms it,—the first sea fight, was fought under a Catholic commander, Jeremiah O'Brien. This naval encounter took place on May 11th, 1775, in Machias Bay, Maine, and resulted in the capture of two British store-ships. O'Brien and his four brothers did the work of a score on that day.

"And thus was fought the battle that helped to make us free—
The *first* fought by America for *freedom on the sea!*"

Cayenne Pepper.—An exchange says, "Cayenne pepper will keep the buttery free from ants and cockroaches. If a mouse makes an entrance into any part of your dwelling, saturate a rag with cayenne in solution, and stuff it into a hole which can be repaired with either wood or mortar. No rat or mouse will eat that rag for the purpose of opening communication with the depot of supplies."

* Collins.

* The National Portrait Gallery.

A SKETCH OF THE NOBLE IRISHMAN WHO IS TO RULE ENGLAND'S NEW PROVINCE.

Sir Garnet Wolseley, the new governor of Cyprus, although still in the prime of life, and showing few signs of age in his personal appearance, is none the less entitled to rank as a veteran, having passed through twenty-six years of as hard and varied service as any of Wellington's chosen captains. Born in Ireland in 1833, he entered the army as an ensign at the age of eighteen, and by a singular anticipation encountered in his first campaign all the difficulties and dangers of that half-savage warfare which was to earn him his brightest laurels on the coast of Africa, twenty-two years later. The Ninetieth Regiment, to which he was attached, bore a leading part in the Burmese war of 1852–3, a rough apprenticeship for the young soldier, whose immunity from the effects of the deadly climate, which destroyed more of his comrades than the sword of the enemy, was a subject of general remark. He was one of the few officers who survived Sir John Cheape's perilous expedition against the robber chief Myattoon, whose forest stronghold, stockaded with bamboos and desperately defended, was stormed only after a fierce struggle, in which Sir Garnet himself received a very severe wound. The outbreak of the Crimean war offered a wider field to the abilities of the future general. During the siege of Sebastopol he served in the trenches as acting engineer, and received a second wound in the great sortie of Aug. 30, 1855, the last effort of the beleaguered city before its fall. Still eager for active service, despite all his past sufferings, he distinguished himself under Sir James Outram during the Indian mutiny, witnessing Havelock's chivalrous feat at Lucknow, and the more substantial triumph of Sir Colin Campbell a few months later. He served with Sir Hope Grant as deputy assistant quartermaster-general, and was present at all the engagements of the Chinese war of 1860, — when, as the English soldiers remarked at the time, the "Chinamen stood their ground because they did n't know which way to run," — till the campaign ended with the march on Pekin and the sack of the Emperor's summer palace of Yuen-Min-Yuen.

In 1865 Sir Garnet Wolseley attained the rank of colonel, and bore a part in the Red River expedition of 1870, at which time his services in putting down the attempt to establish an insurrectionary government at Fort Garry were rewarded with the orders of St. Michael and St. George. But the time was now at hand for far greater achievements than these. Sir Garnet's appointment as governor of the Gold Coast in 1873 opened the way for his crowning exploit, the Ashantee campaign of the ensuing year, which raised him to the rank of major-general, and caused a London wit to observe that "for the time being at least, the brightest jewel in the English crown seemed to be a Garnet." It is needless to recapitulate the familiar details of the expedition, or the general's subsequent visits to Natal and other parts of the east coast of Africa, in company with his fellow-campaigner, Major Butler, the well-known author of "The Wild North Land," and other popular works of travel.

In 1876 Sir Garnet Wolseley was transferred to the Indian Office as military member of Council, and is now about to become a colonial governor for the second time, under circumstances which offer him the chance of earning a reputation even higher than that which he has already acquired.

Two thicknesses of paper are better than a pair of blankets, and much lighter for those who dislike heavy bedclothes. A spread made of double layers of paper tacked together, between a covering of chintz or calico, is really a desirable household article.

WEALTHY MEN. — THEIR FAILURE.

Alexander Dumas.

You have probably heard, as I have often done, men who have been notorious for their immense wealth exclaim, People envy those who possess large fortunes, and, generally speaking, intensely long to be very rich. They make a great mistake. They are little aware of the anxieties, the cares, and the annoyances entailed by the possession of considerable means. In the first place you are always supposed, whatever be your income, to have much more money than you really possess. A very wealthy man once made a calculation, and showed that if he had attended to all the petitions addressed to him he would long ago have been ruined.

Then, unless you can make up your mind to be considered stingy and morose, you are bound to entertain a number of people, to give balls, to have a large house in the country, shooting parties, agents, stewards, numberless servants and hangers-on, who all conspire to make you spend as much as possible, and embitter your life with their quarrels, their jealousies, and their complaints. You are almost forced into a habit of suspecting everybody. You can hardly rely on the sincerity of even any of those who seem most to care for you. If you should happen to lose your fortune you have nothing to look to but ingratitude, neglect, and a solitary old age; and unless, indeed, you have been wise enough to secure the affection of a devoted dog, you may make up your mind to a total absence of sympathy.

After having often enough heard these sort of complaints, I began to ask myself if poverty is really so great a misfortune, and rich people not entitled to some of the pity lavished on the poor; and also, if something might not be devised for their relief. I began to reflect much on this subject, and to try and solve the problem contained in the fact that wealth, so much coveted by those who have it not, does not, generally speaking, contribute to the happiness of those who do possess it; and, by dint of thinking, I made up my mind that the reason of it is that those who are rich are not happy because they do not make use of their means to make others happy.

I do not deny that many rich persons are good to the poor. There are no doubt souls in which charity becomes a ruling, absorbing, powerful passion, but it is not a passion to which rich men in general are subject. Those who are in the enjoyment of large fortunes cannot be said, as a rule, to be chiefly occupied in seeking the means of relieving and helping their destitute fellow-creatures. Good impulses there are, good intentions abound, but they are fitful, short-lived, evanescent. What is difficult, what is uncommon, is perseverance, and nothing but perseverance can convert these impulses and these intentions into virtues.

Henry VIII was a faithful Catholic sovereign during the early period of his reign. He wrote a book, which is extant, in defence of the seven sacraments, against Luther, and for his royal championship of the true religion, Pope Leo X gave him the title of Defender of the Faith, — *Fidei Defensor*, — a title still claimed by his successors on the English throne, though they have cast aside the faith Henry defended to obtain it. He wanted a divorce from his lawful wife, Katharine, in order to marry another woman. The Pope refused to grant it. Henry divorced himself, married and murdered his wives at a lively rate until death put a quietus on him, Jan. 28, 1547. He was the father of the Episcopal Church.

The school will not be good unless it flourish under the shadow of the sacristy. — *Thiers.*

DANIEL WEBSTER'S BLARNEY.

Gen. James Shields.

WHILE I was in the Senate I saw much of Webster, both in and out of the Capitol. He met me one day and said: —

"Shields, I find I have got into difficulty with some of my constituents, some Quakers, who are dissatisfied with my advocacy of a certain measure, and they have sent a large delegation down here from Massachusetts to make a protest. I have promised to meet them this evening, and I would like to have you there."

"Why, what can I do?"

"Your native blarney, Shields, it may help me out of the trouble."

I laughed at the idea of blarney effecting anything where Daniel Webster's eloquence could not convince, and I made that objection; but he insisted, and I promised to be on hand. Evening came, and I joined Mr. Webster at his rooms. Presently the delegation arrived, and were seated, — a dozen or twenty of the most solemn men I have ever seen, all rigidly costumed in Quaker dress. Without wasting any time the chairman arose and addressed Mr. Webster in a set speech. He commented severely on the course of the senator as to the measure in question, setting forth the bad effect it might have on the sect, expressing great sorrow and surprise that Mr. Webster had been found supporting such a bill, and concluded with a vigorous protest in writing, which bore many signatures.

Webster listened attentively, with unchanged countenance, and when the spokesman had resumed his seat, he rose and replied. He spoke half an hour, and before he concluded he grew as eloquent as he was often heard. His defence was simply that he deemed the measure one demanded by the interests of the whole country, although it might not be specially adapted to the wants and interests of any sect, and after clearly setting this forth, he made such an appeal to the delegation to remember that they were Americans as well as Quakers, that I was fairly electrified. The effect produced by his words on the delegation was astonishing. When he began they were all seated; after he had spoken ten minutes, one after another rose to his feet, until they were all standing; then they commenced to move toward him, and they had soon surrounded him in a body. Before he finished I saw the chairman take out his petition and tear it to pieces; and when he had finished, some of them were shedding tears, and all were grasping Webster's hands as fast as they could get them.

"Friend Webster," cried the spokesman, "thee is right and we are wrong; we owe thee an apology; we will say no more about it; thee knows thy duty better than we."

The next day I met Mr. Webster, and with a countenance of perfect gravity, he said, "Well, Shields, now did n't we blarney those fellows nicely?"

A LITTLE bird whispers to us that, however admirable and commendable it may be for our Catholic young men to belong to several societies, and diligently discharge the duties and many calls made upon them as such, some brides and young wives mildly protest against this going on *too much*, as an infringement on their superior claims. We are not prepared to say but that they are right. Clubs, societies, committees, unions, etc., are never, we observe, popular with married ladies.

BONED HAM. — Having soaked a well-cured ham in tepid water over night, boil it until it is perfectly tender, putting it on the range in warm water; take it up in a wooden tray, and leave it to cool. Afterward remove the bone carefully, and put the ham again into shape; return it to the boiling liquor, remove the pot from the fire, and let the ham remain until it is cold.

THE LYRIC DRAMA.

Sir Robert Stewart.

Sir Robert Stewart said it was certain the Church was the birthplace of the lyric drama. The earliest drama of which we had now any trace was a Jewish drama, of which fragments were preserved in Greek iambics. It was taken from the Book of Genesis, and the characters introduced were Moses, Zaphorah, God in the bush, and so on. But this style of scenic representation, although closely connected with those of the ancients, had little or nothing to do with the modern drama, which had its origin in the so-called mystery or miracle plays, and these arose out of the influence of the Catholic Church. In the sacrifice of the Mass the dramatic procession was perceptible in its different portions, from the appearance of the priest to the *Kyrie Eleison*, and from this to the grand doxology, *Gloria in Excelsis*, after which the priest turned round with *Dominus vobiscum* to the people, and called upon them to pray. We next heard the reading of the Epistle, and between that and the Gospel was the Gradual or Tract. Then commenced the Mass in the more especial sense, beginning at the *Credo*, and so on through the different portions. In the liturgy of the Mass we had a dramatic action, dramatically presented; it had a beginning and an explanation, a centre action and its close. The dramatic element in the Mass lay in the action of the officiating priest and the typical significance of the actions of the priest in different portions of the liturgy; the epic element consisted in the Gospel and Epistle, and the lyrical in the passages where the congregation was expected to join by certain responses, and thus the element of dialogue was introduced into the liturgy.

At an early period, certainly after the fifth century, it seemed to have been usual to add to public worship on certain occasions living representations of the Gospel such as the adoration of the Magi, the death of the Saviour, and so on. It could not be ascertained at what time the conjunction was made between the epical part and the spectacular, which constituted a mystery play. The difference between the three forms of plays was, mystery plays were derived from the Gospels, miracles from the lives of the saints, and morals taught truths by allegorical representations. In consequence of the elaboration of the paraphernalia of the actors and the large number of spectators, miracle plays began to take place outside the churches, and in the vulgar tongue in preference to the Latin; and as the clergy allowed the introduction into the drama of characters of more or less of a trivial nature, the humorous element began to assert itself. Certain characters required to be portrayed with certain peculiarities. Herod was rendered something between a demon and a wicked man, and he never came on the stage without shouting in such a manner as to be a perfect nuisance, swearing by Mahoud, that was, by Mahomet, and hence arose the expression, "out Herroding Herod." In the middle of the thirteenth century an attempt was made to prevent the clergy losing their hold on the plays, which had been at first instituted for the purpose of teaching the doctrines of the Church and the stories of the saints among a people ignorant of letters. This attempt was the institution by Pope Urban in 1204 of the festival of *Corpus Christi*, the office for which was written by Thomas Aquinas, called the Angelic Doctor. We should find that all the miracle plays connected themselves with the festival of *Corpus Christi*. The festival of Easter was of earlier date in the history of the Church than the festival of Christmas, for the dramatic interest of the Passion far surpassed that of the Nativity. The drama, then, had its first origin in the efforts of the clergy. The most celebrated of these early plays were the "Townlay Mysteries," the "Chester Mysteries," and

the "Coventry Mysteries." Bishops wrote plays just as they would sermons, and among the later ecclesiastical dramatists were Percy, Bishop of Waterford, and last, but not least, Cardinal Wiseman, who had written a number of little pieces of which some attained great popularity Sir Robert Stewart then gave a specimen of the music of the miracle plays, which was in one of the Gregorian tones. He also sang a passage from the same miracle play, "Exulte jam angelica turba cœlorum," which is at the present day chanted to the same music on Holy Saturday in the office for the Benediction of the Paschal Candle. Another curious drama, called "The Sorrows of Mary Magdalen," was once a regular Church service gone through on Holy Saturday, and was composed of portions of chap. 28 of St. Matthew and chap. 16 of St. Mark. It was very pathetic in certain passages, especially one beautiful portion, supposed to be spoken by our Lord, "Woman, why weepest thou, whom seekest thou?" It commenced, "Dum transisset Sabbatho." The lecture concluded by a portion of this play being sung by Sir Robert Stewart and a choir of voices in a very beautiful manner, in the Gregorian chant, with accompaniment.

THE CHILD AND INFANT SAVIOUR.

When the blessed Lucy of Narni was a very little child, her mother gave her a rosary beads, with an image of the infant Jesus. Lucy was very fond of the beads, and especially of the infant Jesus. She made an altar in her room, and put the infant on it. She loved to be in the room along with the image of the little infant. When she got into any trouble, she would go to her altar and pray there, and sometimes the image of the infant Jesus, by a miracle, would lift up its little hand and wipe away her tears. One day her mother took her to the chapel, and she saw there a fine image of a lady, with an infant in her arms, made of stone. When her mother saw her looking at this image she said, "Lucy, that beautiful lady is the Blessed Virgin Mary, and the infant is the little Jesus, her son. If you like, you may come here sometimes and say your rosary before the Blessed Virgin Mary." Lucy was delighted, and whenever she could get away from home she came with her beads and said the Rosary. One day she thought she would like very much to hold the infant in her arms, like she held her baby brother sometimes, so she spoke to the image and said, "Mary, my dear mother, I want very much to hold the infant Jesus in my arms." When she had said this prayer, the image of Mary stooped down, and put the infant really into her arms; but she found that instead of a baby made of stone it was a living baby, — the real child Jesus. Full of joy she got up off her knees, and went home as fast as she could with the infant Jesus in her arms. She went into the room where her altar was, and for three days and nights she held the infant in her arms without eating or sleeping. At the end of the three days she fell asleep, and when she awoke the infant Jesus was gone away. She cried bitterly when she found that the infant was gone, so her mother took her to the church, where they found the little child of stone in the arms of Mary again, although for three days it had not been seen there.

Mixed Marriages. — The marriage of a Catholic with a non-Catholic can never be truly happy. For the Catholic either loves or does not love the non-Catholic spouse If there is no love, there can be no true happiness, and if there is love, how it must grieve the heart of the Catholic to know that the beloved one does not belong to the Church. Nothing short of the conversion of the non-Catholic can make the mixed marriage happy, and then it ceases to be "mixed."

A NEW YEAR'S STORY.

Children's Magazine.

I COULD not resist a burst of laughing. It was so ridiculous — Robert's imitation of grandpa, as he dozed and snored before the fire, around which we were all gathered. Grandpa could not bear to be disturbed in his naps, and I hid behind mamma when he suddenly started, gazed around in bewilderment for a moment, and exclaimed aloud, "Very strange indeed." We all felt greatly relieved that he did not scold. He must not have been asleep, but only thinking. "What is it, grandpa?" "What is strange?" "What are you alluding to?" assailed him in a moment from every side. He looked around on the circle with a quizzical smile, and said, "Strange? Oh, of course, the adventure — very strange indeed." "What was it, grandpa? This is New Year's night, you know." "Yes," he said, — "yes, New Year's night. Why, of course; and the occurrence to which I allude happened on a New Year's night, and it was certainly the strangest I ever met with in all my experience." "Do tell us, grandpa, pray do." "This is New Year's night," he said. "Why, yes, of course — but, grandpa ——." "New Year's night, my dears" — grandpa had a most provoking way of repeating himself — "I was saying this is New Year's night." "Ah! yes, grandpa; but the adventure." "Yes, exactly, the adventure — it occurred on New Year's night; this is how it was:

"In the twilight of New Year's evening, having with other boys spent an exciting day on the ice, I went into the kitchen to hang up my skates, when I saw roasting before the fire a fine plump turkey. 'Halloo, my gay bird,' said I, in a bantering tone, as I passed, 'I 'm glad to see *you* there, and browning so nicely,' for the frosty air had improved my humor as well as my appetite. The kitchen was empty. The cook's voice was audible, chasing a cat from the pantry, and as I was turning round after securing my dripping skates, my attention was arrested by a solemn, hollow whistle, and with dismay I beheld that the turkey had changed his position on the spit, and was unloosing his footless legs and maimed pinions. Releasing his headless neck, he stretched it towards me warningly, and emitted another hoarse, solemn sound. He then deftly swung himself round, raised his body, gave a slight jerk, and I saw him skim easily across the floor, and out through the open door I followed, of course, never thinking of recapturing him. Away he glided, so swiftly as to give me enough to do to keep him in sight. He directed his course, not, as one would expect, to the farm-yard, but to old William's hut. You know it, children; old William's hut, that ——"

"Oh, yes, we know it, grandpa. Please go on."

"I did not say as much to the turkey; but on he went *without* my leave, and on I followed. When he came in sight of the hut where the walks unite — there are three, you remember, the back walk from the river, the one from the wood, and the one from the village — I saw three processions slowly and sadly wending their way towards the hut. I involuntarily stayed my steps, and, despite my curiosity, would have retraced them, had not my guide imparted a resistless indication that I was to follow. Unwillingly I proceeded through the processionists, whose shadowy forms encircled me. I was compelled to enter the hut. I felt the cold spectres above and around me on every side, and still they poured in, whilst the turkey marshalled in due order each fresh accession. When all had arrived, the turkey assumed a position of pre-eminence in the centre. Whilst they were going on through the preliminaries, in silence, of their ghostly etiquette, I took the opportunity of observing the weird company that surrounded me. Shadowy forms, I have

said; shadowy they were indeed. One battalion — for in each procession the individuals wore an exactly similar appearance — had dull, dark, muddy complexions, dotted here and there, over and over, with various spots, black, brown, and amber. On their heads they each of them wore a sprig of holly, whilst their nether parts seemed enveloped in fitful lappings of a pale lurid flame. The next division was composed of dark, gaunt giants, their strength departed, and their huge bodies going fast to decay. The third company comprised pale, attenuated figures, skeletons of birds. I inferred from the long windpipe and peculiar structure of the frame that they were of the same species as my goblin commander. An air of languid debility pervaded the whole company, which much depressed me, and I actually felt relieved to hear the solemn, if grating, voice of the chief. Thus he began: 'I observe how no unconsumed turkey has presented himself in this assembly to divide the honor of precedence with myself. Our brothers in misfortune, both sirloins and puddings, are all in a like condition; wherefore the duty of addressing you devolves on me. My friends, let us *now*, at least, be brave, and prove ourselves equal to the demands of this momentous occasion. Be mindful of your high dignity in the presence of this stranger, our natural foe, whom I have compelled to be a witness of our resentment, and report our indignation to his fellow-kind. Now, put forward a spokesman from each phalanx to detail the grievances by which you are oppressed. Brother Turkey, come forward and recite the woes which have reduced you to the sad plight in which we now behold you.' The miserable skeleton uttered a feeble sound, and thus began his protest: 'We were all well enough satisfied with our fate, — roasted at a clear fire, with abundant basting to pleasantly moisten our savory stuffing, neatly dished with unexceptionable sausage garnishings, deftly carved, and removed with due appreciation; but then — oh! then — the ladies, the delicate ladies, who at dinner refused a second helping, had us carried before them, and relentlessly they picked our very bones, separating them one by one, and hence we are in our present condition.' He subsided, and a groan was given by the universal assembly against the cruel injustice of human voracity. In obedience to a second command of the president, the sirloins put forward their deputy, who at once commenced: 'We were all prime joints, well fed, well treated by all but the cook. Ah! roast sirloins fare but ill on Christmas day. I was hung before a blazing fire. At once I knew I would be *undone*. I felt a hard crust forming on my body, while within I remained raw and cold. After a little I was placed farther and farther back; the fire, though strong, had then no chance of penetrating the thick coating its first fury had formed around me. I stayed there for hours, impervious within to the genial heat. At last, when enthroned in the place of honor on the table, the carving-knife manifested my disgrace, for under my surface I was found completely raw I was ignominiously expelled, and on the morrow, the direful morrow, I was minced to atoms for a nondescript hash.' There was a rumbling sound, and all that remained was a confused heap of bones When his turn came, Plum-pudding's voice was low and husky. 'We had nothing,' he said, 'to complain of in our composition, except, perhaps, a little too much flour and much too little eggs. The proportion of fruits and suet was fair enough. Some of us, for want of due preparation in the cloths that covered us, became weak and watery in the process of boiling; but most of us were properly heated, and came to table crowned with brilliant holly, and illumined with a halo of blazing glory. It was all honor and praise till the young folks came, and then — then — we were loaded with indignities! Pudgy fingers were thrust sav-

agely into our sides to extract our plums. But we'll have vengeance!' he cried, growing excited, 'we'll have vengeance!' He shook his holly spray violently, and swayed his dusky body. 'We 'll take our revenge on these little boys and girls; and this is our plan — yes, fellow-sufferers, this is our plan — '"

Grandpa paused.

"O grandpa, go on; go on, please, do. Oh, what next, grandpa?"

Grandpa smiled provokingly.

"Oh, what was the plan? Do go on."

Grandpa smiled maliciously.

"Oh, do go on, please! The plan, the plan — what was it?" We were all effervescing.

Grandpa smiled triumphantly: "I can't, my dears, I can't. You see why — I had n't finished dreaming it when Hilda awakened me with that laugh."

THE FEAST OF GLUTTONS. — As a curiosity, and to show the extent to which the stomach which nature has given to man can be abused, we give the following item from a recent issue of a New York daily: "The members of the Hoboken Turtle Club enjoyed the first feast of the season in the grove in the rear of Gabe Case's Hotel, in Jerome Avenue. On three long tables were one hundred pounds of Spanish mackerel, fifty pounds of eels, fifty pounds of turtle steaks, fifty pounds of beefsteaks, one hundred and fifty boiled eggs, etc. The turtle-eaters were nearly all heavy weights, among them being many politicians, hotel proprietors, merchants, lawyers, and turfmen. After having taken account of stock, it was decided that Col. Bush had eaten the most. In the pools he was included in the field. Pools on him paid $379.60. His grand total was twenty-one plates of soup, thirty hard boiled eggs, twelve Spanish mackerel, ten pounds of stewed eels, ten pounds of steak, twenty-five hot rolls, and sixteen cups of coffee.

FLOWERS.

London Tablet.

WE are now proving every day that science is full of sublime, and even spiritual teachings. Manuals of special sciences have now a much less isolated character than they had in former days. Those who write and compile them rarely omit to dwell on their relations with other sciences, thus commenting, from various and converging points, on the great fact of the organic unity of nature. The uniformity of its laws and the oneness in origin of its countless phenomena thus become increasingly manifest, and clearer conceptions are obtained of the creative power and wisdom from which they spring. The whole subject of flowers and insects has latterly been raised to a higher and broader platform, whence a more complete view can be taken of them and their relations with other branches of natural history. These relations are evidently more extensive and intimate than was once supposed. We can no longer claim as much for ourselves as we used to claim, nor can we affirm that flowers are made only for mankind any more than that all the fixed stars and the nebulæ in the universe were made simply and solely for our convenience. We are now well aware that worlds of vegetation flourished and died long before man was brought on the field of creation. The fossil plants, magnolias and poranas, had brilliant and showy blossoms, which opened their bosoms and exhaled their odors when there were no human senses to appreciate their sweetness and their bloom. The fact is, we know not a thousandth part of the reasons why any one object was created, nor is there a department of human study in which we are more infantine than teleology. Dead worlds like the moon, earthquakes and volcanoes, tempests, hurricanes, carnivorous animals, birds of prey, poisonous plants, and mildew fungi have all their uses, and form necessary links in the scale of created things. Many of our loveliest plants

spring where there is no eye but that of the eagle to behold them; many Alpine plants silently expand their beauteous folds in spots far distant from the gaze of men. The most gorgeous exotic plants blossom in lands where the people are uncultivated and savage, without any of that refinement of mind which would lead them to appreciate the beauty of earth's flowery gems, to read the lessons they teach, or prize them as symbols of unseen realities. Many uninhabited islands are paradises of flowers — "summer isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea." Many tropical plants, profuse in bloom, climb the forest trees to a height of two hundred feet before, having reached the green level of the tree-tops, they burst forth into a sea of floral color and perfume which is lost to mankind beneath. The Almighty Gardener, therefore, had other purposes in view besides that of benefiting and charming his human creatures in creating this vast and lovely floral world.

O'CONNELL AND THE JESUITS.

I LOVE the Jesuits, I admire the Jesuits, — the greatest benefactors to religion and to literature that the world ever saw. There is a shrewd compactness in the way they embody common-sense greatly to be prized. One of their maxims is that "there is no theologian so dangerous to religion as a very pious fool." The Jesuit who uses this phrase does not intend personal offence to any individual, nor certainly do I! I use the expression, not as a description or designation, but, admitting to the fullest extent your lordship's piety, I give it as a caution. Do, my lord, I implore you, beware how you mix up foolishness with your sentiments of devotion!

AMONG Catholics there should be no distinction of class: they are children of the same mother, the Church.

THE LATE CHIEF JUSTICE TANEY.

Justice Miller, United States Supreme Court.

"I KNEW Mr. Taney well, having been nearly three years on the bench with him. You see that the secession of the Southern States took away three of the judges, Mr. Campbell having been one. We three came in as Republicans, — a very decided innovation on the bench where Taney had sat so long. His treatment of us all was kind and cordial. He gave me directions to write on cases of moment. At the end of that term, as we were about separating, I said to the chief justice that I was much pleased with our present relations, and had formed a great deal of respect for him. He replied that at no time during his presidency of the bench had the prevailing feeling been so harmonious as during that term of the court. One day, a venerable old gentleman, Judge Shepley, from the State of Maine, father of the United States Judge who recently died in New England, came before our court and made an argument. He was exceedingly venerable and dignified, and had been a senator from Maine. When the court adjourned that day, this old gentleman followed into the robing-room and said, 'Mr. Chief Justice, I voted in the Senate to confirm you, nearly forty years ago, for the position you now fill, and I am glad to add that I see no reason to regret that vote.' 'I remember you very well,' replied the chief justice, 'and your vote on that occasion, sir Had I been confirmed by the Senate for the first offices which President Jackson gave me, I should have been an obscure lawyer in Maryland at the present day, but "Old Hickory" had a way of sticking by his friends, and each time the Senate refused to confirm me, he moved me up in the rank of appointments, until, instead of being a cabinet minister for a little while, or a foreign appointee, I reached the chief justiceship.' He was one of our best lawyers before he got upon

the bench, practising before the old common law courts of Maryland, and being retained in the most difficult cases. His mind was lucid and clear, and his decisions were written with great carefulness and plainness. He illustrated the simple virtue of the slaveholder of the olden times by kneeling in the Catholic Church beside his aged negro servant, both of them communicants. Taney had been a Federalist before he became a Democrat, and his decisions were nearly all in line with the old Federal traditions. The lawyers and judges throughout the country are generally of the opinion that he was one of the purest and most accomplished judges we ever had."

The memory of this grand old Catholic jurist will live forever.

"As some tall cliff that lifts its noble form,
Swells from the vale and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

IRISH AIRS.

TWENTY years ago the opera of "Martha" was first played in Berlin. Tietjens was the prima donna. The composer of the opera, knowing how little Irish music was known in Germany, stole "The Last Rose of Summer," and put it in the middle of his own stuff. Tietjens sang it. The audience went nearly mad. She had to sing it again and again and again, till she could sing no more. Flotow, the composer, was then called out. Never before had there been such a scene of wild excitement in a theatre in Berlin. All the bouquets had been flung at Tietjens, but it is related that so wild with the joy of beauty were the audience, that some of the petty princesses of Germany absolutely tore the diadems and coronets from their brows and flung them at the feet of the composer. They thought that Flotow was the author of "The Last Rose of Summer." This fact can be attested by referring to the London press, for it had leading articles on the subject. The consequence is, that "The Last Rose of Summer" is now, with one exception, the most popular song in the world. Here is bell-wetherism with a vengeance; there are plenty of the melodies as beautiful as this one, but there was no fuss made about them, consequently they are almost unknown. A well-known English novelist, Mr. Black, has said that to him it was a wonder how a man "could compose the 'Coolin' and live" This is the strangest language I ever heard. It is awful in its intensity. Shakespeare himself never uttered anything like it. It takes away one's breath. It is more than sublime; it is fearful, but it is true. It means that he who could originate the feeling, pathos, and beauty of this wondrous song, ought to have strained his soul, and so shaken his very being, that he could only die. Never was there such praise bestowed on music, and never were there strains that deserved it so. Do you know the "Coolin"? If you do not, go and get some one with a *soul* to play it for you, and if you have a SOUL, it will add ten years to your life.

A CURIOUS EPISODE. — A Berlin professor makes a statement in illustration of the production of snow by change of temperature. On an extremely cold, but starlight night, a large company had assembled in a ball-room in Sweden, which, in the course of the evening, became so warm that some of the ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapor, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

GOOD crops are the results of good, honest days' work, directed by skill.

DRUNKENNESS.

Cardinal Manning.

WHAT remorse will the drunkard have on his death-bed! Look at the drunkard! God made him in his own likeness and in his own image. He gave him a reason bright as the sun. He gave him a conscience full of light. He gave him a heart, which, if it had been pure, would have seen God for eternity. He gave him a will to govern his life. What did man do? He went into the way of temptation, he went into the midst of companions who led him wrong, and taught him little by little to drink. May be for some years he was not a drunkard: he was drunken from time to time, but not a drunkard yet; the habit was not yet formed, the chain was not yet bound around him. Little by little, though, the habit was acquired and the man could not trust himself, and his wife could not trust him out of her sight. If he went out to his work, he came home at night drunk, the wages he earned were spent in drink. The poor wife was tattered and miserable, the children were barefooted and hungry, and grew up with their father's bad example before them. Well, that man comes to die, and his poor hungry wife and children are round about his bed, and at last he is sober for once; I was going to say sober for the first time, and sober for all eternity; but sober when it is too late, — when a life of sin has deadened his heart, when his understanding is heavy and his conscience is dull, and he has forgotten what he has done and what he has said. But God has put down all he has done and said in the book of his remembrance. Though the drunkard's conscience has no record of it, all is in remembrance before the Judge. Alas! when all this is the case, if it were not for the Precious Blood of Jesus, what would become of the drunkard? And how many, after they have been washed in that Precious Blood, still go on in their sin and die under that sentence of the Holy Ghost, "Know you not that no drunkard shall inherit the Kingdom of God?" On dwelling still further on this part of his discourse his Eminence said, There are people who are never suspected of this vice, and who are yet guilty. There are many whom the world never yet saw drunk, and yet are guilty of such a crime. There are women — wives, mothers, daughters — who fall into this secret, deadly habit. In the name of God, I ask all of you to stand against this evil. If you have got the love and the taste of drink on your mouth, it will dog you and hound you all through life, and your only safety is, Renounce drink altogether!

SAVE THE CHILDREN.

Cardinal Manning.

I WAS tempted by the most powerful inducements, when first this office was laid upon me, to use all the power that I possessed to raise to the memory of my illustrious predecessor, Car. Wiseman, and thereby to bestow upon the Diocese of Westminster, a worthy cathedral church. Both affection to him, and consciousness of the unspeakable benefit that it would bestow upon the metropolitan diocese and the Church in England, would have constrained me to put my hand to that work; but I knew that the spiritual church of Westminster was not yet built, *and that among the stones of that edifice the first to be gathered in were the souls of little children.* I said in this place that I never would ask for any gift whatsoever to the building of that cathedral church until I should have the happiness of believing that the spiritual church of the diocese had been raised, I will not say to its perfection, but to a fair symmetry, and an approach to its completion.

A GOOD Italian will be a Catholic and nothing else; a bad Italian has no religion at all.

BIG CATS AND THEIR POOR RELATIONS.

Professor Haughton, Dublin.

THE professor began to draw a comparison between the two biggest of the big cats, the lion and the tiger, and strangely enough the comparison was by no means flattering to the reputed king of animals. He even denied him the most royal attribute of courage. He said the lion had a great mane, which he shook to terrify people. He roared to terrify people, and then, in nine cases out of ten, he ran away. He trusted greatly to noise and appearances, but if his mane were shaven (fancy a lion subjected to such an indignity) he would not present so formidable an appearance, nor was he in reality so formidable as the stealthy, silent tiger. The lion and the tiger had their prototypes in politics. Lord Beaconsfield was the tiger. (Laughter.) He was very strong and very active; he was constantly on the watch, and he held his tongue. (Laughter and applause.) Mr. Gladstone was the lion. (Great laughter.) He did not want to fight at all, but he made a great show. He shook his mane when he attended public meetings, and he roared a good deal. (Laughter.)

Professor Haughton had received a very interesting estimate of the number of people killed annually in India by animals; it amounted to 17,000, but of these about 12,000 were killed by snakes, and only nine hundred or so by tigers; but though the tigers were so far behind in this regard, they killed as many as 12,000 head of cattle per annum. The man-eating tiger was very rare, and the man-eating lion rarer still. When a tiger got old and feeble, and was able to kill nothing bigger than a rat in the open, he found out in some mysterious manner that the nicest food he could get, and the most easily procured, was children, and created for himself a beat of about thirty miles in circumference, and he went from one village to another for a child until the natives went and asked some officers to shoot him, and when shot it was generally discovered that he was a very ancient tiger, without teeth.

In Africa the people were more submissive, or perhaps it was that they had no officers there to shoot their lions, but when a lion came round the village, roaring very loud, they lay still with their heads under the blankets until the lion put in his paw and took out his supper. Professor Haughton narrated a long anecdote (decidedly the most uninteresting in the lecture) of a lieutenant named Andrews, of the Welsh Fusileers, at present stationed in Dublin, who went to fight a tiger, armed only with a sword, believing from the similarity of the names in the Indian language that it was a bear only he had to encounter. But he had no fight with either bear or tiger, and, as the story went, obtained a good deal of cheaply earned applause from the natives for his courage.

He then passed to the consideration of the big cat's poor relation, the domestic cat, and before entering on this branch of the subject he read a letter from Sir Edward Lee, announcing an approaching cat show at the Exhibition. He thought that he was justified in giving a word of praise to the big cats for their consideration for their poor relations. Rich men, as a rule, did not like their poor relations, and indeed were often inclined to shirk them and treat them much worse than any one else. It was not so with the big cats at all. If a dog or a rat or a cat were put in the cage, they would probably kill it at once. This was, however, from the instinct that taught them to strike at anything that was in motion. But whereas they would at once proceed to eat the dog or the rat, they would only turn over the cat gently with their paws, and look at it mournfully, as much as to say, "Poor fellow, I am afraid I have hurt you, but I did not know you were a relation." (Laughter.) So that naturalists had given themselves a great deal of trou-

ble to establish a relationship that was thus plainly acknowledged by the heads of the family themselves. (Laughter.)

The lecturer then proceeded to give an interesting account of the earlier history of cats, which, he said, probably came to this country from Persia. Cats were unknown among the Hebrews, probably from the circumstances that they were worshipped amongst the Egyptians, and the Hebrews for this reason would have nothing to say to them. In Greece weasels were substituted for cats. In India they slept in the ladies' beds, and killed the snakes, and he strongly recommended the cultivation of weasels in this country. He alluded to the wonderful instinct of cats, and above all to their marvellous power of finding their way home from long distances, of which power Professor Darwin had collected many curious instances, and in which they surpassed even dogs or horses. If he were going to lecture on dogs, he would think it necessary to request every one who had not implicit faith in his words to get up and leave the building, but he did not think such an extreme step was necessary now, as he was sure there were many cat admirers present, and he could assure them his stories were the most reliable he could procure on so short a notice. He would relate a story of a cat which he had recently heard. As this was a foreign cat and a blue cat, he hoped and expected they would believe more about it than they would about an ordinary cat of an ordinary color. (Laughter.) This cat used to keep the night watch on board a ship. He went off every morning, and his duty was to kill rats. There were two wives of his on board the vessel, but they confined their attention exclusively to mice. There were not many rats on board the ship, but she lay by for some time in dock, and then a great many rats got in amongst her timbers. His object was to show that the blue cat rose equal to the occasion. During the first night after they left the dock, he killed thirteen rats, and, what was more, he eat them all except their heads. (Laughter.) Of course he could have eaten their heads too, but he preserved them as trophies of his performance. That is to say, in one night this cat eat, at a moderate calculation, three times its own weight. Perhaps they would not consider this a very interesting trait in the cat's character, this eating so much, but he would tell them an interesting trait. The lady cats on board did not care for rats themselves, but, nevertheless, whenever they met a rat they carefully killed it and brought it to their husband to eat, thus completely reversing the programme that is played out amongst civilized human beings. His lecture was necessarily drawing to a close, but before he concluded he would tell them one other, he would not say story, but fact, connected with cats. He was dining at the Goldsmith Club, and in view of this lecture he asked the Goldsmithians to tell him any facts they knew about cats, and the following facts were narrated by the president of the club, a most respectable man, whom he was sure they would much sooner believe than himself. The story was useful as establishing by clear evidence the truth of the immemorial tradition that a cat had nine lives, — no more and no less

The story opens at the period when the old Charlies were for the first time superseded by the new policemen, so that none of the ladies present would be likely to interfere with personal recollections of the period. The place was a back room in Dominick Street, and the *dramatis personæ* were two law students, who had since risen to the highest eminence in these countries and in the colonies. One summer's evening they had retired from the front to the back room for the very innocent and laudable purpose of taking a tumbler of punch in the cool air with the window down. They had finished the second tumbler, and they were engaged in a very interesting and animated discussion as to whether they

should have a third — a question which the lecturer thought should always be carried in the negative — when suddenly an enormous red tomcat appeared upon the wall opposite. It startled and interrupted them, and one of the young men, having a carbine, shot the tomcat dead, and flung it into the street. There happened to be one of the new policemen passing, and on the ground that new brooms sweep clean, and that it is forbidden to shoot rubbish in the street, he arrested the two young men and brought them before the police magistrate. They were fined ten shillings each, and five shillings for shooting the cat, and five shillings for throwing it out into the street. The next evening, at the same hour, and in the same place, they were engaged in the same interesting discussion, when suddenly their tongues clave to their mouths, and their hair stood on end, for on the wall opposite they saw the same tomcat again appear. Again they shot the cat, again they were brought up by the police, and again they were fined by the magistrate, and again the cat reappeared on the wall. Thus every evening they continued to shoot the cat through the heart (laughter), to throw him out dead into the street, and to be fined the next morning by the magistrate, until the tenth evening came, and there was no cat, and they drank the third tumbler of punch, for they were convinced that the £9 they spent in fines was well spent in obtaining a mathematical demonstration of what had been up to that only a plausible and popular theory. (Great laughter and applause.)

"Missus says the milk's more than arf water, an' she'll 'ave to deal sumweres else if 't ain't better." Milkman: "Well, my dear, you must tell your misses that I'm very sorry, but them cows of mine will eat damp grass, and I can't perwent them this damp weather." — *Fun.*

ROYALTY AND LOYALTY IN IRELAND.

London Tablet.

THERE are some incidents and indications in Ireland to which little attention is given, but from the study of which sovereigns and statesmen might learn lessons of profound political wisdom. The follies, the weaknesses, and the crimes of the Irish are reported, exaggerated, and denounced on this side of the Channel, while their causes are ignored, and but scant notice is taken of the characteristic virtues and noble qualities of the people. Of this injustice we propose to submit a few striking examples.

In the seven centuries since the first Anglo-Norman settlement in Ireland, no one of the native race has ever been intrusted with the office of viceroy, while only a few of the Anglo-Irish Fitzgeralds, Butlers, Darcys, and Talbots and others were placed at the head of the government. Since the viceroyalty of the second Duke of Ormonde, in 1713, those of Irish birth who held the position of lord lieutenant were the Marquis of Wellesley, the Earl of Bessborough (ten months), and the Duke of Abercorn, during a period of thirteen within one hundred and sixty-five years. As regards the royal family, from the time of King John to Henry VIII, several of them had filled the office, amongst others King Richard II, twice in person, most of these being at war with the native princes. From Henry, Duke of York (afterwards Henry VIII), who was appointed viceroy in 1501, until the war of James II and William III, 1688–90, no member of the royal family set foot in Ireland; nor, again, until the visit of George IV, for three weeks, in 1812. Her present Majesty has now been on the throne upwards of forty-one years, during which period she has visited Ireland three times,— first, in 1849, when she spent five days in Dublin; next, in 1853, when she remained five days in the metropolis; and last, in 1861, when the queen

and the late prince consort remained about eight days, during which they visited Killarney and other places. Such is the brief summary of the interchange of courtesies between the English monarchs and the Irish nation during seven centuries.

Let us now glance at the reception afforded to royalty when in Ireland. Of the six sovereigns of the house of Hanover who have sat on the throne since 1714, only two crossed the Channel, — George IV for twenty-one, and Queen Victoria for eighteen days, or visits extending over thirty-nine days in a period of one hundred and sixty-four years. In 1821, when George IV visited Ireland, he received an ovation the warmth and intensity of which inspired the most scathing invective, "The Irish Avatar," that ever was penned by Lord Byron. Millions of Catholics, led by O'Connell, the Catholic bishops, and the Catholic nobility addressed the king; and Moore wedded the national air to "The Prince's Day." It was on his birthday, the 12th of August, that George IV landed in Howth.

"Though dark are our sorrows, to-day we 'll forget them,
And smile through our tears like a sunbeam in showers;
There never were hearts, if our rulers would let them,
More formed to be grateful and blest than ours."

This was sung in the king's presence, at Lord Powerscourt's. George IV was deeply affected, and subsequently promised to revisit Ireland in two years, and, if not, he said, he would recommend to his successors to become personally acquainted with his Irish subjects. A public meeting was immediately held, and large sums subscribed, O'Connell and the Catholics being amongst the most liberal, to erect a palace for the king near Dublin. Yet George IV, after the warmest declarations of gratitude for the reception which he got from the Catholics of Ireland, bitterly opposed, for nearly eight years, the passing of emancipation.

The first visit of Queen Victoria to Ireland was paid in 1849, when the famine, which appeared in 1845, still raged, and starvation, fever, and cholera had decimated the population, and were driving millions of emigrants across the seas, and while the embers of the abortive rising in 1848 were still smouldering; yet her Majesty was welcomed with the deepest respect and the warmest enthusiasm, so that on leaving the pier at Kingstown the queen ordered the royal standard to be dipped on board the royal yacht, to express her Majesty's gracious sense of the reception accorded to her by her Irish subjects. Not less cordial was the reception accorded to the queen on her two subsequent visits. Her Majesty has been able to spend only eighteen days in a long reign of forty-one years amongst the Irish people; yet, if it were not for three hours' passage from Holyhead, remote parts of Ireland would be as accessible by rail as Bal moral or Cowes.

During his visits to and his sojourn, some years ago, in Ireland, the Prince of Wales acquired a thorough and familiar knowledge of the people, and is a marked favorite with all classes. The Duke of Connaught's popularity was lately attested by the speeches and votes of the Irish members on the occasion of the provision made by Parliament with a view to the marriage of his Royal Highness. In the discharge of his military duties, in the hunting fields, in every sort of rural sport, and in social life, the Duke of Connaught has mixed with the Irish gentry in all parts of the country, and formed friendships which are prized on both sides.

If we examine the Viceroyalty of his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, we find matter for equal gratification. Only two years in Ireland as lord-lieutenant, we find him fishing on the Blackwater, fêted in Cork, resident for months in Westport, under Croagh Patrick, overlooking Clew Bay, in Connaught, traversing the four provinces, and now settling down for the

winter in the heart of Westmeath, the county that, but a few years ago, was the scene of agrarian disturbances that led to a severe crime and outrage act. Yet without apprehension of affront or danger to life or limb, the queen's viceroy and the Duchess of Marlborough have settled themselves in Knockdrin Castle, near Mullingar, to enjoy a rural respite from the cares and duties of Dublin Castle, and, as if to complete and grace the picture, her Majesty, the Empress of Austria, is about to settle for the hunting season in the same scene of alleged disturbance on the borders of Meath.

These facts might suggest to the government a more careful study of Irish life and Irish character. Royalty has not duly respected loyalty, in relation to a warm-hearted and a generous people. The Catholics of Ireland entertain deep gratitude to her Majesty's father, the late Duke of Kent, for his strenuous advocacy of emancipation; and when the Orange faction conspired to set aside the legitimate claims of the Princess Victoria to the crown, theirs was no limping loyalty in her defence. These associations inspired the Irish with high hopes when they hailed her accession to the throne, and despite the gloom of one of the darkest moments in Irish history, secured her a hearty welcome in 1849, on the occasion of the queen's first visit to Ireland. We could wish, and every friend to Ireland and the empire must wish, that the crown and the court had been rendered more familiar to the Irish people, and we think it very probable that, if the royal visit of 1849 had been followed up by a more frequent intercourse between the sovereign and her Irish subjects, much that we have had to deplore during the last thirty years would never have occurred.

An Illinois farmer sent an apple seventeen and one half inches in circumference to the President.

TECHNICAL EDUCATION.

J. O'Conor Power, M. P.

The consideration of the higher grades of education must not blind us to the many imperfections of the primary system. There is nothing, in my judgment more necessary for the amelioration of the condition of the masses of our people than a good system of technical education. — an education that would be useful to them in the work and duty of daily life. Industrial and technical training has proved on the Continent a most powerful stimulus to manufacturing industry, and it is this which has enabled many continental nations, notably France, to outstrip England in many important branches of manufacture. England was formerly indifferent or apathetic to popular scientific education, but she discovered her mistake, and she has of late years devoted considerable attention to the subject. The Science and Art Department at South Kensington is vigorously engaged in scientific teaching. It sends its models and examination lists all over the country, and technical schools are springing up in England at all suitable points. There is a Science and Art Department in Dublin; but I am afraid that the funds placed at its disposal are too limited for the purposes of scientific teaching in the capital alone. What we want is something that will reach the rural districts, where practical education of this kind is most required. I want to see an education spreading among the people that shall enable them to make their homes more comfortable and their farms more productive, — an education that will teach them how to make meals wholesome, palatable, and cheap; how to estimate the different properties of different kinds of food, and to obtain that which is best and most nutritious. This is an education which is wanted by the sons of toil, in town and country, and one which I should be glad to assist in promoting. But we must not stop there. We must have a popular education that

will teach our people the arts and trades by which other nations have acquired wealth and prosperity. Look at America. There you have a country where the working population is better educated than in any other part of the world, and consequently America, as Mr. Gladstone tells us, is running ahead in the race of nations. And the Americans are the most ingenious and inventive people in the world. They gave us the telegraph, the steamboat, the sewing machine, and I don't know how many other great instruments of civilization, and now an American newsboy, the Edison, has startled European mechanicians by the greatest invention of all,— the phonograph and the telephone. With one of these instruments, and the necessary apparatus, I could address all my constituents in Mayo at the same time and be heard by each of them from this platform; and with the other you could catch all the sweet sounds and wise sayings of my friend, Mr. Daly, and bottle them up for the education of posterity.

A simple practical education, such as I speak of, is of more importance to our national industries than might at first sight appear. Well, now, how is this industrial education to be obtained? Elementary science should be included in the course taught to the boys and girls in the National Schools, and the teachers should be required to give short lectures on the subject, aided by simple illustrations. Then every National School in the country should be provided with a good library, the manager selecting the books and the schoolmaster acting as librarian. The working population might have recourse to the schools in the evening for instruction, so as to make up for early neglect or to acquire scientific knowledge. If the National Board could not see its way to sanction and to carry out this proposal, it should be undertaken by the clergy and the representatives of the people themselves, always remembering that the footprints of Science should be guided by the hand of Religion.

While recognizing the importance of technical education which embraces every branch of knowledge touching the material condition of the people I am not one to countenance any neglect of those studies which appeal to the sentiment of the country. The strongest fabrics of material prosperity which any people can raise cannot last forever. They must one day or other yield to the force of prolonged decay or sudden adversity, but the impress of a nation's mind is something which history renders forever ineffaceable. We must, therefore, cultivate the language, literature, and music of our country. I am very glad that it was in my power to render some service in the House of Commons to the cause of our native language and literature. I spoke with all the fervor of an Irish heart in support of The O'Conor Don's proposal for including the Irish language and literature among the subjects for which prizes may be obtained under the Intermediate Education Act. That proposal was substantially agreed to, and you know the National Board has made provision for the teaching of Irish in the National Schools.

Boys and Tobacco. — Physicians are well agreed that the use of tobacco by growing boys is full of danger. Recent investigations, especially in France, have demonstrated that a whole train of nervous diseases are to be traced to this practice. If you want to stop growing, if you want to have a set of nerves that are like those of an invalid old lady, if you wish to grow feeble and thin, if you wish to grow sallow and puny, I do not know any better way than to smoke tobacco. It will make a drain of your nervous system which will be sure to tell after a while. Let us hope that if a thousand boys read this, some of them will be saved from forming a filthy habit which most men regret.

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch;* if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y* ; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

BEAGAN FOCAL A D-TIMCHIOLL NA GAEDHILGE.

Ta na h-uile dhaoine aig foghluim na Gaedhilg anois. Ta so fior a d-taobh na nGaedheal, agus ta se fior mar an g-ceudna a d-taobh na g-coimhitheach; oir ta moran de dhaoinibh aig foghluim Gaedhilge anois nach bh-faca Eire riamh. Cithear duinn nach m-beidh moran daoine ann Eirinn deich m-bliadhana o niu gan tuigsint moran no beagan de theanga a sinsear; agus ta se soilleir go bh-fuil an t-am a bh-fogus duinn an tan a bheidh se riachtanach Gaedhilg a bheith ann gach paipear no cuairt clobhuailtear ann Eirinn, no ann aitibh eile ann a bh-fuil na Gaedheal 'na g-comhnuidhe.

Is doigh linn go m-beidh se ann ar g-cumas duilleog no tuilleadh a nGaedhilg do thabhairt gach mi annsa g-cuairt bheag so, agus clobhuailfamaoid i anns na litiribh Romanacha. Ta moran daoine ann a deir gurab coir Gaedhilg a scriobhadh anns na sean litiribh amhain. A deir daoine eile gurab neithe olca na sean litiridhe, agus gurab mor an diabhail do righne siad do theanga na h-Eireann. Is fior gur a litiribh Romanacha no Laidin a clobhualadh an chead leabhar Gaedhilge a n-Dunedin ann Albain san m-bliadhain 1569. Ta moran leabhair ann Eirinn clobhuailte a litiribh Laidin. Ta seanmoiridhe an athar O'Geallachair curtha amach a litiribh Laidin, acht leis an b-punc (.) ann ait an *h*. Sgriobhann na Gearmanaigh agus na Danair a d-teangtha air uairibh 'sna sean litiribh, agus air uairibh eile 'sna litiribh Laidin. Biodh a fhios aig gach duine go bh-feudainn sinn Gaedhilg a sgriobhadh cho maith agus cho ceart le na litiribh Romancha a's le na litiribh Gaedhalacha.

Deir daoine eigin go bh-fuil an Ghaedhilge 'na teanga chruaidh. Ni fhuil so fior. Ni fhuil aon de theangaibh nuadh na h-Eorpa, mar ata Francach, Gearmanach, Eadalach, &c., nach bh-fuil moran nios cruaidhe na'n Ghaedhilge. Ta'n chial de so de bhrigh go bh-fuil an Ghaedhilge nios orduighthe ann a grammair agus nios simplidhe ann a cuma. Is fior go bh-fuil an sean Ghaedhilge an-dheacair, agus go mor-mhor an teanga sgriobhtha anns na sean aimsiribh roimhe do fuaradh amach

Literal Translation.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

Almost every one is learning Irish now. This is true in relation to the Irish people, and it is also true in relation to foreigners, for there are many persons now learning Irish who never saw Ireland. It would seem that in ten years from to-day there will not be many people in Ireland without knowing more or less of the language of their forefathers; and it seems plain that the time is near when it will be necessary to have Irish in every paper or periodical printed in Ireland, or in other places where the Irish are living.

We hope it will be in our power to give a page or more of Irish every month in this little publication, and we will print it in Roman letters. There are many people who say that it is proper to write Irish only in the old characters. Others say that the old characters are bad things, and that they have done great damage to the language of Ireland. It is true that it was in Roman or Latin letters that the first Irish book was printed in Edinburgh in Scotland, in 1569. There are many Irish books in Ireland printed in Latin characters. The sermons of Father O'Gallagher are also published in the Latin character with the dot (.) in place of the *h*. The Germans and the Danes write their languages sometimes in the old letters and sometimes in the Latin letters. Let it be understood that we can write Irish as well and as correctly in the Roman letters as in the Irish ones.

Some people say that Irish is a hard language. This is not true. There is none of the new languages of Europe, such as French, German, Italian, etc., that is not much more difficult than Irish. The reason of this is that Irish is more regular in its grammar and more simple in its construction. It is true that the old language is very hard, especially the language written in old times before the invention of the art of printing; but that does not apply to the language of the present day

ceard chlobhualaidh; acht ni bheanann so do'n d-teanga a cleachdthar anois. Ni fhuil cruadhas air bith innte. Ta si 'g a munadh anois anns na sgoilibh na h-Eireann a g-costas riaghaile na tire, agus muna bh-foghluimfaidh muintir oga na h-Eireann i, beidh siad a mimheas air feadh,an domhain.

Ta milliun duine fos ann Eirinn a labhras Gaedhilge; ta milliun eile eidir America agus Sacsania. Ni'l ait ann a g-comhnuigheann clanna na nGaedheal air feadh na cruinne, gan cuid aca bheith aig foghluim Gaedhilge. Da raibh si muinte anns na sgoillibh cead bliadhain o shoin mar ata a niu, bheidheadh muintir na h-Eireann moran nios sona, nios leigheanta agus nios mo faoi mheas 'na taid anois. Deirid na daoine leigheanta go bh-fuil fiche milliun de chineadh na h-Eireann beo anois air an d-talamh. Muna bh-fuil a saith ghradh-tire eidir na fiche milliunaibh so, teanga liomha a sinsear do choimhead beo, scuirthear sinn o labhairt air shaoirse, air onoir, no air ar ngradh do h-Eirinn.

It is not hard at all. It is now being taught in the schools of Ireland at the cost of the government, and if the young people of Ireland do not learn it they will be despised throughout the world.

There are a million of people yet in Ireland who speak Irish. There are another million between America and England. There is no place where the Irish race are settled throughout the world without some of them being studying Irish at present. If it had been taught in the schools a hundred years ago, the people of Ireland would be to-day much more happy, more learned, and more respected than they are now. Learned men say there are twenty millions of the Irish race in the world. If there is not enough of patriotism amongst those twenty millions to keep alive the polished language of their ancestors, let us cease speaking about freedom or honor or of our love for Ireland.

Summary of Recent Events.

It is gratifying to announce that Mr. Howard Grubb, of Dublin, has been awarded a gold medal at the Paris Exhibition for the equatorial telescope he has exhibited. In this branch of industry at least Ireland is able to hold her own against all competitors. Twenty years ago all the world went to Germany for astronomical instruments; now Ireland sends her instruments even to Germany and Austria, close to what used to be the great centre of astronomical instrument manufacture, and now, in this the first Continental Exhibition in which Mr. Grubb has ever exhibited his instrument, he has carried off the gold medal.

The illustrious Jesuit Secchi employed the last few months of his life in collecting materials for a work intended to form a part of the "Archæological and Statistical Monograph of Rome and the Roman Campagna," which the Italian government proposed to present to the Paris Exhibition. Father Ferrari, Secchi's successor, and for ten years assistant, in the direction of the Roman Observatory, having completed the work, has published it in a volume entitled "An Essay on Roman Meteorology," which contains a complete account of observations made in Rome at differents periods from 1782 to 1877.

The Cardinal Archbishop of Santiago, in a Pastoral Letter, condemns by name two liberal journals of his diocese. His Eminence says: — "There is but one form of Catholicism, that which is represented by the Pope and the Bishops, with the faithful who follow and obey them without reservation, and without arbitrary distinctions and interpretations. As to the Catholicism which is called Liberal, so often condemned by the Church, its *role* is to place bounds to true Catholicism. Those who profess the former are with Jesus Christ; as to the latter, under whatever disguise it may hide itself, those who profess it are against him."

The population of the island of Ceylon is, roughly speaking, two millions and a half. Of these, only 250,000 are Christian, and of these 250,000, 190,000 are Catholics. Of the remaining 55,000 or 60,000 Protestants, only 2,197 attend the services of Anglican clergymen paid by government, and 803 the Presbyterian churches. From the revenues of the island, £14,000 are annually appropriated to ecclesiastical endowments, and of this £14,000 the 190,000 Catholics get exactly £100 a year, all the rest going to the clergy of the 2,197 Anglicans, except a small proportion devoted to the Presbyterian establishment.

Cases like the following, related by the *Catholic Columbian*, are not very rare: Mr. M. I. Sullivant, who once owned so much property in Columbus, Ohio, and vicinity, and accounted one of the wealthiest of the early settlers hereabouts, has been compelled to assign his property in Illinois for the benefit of his creditors. He was known as one of the most extensive farmers in the country, and his broad acres of cultivated land in Illinois were the wonder of all who visited him. All his estate was sold the other day and fell short of meeting his liabilities by $100,000. He is left houseless and we might say penniless.

The Catholic priests and nuns show a glorious record during the Southern epidemic. The diocese of New Orleans alone lost fifteen priests and nineteen sisters; that of Natchez, including Vicksburg, six priests and five sisters; that of Nashville, nine priests and three sisters; that of Mobile, one priest and one sister: making a total of thirty-two priests and twenty-eight nuns who have fallen victims to yellow fever in the discharge of their duties. The Catholic Relief Association has given aid already to the amount of $86,000 from total receipts of $90,000.

Useful Knowledge.

What the Thumb Does. — Have you noticed that when you want to take hold of anything, a bit of bread, we will say, that it is always the thumb who puts himself forward, and that he is always on one side by himself, while the rest of the fingers are on the other? If the thumb is not helping, nothing stops in your hand, and you don't know what to do with it. Try, by way of experiment, to carry your spoon to your mouth without putting your thumb to it, and you will see what a long time it will take you to get through a poor little plateful of broth. The thumb is placed in such a manner on your hand that it can face each of the other fingers, one after another, or all together, if you please; and by this we are enabled to grasp, as if it were a pair of pinchers, all objects, whether large or small. Our hands owe their perfection of usefulness to this happy arrangement, which has been bestowed on no other animal except the monkey, our nearest neighbor.

Eat Apples — Apple, in addition to being a delicious fruit, makes a pleasant medicine. A raw, mellow apple is digested in an hour and a half, while boiled cabbage requires five hours. The most healthy dessert that can be placed on the table is a baked apple If eaten frequently at breakfast, with coarse bread and butter without meat or flesh of any kind, it has an admirable effect on the general system, often removing constipation, correcting acidities, and cooling off febrile conditions more effectually than the most approved medicines. If families could be induced to substitute apples, ripe and sound, for pies, cakes, and sweetmeats, with which their children are frequently stuffed, there would be a diminution in the total sum of doctor's bills, in a single year, sufficient to lay in a stock of this delicious fruit for the whole season's use.

Saving Heat in Houses. — A correspondent of the *Western Farm Journal* some time since said some good things about economy of heat. We quote as follows: "For a number of years the writer has used for warming three rooms a single heating stove, the heat from which passed into two drums. One of these drums is placed in a room adjoining that containing the stove, and the other is up stairs in a room above the second one. For several weeks experiments have been by observations with thermometers, which prove that the intermediate drum, or that between the stove and last one, heats the room from six to twelve degrees hotter (according to the wind) than the stove can heat, though both rooms are of the same size, and the drum is somewhat smaller than the stove. The room up stairs, fully thirty-five feet distant from the fire, is made quite comfortable for a sleeping room throughout the entire winter. These facts are only stated to show what an immense amount of caloric is wasted by our system of heating with stoves, the pipe from which passes into a chimney or directly into the open air. Fuel, and consequently expense, is not only saved by the use of sheet-iron drums, but the house is more completely warmed, not only with less fuel, but with no trouble of making and keeping up fires, carrying in wood or coal, and carrying out the ashes and cleaning up the dirt caused by doing so."

Nose-Bleeding. — A piece of paper cut round and applied to the palate will stop bleeding at the nose in forty-five seconds. That's a simple remedy and the authority is good.

The Humorist.

A POOR Irishman, just off an emigrant ship in a Northern city, was slowly plodding his way towards the business centres in search of work, when he was hailed by a couple of smart young men, who were arranging the show-cases of a small store. The ordinary greeting over, they accosted the stranger, "Hey, Pat, did you hear the news?" "Why, then, I did n't, yer honors; I brought the latest news from home myself sure." "So you did n't hear who 's dead." "No, sir; never a word." Pat was invited to guess, and after a good deal of "chaffing" one of the well-bred youths informed him, saying, "Well, Pat, no mistake about it, it came by telegraph — *the devil is dead.*" The news seemed to affect Pat curiously. Looking sadly from one to another, with tears in his eyes and a voice trembling with emotion, he apologized for his poverty, and drawing two small coins from his pockets, he handed one to each. The young men indignantly tossed back the money, saying, "What do you mean, Pat? We don't want your shiners. Guess you 'd better keep them yourself — you look as if you wanted them. Why do you give them to us?" "Wisha thin, for no reason at all, yer honors, only, 't is a custom we have in the old country, *whin the father is dead we all try and do something for the orphans.*"

SHE was searching over the golden leaves which the frosts of October had detached from the stiffened twigs. It was on Montcalm Street. Her auburn hair took on the glint of gold as the bright sun streamed down over chimney and roof and tree-top, and the tender lines around her mouth deepened as she whispered, "O golden leaves, your life is typical of —" At that moment her mother came down to the gate, sleeves rolled up, and her big red hands hiding the view of the back yard. "Pawing over them leaves agin, ar' ye!" she exclaimed, as she caught sight of the sentimental maiden. "Well now, you trot in here and wash out the rest of them colored clothes or I 'll paw you, I will." "Yes, mother dear, but these golden —" "Trot, I say! good bar soap is the goldenest thing in market, and a wash-board costs more money than all the yaller leaves on the street." And the gentle maiden trotted.

ABERNETHY, the famous surgeon, was too much of the pedagogue in his lecture-room, but sometimes he met his match there. One day, after lecturing on accidents caused by explosions, he asked a student, "Now, Mr. Smith, what is the first thing you would do, if a man were blown up with gunpowder?" "I should wait till he came down," said Mr. Smith. Abernethy, nettled at the reply, and stung by the laughter of the class, smiling bitterly, retorted, "And pray, Mr. Smith, what muscles should I put in motion, were I to proceed to kick you out of the room for that impertinent answer?" "The flexors and extensors of my right arm, sir," replied the student, "for I should instantly knock you down."

MIRABEAU, alluding to a very corpulent person, said, "He has only been created to show to what extent the human skin would stretch without bursting."

A FELLOW was observed the other day driving a pig, holding on to his tail, and when asked what he was doing, replied that he was studying ge*hog*raphy.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JANUARY 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

"We still Live."

How do you like our new venture? If you like our Magazine, ask your neighbor to subscribe for a copy.

For a Christmas or New Year's present — nothing better than a copy of Donahoe's Magazine. Only $2.00 a year.

Our warmest thanks are due to the Press throughout the country for the cordial and generous notice they have taken of our new enterprise.

A friend writing from St. Paul, Minn., says: —

"In my travels through Minnesota and Wisconsin, I find that you have a good many old friends, who speak highly of you personally and of your publication, and will now welcome any work issued from your house."

The *Catholic Columbian*, Columbus, Ohio, says this good word of encouragement: —

"The Irish people of both hemispheres will be delighted to know that Mr. Patrick Donahoe, that sturdy pioneer in Irish journalism in America, intends again entering his favorite field and will issue in the first week of December, *Donahoe's Magazine*. This new monthly will be devoted to the interests of the Irish race at home and abroad, besides being an entertaining miscellany of stories, anecdotes, etc.

The editor *Irish Catholic Benevolent Union Journal*, whom we had the pleasure of meeting at the recent convention in Worcester, says in his paper for November: —

"Patrick Donahoe makes his first announcement of his new magazine through this journal. What he will give it is useless to refer to. His name alone is a guarantee that his new enterprise in journalism will be all that it should be for Irish and for Catholic homes. His re-entrance into the publication business will be gratifying to many, and we doubt not that the people will give him practical encouragement in regaining the position in the business he once occupied."

The following generous article from the *Catholic Review*, of New York, our readers will excuse us for reproducing. Our modesty, perhaps, would suggest that we should not publish it, but at our age we must lay aside our blushes: —

"By an advertisement in our publisher's department, it will be seen that a veteran Irish and Catholic journalist, Patrick Donahoe, reenters the field in which for more than forty years he rendered such good service to his countrymen and co-religionists. It would be neither generous nor just to withhold from Mr. Donahoe the best and warmest wishes for the success of his new enterprise. He was the founder of, we believe, the oldest, certainly the most successful Irish paper published at this side of the Atlantic, and although we do not feel called on to agree with all the policies on different public questions of that able paper during the time he controlled it, — with only a portion of which, indeed, we are familiar,—we bear willing testimony that its general influence, besides being great, was also on the right side. As a publisher of Catholic books, Mr. Donahoe was liberal, enterprising, and judicious, giving us many valuable books at moderate prices and in excellent style. Of the misfortunes which swept away his princely estate and compelled him in his old age to begin the world again, we feel that they were sufficient to depress most men, but certainly he seems to us to have borne them with dignity and courage. It appeals to every one's sense of admiration for pluck and enterprise, to see this old man attempting the work of youth, and we are glad to notice that the Catholic press of the United States and Canada have wished well to the new enterprise and its publisher."

OUR COVER IS TYPICAL OF THE MAGAZINE.

THE general design was drawn and presented to us by a talented young Irish-American of this city, whose modesty will not allow his name to be made public. The title, naturally suggested itself. We have Harper's and Scribner's, why not Donahoe's Magazine? And the artist in his lettering has not lost sight of two special emblems of the editor, — the Pen and the Harp.

In the border surrounding the contents is contained in brief the great purport of the Magazine, whilst the periodicals which half discover themselves in a natural confusion on either side of it, reveal its eclectic character. The central groups on either side of the shield, surrounded as they are by the typical emblems of Ireland, are eloquent of Erin, renowned as well in the arts of peace as of war. The shield itself is surmounted by an emblematic eagle, flanked alternately by the flags of America and Ireland, whilst the bird of liberty clasps in his extended beak the mottoe —

"Enough of its glory remains on each sword,
To light us to victory yet."

It is a page full of meaning and with the assistance of the people we shall make it familiar to every home in America.

The engraving of this design has been left to John Andrew & Son, of Boston, and is in every way in keeping with their high standard of excellence.

OUR IRISH DEPARTMENT.

WE beg to call the attention of our readers to a new feature in magazine literature, namely, an article in the Irish language, with a literal translation into English. This will be of great interest to the many students of the ancient language of Erin. We hope to be able to give a page or so in Irish every month, and will be careful that the language be correct as well as simple, in order that students may have as little difficulty as possible in reading it.

OUR ADVERTISING PATRONS.

NOTHING contributes more to the success of a newspaper or magazine than advertising. We therefore take pleasure in directing attention to the advertising sheet in this issue of our Magazine.

NEW MAP OF IRELAND

P. O'BEIRNE, Esq., Civil Engineer, 34 Park Row, New York, has been for the past twenty-two years engaged in the preparation of a much needed map of Ireland, and has just brought his labors to completion. It is one of the most beautiful pieces of typographical map engraving ever issued in this or any other country. The New York *Tablet* has this notice of the new map: —

"Singular as it may seem, this American publication is the first really accurate and reliable map of Ireland ever yet published on a convenient scale or size. We have had several maps of the island from time to time in years past, but these, though useful in their way, have all been mere sketches, and, of course, unreliable. True, the British government have made complete surveys and detailed maps of the country, covering many thousand sheets of paper, which practically shuts them out from general use, independent of the great expense of procuring them. This publication is a decided novelty in American art literature, not so much on account of its being a desirable contribution to the current art literature of the day, but from the fact that such an enterprise is being carried out so far away from the country it represents, where its general use would necessarily be extensive, for the various purposes of business, commerce, etc., etc., and where its large circulation would, doubtless, prove a source of much profit to the publisher. The fact proves conclusively that the Irish-American element on this continent is amongst the most courageous and enterprising of our heterogeneous population. That a great want will be supplied by this publication we have no doubt. The merchant, the manufacturer, the lawyer, the banker, the editor, the geographer, the historian, and the student of history will gladly welcome it as a much needed and desirable work, on account of its accuracy and reliability, the author and publisher having spent a number of years, over twenty, in its construction, and possessing, doubtless, the qualifications in his profession necessary to its successful and correct compilation. Whilst the surpassing elegance of the engraving and the mechanical portion of the work will render it at once a desirable acquisition for the library, the counting-house, or the office, amongst our Irish-American fellow-citizens generally there is little doubt but that it will meet with a hearty reception; for where is the Irish-American home that will not pride itself on its pos-

session of such an appropriate souvenir or memento of the 'dear old green Isle,' on which is correctly located its fair cities, towns, and villages, its lakes and mountains, rivers and streams, its castles, abbeys, and famous round towers, etc., and even the very parks and demesnes in or by which they wandered in childhood? The work, besides its intrinsic value as a correct map, is beautifully embellished on the margin with landscape views of some of the more noted historical and picturesque scenes in Ireland, such as castles, abbeys, round towers, etc., etc., from Mr. O'Beirne's own pencil. To the publication we wish all success. The author and publisher is certainly plucky to undertake a work requiring so much time, care, and patience, and necessarily involving such an expenditure of money. The very difficulty of such an undertaking deserves recognition, which we have no doubt it will receive at the hands of Ireland in America.

"The map is published by subscription, and delivered to subscribers at $5 per copy. Mr. O'Beirne is his own publisher, but copies can always be procured through the publishing house of Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston."

CABINET OR PARLOR ORGANS.

A GOOD cabinet or parlor organ is the best instrument for the family. It is adapted to music both secular and sacred; is the best instrument for home music generally, and especially for the sacred songs which are most used among the people. It is easy to play upon, and affords satisfaction to one who has but little skill. It is not surprising, therefore, that this instrument has gained such popularity, more than 30,000 being sold in the United States each year.

But this large demand has led to the making many very poor organs. It seems to be a strife among makers, now, who shall make the lowest priced organ; and this amounts to a strife as to who shall make the poorest one. One company have fully kept up to the highest standard in making these instruments. Mason & Hamlin have always made the best, and still make them, as proved by the award to them of the gold medal, the highest distinction at the disposal of the juries, at the World's Exposition in Paris, this year. No other gold medal is awarded any maker of musical instruments in America. Mason & Hamlin organs are only a little higher in price than very poor organs. It is certainly economy to get the best.

HON. WILLIAM PARSONS.

HE is one of the best representatives of the Irish race that has crossed the Atlantic to the Western world. By his scholarship, vigor of thought, and chastity of expression, he has everywhere attracted and captivated the intellectual classes, and with them is the accepted favorite of the platform. At the same time, his eloquence and genial humor make him a source of universal attraction. Everywhere he has lectured, he has been recalled without a single exception. He has lectured eighty times in Boston alone, and has the most brilliant record ever achieved in this country by any transatlantic literary orator. We are sorry to say that his countrymen have not appreciated his great worth. But other nationalities have, and as a consequence, he is engaged every night throughout the lecture season.

THE FINAN CHILDREN.

It having been represented to Mr. Parsons that the children of the late Col. Finan, of the glorious Ninth Massachusetts Regiment, were in need, he cheerfully volunteered his services on their behalf, and at great personal inconvenience.

The subject of the oration will be Michael Angelo, the child, the artist, the hero. It is the very best of Mr. Parsons's lectures.

The lecture will take place at the Boston Theatre, on Sunday evening, Dec. 15, at eight o'clock. Reserved seats, 50 cents; other parts of the theatre, 25 cents.

Letters for Hon. Mr. Parsons can be addressed to the care of The Redpath Lyceum, Boston, Mass.

NEW ENGLAND ORGAN CO.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of the New England Organ Company in our present issue. Although the youngest cabinet organ company in existence, it has already taken its stand among the foremost. For purity of tone, thoroughness of mechanism, and beauty of design, the instruments of this company stand unrivalled. To those of our readers intending to purchase an organ, we would say, go to the New England Organ Company.

EMERSON PIANO COMPANY.

OF the numerous pianos manufactured in Boston, there are none that surpass the Emerson. Within a short time the company have secured the services of Mr. Patrick H. Powers, a gentleman well known to the citizens of Boston. As a singer he has no superior, as the congregation of the Immaculate Conception will testify. Mr. P. is the selling agent. See advertisement elsewhere.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set — but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERICAL OBITUARY.

In Rahan, Diocese of Meath, Ireland, Rev. Father Colgan.

On the 4th of November, at Summitville, Pa., Rev. John Hackett.

Oct. 30, Rev. John Muncaster, S. M., died of yellow fever at Donaldsonville, La.

Nov. 6, Rev. M. L. Acolti. S J., of St. Ignatius' College, San Francisco, departed this life.

On Tuesday, Nov. 12, Rev. P. A. Tiernay, of St. Patrick's Church, Kenokee, St. Clair Co., Mich., departed this life.

Rev. P. A. Tiernay, pastor of St. Patrick's Church, Kenokee, St. Clair County, Mich., died at his home on 12th November.

Rev. John R. McDonald, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, in Brooklyn, N. Y., died of pleuro-pneumonia.

The Church in the United States has lost two of its ablest bishops, — Rt. Rev. Bishop Galbery, of Hartford, Conn., and Rt. Rev. Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, O.

Oct. 29, Rev. Caspar Doebbener, late pastor of St. Nicholas' Church, St. Louis, Mo., died at the hospital of the Sisters of St. Mary, in that city. The reverend deceased was fifty-four years of age, twenty-three of which he had spent in the sacred ministry.

The death of Very Rev. Edmond Joseph O'Reilly, S. J., at the House of Retreat, Milltown Park, Dublin, of which he had been Rector for the past three years, is a blow not alone to the great society to which he belonged, but to the whole Church of Ireland.

Rev. Jos. M. Duverney, S. J., is no more. He died in the midst of his religious brethren of the Society of Jesus at the Novitiate, Frederick, Md., on the evening of the 14th November, having been carried away by an attack of pleuro-pneumonia, that just manifested itself on the previous Saturday.

The Church "has lost a bright ornament, the Pope a faithful son, and France a most patriotic citizen, by the death of F. A. P. Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans, which took place on Friday, October 12. He was born at St. Felix, Savoy, and the Diocese of Chambery, on the 3d of January, 1802."

At Summitville, Pa., on the 5th November, Rev. John Hackett. He finished his ecclesiastical studies in the Missionary College of All Hallows, near Dublin, and was raised to the Priesthood by Rt. Rev. M. O'Connor, D. D., in St. Paul's Cathedral, Pittsburgh, Pa., on Sunday, Nov. 25, 1855.

At his residence in Charlestown, Diocese of Achonry, Ireland, on Oct. 23, after a lingering illness, which he bore with the most edifying Christian patience and resignation, Very Rev. Canon Higgins, P. P. The deceased canon was in the eightieth year of his age and had served upwards of fifty in the ministry.

The Napier *Telegraph* records the demise of one who, with the exception of Rev. Father Forrest, was the oldest Catholic missionary priest in New Zealand, namely, the Rev. John Anthony Joseph Seon. The reverend gentleman was a native of Lyons, France, and arrived in the colony in 1838, and as a missionary and priest won the respect and esteem of all with whom he came in contact.

Ireland has lost her first cardinal. Of Cardinal Cullen, Father Burke says: "God has visited this island, and has taken away to Himself and to the Church triumphant in heaven the grand and great Prince of the Church in Ireland, Cardinal Cullen, — a man who was a wonder to all for the greatness of his knowledge and his superhuman wisdom, a man whom the faithful and the clergy loved because of his exceeding meekness and gentleness, and the Spirit of God that was in him."

The great English Cardinal, Manning, in a letter to the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, says: "He has left behind him, both in Ireland and at the Holy See, a memory which will never be forgotten. It is not for me to say what the episcopate of the late Cardinal-Archbishop of Dublin has done for Ireland. Looking at it from England, it seems to me to have been marked with a force and a wisdom seldom united, and still more rarely in so high a degree. There are few sees in the Catholic Church in which greater prudence and greater constancy are required; and in both he was always equal to the difficult and trying emergencies of his high office. The public voice of England has borne a strong testimony to his personal and official character. As a private friend of many years he is to me a personal loss, which I sensibly feel."

OBITUARY OF SISTERS.

Mother Frances, of the Sisters of Charity, of Nazareth, Ky., died at the Mother House, Nov. 7, aged seventy-nine years, sixty-one of which she had been a Sister of Charity.

Nov. 2, at the Ursuline Convent of the Immaculate Heart of Mary, St. Martin's, Brown County, Ohio, Sister Julia of the Assumption (Miss Julia Chatfield), Foundress, and Superioress for thirty years.

Nov. 8, Sister Mary, of St. Thomas (Mary Ann Creighton, of New York), a member of the Order of Sisters Marianites of Holy Cross, died of malarial fever, at the Novitiate of the Sisters, in the Third District, Louisiana.

Oct. 29, in St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, corner Laurel and Josephine Streets, New Orleans, Sister Mary Richaria, of the Order of Notre Dame, died of yellow fever. She was born in 1841, and was known in the world as Miss Catherine Wittmann.

Events of the Month.

BOSTON contributed nearly $69,000 to the fever-stricken South.

NEARLY all the bishops in Ireland and six hundred priests attended the funeral of Cardinal Cullen.

TEN thousand communions were given on a recent occasion at the Grand Church of Notre Dame, Paris.

THE New York Fair, to pay off the debt on its great Cathedral, is a splendid example to Catholics of other cities.

THE corner-stone of the new Cathedral of Providence, R. I., was laid on Thanksgiving Day, and amid the rejoicings of the Catholics and citizens generally.

MISS ELIZA ALLEN STARR is among the best of our Catholic authors. Her Art Talks in Chicago are favorably spoken of by the press of that city.

MANY Catholics treat their "dear departed" as if they were *dead*, souls and all, and as if they never expected to see them again. This shows the lack of Faith, Hope, and Charity.

THERE is, unfortunately, a division of opinion among the Home Rulers in Ireland. Messrs. Butt, Parnell, and O'Connor Power are having a lively correspondence in the Irish papers. For the sake of Ireland, they should heal their differences. In union there is strength.

IN 1877, for the first time for upwards of two centuries, the priests of foreign missions have baptized in a single year 34,000 adult pagans, besides 220,900 children of pagans in danger of death. This year, according to information already received, those baptized will be about the same number.

THE crowned heads of the Old World are anything but happy. An attempt on the life of the young King of Spain was made on the 25th of October, and on the 17th of November the King of Italy was attacked in Naples and slightly wounded. The Queen of England seems to be most secure of any monarch in Europe.

THE *Journal de Bruxelles* relates the words spoken by the Grand Duke of Baden, son-in-law to the German Emperor, as far back as 1871. They are to this effect: "The time will come — and in my estimation it is not far distant — when all sovereigns of Europe will be compelled to apply to the Pope in order to escape from revolution which will threaten and embarrass them."

PRESIDENT MCMAHON, of the French Republic, whose fair fame is always so unscrupulously attacked by disappointed politicians, is trying to steer his honest way according to the wishes of the majority of the nation. He will hold on to the Presidency until his term of office expires in 1880, and we should not wonder if he were a candidate for re-election. If he lived through a second tenure of office, its expiration would leave him at the venerable age of seventy.

"A WRITER in the October *Atlantic Monthly* asserts that the old religious life and power have departed from the Protestant churches in Western Massachusetts and elsewhere, and that the preachers believe even less than their people of the doctrines of their creeds. In plain English, this means that the churches have become social clubs of a rather dull sort, and that the preachers are hypocrites."

THE Italian Minister of Worship has issued a circular directing that, under no account whatever, shall novices be admitted into the religious institutions which are still permitted to exist in Italy. Any disobedience of the new decree will involve the immediate suppression of the establishment in which the rule has been disregarded. This is a striking confirmation of the strictures of the late Papal letter on the attempted muzzling of the Church in Italy.

THE venerable Bishop of Burlington, Vt, the Right Rev. Louis De Goesbriand, celebrated, on the 30th ult., the twenty-fifth anniversary of his elevation to the episcopal dignity. The magnificent Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception was filled to overflowing with the priests and laity of his diocese. The Irish Catholics presented him with an appropriate address, which was read by Mr. Riley, and a purse of $500; and the French Catholics gave him a beautiful silver ice-pitcher and a purse of $200. All day long the Right Rev. Prelate received the congratulations of the Catholic and non-Catholic population of Burlington.

A NEW religious association, composed of military men of all ranks, has just been established in France under the patronage of St. Maurice. Its director is a priest, and the laws and constitutions governing it are similar to those of St. Vincent de Paul Confraternity. St. Maurice, the commander of an entire legion of martyrs, is considered the patron saint of the infantry; and St. George, of whom the legend says that he was an officer of horse, is the patron of the cavalry. St. Barbara, who was burned at the stake, is honored by the artillery men as their patroness.

THE Bishop of Salford, England, in a letter to Rev. Henry Depelchin, S. J., who has been charged with a mission to Central Africa, says: "God seems to seek compensation among the inferior races for the dishonor he sustains by the perversion of cultivated and refined intellect among the more favored races. As it was in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, so it may be in the nineteenth and twentieth. The Church, through the zeal of her missioners, will spread, and will acquire more than she has lost and is losing. The millions that are as yet unevangelized and have never known the truth are at least five or six times as numerous as those who have despised and rejected the light of salvation. All Catholics ought to feel it a positive duty to take part in the foreign missionary work of the Church."

"THE Catholics in Germany," says the *Dublin Nation*, "have taken a sweet revenge on their old friend Bismarck. It will be remembered that the Chancellor's son, Count William Bismarck, failed on two recent occasions in one district to get a sufficient number of votes for election to the Reichstag. The third trial of strength took place last week, when he succeeded, owing to the support of the Catholic party, to whom he stated that he intended to adhere to his father's present conciliatory policy towards the Church. It is not so long since the persecutor would laugh at the notion of his being indebted to the Catholics for any favor; but time, we see, brings its revenges."

A NEW hospital, to be named St. Mary's, is to be built, at a cost of $200,000, on Mark's Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. The hospital is an outgrowth of one founded ten years ago at No. 247 Clinton Street, by two Sisters of Charity from Mount St. Vincent. In 1872 the hospital was removed to the Polhemus mansion, on the corner of Hoyt and Dean Streets; and the number of patients rapidly increasing, it was found necessary to arrange for the projected building. The present hospital receives only women and children, but the new one will include men, and there will be no distinction as to denomination or nationality. Forty Sisters of Charity will be assigned to the institution.

Book Notices.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Lee & Shepard, Boston.

Mother Play and Nursery Songs. Illustrated by fifty engravings, with notes to mothers. By Frederick Froebel. Translated from the German. Price, $2.00.

Mother Goose Rhymes, with Silhouette Illustrations. By J. F. Goodridge. Price, 50 cents.

Rock of Ages. By Augustus Montague Toplady. With designs by Miss L. B. Humphrey. Beautifully engraved by John Andrew & Son. Price, $1.50.

Lake Breezes; or, A Cruise of the Sylvania. By Oliver Optic. With eight illustrations. Price, $1.50.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Faith of Our Fathers. Tenth edition. Fiftieth thousand. Price, 50 cents and $1.00. See advertisement.

This House will publish, early in December, in 1 volume, 12mo, cloth, $1.25; paper, 75 cents. Jesuits. By Paul Féval. From the tenth French edition, by T. F. G.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

The Life and Work of the Rev. J. B. De La Salle, the Founder of the Institute of the Brothers of the Christian Schools. By F. C. N. See advertisement.

Peter F. Collier, New York.

True Men as we Need Them: A Book of Instruction for Men in the World. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L. D.

Murphy & McCarthy, Providence, R. I.

Speeches from the Dock; or, Protests of Irish Patriotism. $1.50.

Hickey & Co., 11 Barclay Street, New York.

The Vatican Library. Revolution and Reformation in Catholic Books. See advertisement.

The Future of Catholic Peoples. By the eminent Belgian publicist, Baron de Haulleville, editor of the "Revue Générale," will be issued immediately from the press of Hickey & Co., publishers of the Vatican Library series of cheap Catholic works. It is an able examination of the extravagant claims of Protestants concerning the connection between heresy and temporal prosperity, and it vindicates the important services rendered to human civilization by the Church of Christ. This volume is enriched with notes from Irish, English, and American sources. The original work was highly honored by the commendation of Pius IX.

Thomas Kelly, New York.

Picturesque Ireland. Edited by John Savage, LL. D.

Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.

A History of the United States of America, for the Use of Schools. By John R. G. Hassard. With Introduction by the Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D. D. Price, $1.50.

History of the Middle Ages; Adapted from the French of Rev. P. F. Gazeau, S. J. Price, $1.00.

Ancient History. From the French of Rev F. Gazeau, S. J. Revised and corrected by a pupil of the Sisters of Notre Dame. Price, 30 cents.

History of Rome. By the same author, and by the same pupil. Price, 40 cents.

An introductory History of the United States. Price, 40 cents. The above books are intended for schools.

Messrs. Thomas B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

St. Joseph's Manual; containing a selection of Prayers for public and private devotion; with Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Festivals. By Rev. James Fitton. With the approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Williams. Prices, from $1.00 upwards.

Epistles and Gospels for Sundays and Holidays throughout the Year. 50 cents.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1879. No. 2.

"LET us raise the cry, The land of Ireland for the people of Ireland! Rack-renting and evictions must be stopped at all hazards. No class must be allowed the exclusive ownership of that which God intended for the enjoyment of all."—J. O'CONOR POWER.

"WHEN our own land was crushed to the earth beneath the heel of the persecutor, and the blood of her martyrs was flowing freely from the wounds that were inflicted for two hundred years, then Ireland had not even so much as a stable to offer her God. Then the Church retired into the fastnesses and wildernesses of the land; and every Sunday for two hundred years, in Ireland, the awful mysteries of our religion were celebrated with the rocks for altars and the clouds of heaven for a canopy."—FATHER BURKE.

HUGH O'NEILL.

Illustrated Monitor, Dublin.

PART I.

THE heroic struggle maintained by the last of the independent princes of Ulster against the formidable power of Elizabeth, concentrated in the final effort for the subjugation of Ireland to the English crown, forms one of the most thrilling and glorious reminiscences in the mournful history of the Gael. That prolonged war seemed, at more than one crisis, destined to result in the complete overthrow of foreign ascendency in this island; it cost England millions of treasure, while the Tudor despot, who had dazzled Europe with the splendor of her reign, beheld with vexation and dismay entire armies of her veteran troops successively annihilated, the tactics of her most distinguished generals and the dark diplomacy of her astute ministers alike baffled by the genius of one indomitable Irish chieftain, in arms to defend the religion of his ancestors and the liberties of his country. In the unequal contest, Celtic valor and patriotism ultimately proved unavailing against the dark resources of the unprincipled Saxon foe; Ireland at length succumbed to the hated foreign yoke, and the star of her destiny, having illumed with its departing glory the battle-clouds that rested on the hills of Ulster, disappeared in the horizon of the west.

The tyrannical attempts of the English government, on the accession of Elizabeth, to establish the reformed worship in Ireland and extend the dominion of the Pale, had at length roused the Celtic clans from the ignoble apathy with which they had regarded the foreign settlement in the eastern portion of the island. The first endeavor to introduce the Saxon ascendency into Ulster was met by the redoubtable Shane O'Neill, then reigning chief of that province, with a bold and determined resistance. He sternly informed the English lord-deputy that, being lawful prince of Ulster, he was prepared to defend his ancestral dominions with his good sword. Right nobly he kept his word, and defied all the efforts of the government to reduce him to submission; finally, however, he was carried off by treachery, and his head, received as a welcome present by the lord-deputy, was duly impaled upon the walls of Dublin Castle. This formidable adversary being removed, great hopes were entertained of the rapid subjugation of the north; but the English ministers, fearful if a policy of open

aggression were persisted in, the more powerful Ulster clans might unite in the common danger, resolved to endeavor to attain their object by fomenting dissensions and jealousies among the principal chiefs, and especially by supporting a rival for the hereditary dignity of the "O'Neill." In their choice of an instrument for the accomplishment of the latter design, they were doomed to experience the bitterest disappointment. The noble youth selected by them to effect the enslavement of his country was destined to prove the most formidable and determined adversary of English power that had hitherto appeared in Ireland. This was Hugh, son to Matthew, Baron of Dungannon, who had perished in the war in which Shane O'Neill asserted his claim to the chieftaincy of Ulster. The illustrious scion of the house of O'Neill had been fostered by the English, and had spent the greater part of his early life at the court of Elizabeth. The elegance of his manners and the comeliness of his person had attracted the notice and the favors of the queen; but little did she dream that the youth, who moved with such courtier-like ease and grace through the brilliant halls of Westminster, would one day, in the wild fastnesses of Ulster, sound the trumpet call of his nation to arms, and, girt by the fierce clan of Tyr-Owen, proudly unfurl the consecrated banner of the Gael, fling down the gage of battle to the lord-deputy, and bid defiance to the myrmidons of Saxon power.

Few details of Hugh O'Neill's early career have reached us. His first appearance in Irish history occurs during the Geraldine war, when he appears fighting on the side of the enemies of his country, and as Baron of Dungannon commanding a body of cavalry for the queen. At the collapse of the struggle, which terminated with the tragic fate of the great Earl of Desmond, the conversion of the fairest province of the island into a wilderness, and the overthrow of the southern septs, a parliament was summoned in Dublin by the lord-deputy, Sir John Perrot, in which the vast estates of the Earl of Desmond were confiscated to the English crown. Foremost on the list of the Irish princes who assisted thereat we find the names of Tirlough O'Neill and Hugh, Baron of Dungannon. It is stated that the lord-deputy prevailed on some of the Irish leaders to appear in English garb, to accommodate themselves to the manners of his court; and old Tirlough is represented as expressing his dislike to the foreign habiliments with good-humored simplicity. "Prithee, my lord," said he, "let my chaplain attend me in his Irish mantle; then shall your English rabble be diverted from my uncouth figure."

Ere the proceedings terminated, Hugh obtained the title of Earl of Tyrone; but with regard to the inheritance annexed to the earldom, he was referred to the queen. Accordingly he repaired to London, where, through his powers of courtly persuasion and flattery, he experienced little difficulty in obtaining from Elizabeth the letters-patent granting him the right to both lands and title.

But "while the accomplished nobleman was growing in the favor of Elizabeth, the Irish chieftain was gradually being recognized as the hope of Kinel Eoghain." Gifted with the valor of his ancient race; inspired with the hallowed memories of its glorious traditions for two thousand years; witness of the cruel oppression that followed in the wake of Saxon conquest in the south; perfectly aware of the designs of the government on the independence of his native province, — he had secretly determined to frustrate their efforts, and prepare for the hour when he could strike with effect a blow to vindicate the liberties of his country. Never since the introduction of the Anglo-Norman power into their island had the Celtic clans combined in the strength of a truly national movement to resist the foreign aggression. Opportunities favorable for

such action were not wanting, but they had been allowed to glide by; the invaders were suffered to remain in almost undisturbed possession of the lands from which they had driven the ancient septs, and the English ascendency permitted to grow and strengthen in the castles of the Pale. To heal the miserable feuds that had hitherto weakened the native chiefs, and unite them in a patriot league against the tyrannical usurpations of Saxon conquest, became the secret aim of the Earl of Tyrone. With several of the more powerful chiefs of Ulster he entered into strict friendship. His marriage with the daughter of Hugh O'Donnell, instituted the most friendly relations with the great sept of the Clan Connell; with the formidable Antrim Scots and the hitherto hostile sept of the O'Cahans he concluded a secret alliance, while he encouraged the minor chieftains to resist the introduction of English sheriffs into their territories.

It was not long till the proceedings of the Earl of Tyrone attracted the suspicion of the lord-deputy and the English council. The repeated accusations of his rival, old Tirlough, and his intimate alliance with O'Donnell, had shaken somewhat their confidence in his loyalty. They foresaw that so close a union between the two most powerful septs in Ulster would be pregnant with danger to the English ascendency in Ireland. "The name and renown of the noble scion of the Clan Connell had spread throughout the five provinces, even before he had arrived at the age of manhood, for his wisdom, sagacity, goodly growth, and noble deeds; and the English feared that if he should be elected chief of his race, that he and the Earl of Tyrone, should they unite in rebellion, a contingency that appeared highly probably, from the alliance subsisting between them, they might shake the English government in Ireland till it should totter to its very foundation." They took measures to prevent the contingency.

One day, in the summer of 1587, while Hugh Roe, in company with MacSwiney and other noble youths, were chasing the red deer on the borders of Lough Swilly, a swift-sailing merchant bark, bearing the English flag, entered the lough and cast anchor opposite Rathmullan. Several of the crew came on shore, and to the inquiries of the peasantry replied that their vessel was a trader in Spanish wines, and freely invited some of the people to test the superior excellence of their cargo. Hugh Roe and his companions, attracted to the beach, were most courteously invited on board by the master of the vessel to partake of his hospitality. Little suspecting that foul treachery lurked behind so generous an offer, they readily complied. Descending into the cabin, they were waited on, say the annalists, "till they were jolly and cheerful"; their arms were then stealthily removed, the hatchway closed down, and as the dusk of evening fell upon the shore, the anchor was weighed, and the bark, with the current of the tide, was borne into the deep. A few days later she entered the mouth of the Liffey with her noble prize; and the lord-deputy, overjoyed at the success of the enterprise, gave orders to have the illustrious captive safely lodged in the Bermingham Tower.

While the government of the Pale congratulated itself on thus weakening the resources of Ulster, the Earl of Tyrone was patiently working out his patriotic design, and secretly preparing for the decisive struggle with the English power. At the Saxon court he had had opportunities of studying the policy of Cecil and Walsingham, and he was not slow to avail himself of that education to out-manœuvre the enemies of his country. The government had accepted his proposal, as Earl of Tyrone, to maintain at his own expense a force of six companies of well-trained soldiers to preserve the peace of the north. Availing himself of this privilege, he succeeded, by continually replacing the members of

this force, as soon as they had become thoroughly drilled, by raw recruits, to train the entire clan of Tyr-Owen to the use of arms. Under pretext of roofing his mansion at Dungannon, he contrived to import large quantities of lead from England, — "enough to sheet Glenshane or clothe the sides of Cairntocher," — which were diligently converted into bullets and stored away for some future emergency. Through the medium of certain Spanish nobles belonging to the Armada, who, driven upon the coast of Ulster, had been entertained in Dungannon, he communicated with Philip of Spain, inviting his aid against the government of Elizabeth, the sworn enemy of the Catholic religion in this country. His kindly reception of the Spaniards and his overtures to the Spanish monarch were communicated to the lord deputy by one Hugh Na Gaveloch, who bore a deadly enmity to the Earl of Tyrone. A letter from the traitor to the lord-deputy having fallen into the hands of O'Neill, he immediately had the writer arrested, tried, and summarily executed, on the charge of certain outrages perpetrated by him within the borders of Ulster. The earl then set out for London to exculpate himself from the charge of treason before the lords of the privy council. If they were not thoroughly convinced by the plausibility of his defence, the queen at least was conciliated by his profession of loyal devotion and submission; but on his return to Ireland he evaded signing the terms that had been imposed upon him before the lord-deputy, on the ground that the other chiefs of Ulster should be required to enter into similar engagements.

In 1590 he lost his wife, the Countess Judith, sister of Hugh Roe O'Donnell, and in the following year wooed and won the fair English maiden, Mabel Bagnal, sister to Sir Henry Bagnal, who held command of the English garrison at Newry. The Englishman had given the most determined opposition to the match, and caused his sister to be removed to the residence of one of his friends at Turvey, about nine miles north of Dublin. But thither the Earl of Tyrone followed his lady-love; and the latter being resolved to marry the Ulster chief, without her brother's consent, on a certain night, when a number of guests were being entertained at the mansion, Mabel, according to arrangement, withdrew unobserved from the throng, mounted a steed in waiting, and, accompanied by three of Tyrone's trusty friends, set out from Drumcondra, where the nuptials were celebrated at the house of a Mr. Warren. The earl immediately hastened back to the north, and installed his young and beautiful Saxon bride in the halls of Dungannon.

In the winter of 1592 a messenger from the chivalrous Fiach MacHugh, chief of the O'Byrnes, arrived at Dungannon with the joyful tidings that Hugh Roe O'Donnell had escaped from the dungeons of Dublin Castle, and was safe among the Wicklow clans in the fastness of Glenmalure. The Earl of Tyrone immediately despatched a trusty guide to conduct the chieftain to his native province. Arrived at Dungannon, he was entertained with princely magnificence; and tumultuous was the rejoicing among the clansmen of Tyrconnell as they welcomed their future prince, escaped from the chains of the Saxon and restored to the freedom of the Ulster hills. In the spring of the following year, the aged Hugh O'Donnell having resigned the chieftaincy of the sept, Hugh Roe was solemnly inaugurated as the "O'Donnell," according to traditional rite, on the historic rock of Doune, amid the assembled warriors and bards of his clan.

Tyrone beheld with secret joy the last link of the Ulster Confederacy now complete; and at times, when pacing the battlements of Dungannon, his dark eye would suddenly kindle with the exultant gleam of patriot fire, as bright visions of Ireland's future dawned upon his soul.

In 1594 MacGuire of Fermanagh,

O'Rourke of Breffni, and O'Donnell were in arms. Enniskillen was captured, after the signal overthrow of the English troops despatched for the relief of the garrison; Fermanagh was cleared of the foreigners, who fled over the mountains of Breffni; and throughout the entire of Ulster and Connaught the fires of war threatened to burst into general conflagration. The lord-deputy and the council were aware of the danger; and successive despatches were forwarded to England, soliciting aid for the approaching struggle. Lord John Norris, who had distinguished himself in the wars in Brittany, was immediately sent over with 3,000 veteran troops. With this force, augmented by detachments from the garrisons of the Pale, it was determined to advance upon Ulster, to penetrate Fermanagh and Tyrconnell, and establish English garrisons on the Blackwater to watch the movement of O'Neill.

The hour to which O'Neill had long looked forward — which he had awaited and prepared for with cool and determined patriotism — had at last arrived. Already he had taken a bold and defiant step, which, while it vastly increased his prestige with the northern clans, had drawn upon him the increased suspicion of the government; for, disregarding the honors that had been conferred upon him by the queen, he had openly assumed the proscribed title of the O'Neill, and upon the rath of Tullaghoge had been, with traditionary pomp, proclaimed the chief of the ancient sept of Tyr-Owen. And now the hoary bards of Dungannon string high their harps and sound forth the war-song, while upon the lofty battlements is displayed the ancient standard of the O'Neill, waving defiance to the Saxon foe, and the gallant clansmen of Kinel-Eoghain throng with fierce joy to take their rightful post in the van of embattled Ulster.

O'Neill's first operations were directed against the English fort of Portmore, erected on the Blackwater, and commanding the pass into his territory. Having captured it by assault, he dismantled the defences and burnt down the bridge over the Blackwater. On receiving tidings of the advance of the formidable northern chief, the English forces rapidly retreated southward. O'Neill followed up his advantage, and being joined by the contingents of MacGuire and MacMahon, advanced and laid siege to Monaghan. Meanwhile O'Donnell burst with his fierce clan into Connaught, penetrated to Tuam, and compelled the English troops, under the governor, Bingham, of infamous memory, to shut themselves up in their strong castles.

To gain time to bring up his reinforcements, the lord-deputy offered to treat with the northern chiefs, who were invited to meet the queen's commissioners at Dundalk. But O'Neill, who divined the motives for this pretended negotiation, placing no reliance on the word of the deputy, refused to enter any walled town occupied by an English garrison, but consented to hold conference with the commissioners at the head of his troops. In an open plain near Dundalk the northern chiefs and the commissioners met, in presence of both armies; but after a short interview the parley was broken off, the proposals of the commissioners were rejected with scorn by the Irish chiefs, who refused to consent to any prolonged truce.

A powerful expedition, under the command of Norris, the lord-deputy, and Sir Henry Bagnal, now advanced with the object of penetrating into Ulster. On the approach of this force, O'Neill recrossed the Blackwater and retired into the woods, burning in his retreat the town of Dungannon, seeking by this semblance of fear to tempt the enemy to pursuit, and entangle their forces in the difficult passes of Tyrone. Finding, however, that Norris advanced to the relief of Monaghan, O'Neill determined to intercept him, and drew up

his forces at Clontibert, on the banks of a small stream. The English endeavored by repeated charges to force the passage, but the troops of Tyrone firmly held their ground. At length a chosen body of English cavalry, led on by Segrave, an officer of giant stature, dashed fiercely across the stream. O'Neill instantly advanced at the head of his bravest horsemen to repel the attack, and at the onset both leaders engaged in single combat. Segrave flung his whole weight against O'Neill, and endeavored to unhorse him; the latter grasped his huge adversary in his arms, and the combatants rolled in that terrible embrace to the ground. The troops on each side lowered their weapons, and awaited in silence the result of that death-struggle. A few moments' pause, and then a suppressed groan of agony, as Segrave expired from a deadly thrust of his adversary.

His fall decided the fate of the battle; the cavalry of Tyrone, with the exultant battle-cry of *Lamh-dearg aboo!* closed upon the English lines. The latter, unable to withstand the fury of the charge, broke and fled. After this defeat the English general drew off his troops to the south, leaving Monaghan in the hands of the victorious O'Neill.

During the following winter the government again tried to arrest the arms of the northern chiefs by a parley and negotiations, while new supplies might be imported from England. O'Neill, fully aware of their design, consented to the suspension of hostilities, as it would give time for the expected aid from the Spanish monarch to arrive. Meanwhile he used all his efforts to engage the southern septs in the national cause.

Early in the spring of 1597 the armistice was abruptly terminated by the northern chief, who advanced with considerable force to reduce the English garrison of Armagh. As the operations of a regular siege were not adapted to the Irish mode of warfare, O'Neill had recourse to stratagem to obtain possession of the city. Having intercepted a large convoy that had been despatched to the relief of the place by the English general, Norris, he dressed a number of his gallowglasses in the uniforms taken from the enemy, and sent them forward with the provision wagons towards Armagh. Great was the exultation of the besieged when they perceived what was believed to be the long-expected relief at hand. Suddenly the pretended reinforcement was furiously assailed by a body of Irish troops, and a fierce and obstinate contest apparently ensued. No longer able to restrain themselves from rendering assistance to their supposed allies, a great portion of the garrison sallied forth to take part in the action. Arrived on the scene of the encounter, the English troops, to their dismay, beheld the arms of both parties turned vigorously against them. Meanwhile a party of Irish horse, that had been placed in ambuscade on the north-east side of the city, now rushed forward, seized the gates, and cut off all chance of retreat. The English force, surrounded on all sides, maintained for a time a desperate struggle, but were ultimately overpowered and O'Neill's troops entered the city.

Norris was now removed from the command of the forces, and the Lord-deputy Russell replaced by De-Burgh. The latter had won distinction in the Netherlands, and great hopes were entertained of his military ability to recover the prestige of the English arms. On his arrival at Dublin, a military council was held, in which the following plan of campaign was drawn up: The available forces were to be divided into two sections, one of which, under the command of Sir Coyners Clifford, was to advance into Connaught, and penetrate Ulster by the shores of Lough Erne; the other, comprising the English forces in Meath and the new levies sent over with the deputy, should proceed to Armagh, and thence to the border of O'Neill's territory.

But the northern chief was prepared to frustrate the plans of the deputy. The English contingent from Meath, while proceeding to effect a junction with the deputy, was utterly annihilated by a handful of Irish troops, under the gallant Tyrrell, one of O'Neill's most devoted officers, while penetrating through a narrow defile, known since in history as "Tyrrell's Pass." The forces of Sir Coyners Clifford, on their arrival at Ballyshannon, were set upon by the fiery clan of Tyrconnell, and compelled to make a precipitate retreat over the mountains into Connaught, while the lord-deputy, in his attempt to dislodge O'Neill from the position he had taken upon the Blackwater was mortally wounded, and his forces routed with heavy loss.

Ormond now succeeded to the command; and in the critical position in which the English affairs in Ireland were, he was empowered by Elizabeth, if possible, to conclude a treaty with the formidable Prince of Ulster; but the extravagant terms proposed by the deputy were instantly scorned by the Irish chieftain.

O'Neill, seeing there was but small reliance to be placed on the chance of receiving Spanish succor, resolved now to carry on the war on the strength of his own resources. He despatched trusty messengers to O'Byrne, O'Moore, and other Leinster chiefs, to give employment to the garrisons of the Pale, while the forces of Ormond would be drawn off to the north. Long and anxious were the debates at the council-board in Dublin as to the course now to be pursued. The greater part of the country was in the hands of the Irish; only a few English garrisons remained in Ulster; Connaught was in arms; a well-organized force, under Tyrrell and other experienced Irish chiefs, threatened Leinster, while the prestige of the northern chiefs was vastly increased.

Ormond, whether through fear of encountering the formidable Ulster chief, or anxious to guard his own palatinate of Tipperary from aggression, readily assented that Sir Henry Bagnal should take command of the chief expedition to Ulster, and resolved himself to proceed southwards to engage the Irish septs bordering the Pale.

Seeing that a decisive struggle was now fast approaching, O'Neill despatched intelligence to the heroic chief of the Clanconnell, to MacGuire, and the leading septs of Ulster, soliciting their immediate aid. The Ulster princes nobly responded to the call; and O'Neill soon beheld around him on the Blackwater a goodly gathering of the northern clans. He had been closely investing the English garrison at Portmore, when, learning the approach of Bagnal's formidable expedition, he drew up his forces at a short distance from the Blackwater fort, on the road to Armagh. The English army arrived at Armagh on the 13th of August, 1598. Bagnal rested there that night, determined on the morrow to grapple with the Ulster chieftain on the banks of the Blackwater. The Irish had bivouacked in the woods, and O'Neill passed the greater part of the night in council with the chiefs and making the final preparations for battle.

In the gray dawn of that August morn, Armagh was the scene of military bustle and preparation. Before leaving the city, Bagnal harangued his assembled squadrons, and, as O'Sullivan Beare informs us, assured them of victory in the approaching fight. He ridiculed the idea that the raw and unarmored Irish levies could withstand the onset of veteran troops, and promised them that on that day they would send all Ulster under the yoke, and reduce Ireland to subjection to the English queen. Moreover, he offered a vast reward to whomsoever at the close of the engagement would present him with the head of either of the Ulster chiefs, O'Neill or O'Donnell.*

* "Demens ego sim si conspectum vestrum sustinuerint et nisi hodie totam Vltoniam sub jugum mittatis, totamque Hiberniam Reginæ

The princes of Ulster, relates the same authority, likewise stirred up the courage of their troops, reminding them that the long-wished-for opportunity had arrived when they might strike with the united force of Ulster the perfidious Sassenach; that they would fight in the most sacred cause, — in defence of the hallowed faith of their ancestors; for the vindication of the liberties of their country; for their altars, their homes, their wives, and kindred, against the most cruel and inveterate enemy of their religion and of their race.*

"The spirited exhortations of the chiefs," writes Cucogry O'Clery, "made the desired impression; for the minds of the heroes and the courage of the common soldiers were raised; and the Kinel Connell, Kinel Eoghain, Airghialla, and Ui-Eathach-Uladh were filled with joy, vigor, and a desire of plying their arms, by the harangues of their princes and true leaders, and they promised to them that they would not yield a foot, and that they would suffer death on that field sooner than be defeated."†

At daybreak the English army left Armagh in three divisions, and "at sunrise they were winding through the hills and woods behind the spot where now stands the little church of Grange. The sun was glancing on the corsets and spears of their glittering cavalry, their banners waved proudly, and their bugles rang clear in the morning air, when suddenly, from the thickets on both sides of their path, a deadly volley of musketry swept through the foremost ranks. O'Neill had stationed here five hundred light-armed troops to guard the defiles, and in the shelter of thick groves of fir-trees they had silently waited for the enemy. The first division, led by Bagnal in person, after some hard fighting, carried the pass, dislodged the marksmen from their position, and drove them backward into the plain."* While the centre and the rear divisions were being brought up, Bagnal, pursuing his first advantage too impetuously, dashed, with a large body of horse, against the Irish entrenchments. At a short distance in front of the latter O'Neill had ordered large pits to be dug, and lightly covered over with wattles and grass. Into these trenches the English cavalry now rolled headlong, numbers being killed or maimed, and the whole troop thrown into inextricable confusion. In the mean time the two remaining sections of the English force had debouched on the plain, and fiercely attacked the Irish position along the whole line. Rallying a picked regiment, after the first reverse of his division, Bagnal made desperate attempts to force the entrenchments that stretched across the pass. Plunging into the thick of the fight, he performed deeds of extraordinary valor; but while in the act of raising his vizor to gaze more freely around him, he was pierced by a musket ball, and rolled lifeless to the ground. The explosion of a powder wagon at the same instant spread havoc and confusion in the English centre. O'Neill saw the moment was decisive, and gave order for the main body of the Irish troops to charge. "And now the cavalry of Tyrconnell and Tyr-Owen dashed into the plain; the English columns reeled before the rushing charge, while in front, to the war-cry of *Bataillah aboo!* the swords and axes of the heavy-armed gallowglasses were raging through the Saxon ranks." The royal troops now gave way, and the entire plain was covered with their broken squadrons in headlong retreat. Through the woods and marshes they were hotly pursued by the victorious Irish troops towards Armagh. The loss of the English in

subigatis, ipsique ingente præda potiamini. . . . Ad vesperum, qui mihi O'Nelli, vel O'Donelli caput dono dederit, huic mille auri libras palliceor."— *Hist. Cathol. Iber. Compend.*

* "Hic Christianam religionem, patriam, liberos, vxores defendendum." — *Ibid.*

† Dr. O'Donovan's translation.

* Mitchel.

that battle was estimated at two thousand five hundred, including their general, twenty-three superior officers, and several lieutenants and ensigns. Thirty-four standards, twelve thousand gold pieces, several cannon, and a large quantity of provisions, supplies, etc., fell to the share of the victors.

Never had the English arms experienced in this country a reverse so complete, humiliating, and disastrous as that received on the field of the Blackwater. The stirring intelligence of this glorious and decisive victory had, as might be expected, a magical effect throughout the country. "All Connaught flew to arms; in Munster revolt," writes Moryson, "spread with the rapidity of lightning; and the Leinster septs burst into the Pale." By the Irish chiefs O'Neill was now hailed as the deliverer of his country, while by the Catholic princes of Europe he was regarded as the triumphant champion of the ancient faith.

"The conflict in Ireland was now of European interest; foreign courts watched it with anxiety. The news of the victory of the Blackwater was proclaimed with salvoes of artillery from the Castle of St. Angelo, and the Roman pontiff invoked blessings on the Catholic army fighting under the standard of O'Neill." *

At the court of Elizabeth the tidings of this crushing defeat created profound alarm; it was evident that the English power in Ireland could only be rescued from utter annihilation by a supreme effort. The moment was critical; and an adversary had to be grappled with more formidable than had yet been encountered upon Irish soil.

The Earl of Essex, Elizabeth's favorite, was now appointed lord lieutenant. He was invested with the most ample powers, and a force of twenty thousand troops was immediately levied, provided with all necessary supplies, and embarked for Ireland, to be placed at his command. His instructions were drawn up in conformity with his own suggestions, viz., that he should, in the first place, proceed against Tyrone, to reduce, if possible, the province of Ulster, the great focus of rebellion.

Elizabeth looked forward to great results, relying on the devotion of her favorite and the strength of the expedition, the most formidable that had ever appeared in Ireland; but the powers of Essex proved unequal to the task, and his tactics ended in miserable failure. Instead of advancing with his entire force against the Ulster chief, he contented himself by setting out with a chosen body of troops on a progress through the Pale. While advancing through Leix, a great portion of his splendid cavalry were surprised and cut off by a party of five hundred of the sept of O'Moore, in a narrow defile, known in subsequent history as the "Pass of the Plumes." Having proceeded to Cahir, the earl captured, after a stout resistance, a castle of the Butlers; thence he marched towards Limerick, but found his forces so roughly handled by the Geraldines, the MacCarthys, and other southern septs, that he was compelled to retreat, and returned with difficulty to Dublin, having lost a very considerable number of men. In a long letter addressed to his royal mistress, he endeavored to account for the ill-success of his enterprise by giving a graphic description of the difficulties and dangers to be encountered therein, and consoled her majesty with the soothing statement, "that if she were resolved to subdue the rebels by force, they were so many and so framed to be soldiers, that the war would be great, costly, and long."

At length, having received from England two thousand additional troops, for which he had applied, Essex made preparation for an expedition to the north. He despatched orders to Sir Conyers Clifford, who held the command of the English

* *Dublin Review*, July, 1877.

troops in Connaught, to proceed towards the borders of Ulster. But Clifford's force, while penetrating through a gorge of the Curlieu Mountains, was attacked by O'Donnell; the English commander fell, while fighting valiantly, and his army was routed with great carnage.

Meantime the movements of the viceroy had been closely watched by O'Neill, and as soon as Essex, with his forces, arrived on the banks of the Lagan, the Ulster chieftain, whose troops were drawn up on the adjacent hills, sent the lord-deputy an invitation to a conference. Essex consented to an interview, and having cautiously posted his body-guard at a convenient distance, repaired to the place of meeting, the Ford of Ballaclinch. He found O'Neill awaiting him on horseback, and unattended. When Essex appeared on the opposite bank, O'Neill advanced to greet him, and spurred his horse into the middle of the stream, where he remained during the interview. The conference lasted one hour; but what passed between the English viceroy and the Ulster chief during that time remains matter of conjecture; certain, however, that this secret and prolonged interview with her bitterest foe subsequently engendered in the mind of Elizabeth suspicion of the loyalty of her favorite. At the termination of this private meeting a parley was opened in due form, six of the leading noblemen on both sides being summoned to take part in the proceedings. A truce of six weeks was now concluded, to afford time for the bases of peace being submitted to the privy council.

Meanwhile Elizabeth, stung to madness at the loss of her splendid army and the utter collapse of the expedition, through the infatuation and incapacity of her favorite, despatched to Essex a letter teeming with the most humiliating reproaches and bitter sarcasm: "If lack of numbers, if sickness of the army, be the excuses, why was not the action undertaken when the army was in a better state? If winter approach, why were the summer months lost? If the spring was too severe, and the summer that followed otherwise spent, then must we surely conclude that none of the four quarters of the year will be in season for you."

Writhing under his disgrace, the unfortunate nobleman threw up his Irish command, hurried to London, and flung himself at the feet of his royal mistress to implore her clemency, — "a place better suited to him than an Ulster hillside, with dark woods around him, and the bloody hand of O'Neill beckoning him onward." But in vain he implored the clemency of the queen; the failure of the expedition had filled her haughty soul with the bitterness of the deepest humiliation and resentment; moreover, the enemies of the earl at court availed themselves of this disposition of the queen to effect his destruction. The fate of Essex was sealed; fallen under the displeasure and the suspicion of his sovereign, in a moment of despair he resolved on an insane attempt to retrieve his fortunes by the sword, which speedily conducted him to the Tower and to the block.

O'Neill, now virtually monarch of Ireland, resolved to visit the south, to encourage the Munster septs to increased exertions in the national cause. As the head of his victorious troops, he arrived in royal state at the Abbey of Holy Cross, whither great numbers of the southern chiefs repaired to tender him their fealty and congratulations. He issued a manifesto to the Catholics of Munster, exhorting all to join him in defence of their religion and liberties, threatening that such as held aloof would be regarded as enemies of their country. "The intent of O'Neill's journey," says Moryson, "was to set as great a combustion as he could in Munster." But before he had completed his Munster tour, O'Neill received intelligence that the new viceroy appointed to supersede Essex, bringing large reinforcements from England, had

arrived in Dublin. The Ulster chief forthwith made his final arrangements with the Catholic leaders in the south, and set out on his homeward march.

Three powerful expeditions were now equipped, and despatched to act simultaneously in different parts of Ireland. While the viceroy, Charles Blount Mountjoy, embarked for Dublin with a numerous body of chosen troops, Sir George Carew, who had been appointed president of Munster, set out for that province at the head of two thousand troops; and a fleet, under the command of Sir Thomas Dowcra, was despatched to Lough Foyle. But formidable as these armaments were, Mountjoy and his colleagues were prepared to use still more deadly means for the subjugation of the country. The English ministers had suggested that "a policy of toleration" would gradually detach the leaders of Anglo-Norman descent from the national confederacy, while, by promises of support, the ambition of several of the minor Celtic chiefs might be fostered, and the latter induced to set themselves up as rivals for the leadership of their particular septs. This dark scheme was now adopted by the English viceroy and his subordinates, and developed by all their resources of intrigue, treachery, and corruption.

Deceived by the plausible protestations of the deputy, several of the southern leaders relaxed their efforts in the national cause. The action of those who remained steadfast was paralyzed by the secret intrigues of the government: they knew not whom to trust. In the north, two powerful chieftains seceded from the confederacy, and entering into alliance with the English commander, Dowcra, who had established himself at Derry, laid claim to the chieftaincy of their septs. "Fraud, perfidy, and assassination were now to take the place of open battle, and the chink of gold was to be heard instead of clashing steel."

The northern chiefs now clearly perceived that no reliance could be placed on the septs of the other provinces, that the last hope for the Irish cause lay in the devoted patriotism of the Ulster clans, which, if seconded by the aid long expected from the Spanish monarch, might yet prove more than a match for the enemy. O'Neill still bravely held his ground, and frustrated all the attempts of Mountjoy to penetrate the frontiers of Tyrone; while O'Donnell on his side, kept watch on the movements of Dowcra.

At length, in the autumn of 1601, the promised succor from King Philip arrived. A fleet, consisting of forty-five small vessels, carrying six thousand troops, under the command of Juan D'Aguila, put into Kinsale. Having taken possession of that town, the Spanish governor despatched messengers to apprise the Ulster chiefs of the arrival of the expedition, and request of them to proceed to the south with all their available forces, to effect a junction with him without delay. The northern leaders lost no time, summoned their allies, and prepared to set out immediately, Holy Cross being appointed as the place of rendezvous.

News of the landing of the Spanish force had reached the viceroy at Kilkenny, while presiding at a council composed of Carew, Ormond, Wingfield, and others. Despatches were instantly forwarded to England for reinforcements, and couriers traversed the Pale, bearing orders for the troops to march to the south; and early in November an army of fifteen thousand troops, under the command of Mountjoy and Carew, invested Kinsale.

O'Donnell halted at Holy Cross, to await the arrival of O'Neill, but on learning that Carew, at the head of a large force, had arrived at Cashel to intercept him before his confederate would come up, he crossed by forced marches the mountains between him and Limerick, then directed his course westward, to arouse some of the Mun-

ster clans, and finally joined O'Neill at Bandon. The combined force of the Ulster chiefs amounted to six thousand men.

Having reconnoitred the position of the enemy at Kinsale, O'Neill disposed his troops so as to cut off the besieging army from all supplies. Mountjoy now found himself in a critical position. The siege was progressing slowly; his troops were suffering from disease and the hardships of the inclement season; the advent of the northern chiefs had caused numbers of his Irish levies to desert; and if the garrison of Kinsale held out for any considerable time, it was to be feared that the English army, the supplies being cut off, would perish, besieged in its own lines,

O'Neill, with his accustomed military sagacity, had determined to avoid any general engagement, the Irish forces being greatly inferior to the enemy in point of numbers, but to harass the besieging army by incessant skirmishing and intercepting all supplies, until their force would become so weakened that he could strike a decisive blow with every prospect of success. But the impetuosity of his colleague, the fiery chief of Tyrconnell, was destined to frustrate his plans, and bring sudden and irreparable calamity on the national cause.*

The Spanish commandar, Don Juan, who, by the way, was little fitted for the direction of the expedition to Ireland, had forwarded successive messages to the Irish camp, representing that the garrison were sore pressed, and urging that the Ulster chiefs should attack the English forces without delay, and advance to the relief of the town. Moved by these solicitations, Hugh O'Donnell insisted that a spirited effort should be made for the immediate relief of the Spaniards, and several of the Irish chiefs coinciding in his views, it was then resolved, notwithstanding the earnest counsel of O'Neill to the contrary, to risk a general engagement.*

On the 23d of December, Carew received information, by treachery, of the resolution that had been taken at the council of the Irish military leaders, viz., that the English camp would be attacked on the following night. Having communicated the intelligence to the viceroy, the necessary precautions were adopted against surprise, and the whole English force were drawn up under arms, prepared for the emergency.

Towards midnight the Irish troops set out from their camp in two divisions. As they advanced, the heavens were illumined with almost incessant flashes of lightning, and the guides, bewildered, lost their way. After wandering during the night through the hills and woods, in darkness and uncertainty, towards daybreak O'Neill's division found themselves suddenly upon the outskirts of the enemy's camp, where the whole of the English cavalry, ready mounted, were drawn up to receive them. Before the Irish had time to form in line of battle, the English horse were upon them. A confused and sanguinary conflict ensued. The Irish strove for a time to maintain their ground against superior numbers, but, notwithstanding all the efforts of O'Neill, finally began to give way. The arrival of O'Donnell's division on the scene checked for a time the advance of the enemy. The northern chiefs made

* "Had O'Neill been permitted to fight the English after his own fashion on this occasion, he would most undoubtedly have gained such another victory as he had already achieved at Ath-Buidhe, in Ulster; but the impatience of the insolent and inefficient Spanish commander at Kinsale, the self-sufficiency of the Spaniards, and the impetuous ardor of young O'Donnell, all united to overrule the counsels of the wary O'Neill."—*Dr. O'Donovan.*

* "O'Donnell was grieved at heart at hearing of the distress of the Spaniards, and replied boldly to O'Neill at the council that it was shameful to listen so long to the complaints and reproaches of the Spaniards without going to their relief, and added that it was his opinion that they were bound in honor to accede to the propo al of the Spanish general, even if they foresaw a certainty of losing their own lives and of the annihilation of their forces."—*Four Masters.*

almost superhuman exertions to restore the battle, but the disorder and panic rapidly spread, and in spite of their astonishing feats of individual bravery, the rout became general. The loss of the Irish in that disastrous fight amounted to one thousand men; all who were taken prisoners were immediately hanged by the English without mercy. That night the Irish forces halted at Innishannon. The chiefs instantly assembled in council, but gloom and dejection shadowed every countenance, sorrow and humiliation pressed upon every heart. It was resolved that O'Neill should set out with his own forces to protect Ulster, leaving O'Sullivan Beare in command of the southern troops, while the Prince of Tyrconnell should immediately proceed to Spain, to explain the situation to King Philip and solicit new succor.

A few days subsequently the confederate chiefs broke up their camp. O'Neill, with shattered hopes, but grim resolve, set out on his homeward march. O'Donnell repaired to Castlehaven, where, having taken a heart-rending farewell of the true and tried compatriots he had led to victory in many a glorious fight, he flung himself on board a Spanish frigate, and as the boisterous winds from the mighty Atlantic swelled the sails and the vessel was borne over the deep, the last chief of the Clan Connell gazed with tearful eyes, through the darkling mist, upon the swiftly receding shores of his own loved Eire. Her cause was not yet lost, and upon the Ulster hills he would again strike a blow for freedom. Alas! in a foreign grave that hope was soon to be extinguished.

After the defeat of the northern chiefs, the Spanish garrison of Kinsale surrendered to the viceroy; and throughout the remainder of the winter and spring, Mountjoy and Carew directed their efforts to crush Tyrrell and O'Sullivan Beare, who still kept the field.

The Castle of Dunbuidhe, commanding Bantry Bay, belonging to the latter chieftain, though garrisoned with only one hundred and forty men, commanded by MacGeoghan, held out against four thousand troops, under the president, Carew, for fifteen days, and was at length taken after one of the most heroic defences recorded in history. The besieged were finally driven into the vaults and their captain was mortally wounded. While he lay bleeding to death on the floor of the vault, no sooner had the first of the assailants effected an entrance, than he raised himself by a supreme effort, grasped a torch, and staggered with it towards an open barrel of gunpowder; but ere he reached it, an English soldier sprang forward, seized the chieftain in his arms, and despatched him on the spot.

In July, Mountjoy advanced to the Blackwater. O'Neill retreated before him, having burned the Castle of Dungannon, to the forests and mountains occupying the centre of his territory. And now the ruthless myrmidons of Mountjoy began their hideous work of havoc, devastation, and slaughter in the northern province. "It was high summer; the fertile valleys of Tyrone were waving with green corn, and the creaghts abounded upon a thousand hills, when the armies of the stranger were let loose upon that doomed land. Over the pleasant fields of Ulster trooped the bands of ill-omened, red-coated reapers, assiduous in cutting that saddest of all recorded harvests. Morning after morning the sun rose bright, and the birds made music, as they are wont to do of a summer's morning on the fair hills of holy Ireland, and forth went the laborers by troops, with their fatal sickles in their hands; and some cut down the grain and trampled it into the earth, leaving it there to rot; and some drove away the cattle, and either slaughtered them in herds, leaving their carcasses to breed pestilence and death, or drove them for a spoil southward; and some burnt the houses and the corn-stacks, and blotted the sun with the smoke of the

conflagrations, and the summer song of birds was drowned by the wail of helpless children and the pitiful shrieks of the women."

The horrors and misery that resulted from the fiendish atrocity of Elizabeth's viceroy are too hideous and revolting to be described. The defenceless peasantry perished miserably in thousands, deprived of all means of subsistence. Mountjoy himself, in a letter to Cecil, wherein he describes how, "by the grace of God, he did as near as he could utterly waste Tyrone," affirms that one thousand corpses lay unburied between Toome and Tullahogue; and Moryson states that "no spectacle was more frequent than to see multitudes of the poor people lying dead in the ditches, with their mouths discolored from eating nettles, docks, and all things that they could rend up from the ground."

Early in the winter the sad intelligence reached O'Neill in his mountain fastnesses that the chivalrous Prince of Tyrconnell was no more. He had been received with every mark of distinction at the Spanish Court, where he pleaded, with all the fervor of his patriot soul, the cause of Ireland, imploring immediate succor against the armies of Elizabeth. The aid was promised, but subsequently countermanded. The disappointment broke the gallant heart of the Irish chief, and he died at Simancas, in September, 1602.

The last ray of hope had departed, there was no longer chance of Spanish succor. The Irish chiefs had disbanded their forces, O'Ruark, MacGuire, and Tyrrell alone remained in arms. In that dark hour, amid the wreck of all his glorious patriot hopes, O'Neill, still fearless and resolute, defended to the last the fortunes of his country. Even yet his name inspired terror to the foe, and with the remnant of the devoted clansmen of Tyr-owen, he retreated slowly to the deep woods of Glenconkeine, where during that whole winter he kept at bay the armies of Elizabeth's viceroy.

Part II in our next.

SHOP-GIRLS.—DISEASES ARISING FROM LONG STANDING.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

MANY journals, both in England and Ireland, have from time to time been occupied with the discussion of the grievances, real and sentimental, of shop-girls. We are not sure whether the ventilation of these grievances through the press has resulted in any practical advantage to the class alleged to be aggrieved; and the present period of depressed business would be the most inopportune for a renewal of the subject; but on the common grounds of humanity, we feel bound to say a word in favor of the young ladies who are at present obliged by the rules of mercantile establishments to remain standing all day long, and we cannot but think that some means might be devised whereby, when not actually engaged in attending customers, they might be allowed the benefit of a rest. We have heard of some invention or arrangement of a gentleman interested and experienced in the matter by which, without inconvenience or encroachment upon the space of the shop, seats are provided for the lady assistants. We feel sure that even in the most limited establishment such a provision might be made, and some little respite obtained for the more delicate at present condemned to a most penitential performance. Medical authorities of the greatest weight have given it as their opinion that the high mortality rate amongst the class to which we refer is directly ascribable to the working of rules militating against the ordinary health preservatives of a community. Diseases of the nervous system, injury to the back and spine, varicose veins, are but a few of the maladies immediately traceable to the present system of long hours combined with an exacting rule of continuous standing. We do not at all conceal from ourselves the fact that a humane and gentlemanly supervision would do much to mitigate the cruel effects of the rules to which we refer, but it is not everywhere

overseers are considerate and reasonable; and those that are not content with less than the letter of the law exacts should be confined to the spirit of it, which merely means that a customer should not go without attendance, or that the business of the establishment should not suffer by listlessness. As a matter of fact, the business would be better done with a little consideration in the particular to which we refer. The young ladies would be less weary towards the later hours of what must undoubtedly be considered a hard day's work, and as a consequence those coming in to buy would have more attention bestowed upon them, and more art exercised to induce them to make their purchases; so that for the sake both of employer and employed, as well as of the public, the present system requires some modification. It must not be forgotten that the ranks of the class to which we refer are largely recruited from those born in a more independent sphere, but whom family circumstances have compelled to go out to earn their bread. The law has stepped in to save the young of lower social grades from any undue pressure upon their undeveloped energies. We feel assured that the good sense of the employers of this class of labor to which we refer will bow to public opinion, calling attention to a patent injustice, and that even the semblance of reason will not be allowed to attach to the forcible phrase of "white slavery," which some correspondents have thought a fit appellation for the system to which the young ladies engaged in large mercantile establishments are uniformly subjected.

[The above remarks are equally applicable to many large and small dealers on this side of the water. We shall be glad to hear of any cases where this "white slavery" is not in vogue.]

A JEW (seldom apt to be humorously inclined) said, "The rich man eat venison because it is deer; I eat mutton because it is sheep."

TO THE MEMORY OF FATHER PROUT.

In deep dejection, but with affection,
I often think of those pleasant times,
In the days of Fraser, ere I touched a razor,
How I read and revelled in thy racy rhymes;
When in wine and wassail we to thee were vassal,
Of Water-grass Hill, O renowned F. P.!
May the bells of Shandon
Toll blither and bland on
The pleasant waters of thy memory.

Full many a ditty, both wise and witty,
In this social city have I heard since then —
(With the glass before me, how the dreams come o'er me
Of those attic suppers and those vanished men!)
But no song hath woken, whether sung spoken,
Or hath left a token of such joy in me,
As the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

The songs melodious, which — a new Harmodious —
"Young Ireland" wreathed round its rebel sword,
With their deep vibrations and aspirations,
Fling a glorious madness o'er the festive board;
But to me seems sweeter the melodious metre
Of the simple lyric that we owe to thee,
Of the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There 's a grave that rises on thy sward, Devizes,
Where Moore lies sleeping from this land afar,
And a white stone flashes o'er Goldsmith's ashes
In the quiet cloister by Temple Bar.
So, where'er thou sleepest, with a love that 's deepest,
Shall thy land remember thy sweet song and thee,
While the bells of Shandon
Shall sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

HOW TO TELL GENUINE FLOUR. — When flour is genuine, or of the best kind, it holds together in a mass when squeezed by the hand, and shows the impressions of the fingers, and even of the marks of the skin, much larger than when it is bad or adulterated. The dough made with good flour is very gluey, ductile, and elastic, easy to be kneaded, and may be flattened and drawn in every direction without breaking.

OUR KATHLEENS AND BRIDGETS.

AN EPISODE IN FASHIONABLE LIFE.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

It is supposed by some that to become a mother is of itself a healing and saving dispensation; that of course the reign of selfishness ends and the reign of better things begins with the commencement of maternity.

But old things do not pass away and all things become new by any such rapid process of conversion. A whole life spent in self-seeking and self-pleasing is no preparation for the most august and austere of woman's sufferings and duties; and it is not to be wondered at if the untrained, untaught, and self-indulgent shrink from this ordeal, as Lillie did. . . .

Lillie's mother, now a widow, was sent for, and by this event installed as a fixture in her daughter's dwelling; and for weeks the sympathies of the neighborhood were concentrated upon the sufferer. Flowers and fruits were left daily at the door. Every one was forward in offering those kindly attentions which spring up so gracefully in rural neighborhoods. Everybody was interested for her. She was little and pretty and suffering, and people even forgot to blame her for the levities that had made her present trial more severe. As to John, he watched over her day and night with anxious assiduity, forgetting every fault and foible. She was now more than the wife of his youth; she was the mother of his child, enthroned and glorified in his eyes by the wonderful and mysterious experiences which had given this new little treasure to their dwelling.

To say the truth, Lillie was too sick and suffering for sentiment. It requires a certain amount of bodily strength and soundness to feel emotions of love; and for a long time, the little Lillie had to be banished from the mother's apartment, as she lay weary in her darkened room, with only a consciousness of a varied succession of disagreeables and discomforts. Her general impression about herself was that she was a much-abused and most unfortunate woman; and that all that could ever be done by the utmost devotion of everybody in the house was insufficient to make up for such trials as had come upon her.

A nursing mother was found for the little Lillie in the person of a goodly Irish woman, fair, fat, and loving; and the real mother had none of those awakening influences, from the resting of the little head in her bosom, and the pressure of the little helpless fingers, which magnetize into existence the blessed power of love.

She had wasted in years of fashionable folly, and in a life led only for excitement and self-gratification, all the womanly power, all the capability of motherly giving and motherly loving that are the glory of motherhood. Kathleen, the white-armed, the gentle-bosomed, had all the simple pleasures, the tenderness, the poetry of motherhood; while poor, faded, fretful Lillie had all the prose — the sad, hard, weary prose — of sickness and pain, unglorified by love.

John did not well know what to do with himself in Lillie's darkened room, where it seemed to him he was always in the way, always doing something wrong, where his feet always seemed too large and heavy, and his voice too loud; and where he was sure, in his anxious desire to be still and gentle, to upset something, or bring about some general catastrophe, and to go out feeling more like a criminal than ever.

The mother and the nurse, stationed there like a pair of chief mourners, spoke in tones which experienced feminine experts seem to keep for occasions like these, and which, as Hawthorne has said, give an effect as if the voice had been dyed black. It was a comfort and relief to pass from the funeral gloom to the little, pink-ruffled chamber among the cherry-trees, where the birds were singing and the summer breezes blowing, and the pretty Kathleen was crooning her

Irish songs, and invoking the holy Virgin and all the saints to bless the "dar in' baby."

"An' it's a blessin' they brings wid em to a house, sir; the angels comes down wid 'em. We can't see 'em, sir; but, bless the darlin', she can. And she smiles in her sleep when she sees 'em."

Rose and Grace came often to this bower with kisses and gifts and offerings, like a pair of nice fairy godmothers. They hung over the pretty little waxen miracle as she opened her great blue eyes with a silent, mysterious wonder; but alas! all these delicious moments, this artless love of the new baby life, was not for the mother. She was not strong enough to enjoy it. Its cries made her nervous; and so she kept the uncheered solitude of her room without the blessing of the little angel.

People may mourn in lugubrious phrase about the Irish blood in our country. For our own part, we think the rich, tender, motherly nature of the Irish girl an element a thousand times more hopeful in our population than the faded, washed-out indifferentism of fashionable women, who have danced and flirted away all their womanly attributes, till there is neither warmth nor richness nor maternal fulness left in them, — mere paper dolls, without milk in their bosoms or blood in their veins. Give us rich, tender, warm hearted Bridgets and Kathleens, whose instincts teach them the real poetry of motherhood; who can love unto death, and bear trials and pains cheerfully for the joy that is set before them. We are not afraid for the republican citizens that such mothers will bear to us. They are the ones that will come to high places in our land, and that will possess the earth by right of the strongest.

Motherhood, to the woman who has lived only to be petted, and to be herself the centre of all things, is a virtual dethronement. Something weaker, fairer, more delicate than herself comes, — something for her to serve and to care for more than herself.

It would sometimes seem as if motherhood were a lovely artifice of the great Father to wean the heart from selfishness by a peaceful and gradual process. The babe is self in another form. It is so interwoven and identified with the mother's life that she passes by almost insensible gradations from herself to it; and day by day the distinctive love of self wanes as the child-love waxes, filling the heart with a thousand new springs of tenderness.

But that this benignant transformation of nature may be perfected, it must be wrought out in nature's own way. Any artificial arrangement that takes the child away from the mother interrupts that wonderful system of contrivances whereby the mother's nature and being shade off into that of the child, and her heart enlarges to a new and heavenly power of loving.

When Lillie was sufficiently recovered to be fond of anything, she found in her lovely baby only a new toy, — a source of pride and pleasure, and a charming occasion for the display of new devices of millinery. But she found Newport indispensable that summer to the re-establishment of her strength. "And really," she said, "the baby would be so much better off quietly at home with mamma and Kathleen. The fact is," she said, "she quite disregards me. She cries after Kathleen if I take her; so that it 's quite provoking."

And so, Lillie, free and unencumbered, had her gay season at Newport with the Follingsbees and the Simpkinses and the Tompkinses and all the rest of the nice people who have nothing to do but enjoy themselves; and everybody flattered her by being incredulous that one so young and charming could possibly be a mother.

FARMING don't pay, says the man who spends his time at the grog-shop.

DRUNKENNESS AND INTEMPERANCE.

Cardinal Manning.

I DO not think it enough to try to check drunkenness unless we try to check intemperance. These two things are distinct, and need distinct treatment. There is a great deal of intemperance which never betrays itself in drunkenness. To the upper classes worldly respect, fear of shame, and many other motives keep men and women within the line beyond which they would be detected But they wreck themselves and their homes by an excessive use of wine and other stimulants. Half the misery of homes arising from bad temper, sloth, squandering, selfishness, debt, neglect of all duty, is caused by indulgence in wine and the like. The sure and best cure of this is to bring up children in simple habits, and to guard them against acquiring the liking for intoxicating drinks. When a liking for the taste is acquired the temptation is at once in existence. Common-sense, as well as faith, says, Train up children not to know the taste, and they will not be tempted. I urge this on parents whenever I can, and I have before me many happy homes in which children have grown up without so much as having even tasted anything but water. They will be the sober fathers and mothers of the next generation. If the fathers and mothers of to-day had been so trained, we should not now have before us so many unhappy homes and cast-out children. I say this especially of the middle classes. There is no need of adding that self-indulgence in drink clouds the conscience and all the powers of the spiritual life.

He would especially call on the young men to come forward and help them in this work by taking the pledge themselves, and in looking up others to do the same, and numbers had accepted his invitation. He would do the same this evening, for he was not yet satisfied, nor would he be until he had no cause to call upon them. He also called upon the young women to do the same, and have the courage to take the pledge for the love of our Lord and for the good of souls And they might be sure their good example would excite the men to follow them. Many a wife who had a drunken husband might bring him back to virtue and sobriety by taking the pledge first herself. Many a mother, deploring the excesses of a son, might give the son the good example of her own self-denial. Many a broken-hearted sister would use the most effectual means of reclaiming a lost brother by the same means. For although they might argue, remonstrate, and rebuke, these means would not be effectual without the good example of self-denial in themselves.

THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

THE French Republic is doing well, emphatically doing well. When we remember the condition of France eight years ago, it will not be forgotten that one of the current beliefs was that the country, crippled by the immense German indemnity, was financially ruined for many years, if not for all time. What is the present state of things? England is the wealthiest country in the world, and her financial position stands *facile princeps*. And yet M. Léon Say, the French Chancellor of the Exchequer, was able the other day, at the Boulogne fêtes, to announce, and to announce with perfect truth, that French credit was now as good as English credit, as the recent loan showed that France could borrow money as cheaply as England in the markets of the world. A second good sign is that the republic is putting down international conspiracies with an iron hand, and is therefore the object of furious abuse from the Reds. The republic is doing well, and has a better chance of lasting than any government set up in France since the Revolution.

MARQUIS OF LORNE AND PRINCESS LOUISE.

[Our friends over the border have been feasting and banqueting their new rulers to their hearts' content. We cannot give the full particulars of all that has been said and done, but the following account of the voyage of the distinguished party will give some idea of their reception in the new dominion.]

The Oil City Derrick.

EVERY once and awhile the public has evidence of the vast superiority of the *Derrick* as a newspaper over the *London Times*, which, we are free to confess, is very gratifying to us, and, we have no doubt quite discouraging to our esteemed contemporary of London. We will not say that it was wholly on the score of economy that the *Times* did not send a commissioner along to report the ocean voyage of the Marquis and Princess of Lorne, but we have our suspicions. The *Derrick* was apprehensive that the Associated Press would pass over with a word many important details of the voyage, and so had our most reliable and trustworthy young man on board the "Sarmatian," that the movements of the royal party might be faithfully recorded. Just as we feared, the Associated Press was shamefully derelict in its duty. While it reports the voyage at some length, and imparts to us the information that Her Royal Highness was at times quite unwell; that again she was feeling better; that at another time she appeared on deck; that again she was worse, and sails were shortened in consequence; that two guns were fired; that the rest of the party were well, but much concerned on account of Her Royal Highness, etc., — while the Associated Press does all this, it falls much short of reporting the voyage as it should be reported, as will be apparent to the reader after he has read the following from Our Special Embassador's Log-Book: —

"Left Moville Friday, Nov. 15, in the steamship 'Sarmatian,' the Marquis of Lorne and Princess Louise and party on board. Heavy weather. Sea broke over the vessel fore and aft. At 6 P. M., chicken-coop was washed overboard, and contents lost; contained seventeen hens and a rooster; most of the hens were fresh and were producing from an egg to two eggs a day each. Intelligence of the loss was immediately conveyed to Her Royal Highness by the cook; the chickens were the gift of the Queen, and were intended to furnish soup for the Princess during the voyage; the scene can be better imagined than described. Seven of the hens were white, the others were a dark chestnut; the rooster was a dapple gray, with flowing mane and tail; he was the finest bred chicken in England, and cost Her Majesty $2.50 in the shell.

"Saturday the ship rolled heavily and took in large bodies of water. Her Royal Highness complained of a feeling of uneasiness in the diaphragm. The Marquis was immediately at her side, and begged of her to keep a stiff upper lip, but it was no use. With every movement of the ship the feeling of uneasiness in the region of Her Royal Highness' midriff increased, and a season of severe seasickness set in. The physician to the royal family did all that skill could do, but without avail. The seasickness had things altogether its own way. The rest of the party well, but great anxiety felt for Her Royal Highness. Made 140 miles.

"Sunday, sea still on; wind, N. N. E. by N. N. W., p. d. q.; sailing forty knots an hour; in the afternoon there were heavy squalls, at intervals, proceeding from Her Royal Highness' state-room, and the doctor was again summoned; prescribed shortening of the sails and a little wine. The rest of the party are well.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday no change; Princess still suffering, and declaring that she will certainly die inside of an hour, requesting that she be buried alongside of her grandmother, and that her grave be kept green. The rest of the party are well, but greatly dis-

tressed on account of the illness of Her Royal Highness. Averaged 148 miles.

"Friday, her Royal Highness better, but very pale and weak; said she thought she could partake of a little chicken soup, but the chickens, where were they? Ask of the winds that far around with the fragments strewed the sea. Rest of the party all well.

"Saturday, 23d, heavy fog, and wind gee west and crooked, ship rolled heavily, and seasickness again struck the Princess below the belt, violently agitating Her Highness where she lives. The doctor again prescribed a reef in the mainsail and all hands to the pumps, including the cook. Twelve o'clock, noon, weather moderated, and Her Royal Highness much improved: one o'clock ate a ham sandwich and a pickle, said she never felt better in her life; rest of the party well. Three o'clock, the Marquis to the bat, Her Royal Highness on deck, for the first time; rest of the party well. Arrived off Sambro at 6 P. M., and anchored below the city of Halifax at 9.30 P. M. Her Royal Highness suffered somewhat during the voyage, but is now convalescing, and it is confidently expected she will speedily recover her accustomed health. The rest of the party are all well. The Duke of Edinburgh visited the 'Sarmatian' immediately after her arrival and remained on board. The Duke is hearty as a buck. The London *Times* had no commissioner on board. The *Times* is not feeling well.

"P. S. — During the illness of the Princess the doctor prescribed whiskey-cocktails, gin-slings, mild and repeat, for the Marquis. The rest of the party are well."

When the poet Campbell was once sitting for his picture to an American artist, he turned to him and said, "Why do the Americans always call me Camel? You see, sir, I have no hump on my back."

"KILDARE'S HOLY FANE."

Dublin Irish Times.

Among the finest relics now left us of old Irish architecture is the Kildare Cathedral, which has fallen sadly into disrepair, and, to put the matter shortly, is at the present moment in ruins. Thomas Moore, whose centenary is soon to be celebrated, alluded to this hallowed shrine in the lines: —

"Like the bright lamp that shone in Kildare's holy fane,
And burned through long ages of darkness and storm,
Is the heart that afflictions have come o'er in vain,
Whose spirit outlives them, unfading and warm.
Erin, O Erin! thus bright through the tears
Of a long night of bondage thy spirit appears."

We are sincerely glad of having an opportunity of saying a good word in aid of the restoration of one of the grandest old cathedrals in Ireland; and it speaks well for the people of Kildare that they have set to work so energetically, and contributed so liberally towards its restoration. For upwards of two hundred years it has lain a mass of ruins, and a standing reproach, not only to the people of Kildare, but to the entire country. The spot itself is hallowed by many associations which bring us back to the earliest and purest ages of ecclesiastical history; and the round tower is not only peculiarly national in its character, but even now is one of the most perfect extant. The precise date of the building of the cathedral is unknown, though Mr. Street — probably as good an authority on a question of this kind as we could have — places it in the thirteenth century. But however this may be, we know for certainty that it has been consecrated ground ever since the time of St. Patrick; that it was originally built by St. Bridget, to whom it is dedicated; that it shared the sad fate of so many other Irish buildings of the kind in the Great Rebellion; and that the choir was reconstructed "on St. Pet. day when I was ordained Deacon, 1686"

(Bishop Wilson). Already the people of the diocese have made great progress towards the restoration of their grand old cathedral, but the work is one of great magnitude and proportionate cost, and they find themselves compelled, much against their will, to ask for assistance beyond their own boundaries in what may be truly called a national work. That assistance, we feel confident, they will receive, and Irishmen of all parties and creeds ought to contribute towards the restoration of a building rendered sacred by the associations of centuries, and thus preserve, ere yet it is too late, one of the few existing monuments of our connection with the past.

THE YOUNG MIND MUST RECEIVE KNOWLEDGE.

Father Burke in Lurgan.

He had come to speak to them on a question most important, of the most absolute and vital importance that could occupy the attention and mind of Christians. He was not there to describe in fanciful or imaginary language the beauty of things. It was his privilege to speak to them rather in words of congratulation, to rejoice that the work was being done and has been done; that the buildings were already erected, and the building had gathered children numbering sixteen hundred. The work was in full operation, but at the risk and responsibility of the zealous priests who administer to their spiritual wants, and who called upon them that day, in the name of God and the young souls, to fill their hands and lift from their shoulders the heavy burden of more than £500 which they had incurred in the name of religious education. The young mind must receive knowledge, as it was the very life of the soul. The young life must be taught by Divine grace and by the power of God alone that it may submit to God rather than to become subject to the unruly dictates of brutal passions. Education alone could do this work, education alone can bring out the power of the soul and commend it to the life that had only the power of living. The power might be there forever if the soul was uneducated and allowed to grow up in ignorance, and would follow the body as it grows apace into manhood, and as the senses awake, every passion cries out for its own enjoyment, every unruly element of the body asserts itself. The soul lost its helplessness when it became developed by education. In the uneducated soul there was no well-founded hope because no knowledge of the future, no perception of God, no sense of obligation, no humanizing influence to constrain one's passion. Such one must necessarily be a criminal, for he has no conception of the law. He was a mystery to himself, and was the enemy of all around him. Such a man was dead to science, dead as a Christian, dead to all the higher purposes of humanity, and nothing remained for him but the scaffold and the prison. Referring to secular education, he said that professors of a certain class were willing to take the education of children, and their promises were great and their professions loud; but if the child had no heart to be purified, no will to be strengthened, no moral will to be educated, as well as morals, he (Father Burke) would bow before the professors of so much knowledge, and say, "Take the child, for he is yours." But before they did this they must ask them were they prepared to teach these children to know God, that they may never be subject to vices. Will they be prepared to strengthen their will? Had they grace as well as knowledge, had they divine as well as secular knowledge? If they say they cannot teach them they must not have them, for the child's knowledge must first know the voice of Jesus Christ. The greatest curse that ever could fall on man or upon society was the curse of knowledge without God. They refused, said the apostles, to put God into knowledge, and therefore God turned their knowledge into folly. If they will not have

God in their knowledge, let them keep their knowledge, and let them say, "Let us die in our simplicity and ignorance as our forefathers died before us, keeping only the golden promises of God, and adhering only to the Divine knowledge of the church." The system of education for which he appealed to them that day was one united with religion. He asked them to give these children this education. It was their birthright. Deny them nothing. Let no man think the Catholic Church was afraid of modern science. She was the mother of modern science. She was the head of all science, and received with joy every strange discovery in science.

THE CELTIC LANGUAGE.

Most Rev. Dr. McHale.

In aid of the National Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language I beg to forward to you the annexed check for £5 as my subscription. In looking over your published list of subscriptions, already amounting to more than a hundred pounds sterling, there is much to encourage — I might say cheer — the patriotic advocate of our language. What is it that lends such a charm to the Welsh language in the estimation of some of our officials I am at a loss to conjecture, unless that it is entirely separate from the influence of Catholic doctrine. With the Irish languege, however, it is so interwoven that it would be difficult, nay, impossible, to separate them. This may be the reason why some of those officials already referred to affect to admire the beauties of the Cymric, whilst they are utterly insensible to the superior excellence of the Irish language. Now, however, that men are less warped by religious prejudices in the cultivation of sciences, the Irish language will have less to contend with than when it was supposed to be essentially identified with the Catholic religion.

The cultivation of language has been of singular aid to the cultivation and enlargement of science, and the most successful scholars of the German nation, in working that field, have candidly acknowledged their obligations to the Irish language. It is well that in this remote island, far from the disturbing influences which have successively destroyed and created new forms of speech, a language should exist, confessedly one of the most ancient in the world, calculated to be one of the utmost use in the active and successful efforts which are now being made to explore the ancient history of the most remarkable nations Its cultivation is no longer avowedly penal, yet it is far from meeting the encouragement to which it is on so many accounts entitled. Nay, in the studied and jealous exclusion of it from our nicknamed National Schools, it is not difficult to discern the influence of the spirit which pants for its utter disappearance from the world of letters. Let not those schoolmen and their supporters rely too much on their influence to destroy the Irish language. Now, that many prejudices raised against it are happily extinct, the language will have fair play. Catholic and Protestant, Celt and Saxon, must feel a generous rivalry in cultivating the old language of Ireland, so efficient for elucidating its own annals, besides being the best key for unlocking much of the ancient history of Europe.

A REMARKABLE EVENT IN MGR. DUPANLOUP'S CAREER AS A PRIEST.

When the great Prince de Talleyrand, formerly Bishop of Autun, was dying, every effort made for his conversion seemed to be useless. But Mgr. Dupanloup was successful. To his ardent exhortations the proud reserve of the dying statesman yielded. And after a long night spent in preparing his penitent for his passage out of this world, the confessor was able to say, in announcing his death, "Seldom have I seen a repentance more complete."

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER II.

THE MUNSTER BAR.

Great Men of the Munster Bar, — Fitzgibbon, Curran, Yelverton. — Their successors, — Burton, Richard Pennefather; Memoirs. — Quin; his dramatic Manner. — Goold; his Vanity. — Waggett, Recorder of Cork; his Ability; his Disregard for Money instanced; Lines attached to his Bar-Wig. — Harry Deane Grady; his Jury Eye; Ability in Cross-Examination. Thomas Grady; — his Propensity to Satire. — Jerry Keller; his Jokes. — Ned Lysaght; his Wit. — Con Lyne; Memoir.

After his call to the bar in 1798, O'Connell went the Munster circuit. The Munster bar always stood very high in the estimation of the profession. It has grand names associated with it, and proud memories of the gifted men who long upheld its fame. Foremost in point of time, if not of talent, was John Fitzgibbon. Slight in figure, delicate in constitution, and imperious in temper, he had the haughty mien, the startling glance, and the despotic will of a Roman emperor. He possessed first-rate talents. In court, in senate, and in cabinet, he bore everything his own resistless way. He was unscrupulous in means, prompt to resolve, and equally prompt to execute. He soon stood at the head of his profession, and was worth a whole bar. His resources were great, and he used them for his own advancement. Next, and superior in all that can constitute real greatness, was John Philpot Curran. Unrivalled as an orator, honored as a patriot, unsurpassed as an advocate, he was revered when living and mourned when dead. Yelverton, the fellow-townsman and contemporary of Curran, was also one of the members of the Munster bar.

These, however, had passed from the ranks of the bar and reached the elevation of the bench by the time O'Connell joined circuit. He found in their successors men who were of varied talents and dispositions. Some renowned for their legal lore, others for their powers of declamation, some for ability in cross-examination and dissecting evidence. Many joined the circuit for pure love of amusement, sharing in the pleasant society of the bar-mess. These gentlemen contributed the gay jests and repartees eliminated by the rubbing together of cultivated intellects, and, with fewer fees than jokes, cracked their bottles and uttered their *bon mots* with that light-hearted gayety which is proverbial amongst the children of the Emerald Isle. Among those remarkable for their great legal knowledge, I may name Burton and Richard Pennefather. In later times came Warren, one of the most finished advocates at the Irish bar, Richard Wilson Greene, and Henry Cooper, a quaint, odd man, deeply learned, fiery as Hotspur, with a flow of words so rapid that one of the circuit happily described him as "speaking short-hand." As some of these fell away, their places were taken by others equally versed in the law of the land. Jonathan Henn, unsurpassed as a lawyer and seldom equalled in dignity ("Mr. Henn," said one of his humble admirers to me, "is practically and theoretically a gentleman"); Stephen Woulfe, fluent and well read; Stephen Collins, the Chitty of the Irish bar. Others could be added, but I must leave room for memoirs of the leaders.

Of the able lawyers who went the Munster circuit in the early part of the nineteenth century, not one had higher reputation than Charles Burton. He was an Englishman by birth; engaged as a clerk in conducting the business of an eminent London firm, when some professional matters requiring investigation in Ireland regarding the title of an estate in the market, brought him to Dublin. The solicitor for the vendor wished the representative of the English solicitor to speak on the subject to his counsel, and this brought about an acquaintance between John Philpot Curran and Burton, which led to more important results than either at first anticipated. The abstract of title was

voluminous, but the devolution was anything but satisfactorily shown; there were a variety of difficulties in the way, and Curran, whose knowledge of real property was not of the highest order, was delighted with the clear and conprehensive view of the young Englishman. He induced Mr. Burton to remain in Dublin, and offered him such terms as caused Burton to undertake to aid him in his professional labors. Curran was a good judge of human nature; his tact and discernment made him aware of the singular combination of qualities for success at the bar Mr. Burton possessed. The training of the English solicitor's office had not cramped his mind or narrowed his views. On the contrary, he evinced a familiarity with principles which only required practice to lead to eminence, and Curran naturally was eager to have the aid of so valuable a coadjutor. Fond of society, and preferring to have his briefs noted by one on whose learning he could rely, and whose legal knowledge would assist, Curran intrusted his briefs to Mr. Burton with the most implicit confidence. "He wrote on Curran's cases, he prepared his arguments; and those who heard the brilliant orator cite the latest cases, and discuss the most technical questions with precision and learning, were at no loss to guess the source of this new power. In the admirable biographical notice of Mr. Burton, written by one of the most pleasing writers of our day, and published from the note-book of an Irish barrister in the *Metropolitan* (London) *Magazine*, is the following anecdote: "We heard an eminent solicitor say that he was once despatched with a very heavy brief in a very important cause to Curran, who was then circulating his flashes of wit and merriment at the dinner-table, and he wrote with a pencil on a slip of paper, 'Carry the brief to Mr. Burton, *but I will thank you for the fee.*' The attorney did so. Mr. Burton happened to be also at dinner, a very light one, — a small roll, coffee, and an egg or two. He had companions too in the shape of a pile of law books, which he consulted alternately with a draught of the sober berry's decoction."

Mr Burton was called to the Irish bar in Michaelmas Term, 1792, and commenced his professional life at a period when few but those blessed with indomitable courage would have sought to win favor from the Irish courts of justice. Most of the legal men at the time, whose name tradition has preserved, were not satisfied with the arid sand of the judicial arena, but entered the less sterile fields where parliamentary honors were acquired. The events which, a few years later, were to desolate the land with revolutionary doctrines were then heaving and disturbing the social framework of Irish society, and the turbulent spirits who love to ride on the whirlwind and guide the storm had the larger share of public attention. It was then, most assuredly, a matter of singular boldness for one born a stranger to our soil, unconnected with party, unknown and undistinguished, to hope for success in the profession of the law. How could he compete with those eloquent and able men, whose wit and skill, like the swords of the brave, were ever sharp for action, whose intellectual might gained strength by daily conflict, who occupied the foremost rank of the senate and the bar, and preferred to drink in the applause of the crowd rather than to gain the highest praise from the judicial bench? Yet, perhaps, it was, in no small degree, to Mr. Burton's presenting so manifest a contrast to those who were the leaders of the Irish bar when he was called, that his rapid success was owing.

His connection with Curran had been of great benefit to him in more ways than one. So generous a nature and high-minded a man as Ireland's greatest advocate, could well afford to befriend his *protégé*, and he lost no opportunity of advancing Burton's interests. The attorneys who were

in the habit of transacting business with him, in the cases in which Mr. Curran led, were quite aware of his thorough knowledge, and felt no hesitation in employing him as junior counsel. They knew that if he lacked the imaginative faculty of the Irish orator, he possessed a logical mind, capable of comprehending the most subtle distinctions, with an amount of industry no labor could tire. He had likewise a spirit of investigation, enabling him to explore with diligence the principles and results of any legal question.

Can we be surprised if he soon had a full bag, that his advocacy, simple and unadorned, but strong in its simplicity and clear from the absence of ornamentation, was soon sought with as much eagerness as the eloquent appeals of the brilliant men with whom he measured words? Few excelled him in the masterly statement of his cases, which he never loosed from his grasp until he had explained all that was needed, in a style that left no more to be desired.

But though successful in the courts of the metropolis, he does not seem to have been equally fortunate on the Munster circuit (onnection is more needed on circuit; the business is more confined, and the attorneys having briefs to give out are desirous of employing the members of the bar with whom they happen to possess personal acquaintance, and to whom they can talk over the case and offer suggestions which they might deem useful. Mr. Burton selected the Munster circuit, which at all times has been fortunate in possessing men of rare talent. Curran, I should think, had given up going circuit when Mr. Burton joined, or it is probable his influence would have succeeded in getting his young friend a start, — all that he needed; and thus unknown and uncalled on, he continued to go round, until one of those fortunate accidents that often occur left an important case to his management. A fishery case, studded with acts of Parliament and bristling with knotty points, was on the list at the Tralee assizes; a junior brief was sent to Mr. Burton, and having nothing else to engage his attention, he soon mastered the legal details, and they were neither few nor far between. When the case came before the jury, the leader of the side for which Mr. Burton acted was absent; the learned gentleman next in seniority might be a good judge of fish, but he was not a good counsel for fishermen, and felt greatly relieved when he discovered that in his hitherto untried junior he had a most powerful and able ally; indeed, so convinced was he of the tact and skill of Mr. Burton, that he left the conduct of the case to him. Wisely he did so; the amount of legal learning, skill, and ability which Mr. Burton displayed, proved a match for the able bar opposed to him; and the manner in which he acquitted himself on that occasion prevented his ever after feeling the want of business on the Munster circuit. The fishery case did not end with the Tralee assizes; points saved were argued in the Court of King's Bench, and Mr. Burton showed how great he was. Thenceforward his practice steadily increased. As a lawyer he was distinguished for the comprehensive ability which grasped the whole subject, and yet he discussed it with a closeness of reasoning that permitted no detail, however minute, to escape. He soon ranked as one of the ablest and safest members of the Irish bar.

One of the most important cases that ever came to trial in Ireland was the action brought by Chief Baron O'Grady against the Crown, relative to the right of appointment to the office of clerk of the pleas of the Court of Exchequer. This was one of the best argued cases ever heard in Ireland. Saurin, Plunket, Bushe, and Burton delivered addresses which were replete with ability, and stand as monuments of forensic eloquence. The case, as reported by Mr. (afterwards Baron) Greene, will be perused with pleasure by all who seek to gain

any idea of the way in which such a question should be argued. Here the reader is struck with the unwearied diligence used in discovering analogous cases, the tact and ingenuity of the arguments, the legal principles applied, and learning displayed by the distinguished bar at either side. Burton on that occasion showed that the high estimate formed of his legal talents had not been groundless; the clear and methodical arrangement, the logical deduction from the premises he lays down, his language so appropriate, his expressions so applicable to the ideas he wishes to convey, showed he aimed at informing the understanding, and forcing conviction on the judgment of the court.

Mr. Burton was made serjeant in 1817, and his practice increased so much that he found it difficult to get through the vast quantity of business intrusted to him. I have heard of his being detained in Cork for several days after the close of the Munster circuit, giving opinions on the cases submitted to him.*

We next give a short memoir of another leader on the Munster circuit,—Mr. Pennefather. Few names deserve more honorable mention in our memoirs of eminent members of the Irish bench and bar who were O'Connell's contemporaries than that of Pennefather. Sir Bernard Burke found this name in "Doomsday Book" as Penefedor, and according to this erudite genealogist the first who settled in Ireland was Matthew Pennefather, a cornet of dragoons, who acquired by patent, in 1666, various estates in the county of Tipperary. A descendant, who also followed the career of arms, became major in the 5th Dragoons; and having married Ellinor, eldest daughter of the Ven. Edward Moore, D. D., of Moorsfort in the county Tipperary, Archdeacon of Emly, had two sons; they were both distinguished members of the bar and bench of Ireland.

Richard, the elder, was born in 1773, and his brother Edward little more than a year later. Their youth was passed in the county of Tipperary, varied by occasional visits to the Irish metropolis, whither Major Pennefather went during the sessions of Parliament, having been elected member for Cashel on the death of his brother, Kingsmill, in 1771. The two brothers were educated, first at Portarlington, where a very celebrated school was kept, and afterwards at Clonmel, the chief town of their native county. Whoever had charge of their education discharged the duty faithfully, for their career in Trinity College, Dublin, was marked by Richard taking an *optime*. They entered Trinity College about the year 1790, and soon the gold medals and other honors rewarded

* On the resignation of Judge Mayne, in December, 1820, Serjeant Burton was promoted to the judicial seat on the King's Bench, and soon his great talents displayed how suited he was to the appointment. The industrious habits which so uniformly distinguished him at the bar, did not desert him in his elevation. He decided nothing hastily, he gave to every matter that came before him the attention and deliberation it was entitled to; and every suitor felt that here was a tribunal where prejudice was unknown and passion was unfelt. His patience was exemplary; the utmost prolixity of counsel never seemed to weary him, the most tedious repetitions, the heaviest argument, the wrangling contention of counsel, never exhausted his store of attention. His mind appeared always intent upon the case before him, and while other members of the court would desire to keep the counsel to the real point in debate by some ingenious suggestion, Judge Burton was content to listen to whatever line of argument the learned advocate thought proper to take. This unrelaxed attention to the case from beginning to end enabled him to form his judgment, so as to be ready to declare the law when the argument closed. Of course, if there was a necessity of looking into the authorities cited, or statutes referred to, he took due time to do so; but on ordinary questions he was ready to give his judgment. The reasons on which he founded his opinions were always sound, and most instructive to listen to; he showed how attentive he had been to the various matters brought forward, by examining them all; he poised the different objections in the scales of his mind, giving each its due weight, and exposing its soundness or its inapplicability. Though his judgments appeared to some prolix, and like "linked reasoning long drawn out," they were highly prized by the court of which he was so great an ornament, and by the profession who knew their value. He sat on the bench until he reached a very advanced age.

their success in classical and mathematical studies. The well-known debating society termed the College Historical was then in the height of its fame. The eloquence of Bushe and Plunket was, indeed, removed to the opposite side of "the Green," and they sat as members of the Irish Parliament; but Robert Holmes, the Emmets, Lefroy,* and others of high rank, even in their teens, were bracing their sinews and polishing their weapons for the battle of life, in which so many victories were subsequently gained. Among these destined to succeed in the struggle for fame and fortune were the brothers Pennefather. Their talents were quickly developed, and though equally entitled to claim respect, were essentially different in kind. Richard's intellect displayed more depth and clearness than Edward's, while Edward's was brighter and more sparkling. The reasoning of the former was logical and close; that of the latter, eloquent and diffuse. The one appealed to the head, the other to the heart; and both having selected the law as their profession, and having kept the necessary terms, were called to the Irish bar in the year 1795.

Richard selected the Munster as his circuit, and soon obtained practice. His mind, logical and capable of subtle reasoning, quickly discovered the weak points in his adversary's case, and his strong sense indicated how to take advantage of them for his client's benefit. He was justly regarded as one of the best lawyers on the circuit.†

Of those members of the circuit eminent for their talents as speakers were Quin, Goold, and Waggett. Quin's manner was extremely dramatic. He reminded one of John Kemble enacting Hamlet, and it was ludicrous to find some action of assumpsit on a bill of exchange stated to the jury in long-drawn, melancholy cadences that could have drawn tears from the upper gallery of a theatre. When the occasion warranted this grandiose style, nothing could be better, — but it was uniform; the same pompous diction, the same stately march of sentences, the same slow enunciation, described the disputes between the Neals and the Mulligans, that would have been worthy the aggressions of a Desmond on a Longfield or a M'Carthy. He did not always retain his practice. An unfortunate, ill-considered opinion in a matter of public importance at an

* This venerable and distinguished Irishman yet presides as Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.

† In 1820 he was in the front rank of the bar, and the following account of his promotion to the Exchequer Bench, in 1821, is extracted from his fee-book (*vide Dublin University Magazine*, Vol. LIV, p. 534): "On the 12th of February, 1821, I received a letter from Mr. Gregory, the under-secretary to the Lord Lieutenant, Earl Talbot (the Chief-Secretary, Mr. Grant, being in England), stating his Majesty's letter for appointing me to fill the place of one of the Barons of the Exchequer had arrived at the Castle. The patent for my appointment was very speedily made out, and I was sworn into office on the 14th of February, being the second of the eight days after Hilary Term, at the Chancellor's house, and on the same day I took my seat on the bench. On the 15th, the Lord Lieutenant held a levee at the Castle, which I attended as a baron, and was very graciously received. Thus concluding, through God's mercy, a very prosperous bar life in my forty-eighth year, and through the same Divine Mercy, in which I put my trust, do I humbly hope to acquit myself in the arduous and trying situation in which I am now placed as may become a lawyer, a judge, and a Christian." And during the thirty-eight years which followed this entry, right well did the Divine Mercy in which he trusted sustain the upright and able judge. Changes occurred throughout Ireland; the court in which he sat lost a considerable portion of its jurisdiction by abolishing the equity department; generations of practitioners rose, flourished, and decayed; but equal to any change, and master of the law in all its variations, Baron Pennefather held the even tenor of his way, and whether the question was in law or equity, whether he sat *in banco* or alone, in the Four Courts or on circuit, he never was deficient in the necessary amount of learning to enable him to hear and determine. His demeanor on the bench I often witnessed with respect and admiration. He listened with exemplary patience, and never expressed an opinion until the facts were completely disclosed. Ever courteous and affable to the bar and solicitors, he was beloved by both branches of the profession, and in criminal cases tempered justice with mercy. He was, as Sir Edward Coke might affirm, "a sage and reverend expositor of our law, who prideth himself less in fine conceits than in sound discernment and gravity of manners."

election in Cork did him serious injury, and for years he went circuit without being retained in any business of importance. He had a crown prosecutorship which gave him some remuneration; and the sheep-stealers and head-breakers of Munster had the honor of being prosecuted in a grandiloquent style that made them feel quite respectable criminals.

We have already spoken of Goold in mentioning the barristers who spoke at the bar meeting to discuss the Union. Goold was related to an ancient and well-known county of Cork family, the Goolds of Old Court; and his great talents as a speaker got him a fair share of business on the circuit. He was very vain, and believed that he rode, danced, and fenced better than any one else. There was nothing ever attributed to another he was not prepared to do better. Speaking one day at the bar-mess of an absent friend, he was told, "Oh, poor T—— has had a very bad fever." "He never had so bad a fever as I had," remarked Goold. "Oh, but poor T—— has died of it," returned the informant. "Well," retorted Goold, "I might have died if I liked!"

Waggett, who was in great repute as an eloquent speaker, was a very singular man. He was an oddity in manner, with a fertile imagination and masculine power of oratory. He had been a fellow-student with O'Connell, and was called to the bar the same year, 1798. Shortly after Mr. Waggett was elected recorder of Cork. His great legal acquirements made him desirable in every case, and he was regarded as one of the few members of the circuit who could encounter O'Connell. Their styles were essentially different. He had not the fierce invective or comic humor of O'Connell, but possessed a richer imagination and a loftier style of eloquence. To enable him to attend the courts in Dublin he was allowed to have a deputy recorder in Cork, Mr. Wilmott. When this gentleman died, Waggett returned to Cork, where he led a solitary life in a lonely house on the banks of the river Lee. He was a devoted angler, with quiet tastes, an excellent musician, and his disregard for money is proved by the following instance. When he abandoned the practice of the Dublin courts the Corporation of Cork most creditably, and with that public spirit which always marks its conduct, voted him a salary of £500 a year as recorder by the annexed resolution: —

"It was unanimously resolved at the Court of D'Oyer Hundred held in the Guildhall of the city of Cork, 24th June, 1816, that in consequence of our respectable and worthy Recorder, William Waggett, Esq., having given up his attendance at the Superior Courts for the last twelve months, and entirely devoting his valuable time to the laborious discharge of his duty as recorder personally, it is particularly incumbent on the court to make some adequate remuneration for such a sacrifice to the public good, and that the council should be requested to make an order that the recorder should be paid the sum of £500 out of the corporation monys, to be annually continued whilst he shall so devote his time to discharging the duties of that important office."

To this flattering resolution Mr. Waggett wrote in reply to the mayor:

CORK, 25th June, 1816.

MY DEAR SIR:—I beg leave to trouble you on the subject of the resolution passed at the Court of D'Oyer Hundred on Monday, by which a large sum of money was voted to me. When I sought for the honor of being elected Recorder of this city, I formed a determination not to accept of any renumeration for performing the duty of the office beyond the salary and ordinary emoluments enjoyed by my predecessors. Many reasons combine to prevent me from departing from such a resolution. You will, therefore, much oblige me by communicating to the freemen, at the opening of the Court on Thursday, that I feel the deepest gratitude for their good opinion and wishes to serve me; but that I must, most respectfully, yet firmly, decline the boon which their kind but excessive liberality would bestow. I hope I shall not be thought presumptuous in requesting that the resolution be rescinded, and not sent up to the council. — I have the honor to be, my dear Sir, your obedient servant,

WILLIAM WAGGETT, *Recorder.*

To the Right Worshipful the Mayor.

We have heard of barristers paying the costs of pleadings incurred by mistakes on their part. Grattan paid damages given against clients, owing, as he believed, to his want of properly conducting their cases. Kirwan used

to refuse the proportion of fees he deemed too large; but the circumstance of a recorder giving up a lucrative practice in the Superior Courts and devoting himself solely to the duties of his office, and then refusing what the Corporation conceived to be his due, is, we believe, unprecedented. We therefore cannot feel surprised at the action taken by the Court of D'Oyer Hundred.

At the Court of D'Oyer Hundred held 29th day of June, 1816, the foregoing letter having been read to the court, it was unanimously resolved: —

That so disinterested and honorable a letter should be entered on the Records of the court, and that the above proceeding should be published in the Cork and Dublin papers. — By the court,

W. JONES, *Town Clerk.*

One of the Munster bar, supposed to be Mr. Henry Bennett, wrote the following lines, which were found attached to Mr. Waggett's bar-wig: —

"Sometimes beneath this legal sign
Is placed a head of curious mould;
With noble thought and genius fine
Oft swayed by passions uncontrolled.

"A brain with law and justice filled,
Estranged from every selfish view;
And in that tempered mercy skilled,
Which gives the guilty wretch his due.

"For with a true Shandean start,
It flings all gravity aside,
And bids the feeling of the heart
O'er law's harsh quibbling to preside.

"Still ne'er beneath a judge's wig,
Did fate intend that such a brain
Should through law's rubbish daily dig,
Its mouldy precepts to explain.

"For better purposes designed,
With lofty soul and prouder aim,
The bent of such a noble mind
Should be the highest point of fame.

"But here 't is useless to repine,
Of such the instance is not rare;
With flowers which should with splendor shine,
To waste their sweets on desert air."

Among the members of the Munster bar famous for their skill in cross-examining Irish witnesses was Harry Deane Grady. He delighted in getting hold of a quick-witted but apparently obtuse countryman, who was resolved to face any question, and give as little information against his friends in the dock as he possibly could. A witness of this character was as good sport to Deane Grady as a stout fox to a lover of the chase. He gave him his own way at first, pretended to believe all he said, — "Just so," "Exactly," encouraged the witness to cherish the notion that he bamboozled the little counsellor; but all the time Grady was winking at the twelve gentlemen in their box with his jury-eye. His right eye was so constantly employed in this practice that its sight was occasionally interfered with. Grady appearing in court one morning depressed and out of spirits, was asked sympathizingly, "What ails you? I am sorry to see you unwell."

"Indeed, my dear friend," he replied, "I need your compassion. My *jury-eye* is out of order!"

While the witness was gradually involving himself in the maze Grady led him into, and flattering himself he was safe, the tables soon turned. With the voice of a Stentor and the lungs of a bellows, Grady blew a whirlwind of questions that swept the senses out of the perjured and perplexed witness. His previous answers were confusedly retracted, his explanations only involved him in fresh troubles, and any evidence he had given adverse to the side of the able lawyer was seriously impaired by the cross-examination.

Thomas Grady, the same who made the singular speech at the bar meeting already mentioned, was called "Spectacle Grady" from his usually wearing these aids to vision, and perhaps to distinguish him from Deane Grady. He had not succeeded as well as his talents merited, and this had the effect of souring his temper and infusing a large proportion of gall into his ink. He was a bitter satirist. He painted the character of those whom he wished to disparage in most hideous colors, and portrayed demons instead of men. Notice of one of his compositions, for which an action for libel was successfully brought against

him, and a heavy verdict obtained, will be found under the head of "The Assize Towns — Limerick."

Amongst those of the circuit who were remarkable for their *bon-mots* the most celebrated were Jeremiah — more popularly Jerry — Keller and Ned Lysaght. Truly, the lives of practising barristers, before they reach the precarious eminence of official rank, differ very much from those of public men, the necessity of whose pursuits expose them constantly to observation. Yet even in their quiet and unobtrusive careers, much may be found to interest and instruct. Debarred from scenes of political strife by an unwillingness to mingle in any matters save those connected with the labors of their profession, they present few features of interest to the historian; while, on a more minute inspection than one accustomed to deal with facts in general and not in detail can afford to give, it will be found they have their allotted portion of human trials, of sorrows, and of joys. Patience may be learned from the study of their resignation to affliction, their struggles with adverse circumstances, their conflicts with depressing influences, their triumphs over difficulties appearing at first insurmountable, until, having broken down every impediment, they reach the haven of professional success. And for one bold navigator who reaches this distant shore, how many perish on the passage? Many a gallant bark pushes off gloriously, with high hopes and congratulations, and sails smoothly for a time; but the favoring winds die away, and unable to weather the storm, it becomes a drifting wreck. Many give up in despair, unable to make way at all, and return hopelessly, deterred by the length and difficulties of the passage. But saddest of all is the fate of the stout-built ship that has braved the battle and the breeze, — floated, apparently secure, through all the shoals and quicksands, weathered each gale, and on reaching the long-sought harbor, sinks beneath the waves, her timbers shattered and decayed by the efforts of the voyage.

Jeremiah Keller, a member of the Munster bar, was one of the most celebrated wits of the last century. The *bon-mots* of Jerry Keller, as he was familiarly called, would fill much space; one or two may serve to sustain his reputation. He was one of the guests assembled at a party given by a young barrister, at his lodgings, in No. 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, on the 28th May, 1780, when a memorable event occurred in the house. The landlord's wife brought forth a son: that son was Ireland's national bard, Thomas Moore. From consideration of the interesting event, and fearful of disturbing the invalid by the revelry, an adjournment to a neighboring tavern was at once resolved.

"It is right," said Keller, "we should adjourn *pro re nata*."

The name Keller — sometimes expanded into Kelleher — is general in the county Cork. A relation of his supplied the wine drunk at the bar-mess, and a conceited member of the circuit, who professed to be a connoisseur in wine, resolved to get up a laugh at the expense of Jerry. Accordingly, having watched until Keller was about retiring from the mess one evening, he exclaimed as he was passing, "I say, Keller, how d'ye like this wine?"

"I think it is very fair wine," replied Keller.

"Oh! you do, of course, for it's your cousin's," continued the young toper; "but how do you account for this?" he added, holding up one of the bottles "It seems to me, each circuit the bottles decrease in size, although, I'll be bound, the same price is charged."

"That's easily accounted for," replied Keller, with a bright twinkle of his eye that indicated to his friends the questioner was about to get a floorer; "if you knew anything about wine, which it is clear you don't, you'd know the *bottles shrink in the washing!*"

Whether it was that Keller's reputa-

tion for drollery militated against his professional prospects, or his abilities as a lawyer were not duly appreciated, I cannot say; but he did not get on at the bar. He appears to have been conscious of the damage to his professional success which accrued from his social habits, for on entering the Court of Common Pleas, shortly after the elevation to the bench of a stupid lawyer named Mayne, he exclaimed with a sigh, "Mayne, there you are; your *gravity* has placed you *up* there, while my *levity* sinks me *down* here!"

But if such hilarity prevented the father's progress at the bar, a like cause did not interfere with the career of the son, who, many years afterwards, was a very distinguished member of the Munster circuit. It would be difficult to imagine a greater contrast, — one full of mirth and poetry, the other the embodiment of gravity and prose; the one incessantly uttering jests, the other requiring some power as potent as a cider-press to squeeze a joke out of him.

Keller's countenance was an indication of the sharpness of his intellect His features were edge-tools, and his eyes bright and peering. The play of his mind was reflected in his face, and you saw the jest before you heard it. A merry chuckle announced the rising of the spirit of joke, and secured prompt attention, for Keller's sayings were worth listening to. He was by no means a safe person to encounter, and often was unsparing when he thought the victim deserved castigation. With his hands folded into the gown, his spare figure and thin face gave him a remarkable appearance; but on close inspection he looked a man of genius, possessed of no common mind, and his conversation at once proved that he was so. O'Connell used to say that Keller's success at the bar would have been far greater than it ever was had he given his entire heart to his profession.

Keller was an excellent scholar, and possessed great readiness for retort. It was said that the name originally was Kelleher, which Jerry abbreviated into Keller. Baron Smith once rallied him on this change of name.

"Your name in Irish, Mr. Keller," said the Baron, "is *Diarmid Ua Cealleachair*."

"Yes," answered Jerry, "and yours is *Luim Gow* — William Smith."

This turned the laugh against the Baron, who did not relish the joke. When a young barrister of great pretension to learning, named Norcott, remarking Keller eating fish on Friday, said, "Why, Keller, I did not think you had the Pope in your stomach," Jerry readily said, "If I have the Pope in my stomach, you have the Pretender in your head."

When Barry Yelverton was raised to the peerage as Viscount Avonmore, he invited several of his legal contemporaries, Curran, Keller, and Egan, to read his patent and see that it was technically accurate. The impression had gone abroad that it was Yelverton's reward for supporting the union between Great Britain and Ireland, which ministers at the time were using every effort of corruption to effect, but which Egan and the others were opposing. The patent was in the usual terms, "George, etc., of the United Kingdom, etc." When the patent was read, Yelverton asked his legal friends if they thought it all right. Curran and Egan thought it was but Keller dissented.

"What's your objection, Keller?" asked the viscount anxiously.

"It recites," said Keller, with a twinkle of his eye that betokened fun, "'George, of the United Kingdom, King, and so forth.' Now it occurs to me that *the consideration* comes too early in the deed."

This hit at their host tickled them all, and he laughed loud as the wit. Keller was a great favorite with Lord Avonmore, whose influence procured him some lucrative practice.

Lysaght was also very amusing. He had an extraordinay flow of spirits,

and was quaint, witty, and eloquent. He was more distinguished for *belles-lettres* than black letter, and wrote songs which are popular to this day. "The Man who Led the Van of the Irish Volunteers" was written by him. It is in praise of Grattan, extremely complimentary, and, what is better, it is not exaggerated. The following verse must serve as a specimen: —

"He sows no vile dissensions, good-will to all he bears;
He knows no vain pretensions, no paltry fears or cares;
To Erin and to Britain's sons his name his worth endears,
They love the man who led the van of the Irish Volunteers."

These may be regarded as among the leading members of the circuit during the time of O'Connell, and they were extremely agreeable companions, for each evinced a readiness to contribute to the general fund of merriment. The juniors were worthy of such companionship. Talented, logical, learned, and fluent, they displayed qualities which obtained and secured respect and confidence. Many were distinguished for the possession of legal abilities of a high order, and thought of nothing but their books and briefs; others, as was natural at their years, loved gayety, and felt it rather a bore to be debarred from amusement; there also ranked among them some first-rate musicians. "How pleasant for us!" said one of the lively juniors to another as they quaffed their claret, while several of the seniors were leaving the bar-mess to prepare for the duties of next day. "You and I can sit here and enjoy ourselves, while those poor fellows must work all night."

There was one barrister amongst them to whom there is difficulty in assigning an appropriate place. As he never was in practice, he certainly could not be placed among the leaders; and although, on the authority of Lord Kenyon, a barrister of forty-seven was "a rising young man," yet, as this gentleman was called nearly forty years, and must have numbered over threescore when O'Connell ceased to practise, he could hardly with propriety be called a junior; yet those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance will admit that if his own wish could be consulted, he would prefer the society of the juniors at any time. In fact, he seemed to bid defiance to time, and could not grow old by any process of decrepitude, for whether the sands in the hour-glass ran fast or slow, 't was the same to him. Juvenescence was written in his unwrinkled brow, Juvenescence sparkled in his bright eyes, laughed in his rosy lips, danced in his light footsteps. Juvenescence peeped out from his light, well-cut coat, gay vest, and nankeen trousers. He was the most mirthful of the gay revellers at the mess-table, — the blithest singer of Captain Macheath's songs in the Beggars' Opera, the most polite and devoted in his attentions to the fair sex. He appeared to have quaffed the elixir of life, and bore out the truth of the remark that wit, music, and kindness are always young. This gentleman was Mr. Lyne.

The name he received in baptism was Cornelius, but his sponsors might have spared themselves so many syllables, as he was never known by any save its contraction, "Con." He was born in the city of Cork, on the day after Valentine's day, namely, the 15th of February, 1775, and was one of a numerous family — seventeen — most of whom perished in life's early spring. Cork, the place of his birth, was the scene of his mental culture, and he imbibed his classic and English learning at the school of the Rev. George Armstrong. He entered Trinity College in 1794, under the tutorship of Dr. Magee, afterwards Archbishop of Dublin, and while pursuing his collegiate career was a member of the famous Historical Society. Here probably he formed those lifelong friendships with Thomas Moore, Dr. Sandes, late Bishop of Cashel, and others now no more. He continued during life the friend of O'Connell, Lord Plunket,

Charles Phillips, Charles Meara, Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman, Q. C., Right Hon. Judge Perrin, Mr. Curran, Mr. Sergeant Howley, and all the Munster bar. In January, 1795, his father died after a brief illness, and a letter announcing this bereavement was despatched to Con Lyne; sufficient money was enclosed to purchase mourning. He was enjoying the society of some fellow-students in his rooms when the letter reached his hands, and on opening it the money, a welcome sight, appeared. This was eagerly transferred to Con's pocket, when it soon melted, and the letter was laid aside unread. It was not, therefore, until after some time that the letter was perused, and the melancholy tidings disclosed to him. He was called to the bar in 1801, and for some time applied himself to the study and practice of his profession. There was a prospect of his becoming eminent at the bar, for he was highly complimented by the bench for his able argument of a bill of exceptions; but the attractions of society lured him from the drudgery of the courts, and business was sacrificed at the shrine of pleasure. Still he continued to perambulate "the hall" in his wig and gown, attending term with the assiduity of the officials, sharing the agreeable conversation of his early companions, or, in the slang of the cake-woman, "taking the cowld out of the pillars." He was singularly fortunate in possessing the friendship of the illustrious John Philpot Curran, also that of the late Lord Plunket. Once while dining at Lord Plunket's, he sat between the Rev Dr. Hare and the Rev. Sir Francis Lynch Blosse, whereupon Lord Plunket said, "Lyne, how happily placed you are there," alluding to his being located between two pillars of the Protestant Church, upon which Con promptly replied, "Yes, my lord; but see how much better off is Sir Francis Blosse between Mr. Blake* and me," — they being both Roman Catholics.

Another time, while partaking of Lord Plunket's hospitality, occasion was taken of his absence after dinner to propose his health, which was done in very eulogistic terms. When he returned, Lord Plunket said, "Lyne, after such panegyric you cannot be but conceited." (Con-seated.)

Several anecdotes are told of Lyne's readiness at repartee, and those who met him at table with Mr. O'Gorman, Q. C., the late respected assistant-barrister for the county of Kilkenny, were sure to be entertained. Mr. O'Gorman was all his life identified with the struggles of the Roman Catholics for civil and religious freedom; but in the disastrous period of 1798, when profession of liberal opinions was reckoned akin to sedition, Mr. O'Gorman was suspected of disaffection, and during the viceroyalty of Lord Cornwallis, was taken up and confined in prison. When the late Lord Anglesey was lord lieutenant of Ireland, he showed great civilities to Mr. O'Gorman, who was then in favor with the government, having been subsequently made a king's counsel during the Mulgrave vice-regime in 1835. At a dinner-party given in honor of Moore by Mr. Charles Meara, O'Gorman, Con Lyne, and others of the bard's friends were present, and, as is always the case at Mr. Meara's hospitable board, mirth and social comfort enlivened every guest. Con Lyne and O'Gorman, as usual, were engaged in playful warfare; and O'Gorman, on mentioning the great kindness he received from Lord Anglesey, emphatically declared, "He was the first lord lieutenant that ever took me up."

"O my dear friend," exclaimed Lyne, "you forget!"

"Who?" inquired O'Gorman, in some surprise.

"Sure Lord Cornwallis *took you up* in '98," was Con's rejoinder, to the infinite amusement of all the party.

O'Gorman filled the office of secretary to the Catholic Association, of which O'Connell was the presiding

* The late Right Hon. A. R. Blake.

spirit, which laid the foundation of another of Con's witticisms. At a bar-mess dinner on the Munster circuit, it was resolved each member present should sing, and the song went round according to each vocalist's capacity, until the turn reached O'Gorman. He demurred on the ground that he was no musician. Con Lyne undertook to prove that he was, and a very celebrated one. This instantly called attention, and Con, in a grave tone, proceeded to examine the party himself.

"Have you ever sung, Mr. Purcell O'Gorman?"

"Never."

"Do you play on any musical instrument, sir?"

"I do not."

"Have you never performed in public?"

"Neither in public or private."

"Come, sir, attend to my next question. Will you attempt to deny that you are not in the habit of playing *second fiddle* to a popular leader named Daniel O'Connell?"

The shout of applause which followed this palpable hit was the reward of the facetious examining counsel.

To Con Lyne the undertaking of circuit was very different from that of his brothers-in-law. Having very little expectation, in the later years of his life, of doing business, there was none of that anxiety respecting the number of distringas lodged, the disposal of briefs, or the state of the jails, which occupied the attention of the practising members. He had now grown old in years, but was young in heart as the latest-called juniors, and loved to be with them in their hours of relaxation.

About the period at which Mr. Lyne was called, the bar, in its periodical progress on circuit, partook somewhat of the spirit of adventure for which those days were remarkable. Formerly the barristers rode on horseback, and one may easily conceive the excitement which a well-mounted corps of legal rank and file, armed with special retainers, and attended by the pride and circumstance attending the Munster bar, must have excited as they rattled through Ennis, took Limerick by storm, charged boldly on Tralee, and halted in Cork. In these several towns there was no greater favorite than Mr. Lyne. His stores of anecdotes, his readiness at repartee, his genial spirits, and kindly heart merited and secured him cordial welcome. To see him in his proper sphere, one should have seen him presiding at the bar-mess. Imagine a long table covered with the usual paraphernalia of drinkables, — claret circulating in jugs, and port in decanters; along the sides sit some thirty gentlemen of the long robe, from the staid leaders who in court rustle silk, to the recently admitted barrister who wears stuff. At the lower end was Mr Junior, steadily decanting bottle after bottle; while, setting the table in a roar by the recitation of some well-known jokes in political life, which occurred

"At that critical time of the year — O!"

sat worthy father Lyne, his countenance glowing with animation, looking through the haze like a lighthouse in a fog, ever and anon throwing back the breast of his coat, his rosy face the embodiment of mirth and conviviality.

When an English lord chancellor first saw our esteemed friend at a dinner-party, he inquired from his host, Chief Justice Bushe, who he was, and on being informed — "Con Lyne" — "Con!" repeated the chancellor. "Any relation to Con of the Hundred Battles?"

"Oh, no!" replied his entertainer, "that's Con of the Hundred Bottles."

But it must not be inferred that Con Lyne was ever fond of excess. He was not; he promoted the circling cup for its cheering, but not inebriating influence; and no man would more regret any infringement upon decorum than himself. The Munster bar loved to have him presiding over its *séanc s;*

there was a boyish hilarity about him positively infectious, and no one proposed the customary toasts, or prefaced the health of any guest, or brother of the circuit whose marriage or promotion caused the addition of a certain number of dozen of champagne, as fine to the bar-cellar, with more tact and ability. He seemed to have the talent for post-prandial oratory; and let it not be imagined this is any light task; on the contrary, few, very few, can succeed in it. A great orator can only "come out" on great occasions; to him may be applied the remark of Grattan on Flood: "On a small subject he is miserable: give him a distaff and, like Hercules, he makes sad work of it; but give him a thunderbolt, and he has the arm of Jupiter." Now, Con Lyne used a distaff like a thunderbolt, and drew down thunders of applause; he sprinkled his subject with the corruscations of his wit, and the warmth of the speaker kindled a corresponding glow in the hearer's heart Every word that fell was the best that could be selected; there was no flagging, for he was always short, neat, and appropriate.

Possessed of a small independent fortune, and having, as he himself said, "a constitutional aversion to business," Mr. Lyne allowed his talents to run to waste, when he might by industry have created for himself fame and fortune. He became a mere man of fashion and diner-out. His element was society and convivial meetings. He possessed most entertaining manners, a great store of bar anecdotes, which he told well, and his private worth made him a welcome guest to the *élite* of the kingdom

He possessed much literary taste, and some talent for versification of the epigrammatic kind. He wrote occasionally on political subjects and public characters, chiefly those prominent during the time of the Catholic Association.*

*Mr. Lyne's health declined towards the close of 1840, and he was confined a good deal to h s house in Hume Street. He liked to see his friends of the Munster bar; and, although death was knocking at his door, he was anticipating joining the ensuing spring circuit. Alas! he had another circuit to travel. He died in March, 1841, and is interred in the cemetery of Glasnevin, near the place where rest the remains of John Philpot Curran, agreeably to Mr. Lyne's repeated wish to be buried near one whom he so truly venerated.

NAPOLEON I. AND THE MIDNIGHT MASS.

It were better, my friends, not to go to Mass than to behave there in a scandalous manner. By not going to Mass you commit a grievous sin; but by behaving badly at Mass you may commit two: one, by not fulfilling the precept, the other, by the scandal given. It was in the first years of the Empire; on Christmas eve, a lieutenant-general had some officers of rank and a marshal of France to dine with him. Dinner being over, some one asks how they are to pass the rest of the evening. One of the guests answers carelessly, "Suppose we go to Midnight Mass." "So be it!" replied the others. They enter the Church of St. Roach. You may form an idea of the devotion of these officers who went to church after a convivial dinner, merely by way of curiosity and pastime Looking around, laughing, and talking was all they did. But all at once appears a little man wrapped in a large cloak. He resolutely approaches the merry group, and says in a quick, authoritative tone, "Gentlemen, you are acting badly. When you come to church you ought to comport yourselves with propriety, respect, and silence, gentlemen!" He said no more. That little man in the gray cloak was the Emperor Napoleon himself, who had come to assist at the Midnight Mass. You may imagine the astonishment of our officers when they had recognized him. It is unneccessary to add that during the remainder of the divine office not one of them so much as turned his head. These poor Christians did, through fear of Napoleon, what they ought to have done through love of God and the infant Jesus.

GUINEA CHILDREN.

Our Young Folks.

ONCE upon a time, when I knew more about Guinea pigs than I did about Guinea people, I supposed that *Guinea* was the Christian name of those dear little pets. The word was much less attractive when it occurred in my arithmetic lesson, where it was applied to an English coin which — though it does not say so in the arithmetic — was so called because it was first made of gold brought from that country. Besides all this, I was forced to know that such a *place* existed somewhere in the world by being repeatedly advised to go there, when I did anything disagreeable or got in the way of older folks. I did go there many years afterward, but not exactly on account of that advice. Do people ever tell *you* to "go to Guinea"? Then, dear reader, come with me, and on the point of this pen we will sail away to the land of the gold, the pigs, and, best of all, the Guinea children.

Imagine me taking my first walk on the shore of Africa. For three months I had seen nothing but sea and sky and a dirty old ship. Now my eyes rested on objects new and strange. I saw palm-trees that looked like great feather dusters with long handles stuck in the ground. I saw houses huddled together beneath them that were more like enormous pineapple cheeses, scooped out to the rind, than anything else I can think of. Presently a woman came along the road. You have seen many black people since the war closed, so I need not tell you how she looked, except that she had only two yards of calico wrapped about her, and the rest of her dress was composed of paint and beads. She nodded to me and laughed aloud, for of course my white face and odd hat and dress were novelties in Guinea. I nodded too, and was about to pass on when I saw two little black feet sticking out under her arms, wriggling and jerking like those of a great spider. She saw me gaze at the feet with surprise, and at once turned round that I might see the baby who owned them, sitting very comfortably in a little chair strapped to her back. Fancy a live rubber ball, not the whitish-gray stuff balls are made of nowadays, but the genuine old-fashioned black rubber, with the addition of a little wool and a pair of very active arms and legs, and you behold with me that Guinea baby. But, in truth, you could see very little of either legs or arms except the movement, for they were simply four pegs to hang bracelets and brass rings on. We have all heard of the old woman who had

> "Rings on her fingers
> And bells on her toes."

I doubt if she had as many as this baby. I must not forget to say that the rest of its dress was stripes of white paint, which, with the beads and brass rings, so covered its little person that there was not, after all, much black to be seen.

Hardly had I passed this new acquaintance when I found myself in the midst of a crowd of children all scampering in one direction, shouting, hurling stones, and pushing one another at a terrible rate, while their fathers and mothers stood at the doors of the houses urging them on. Surely, I thought, a snake or some dangerous beast has frightened the poor children; but looking beyond, to where the stones and shouts and kicks were directed, what do you think I saw? A white chicken! A stranger had come to the village, and, according to custom, all the children in the place had been set to chase that one chicken, which was to serve for the visitor's dinner.

As soon as that excitement was over, the whole crowd rushed after me. A white woman dressed in foreign clothes was more of a curiosity in that Guinea village than were the Chinese mandarins in the streets of Boston. They wondered at my shoes, and would have me take off my glove to see whether it was a part of my skin.

The men and women came, too, to look at me, and each one must shake hands or stroke my hair, which they thought very beautiful, — "good to the eyes," as they expressed it. In fact, I never received so much genuine admiration in my life. When the crowd grew tired of looking at me, they began begging me for pins. What, you will ask, did they want of pins? I wondered too, till I saw at every little muddy stream groups of children, with strings and bent pins, fishing. You can win a Guinea heart with a pin.

But to return to the babies. You would laugh, I am sure, if when visiting the sea-shore you should suddenly come upon a baby planted in the sand! One often sees such a sight in Guinea. Mamma must go out to work in the morning, and so she digs a hole in the sand near her, stands baby in, then packs down the sand about her much in the way you would set out a rose-bush, baby's legs being the roots. There it amuses itself making sand-pies, and watching its mother till her work is done. At other times you might stumble over the same child lying on the ground in front of the house, round and shining as a piece of well-polished stove-pipe. You can tell from appearances that it has just been stuffed with as much rice and palm-butter as it could hold, and laid out in the sun to take a nap. How would you like, little friend, to be a Guinea baby?

In spite of such hard usage the human stove-pipe grows fat and strong, and before a white baby would think of standing alone will be tumbling head over heels on the beach or swimming like a duck in the water.

Perhaps you will ask, "Do not these poor children have any games or playthings?" No, indeed. If you showed them a handsome doll, they would suppose it was a greegree to be worshipped, and would no doubt be much perplexed to find a use for such handsome toys as good Santa Claus puts in the stockings of Yankee boys and girls on Christmas eve. Yet, after all, they enjoy life very much with swimming and fishing and climbing trees. Ah! I have not told you about that. Don't say it is nothing to climb a tree, and that you can beat them there. Would you venture to run up a straight shaft fifty feet high, as Guinea boys do, even to get a fine bunch of cocoanuts at the top? They are nimble as monkeys, and on very good terms with those animals, which are found in great numbers in the woods and jungles of Guinea. I should like to tell you about them in their wild state, for they are very different from those trained to perform in scarlet coats to the music of a hand-organ. But it would hardly do, after announcing my theme to be Guinea children, to introduce monkeys. Yet these strange people have more than one tradition to prove that there is a relationship between themselves and the monkey tribe, and the old women who called to see me would often turn away with disgust at sight of my wrinkled-faced pet, exclaiming, "O mammy, me no like him; he look too much like we."

Now I must take leave of you, dear fellow-traveller, for you must be tired with taking so long a voyage, seeing new scenes and faces and customs; but when next somebody bids you "Go to Guinea!" you can tell them you have been there.

INDIAN CORN AS FOOD. — At a late meeting of the Paris Academy, M. Fea, of Padua, enlarged on the merits of maize as an article of food. He gave comparative tables to show that maize is superior to all other cereals in fatty matters, and that it may be considered as perfect food. He also replied to objections that have been made to maize, accusing it of giving rise to certain diseases, notably pellegra; and demonstrated that the penicillium, which is supposed to originate this disease, never attacks the maize unless it is damaged.

THE FUTURE CHURCH OF THE UNITED STATES.

A THANKSGIVING ADDRESS AT THE LAYING OF THE CORNER-STONE OF THE PROVIDENCE, R. I., CATHEDRAL, BY REV. JAMES KENT STONE, FORMERLY A PROTESTANT MINISTER IN BOSTON, BUT NOW A PASSIONIST FATHER.

Weekly Visitor.

Right Rev. Fathers in God, Rev. Brethren, and my Friends:

In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

O Israel, the Lord thy God will bring thee into a good land out of the plains of which deep rivers break forth, where the stones are iron, and out of whose hills are dug mines of brass. Then when thou hast eaten and art full, take heed and beware lest at any time thou forget the Lord thy God and neglect His commandments, for after He had afflicted and proved thee, at the last He had mercy on thee, lest at any time thy heart be lifted up. Thou sayest in thy heart, my own might and the strength of my own hand have achieved all these things for me, but remember the Lord thy God, He hath given thee strength — *Deut.* xxviii.

God's dwellings with His chosen people of old were a foreshadowing of the history of His Church which was to come. Many a time in the history of the Church has this fact been illustrated, but never more strikingly, I think, than in the history of the Irish people. Hard times began in Ireland a long time ago, but about the beginning of the sixteenth century things grew suddenly worse, and then the real captivity began. A king arose who knew not Joseph, and the Church in Ireland passed under a more than Egyptian bondage of three hundred years. But God's time came at last, and He opened a way of deliverance. That most patient people, tried at last by long distress, broke through their barriers in a new and strange exodus. The sea offered no barriers when Israel came out of Egypt to the house of Judah. "The sea saw and fled, Jordan was turned back." Over the rolling waters they came, wave after wave of resistless immigration, falling upon these western shores of promise. It seemed at first a strange land that they were entering, a land full of antagonism and bitterness; but the Lord their God was their guide and their strength in the midst of them. He turned the rock into pools of water and the strong hills into fountains of waters. He struck — yes, the rock of Puritan prejudice, and even here in cold New England the Catholic Church and the Irish people found a home.

It is a strange assembly to meet in such a place and on such a day, my friends. For the first time, so far as I am aware, in the history of this country, the old New England Thanksgiving day is kept by the Irish Catholic people, gathered together without restraint, loyally and lovingly offering up to the great God who brought them and established them here the tribute of their heartfelt thanksgiving. And looking around us, my friends, over this great western world, looking back over the history of the Catholic Church in the United States during the last twenty-five years, we may in truth be grateful to God. Never, since the days when Christianity first marched forth to the conquest of the world, has there been such marvellous progress, such providential success The growth of the Church in the United States, in the last quarter of a century, has been simply marvellous. A church which in that short time has doubled its hierarchy and trebled the number of its priests, has multiplied fivefold its churches and its academies of learning, which are the glory of the land, which as material edifices are the finest monuments that our country has to point to, and which to-day is laying the corner-stone of another, may indeed feel that God has done great things for it, that the Lord of hosts is with her Nor is this all for which we have to be thankful to-day. Not merely for the material increase of our numbers and prosperity, but for all the other signs of His blessing which

God has manifested towards us do we give thanks to Him to-day. We thank Him that the people among whom God has cast our lot have, on the whole, treated us with so much kindness and courtesy. I know that there has been a good deal of bitterness, of unjust contempt shown us. I know that from time to time there have even been little outbursts of violence, but on the whole, especially as time has gone and we have become better known, the people of America have learned to treat us not merely with moderation, but with respect. There has been nothing of real persecution, and may the day of its coming be far distant. For this, then, again we thank the God who has brought us hither.

But there is something more than this which should excite our gratitude. It is the success of what is called a great and hazardous experiment. The great outside world has been taught to believe for a long time that the old Catholic Church depended for her strength and prosperity upon the favor of kings and princes, that she needed the support of the powers of this present world. It was false, a most radically false idea. For the Church came from God originally, without human aid in the laying of her foundations, and she has ever been sustained by Almighty power alone. There had been color for such an ignorance and prejudice in the history of the Church during the centuries which preceded the emancipation, as I may call it, of the Irish people. Now here in this western world, in this free republic of America, the Catholic Church has been, by the mercy of God, cut loose from everything which could tie her to the temporal pomp and glory of this world, and make her even to seem to depend on the favor of princes. She has been thrown utterly upon the hearts of the people, and here she finds herself stronger in these foundations, built upon love and veneration, than I think anywhere else in the world to-day. The Church of God now proves to the world that she needs no human help, that her strength is in the faith and love which divine grace inspires in the hearts of her loving children. Now, therefore, for the great mercy which God has shown in establishing His Church here in America, for the kindness and respect with which we have been treated by our non-Catholic brethren, and above all for the successful issue of what I have called the experiment of throwing the Catholic Church upon the hearts of the people alone, we give our thanksgiving, lifting up our hearts in grateful adoration to-day. "Not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name give the glory for Thy mercy and truth's sake, lest the Gentiles should say, Where is their God? Our Lord God is in heaven and He hath done all things whatsoever He would."

RESPONSIBILITY OF THE PRESENT. — DUTY OF THE FUTURE.

But, my friends, it is not only gratitude for the mercy of the past which should inspire us to-day. There are other themes which should occupy our attention. There is the great responsibility of the present and the great duties of the future which are pressing upon us. I think that the present time marks a great crisis in the history of the Catholic Church in this country. There is a change going on, which to ordinary observers may not be perceptible, but a deep and real change, which will be better perceived by those who shall look upon it hereafter. I do not think that the glowing anticipations concerning the future of the Catholic Church in this country which have been entertained by some will be speedily realized. I trust, indeed, that God intends the conversion of America and that He will use the people whom he has brought hither as one of His chief instruments in that great work, but I do not anticipate an easy or speedy conversion of the American people. Already, my friends, the growth of the Catholic Church, which has been so rapid in the past quarter of a century, has begun to be

checked, and in the twenty-five years which are to come, although that growth may continue healthy, strong, and vigorous, yet I do not suppose that it will be so rapid as heretofore. In the first place, that great movement of which I speak has already nearly come to an end.

The tide of immigration has ceased, has almost dried up. We are here now, but not many more are coming. The Church has been planted here. Now it must grow of its own innate and divinely given forces. It is a mistake, I think, to expect any great addition to the Church by immediate conversion of those outside her fold. The number of conversions to the Catholic Church is indeed great in itself, but not great when compared with the multitude of those who are already her children and with the still greater multitude who remain outside. I am told that about five to seven per cent of those every year confirmed by our Bishops throughout the country are converts to the Catholic faith. This is a goodly number, but it does not mark any such increase as will enlarge to any great extent the strength of the numbers of the Catholic Church in this country. Moreover, this increase, whatever it may be, is more than counterbalanced by the loss which the Church suffers. She is growing. Her children are many. God has blessed her with fertility. But the number of her children who fall away year by year, though I trust in small proportion to those who grow up in her faith, yet is greater by far than those who are brought into the Church from the outside. The influences which surround us are dangerous and subtle. The young people whom we see coming into manhood and womanhood about us are brought into contact with the most diabolical forces, and the most dangerous. Many, I am sad to say, are falling under the influences of this attack of the infernal enemy, especially our young men. In many parts of the country, if I may judge from my experience as a missionary, many of our young men begin to feel the power of worldly ambition, and they have not the grace of God enough in their hearts to overcome those temptations. The effects in many places of want of any religious education, of pernicious reading which is thrust into their hands on every side, of insidious liberalism insinuating itself into our hearts, of the desire to rise in this world at any cost; above all, the corruption of those temptations which belong to luxurious civilization, — all these things are bringing down many souls into sin and preparing them for eventual damnation.

WORK FOR THE FUTURE.

Now, my friends, I have stated our danger frankly and boldly. I am not afraid. We ought none of us be to confess the truth, the danger which is before us. Forewarned is forearmed. Knowing then what is upon us, and knowing the responsibility which will be ours in the future, let us to-day animate ourselves for a fresh departure. Let us not forget, in the day when God has given us prosperity, "when we have eaten and are full," let us not forget our Lord God and neglect His commandments. Let us to-day, on this Thanksgiving feast, not only give Him gratitude for the past, but entreat Him that he will prepare us for the work which He calls upon us to do for Him in the future.

LOYALTY TO OUR PASTORS.

I have not time to give you a sermon on your duties. It does not belong to such an occasion as the present, and yet I cannot, I have not the heart to stop until I have said a word or two of exhortation. In the first place let me beg you, if you would retain the prosperity which has thus far been yours, if you would continue to bring down God's blessing upon you, to remain firm in your loyalty to your pastors. Do you remember how when Israel came out of Egypt and met their enemies in conflict that Moses, their leader, went up on to the

mountain, and while the fight went on below he held his arms aloft and prayed to God? And so long as his hands were lifted in supplication Israel prevailed over their enemies, and when his hands dropped the battle went against them. And so Aaron and Hur went up to his side and supported his arms until the going down of the sun, and so the victory was theirs.

My dear friends, your pastors stand on the mountain top and behold the conflict which is going on. So long as they hold up their hands in faithful supplication to God, the Almighty gives victory to his people. But their hands will grow heavy if they are not borne up by your loyal support. Come to their side and be their Aaron and Hur, for that so their arms may never fail, and lifted in constant supplication may bring down from God final and complete triumph which He predestined for His Church.

Again, my dear friends, I entreat those of you who are of mature years to be faithful to your duty to your children. Bring them up in the love and fear of God. And you, young people, young men especially, I call upon you to-day to do your duty to the Church. Thanks be to God that I see around me to-day so goodly and so manly an array. Thanks be to God that, if I may judge from appearances, the

YOUNG CATHOLICS OF NEW ENGLAND

are sound. Remember, my young friends, that the responsibility of the future will be upon you, that God calls upon you to be the soldiers and heroes of His Church. You will be its pillars in the days that are to come. Oh, that my voice could ring out throughout the land! I would call to the Catholic young men of America to appreciate their position, to realize the grand dignity to which God has called them. The eyes of the world are upon them, and the gaze of futurity will be also turned back upon them. If they play their part well they will be remembered to the end of time with gratitude and with honor, but if they fail in their duty, the curse of Almighty God will sweep them from the face of the land into premature and dishonored graves. May God bless and give strength to the young men of America!

Finally, my dear friends, we must each of us in our own hearts remember the Lord our God and keep His commandments. We must each of us turn to God with all our hearts. We have all of us need of conversion. Yes, all of us have need of conversion.

DANGER TO THE CHURCH.

The Church has not yet begun to degenerate here, but there is danger that she will become degenerate. "When thou hast eaten and art full, take heed and beware lest thou forget the Lord thy God and neglect His commandments." Let us not forget how He afflicted and proved us and tried us and brought us hither that He might humble us and teach us that our strength is in Him alone. Let us not forget that He was our leader, that He went through the Red Sea before us. It was a Red Sea of trial, of suffering, of passion. Then, beloved friends, we are, you are, the sons and daughters of the saints of the world, of the followers of the crucified Redeemer. Better by far that we should remain poor and despised than that we should forget the God who has been so merciful to us; better by far the old days of persecution and of penal laws, the days of hanging and quartering and disembowelling, the days of hiding in hedges and caverns, provided faith be pure and bright and strong, rather than success and prosperity, bringing with them worldliness, ambition, pride, luxury, and all the splendid but fatal vices of a degenerate and effeminate Christianity.

CONCLUSION.

May the great God who has blessed us so abundantly, who has shown us such unmistakable signs of His love

and His intended mercies for the future, keep in our hearts the old Catholic faith, keep us true and loyal and humble and pure, that so the generations yet to come, when another quarter-century is gone, may meet in this place and say, as we have said today, "Not unto us, O Lord, but unto Thy name give the glory, for Thy mercy and for Thy truth's sake." May the passion of our Lord Jesus Christ be ever in our hearts! Amen.

WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Father Coleridge, S. J.

WOMAN'S sphere was that of the sanctity of the family, to minister to the wants of the poor and to soothe the wants of the dying. There was never any real pretence to authority sanctioning the usurpation by woman of the legitimate rights of man. By the creation of man first by Almighty God, then from Adam producing the woman, the Divine Creator signified that which is so well expressed in the words of St. Paul, "Woman is of the man, not man of the woman." But although man is woman's "lord," yet the position of the latter is not that of servile bondage; 'tis hers to elevate the sanctity of the home, and another and withal higher dignity is her lot. The virginal purity of woman is the fairest creation upon earth; a pure girl is the most lovely of God's works. If the teachings of God's Church in this matter had been adhered to and followed, if the teachings of Holy Church had not been ignored, and preference given for laws of license, we should not now hear so much nonsense talked about "women's rights," nor would there have been so many unhappy homes; our ears would not so frequently have been made to tingle with scandals, the recounting of which would make us blush. The vile divorce court would not have been called into existence. To avoid the insidious entrance of the causes of these scandals into the sanctity of the home, by which all peace would be banished, the reverend lecturer counselled parents, but especially mothers, to judiciously exercise over their daughters their just prerogatives, and instil into their hearts the purity of life which Holy Church teaches. If this be followed, fewer heartbroken parents and a less number of wrecked homes would exist, and more happy unions would be made, both in this world and in the world to come.

IRELAND IN SOUTH AMERICA.

THE sheep industry of Buenos Ayres, three fourths of which are in the hands of Irishmen, is most prosperous, and all our fellow-countrymen on the estancias are doing well. Many of them are now coming over to Ireland to purchase properties in the counties Westmeath and Longford, being the counties from which most of the River Plate Irishmen some twenty or thirty years ago emigrated. Mr. E. T. Mulhall, one of the editors of the *Buenos Ayres Standard*, has been travelling in Ireland. His statements respecting the great growing prosperity of the Irish sheep farmers in Buenos Ayres are fully borne out by facts that have come under our notice. The Buenos Ayres government, with a view to foment sheep farming, is now selling a large district of public lands in that province at the very low price of 60,000 m. c. dollars per square league — say £100 sterling. These lands are within the frontier line, and are some of the finest in the province. The government only requires ten per cent of the purchase-money cash, and the remainder in yearly instalments of ten per cent, free of interest. Many of the rich Irish sheep farmers in the North of Buenos Ayres are buying up these lands for their children, and it is most pleasant, in times like the present of such severe depression, to hear of one land at least where the footprints of our countrymen are marked with such prosperity.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER IV.

RETRACINGS.

BEFORE the days of the honeymoon were fully passed, Bob Reeves and his sister Anne made a caillè* with Julia Marron. It was the evening of an early November day, — that golden time of the year that, if we mistake not, Longfellow calls "the summer of All Saints."

They found her engaged at her usual employment, lace-working. Her father had been what is known as a "handyman"; that is, he followed no particular trade, yet had in a sort of way a little proficiency in several. Near the window that looked out into the orchard, and where the sun peeped in in the evening-time, he made a little desk and a little seat for Julia, where she customarily sat at her work.

Besides Julia, there were in her father's house, when she was young, two brothers and a sister. One brother and a sister died, "as long ago as she could remember"; and her remaining brother, having fallen out with her father, ran away to England, and from that to America, or somewhere else, and whether living or dead they could never learn.

What sort was Julia, as she stood between them and the light of the little window? She was tall and slender. There was the slightest perceptible stoop in her shoulders, which, far from being ungraceful, imparted to her person a look of modesty and reserve. Her features were delicate — rather long, not angular, but chaste and attractive in their outline. Her hair was very black, and as it fell loosely upon her shoulders, gave her a maiden-like appearance. Her eyes were dark and expressive, the eyelashes particularly long, thereby giving to the expression of the face a tone of thoughtful meekness. Her forehead was broad, and the skin was so pure and white that it seemed to be almost shining. The nose was long, the mouth small, and the chin short and rounded. She stretched out her hand — the fingers were long and graceful and the hand symmetrical. Altogether she was such as one meeting her would say, "Oh, there is a fair, handsome girl!" and that at the same time would feel she was totally ignorant of it herself. She wore a long dark dress, a small white apron, a clean white collar around her neck — and that is Julia Marron as far as eye could see her, or at least as far as we can describe her

Bob Reeves said something about a fine day, wondered why Julia was alone, was told that her husband and her mother had gone to the market; and seeing that there was something like sad thoughts on Julia's face, he left the two women together and rambled out into the orchard. The withered leaves were shivering in the gale or glancing in the sun. Old thoughts come upon Bob Reeves. The words that he spoke on the day of the marriage, when descending from the hill above his father's cottage, — "She ought to have known enough of the tippler in her father," — involuntarily break from his lips once more. Suppose he had been questioned as to the meaning of these words, something like this would have been his reply.

"You see," he might say, "that little cottage; it was a lovely cottage once; it is a nice cottage still. The Marrons lived there, and there was a time when few families in the neighborhood could raise their heads higher. The best girl on this earth is that poor thing inside." (This must be taken *cum grano salis*, for they had been playmates in the old times long ago,) "She had a bad father, I 'm sorry to say, and I fear she has got a worse husband. Her father was careless and idle, and what was worse, was fond of that detestable drop. Money was going on the drink, a ceaseless drain on the little means of the house-

* Paid a visit.

hold. His time was idled; he left his garden untilled and his house uncared for, — all going out and nothing coming in. The best mathematician in the world could not square the debit and credit sides of such an account.

"What was his end? One day he was standing in the yard, when the process-server came up and handed him a process. It was for £17, and from the landlord of one of the houses where he was in the habit of taking a 'sup.' 'Betty,' says he, returning into the house, 'I never got value for this.'

"'Whisht, now, an' you did, Bryan asthore!'

"'I never did; and what will we do if the poor gersha hears it?' He sat on the chair, and the tears came to his eyes. 'She'll lave us then, Betty, and there'll be none to take care of us when we are ould.'

"He rose from the chair, and laid himself on the bed, and 'out of that bed,' said his poor wife, 'he never got, till we took him seven days after, and laid him beside the little ones we lost long ago.'" *

After Bob Reeves had been walking on the little path at the foot of the garden for about half an hour, revolving these thoughts in his mind, he considered it high time to return and see what the ladies indoors were at. He smiled as the two of them looked on his face when he entered.

"It is a fine, glorious evening. 'Pon my word, Julia, I am glad to see how well you look!'

"We might as well try to put the best leg forward, Master Bob. I believe there is nobody in the world that has n't some little share of trouble to put up with."

"See, now, Julia, how lonely you 'd be here only that we called to see you; and 't was I suggested it. We were barely up from our dinner when I said, 'We'll drop down and see this new marri d woman.'"

"'Deed and word, Master Bob, true enough for you! I would have been lonely." And Bob thought he noticed a shadow of gloom pass across her forehead, as a summer cloud along the sunny fields. "'Deed and word, I would have been lonely only for yous coming to make a caillè. Maybe ye 'd have a cup of tea with me? I won't be half a minute getting it ready. Do, Miss Anne! I did n't ask anything of you since I got married, and I know you won't refuse now. I was in a great hurry all the day, and so I did n't feel it passing. Anyway I did n't taste a morsel since breakfast this morning. I did n't care to eat when I had no one with me, and I think I would like it now."

"Yes, you will, Anne," said Bob.

"Coffee or tea, Master Bob? I have both."

"Coffee, Julia. Now, Anne, you will wait. Let William Reeves take his time. I'll tell him that we were taking a cup of coffee with Julia, and do you think he'll be angry? Folly, woman! Here, Julia, here 's her mantle; or don't mind. Down with the kettle, and I'll take care of it.

"Now, Anne, you look for all the world as lazy as Peter Molloy there. Do you know, Julia, how I found our friend Peter Molloy engaged the other day? Why, his eldest son, Eddie, was digging the potatoes — their dinner, I suppose — and that lazy porpoise of a father of his was picking them after him. See, Julia, this way. He was thrown along the ridge, and he stretched out his right hand as if he was swimming; when he had gathered all in reach of that hand, he gave himself a lurch forward, and picked all within reach of the left hand; then another lurch, and all within reach of the right; and so on. I was looking at them down from the fort, and I think if I was down near him, I 'd have given him a knock of the spade that would either have put him upon his legs or brought a coroner's inquest upon him. But, Julia, you never heard of the story about his wife, did you?"

* This is no imaginary case. It is a literal fact, and is given word for word from the lips of a dying woman.

"What was it, Master Bob?"

"You heard it before, Julia. Now Bob, now Bob, decency! decency!"

"Oh, well, my dear, sweet sister, for once in my life I'll please you. Here, Dick, is some groundsel I brought into you from the garden. Poor little Dick — tweet! tweet! poor little Dick. Oh, fine little fellow! oh, fine little fellow!" Bob put the groundsel to the edge of the cage, and the bird pecked it a few times, then hopped on its perch and sang until its little throat seemed ready to burst. "Oh, fine little fellow! fine little fellow! poor little Dick. You dirty old cat! Away, you nasty old thing! O Julia, do you know that Miss Anne is in mourning after her kittens? And, Julia, she composed a lamentation for them I'll sing it for you; 't is to the air of Lady Dufferin's beautiful ballad, 'The Irish Emigrant'; in fact, 't is a parody on it. Here 't is, Julia.

'I'm sitting on the little box,
My kittens white and gray,
Where oft ye slept the live day long
In your cosy nest of hay.
Bright was the sun, and glad my heart
When ye 'd peep in at the door.
Now Sis is sad, and I am mad,
We 'll never see yous more.'

Of course you know, Julia, that 'Sis' was the mother of the kittens? I am going to continue; 't is worth your while to listen.

''T is but a step o'er yonder hill,
And the Lagan flows along,
Cold are its waters, cold and calm,
And dark and deep and strong.
'T was there that Bob did throw yous in,
'T was there ye moaned and cried,
And there ye feebly fought for life,
Poor things! before ye died.

'I'm very lonely now, poor dears!
For I'm scarcely past my teens,
And that is why I love so well
Old Sis's young *pusheens*.
But ——'

Here the melody was interrupted by a short scream from the hearth. The kettle had poured on Julia's hand Bob dashed to the dresser, laid hold on some glycerine soap that his quick eye had detected there a few moments before, applied it gently to the burn, which did not prove to be very serious, and set his sister to the coffee-pot.

For a half-hour or so they sat over the odoriferous beverage, and Bob mingled many a light-hearted, queer thing with their cups. They were just done when Mrs. Marron put in an appearance.

"Andy is not with you, mother?" said Julia in an inquiring tone.

"Andy!" said the old woman, with some amount of bitterness in her accent. "Oh, Misther Andy has something else to do, I'll go bail, than coming home with an ould woman."

"What, mother!" said Julia, and there was alarm pictured on her face, while a fluttering was discernible in her voice. "Has anything happened to him?"

By this time Mrs. Marron had made her *entrée* into the parlor, where the coffee-pot was still steaming The sight and scent put her in a somewhat better mood. She saluted our visitors, sat to the table, and poured out some coffee for herself. There was an awkward silence for a few seconds. When Mrs. Marron, however, had tasted the beverage, and cheerfulness had lighted on her face, she said, "I thought, Julia, I would have been better company for Andy M'Kenna the day in town, or for Andy M'Kenna to come home with, than that lazy Ribbonman, Mithaun Duffy. But he never asked me since I left this, at ten o'clock this morning, if I had a mouth on me."

Julia hung down her head and said nothing, for she felt that her mother had spoken right when she said that Mithaun Duffy was no very creditable company. A notorious Ribbonman he was; and already poor Julia had an instinctive and (if coming events could cast their shadows before) a very justifiable hatred and fear of Ribbonism. Bob, however, seeing the turn the conversation was likely to take, came to her aid.

"Did you find the roads pleasant, Mrs. Marron?"

"Very fine and dry, Master Bob."

"Oh, I think they must have been delightful," said Anne, desiring to divert the discourse from uncomfortable topics.

After some further conversation, Bob and his sister rose, and seeing that the evening was growing late, prepared to take their departure.

The light of the day was fast declining, and the landscape wore a sombre look, as our pedestrians walked leisurely along towards Green Cottage.

"Anne, I don't think Julia is happy, is she?"

"What makes you think she is not happy?"

"I thought I noticed, not the traces of tears, but of sadness on her cheek when we went in first."

"Well, she says she is not. I believe M'Kenna's conduct has already given her too much reason. She says, and it was hard to get it out of her, that he is not the same man now that he was before their marriage."

"Do you know, Anne, I never could warm to him. But tell me, did n't you say he was apprentice at the carpenter's over the way many years ago?"

"Yes."

"Where did he come from?"

"From the seaside, they say."

"And how long was he at Keogan's?"

"Well, I could not exactly tell. I should think four or five years. I used to notice him going to mass, — a gay young spark, that 'thought no small beer of himself.' You ought to remember him yourself."

"No, Anne, I don't."

"When 'his time was up' he went to America."

"And did Julia and he know each other before, or was there any intimacy between them?

"I suppose Julia knew him, and then, you know, Julia was but a slip of a gersha when he was a young man. Julia is quite young"

"Of course I know that."

"Well, he is not so; he looks young, no doubt, but that is because he is red. There are other things too, but —"

"Julia was always a little vain. Was she not now, Anne?"

"And which of us is not, Bob? and perhaps with less reason too."

"You 'll admit that she was attracted and captivated by a nice face, for there was nothing else to recommend Andy M'Kenna."

"And, Bob, which of us is not attracted by a handsome face? Now, tell me, even in the little children that pass the road or come up to us on a Sunday to the catechism, will you not admit that you show a preference for a handsome face?"

"Now, Anne, for once you are wrong. I show a preference for a lively face. I think it far more attractive than a handsome face, especially if the child be quick and talented too. But wait — did I tell you about Sunday evening? Where were you on Sunday evening?"

"At Kate Reid's."

"Oh, yes; you and William went to visit Kate Reid. Well, when ye were away, I said to myself I'd take a walk. It was just this light, about six o'clock or so. After taking coffee I rambled out, and whatever led me, I found myself going towards the orchard.

"A little crowd of youngsters gathered about me, and of course I bought some apples for them. Barney brought them out and laid them on the donkey's cart, and then I shared them into their little pinafores, two handfuls to each.

"We were then coming away all together, in the greatest glee, when Mick Cunningham met us. 'Who 'll take the flail to the four-horse power?' said Mick. Mick wore his beautiful frieze overall and looked very imposing. I asked who was 'the four-horse power,' and they told me it was the *wee* man that came lately to the cross-roads. 'How many apples, Mick?' said one. 'How many apples,

Mick?' said another. 'How many apples, Mick?' shouted a gossan with no cap on his curly head; and that same head did not seem to have come in contact with rack or comb for the past dozen Sundays. His knees were getting out through his little thread-bare petticoat (from playing marbles, I suspect), a tattered pinafore hanging sideways did for surtout, and his bare legs were long, and unwashed his face. But, nothing daunted, he shouted, 'How many apples, Mick?'

"'I'll give three kings to any gossan or gersha that will go,' cried Mick; but the offer tempted no one.

"'Will none of yous go?' he said, in a rather disappointed temper. No one having put in a proposal, he said again, 'Mary Traynor, where did you lave the flail?'

"'I left it stoodin' up to the wires,' said Mary.

"'You left it stoodin' up to the wires!' said a mercurial little thing in check bib and Scotch plaid coat, and she emphasized the word 'stoodin'.'

"I assure you, Anne, they noticed it quicker than I did, and the biggest of them was not 'three feet and a fist.'

"'She left it stoodin' up to the wires,' said another.

"'Did you hear what Mary Traynor said? I left it stoodin' up to the wires,' continued a third. 'Oh, stoodin', stoodin', stoodin'!

"A fourth little creature, with lovely yellow hair falling down on her neck and shoulders, with a white bib upon her, and two pins stuck in the back of her coat to keep it tidy about her, and with little bare legs, and a walk that might not have unbecome a lady, moved near her, and said, 'Would n't you say, I left it *standing* up to the wires?'

"Actually, Anne, the grace of that little one's walking — if she were bigger or prouder, I suppose I would have said the grace of that little one's carriage — and her mimickry were inimitable. I thought of what father so often says, that there is an immensity of talent lying dormant in our peasant children.

"But," said Bob, changing his tone unexpectedly, "behold, Miss Reeves, we are at Green Cottage. *Entrez, mademoiselle, entrez.*"

To be continued.

LOVE.

Father Burke O. P.

He that loves is uneasy because that he loves. In proportion as he loves, in the same proportion his love will become a kind of torment to him until it finds vent in some glorious sacrifice, some fair offering, or some noble action for those who are the object of that love. And so the Sacred Heart of Jesus Christ was uneasy in his Divine bosom, because of his infinite love for us, and it could find no higher, no nobler, and no greater vent than that he should come down from heaven — again and again invoked, called forth by the word of consecration, and thus renewing on the stone of sacrifice, on the altar of grace, all that this love for us prompted him to do for us on Calvary. But it was not only as a sacrifice he comes, He comes to remain as a sacrament. He comes, and comes in the fulness of his adored presence, on our altars. He who loves lightly may be contented with the grasp of the hand, with a passing visit, or a word of sympathy to the object of his affection; he who loves selfishly may well grow cold in his love when time withers away the beauty which first captivated him; but the love of Jesus Christ was another love, — this love remains forever, it never changes, and the object of his love retains the freshness of her youthful beauty unto the end of time, — as fair to-day as that Church which he first came to visit in the Holy Sacrifice, and who, while he remains in the sacrament, is as fair to-day, with her 1800 years of age upon her, as she was the morning when she was first crowned in all her virginal beauty.

TEMPERANCE.

We shall devote more or less space, as occasion requires, to the noble cause of temperance. The great Cardinal Manning, at a late meeting in Westminster, England, said: —

"I know what temperance and I know what total abstinence means, and I am glad to know that in this great multitude, I hope I may say it, the great majority are total abstainers. (Hear, hear!) Now I am not going to lead any temperance movement, because we are all temperance men before the public. When we were made Christians we were made temperance men, and were pledged to temperance; but if we are to keep up the great Christian league of temperance there must be in the army the bear-skin guards who will never give way, and those are the total abstainers. (Cheers.) Now I have laid a sort of trap for you. I have got you here on my ground, and if any man goes off this ground without making up his mind, if he has the courage and heart of a man in him, to give up all intoxicating drinks altogether, I shall be very sorry. Let me ask, is there any man here who has not given up drink? I do not mean drunkenness, for I do not believe there is any man who looks me in the face who has not given up drunkenness long ago. What I mean is this. As long as a man drinks he goes to places where drink is sold, and puts his feet into temptation. He is in the midst of company which is dangerous to him; he gets the taste into his mouth; he likes the taste, and, as I have told you many times before, so I tell you again, the man who has got the taste in his mouth has got the devil's hook in his lip. The way to break away from the temptation to drink is to give it up altogether. (Hear, hear!) If any man who hears me has been tempted in times past, I say to that man that for the very safety of his soul, it is necessary to give up going to places where drink is sold, to places where men drink, to give up occasions of drinking, for they are occasions of sin, and will be to him occasions of falling. I say to such a man, if you wish to save yourself, your home, your wife, and your children, give it up altogether, and break once for all the chain by which the sin holds you. Perhaps there are many here — the majority I hope — who have never tasted any intoxicating drink for years, and some who have never tasted it all the days of their life. To them I say, persevere. To those who are willing to give up, not for their own sake but for the sake of others, the habit of taking any intoxicating drink, I say, do it for the love of God, do it for the love of your neighbor who is perishing. Set him a good example. Give him courage, if he has not heart himself, for you by your help may support him and give him strength and courage to do that which he is afraid to do of himself. Perhaps some may say, I cannot give it up altogether on account of the state of my health. Now, I wish to speak of the doctors with great respect, but they have done a great deal of harm by frightening temperance people and telling them they cannot do without drink. I say you can do without it. I say there is no need of intoxicating drinks. Beer, wine, alcohol in any shape, are not necessary for health. It is no part of natural food, though it may be good as physic. Now, if you like to take physic you may, but do not take physic when you are well. Take physic when you are ill, and if you only take it by the doctor's prescription I will say nothing against it. If you have courage and self-denial to abstain for the sake of example, and pray that those who have fallen into drink may be saved, your self-denial will give strength to your prayers, and Almighty God will hear them, for they will come before him aided by the mortification which you lay upon yourself in reparation of the sin which others commit. What I have just said to the men I say also to women, for if a woman falls into drink she

wrecks her home and the happiness of her husband and children, who will most certainly come to ruin like herself. I call upon women especially to abstain altogether, because they will give courage to men, or shame many a man who does not now think he can do what his wife can do, his sister can do, or his daughter. But let the women set the example, and if men are cowards, at least let women be strong. (Hear, hear!) My last word is, take care of the little children. Bring them up from their earliest childhood never to know the taste, and therefore never to know the temptation, of intoxicating drink. (Cheers.) Why are there so many drunken fathers and mothers? Why are there so many children without proper clothing and without shoe or stocking to their feet? It is because the present parents learnt the fatal habit of drinking in their childhood. If they had been brought up in their childhood never to know the taste and the temptation, if they had never had their feet in a public house, they would have grown up sober total abstainers, and their homes would now have been Christian Catholic homes. (Cheers.)"

IRELAND IN GIBRALTAR.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

In the early part of this year, at the earnest solicitation of the bishop of the see, and in compliance with a special request from Propaganda, a small band of Christian brothers went out from Ireland to found schools and teach in the fortress town of Gibraltar. They were only five, but small as the number was, they have already wrought wonders in the educational condition of the Catholics of the place. For some time previously, owing to a variety of causes and of circumstances into which it is not necessary to enter here, but which it was long the earnest wish and effort of the ecclesiastical authorities in Gibraltar to be able to successfully deal with, Catholic instruction had been a matter of extreme delicacy and difficulty. It has been the good fortune (and it is an abiding evidence of his zeal, tact, and patience) of the present exemplary bishop, the Right Rev. Dr. Scandella, to be able to considerably diminish the obstacles that stood in the way of his predecessors, and to be the inaugurator of a better and more reassuring state of things. One of his first acts was to make an effort to procure a supply of Irish Christian brothers to begin with him the work of educational reform. The heads of the institute in Ireland were only too eager to share in the holy work; and though the pressure on their ranks for home and foreign purposes is great and of daily growth, they promised his lordship a community of five.

The promise was fulfilled as speedily as it could be, and writing soon after their arrival, the bishop says in a pastoral to his flock, "It must be to us all a subject of the purest consolation and well-grounded satisfaction that, amongst the many vast dioceses which had petitioned for the singular favor of the aid of the excellent and holy institute of the Christian brothers, Almighty God has vouchsafed to give this humble vicariate the preference." The Irish brothers have done so well, and revealed so clearly how much more could yet be done, that Dr. Scandella made an appeal to the Propaganda for yet another batch, and at the desire of Propaganda six more have since gone out. As a result, a fine school for intermediate education has been established, and there is a prospect of the foundation of a reformatory and of an industrial school. These are noble tributes to the energy and zeal of the brotherhood, and when it is added that within the last couple of months two or three bands of the brothers have gone to Australia, and that other bands are preparing to follow them, it will be seen that the old missionary spirit is still as fervent as ever in the land, and that the world has not lost its reverence for Irish scholarship.

CAVAN SUPERSTITIONS.

Letitia McClintock, in London Belgravia.

OPPOSITE my drawing-room window stretches a fairy tangle of tall foxglove spires and feathery meadow-sweet. We have rented a wild retreat in the County Cavan, a good-sized house, which its absentee owner lets us have at a cheap rate because it is very much out of order.

I ought to clear away the aforesaid tangle, and restore the garden-beds, but the foxglove forest is so very lovely that I have no heart to do so.

My thoughts were of Titania, Oberon, and the fairy train as I looked from my window at the nodding purple spires, for a network of fancies envelops the entire region. Superstition is as rampant here as if there were no national schools. I am surrounded by neighbors who have had wives and children stolen by the fairies, who have been blighted by the evil eye, or who have had interviews with friends returning from the "undiscovered country" with messages of warning or farewell. The peasants of Cavan are eager to falsify Shakespeare's words, for to them the grave is not "the bourne from whence no traveller returns."

My thoughts were broken in upon by the sound of a violin, and I saw a very old man, bent and snowy-haired, who is one of the greatest characters in the county. A few pence made him very happy, and he said mysteriously, "Your ladyship shall have my good word wid *t em*. It 's no a bad thing to have *them* for your friends." And he nodded right and left, to the foxglove forest, to the wooded slope.

I resolved to make him explain his meaning.

"The gentry, the good people," he whispered. "I 'm sayin' you sall hae my good word wid *them*."

"The fairies! Do you really mean the fairies?" I cried, delighted at having my meditations put into words.

"To be sure I mean the fairies, what else would I be meaning? Do you see them two forts fair forenenst you?"

Leaning on his stick, he pointed with skinny hand towards two clumps of trees growing on mounds, on the top of the opposite hill, looking somewhat like horns.

The forts were in a line, about a quarter of a mile apart, and down below, midway between them, I observed a cabin nestling under the mountain. "What of the forts?" I inquired.

"Well, my lady, it 's going on for four years since Manus Denny that lives in thon house had his wife stolen by the gentry. She was a well-lookin' woman, an' it might be them we willna name had set their hearts on her; but how-an-ever Manus an' her was ridin' home from the fair across the mountain between the two forts; an' it was in the gloamin', when Manus felt the wife grippin' him hard round the waist.

"'What ails ye, Peggy?' says he.

"'O Manus," says she, 'they 're strivin' to pull me off the horse,' says she.

"'Catch a hoult o' me, woman, an' I 'll warrant nobody 'll stir yez,' says he.

"She was there one minute behint him on the horse, an' the next she was gone; an' he swears he had n't the color of whiskey on him forbye the wee drop he took at Red Reilly's on the road home. He was all through other when he got home, an' the childer axin' where was mammy. He 'd ha' been took away himself if it had n't ha' been that he had a needle sticking in the shoulder o' his coat. The needle saved him."

"Did Peggy never come back to him?"

"Troth, did she! She came twiste in the night time, an' he seen her happin' the wee childer in their beds, as plain as I see you, an' says he, 'Peggy,' says he, 'are you livin' with the gentry?'

"'Ay, Manus, avick,' says she, sighin' as if the poor heart of her was a breakin'.

"'Could I win you back, Peggy?'

"'If you have the courage to catch me an' hould me, Manus,' says she, 'you 'll get winnin' me back; but I know you 're the cowardly man'; an' never was a truer word spoke, for though she came as I was sayin', an' give him two chances to keep her, he hadna the courage to lay his hand on her."

"Did he ever hear any more about her?"

"Well, ma'am, he did not: he looked on her as if she was dead an' buried; but a year after she was took off the horse, he married again."

"Do you think Peggy was pleased at that?"

"Deed no, ma'am, I know she was not, an' she 's not content to this day. She comes sighin' round thon big fir-tree at the end o' the house (you may see it yonder), an' sayin', 'False Manus, cowardly Manus!' But though he hears the voice, never a sight o' her can he see."

"How is that?"

"Why, sure, your ladyship, she 's wid them that can make her invisible like themselves. There 's another ould ancient fort in the wood yonder, up in Drumbannon."

He pointed out the wooded slope which I had explored the day after my arrival in Cavan. Tall firs towered above the sycamores, witch-elms and hazels, and fairy forests of foxglove and fern crowded round their gnarled stems.

The fort was a circular mound, one of those so common in Ireland. I asked my loquacious friend if it had not been a Danish fortification.

"To be sure," he replied; "an' the Danes is often there at the present time."

"I thought they had left Ireland hundreds of years ago."

"So they did, surely! But the Danes dealt in magic, an' they 're good friends o' the fairies everywhere. Sure it was because they wrought too much magic that Brian Boru banished them out of Ireland, an' drove them into the sea. They had to fly, but they left the briers an' the hens behint them. Sure you can't go within a perch of a brier but it 'ill catch you; an' sure the hens 'ill scrape the thatch off your house to try to drown you, an' they 'll scratch the ashes out o' your grate to try to burn the house; an' when they fly up to their roosts at night, they think they 're going to the Danish land."

"Are the cocks as bad as the hens?"

"Every hair! Every hair! Your ladyship knows rightly that the cock is the first to bring you bad news? He 'll dance on his perch an' crow at untimely hours, an' if you go to feel his feet, they 're as cowld as the snow — that 's when you are going to hear of a death, or something bad."

"How do you know that Drumbannon is a fairy fort?"

"How do I know? Musha, musha, how would I *not* know! There was a grand gentleman, a friend o' the priest, went to travel in the Holy Land, an' before he went he cut a witch-elm stick off the tree on Drumbannon. Well, ma'am, I was in Father Patrick's kitchen when Dr. Sheean came home, an' tould his adventures.

"He was in an Arab tent wid the stick in his hand, when an ould, ould man wid white flowin' hair took a look at him, an' says he, spakin' English, 'Wad you let me look at thon stick in your hand?'

"'Certainly,' says Dr. Sheean, surprised, an' handed him the stick. The ould man kissed the stick, an' says he, 'Sweet Drumbannon,' says he, an' gave it back to the doctor."

"Who was the old man? Was he one of the Danes who were banished by Brian Boru?"

"How can I tell you, ma'am? He might ha' been one o' them, or he might ha' been one of the fairies, for they can travel fast; but anyway he knowed Drumbannon well, an' it 's certain he was often there."

"Do you think he is sometimes there now?"

"Very likely. You're a good, charitable lady, an' ill say a good word for *you*." And Dan Gow went away, murmuring blessings.

On inquiring about him, I learned that he firmly believes himself to be a particular friend and *protégé* of the gentle race.

He is a famous cow doctor, and the neighbors for miles round have the firmest faith in his supernatural lore.

He was missing for some months a few years ago. His cabin door was found locked, and when the people broke it open, his pig and cat were almost starved to death, showing that he must have been absent for several days.

Had he gone to England or Scotland for the harvest, or had he met with an untimely fate?

These were the questions asked by his neighbors, but no answer was forthcoming.

Great was the excitement when he appeared again, a little more bent and gray than formerly, saying he had been underground with the good people! He had been fêted, had eaten, drunk, and lodged magnificently; and had played the fiddle for the elves to dance to. Ever since then the peasants believe that he holds mysterious intercourse with his fairy friends, and even an occasional failure in his predictions does not seem to shake their faith.

Father Patrick sets his face against dancing, and his young people are not as obedient as he could wish.

One evening as he rode along he came up with a young man and woman belonging to his flock.

"Phil Ryan and Mary Callaghan, where are you going?" he inquired.

"To Teague Mehan's, your reverence, to get our boots mended."

They bowed and curtsied, and his reverence rode on.

Presently he came up with another couple, and another, and yet another; and to his question where they were going, they all replied that they were bound for Teague Mehan's, to get their boots mended.

His reverence resolved that he also would go to Teague Mehan's, and have his boots mended.

An hour later he stopped at the shoemaker's door, and found every one dancing. Great was the consternation of the company.

Father Patrick rushed in, flourishing his whip, and let his blows fall heartily and impartially upon the young men and their partners.

"Where's Dan Gow, the biggest rascal of yez all?" cried his reverence. "Let me get at him! You could n't dance if it was n't for him with his fiddle."

Teague Mehan helped to thrust the trembling fiddler through the window, and he escaped to the barn, where he crept under the straw, and lay hidden until morning.

His host came to release him. "How did you sleep, Dan?" he asked.

"Musha, Teague, I 've bad news for you this morning. Poor Father Patrick!"

"Why, man alive, what would ail Father Patrick?"

"Sure, Teague, I was angry at him for what he done on the company last night, an' I just spoke against him to *them;* an' I 'm feared he 'll be found dead in his bed this morning. Musha, musha, it 's the hard-hearted man I was to bid the gentry harm him!" And Dan groaned in sincere penitence

Teague, much alarmed and fully believing in Dan's supernatural pretensions, hastened to the priest's house, to inquire after his heallth.

Father Patrick gave him ocular and oral demonstration that Dan Gow's curses had not harmed him, for looking out of his bedroom window, he abused him heartily for giving the dance, called him villain and rascal, and threatened to "take the whip to him next." While on the theme of Father Patrick, I must tell of a clever trick that was played upon him the

other day by one of my new neighbors at "foxglove forest."

Brian Doolan is an ill-looking man, who, without working, seems to have abundance of everything. He has a very bad character, and is known by the name of Brian the Rascal. The people have complained over and over again that Brian steals their ducks and fowls, and the priest lately sent him a message to come to his house.

No Rascal appeared. Father Patrick sent another message to say that if he did not come before such a day, he would curse him from the altar, with bell, book, and candle.

The Rascal put off reporting himself to the priest until the very last day; but early on that day he knocked at the door, and said to the servant, "Be plazed to tell his reverence that here 's Brian Doolan come to do his bidding."

"The priest 's not up yet, my good man," returned Nancy; "but if you 'll be seated a wee minute, I 'll tell him."

Brian looked round the neat kitchen, and spied the priest's boots, beautifully polished, lying ready for him to put on. He listened for Nancy's step on the stairs, but all was silent.

It was the work of a moment to throw off his own tattered brogeens, and put on Father Patrick's boots.

"He says you 're to go up to him in the room," said Nancy, returning.

A volley of abuse greeted Brian from his reverence's pillow. "You villain! you rascal! So you have set all the old women in the country crying, because you steal their fowls! You thief, you, don't I know your character? What did you steal last?"

"Deed, your reverence, I took a pair of boots from a decent man."

"You rascal! Did you give them back to him?"

"I 'll give them to *you*, your reverence."

"And why would you give them to *me*, you good-for-nothing fellow? I don't want them. Give them to the man that owns them."

"I offered them to the man that owns them, your reverence, an' he said he did n't want them."

"Well, well, if he does n't want them, you may keep them; but be sure you mend your ways, and keep your hands off the neighbors' fowls, or I 'll read you out from the altar, you rascal."

Well pleased, Bryan left the house, wearing his new boots.

The same Father Patrick is very autocratic in his dominion, wielding a power that is rather uncommon at this period of the world's history. He is extremely particular about the conduct of the young people belonging to his flock; and in the streets of the nearest town he met one of his own young men very late the other night, with his arm round the waist of a smartly dressed girl.

"What are you doing at this hour, Dennis?" said he sternly; "and you, my girl, why are n't you at home in your bed?"

"'T is no business of yours," replied the girl pertly. "I 'm not one of your hearers."

"Are n't you? Well, you 'll be one of my *feelers* then," returned the priest, dealing her a blow with his stick.

She would have "had the law of him," but she feared her parents' anger if it came out that she, a Protestant, had been accepting the attentions of a Roman Catholic, so she kept the affair very quiet; but the story crept to my ears somehow, and is too good to be unrecorded.

The instances of superstition I have hitherto given have concerned Roman Catholics; but to my surprise I find that the Church people and Presbyterians of Cavan are not quite exempt from it.

They do not, certainly, believe in fairies, but have great faith in witchcraft, luck, and death warnings. None of them like to meet Mary Lafferty, a red-haired woman who lives

near us, and who is said to be unlucky; and if they chance to encounter her when on their way to fair and market, they turn back, and defer their business until another day, no matter how important it may be. My cook, a Presbyterian, came home lately from a visit to her father in the lowest spirits. I asked her what was the matter, and she replied that her father had been awakened the night before by a voice at the window close to his bed, which said distinctly, three times, "James, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!"

It seems that his tenure of his farm depended upon a life in the lease, and that the voice at the window came to tell him this life had just dropped off.

"We must leave the old home," said my cook, "an' it'll go near to break father's heart."

She was not at all clear who had given the warning, but fully believed in its authenticity; and her fears proved correct, for the next day news came that the man whose name was in the lease was really dead, and the farm must be given up.

Another of my new neighbors has had a death warning.

The Wilsons and Callaghans live half-way between "foxglove forest" and the town, in a long cabin, consisting of two houses under one roof.

"Livin' in under the roof wid me," is the way in which the Cavan peasants describe this close neighborhood.

One night the Callaghans saw a face at their window, and a finger tapped three times upon the glass. They rushed to the door; nothing was visible, but a mournful wail rose upon the air, and retreated over the hills, growing fainter and fainter until it died away. Of course they believed that the Banshee had warned them of a death.

Their neighbors did not hear the wailing, but were aroused by a loud blow upon the roof of the house.

"Which family is that for?" said the husband and wife to each other, hoping the message was not for them.

The question was answered next day when little Annie Callaghan fell into the river while gathering foxgloves, and was drowned.

One of the commonest superstitions in Cavan is that it is unlucky to comb your hair at night, as, if you do so, having a friend at sea, that friend will most likely be drowned.

The old people refrain from cutting their nails, lest they should have to search for the parings on the day of judgment. Others wrap the parings in paper, and thrust them between the stones of a wall, for the same reason. When they cut their hair, they hide away the ends, never burning a single hair, for the burning of hair brings ill luck.

I shall conclude this paper with the strange story of a once restless spirit, who is now settled in a very small space in the town of B——.

Mr McBride was an attorney, and lived in a good house. He died rather suddenly, and his wife and servants soon found out that he could not rest. Ten o'clock had not sounded from the church tower each night when he appeared, and walking through the kitchen where the servants were at work, went up stairs to his wife's room.

He continued to appear at intervals throughout the night, gazing at his window wistfully, plucking the bedclothes or the pillow, in a vain effort to induce her to speak to him.

Thus a year passed, and no one had addressed the poor restless ghost. Whatever message he had to give, or secret to impart, none would summon courage to ask what he wanted.

At length Mrs. McBride applied to the priest, who at first refused to interfere, but when she persisted, came to the house prepared to do as she wished.

"Shall I call him up till you see him?" he asked.

"No, no, sir! Oh, no, I never wish to see him again.

"Well, where would you like him to be settled?"

"Between the water and the foam," she replied.

At these words the poor listening spirit gave a loud, piteous cry.

"You cruel, hard hearted woman!" said the priest, "is that what you'd have me do to your husband? I will not settle him there; I'll settle him at the cows' heads in his own warm byre for five years."

The widow and children soon after went to America, and the house is now in other hands. I have been shown the cow-house, where, in the opinion of the Roman Catholic portion of B——, Mr. McBride's ghost is still in durance.

"I'M NOT IRISH."

St. Louis Sunday Messenger.

We very often hear precocious young ladies, and to use the expressive term of a reverend acquaintance of ours, independent and swaggering "maneens," of Irish blood, though of American birth, declare with abashed faces that they are not Irish. Thank God, they are foolish enough to betray themselves! It saves their true Irish acquaintances many blushes on their account. Oh! no; poor, ignorant imbeciles, they "would not be Irish for the world." As for being patriotic (Fenianistic, they term it), why, they would not have their "Yankee" friends suspect them of such an absurdity for a thousand worlds. And yet the poor creatures do not see that every true American who hears them say this loathes and despises them.

What, boys and girls, ashamed to claim the land which sheltered your parents and ancestors, — the land where religion and the arts and sciences flourished when the English grovelled in their huts of mud, — the land of the greatest poets and orators and statesmen, who have shed immortal honor on Ireland and the Irish? Ashamed of the country which, since the invasion of Henry II. of England, in 1171, up to the present day, has been persecuted and trampled upon, but never conquered, which has sent so many shining lights out upon the whole world? Read, boys and girls, read the history of Ireland, and then ask yourselves if you are not silly in being afraid to acknowledge your Irish blood; if you were not silly to be ashamed of having it suspected that you frequently yearned for the day when Ireland's freedom would be restored It is because Ireland has no voice in the councils of the nations that you are despised. It is your duty to do what you can here to remedy the evil.

THE BABY.

The hand that rocks the baby
Is the hand that rocks the world,
But the man that wakes the baby
Will get his ear-locks curled.
"New York Mail."

The man that owns the baby,
If he 's any sense at all,
Will himself arise and soothe it
When it first begins to squall.
"New York Times."

The man who rocks the baby
On very squal y nights
Is he who's wife 's the lady
That shouts for woman's rights.
"Philadelphia Times."

The man who wakes the baby
By blundering in at night
Deserves a squally lecture
On the text of getting tight.
"The New Era."

The man who wheels the baby
In its coach around the square
Is a very model husband,
So most of wives declare.
"Bal. Town and Country."

The man who drops the baby
"Kerchunk" upon the floor,
To surprise his little lady,
Had better hunt the door.
"Columbus Herald."

The man who takes the baby
To Barnum's moral show,
Thinks it 's wicked to visit such places,
But the baby wants to go.
"Burlington Hawkeye."

The man who has no baby
Is the happiest man of all;
He is free from countless troubles,
And never known a squall.
"Raleigh Observer."

The squalling of the baby
Makes countless fathers quake,
And the hand that spanks the baby
Is the hand we want to shake.
"Roanoke News."

Don't be hard upon the baby,
But give it a good word;
Expecting too much of it
Is really quite absurd.

IRISH LITERATURE.

T. O'N. Russell.

It is a hopeful sign for the Irish race at home and abroad, — the fact of the general interest awakened by Irish, or to speak more correctly, by Gaelic literature. This interest has been steadily growing for the last thirty years, and owes its origin in a great measure to the talent, research, and unceasing labors of John O'Donovan. Before his time nothing or next to nothing was known about the contents of the massive tomes and musty, leathery-looking rolls of manuscript that were thrust into out-of-the-way nooks in the libraries of Trinity College, the Royal Irish Academy, and many other places. The writer remembers the feelings of surprise mingled with a good deal of incredulity with which the first of Mr. O'Donovan's translations was received by the public. It appeared in the "Dublin Penny Journal" and was supposed, with very good show of probability, to have been the composition of Cormac, chief king of Ireland in the third century, and was entitled "Advice to a Prince." It is one of the most interesting and curious pieces that has as yet been translated from Gaelic; indeed, it is so excellent, and shows such a high morality and culture on the part of its author, that a very large proportion of the readers of the "Dublin Penny Journal" unhesitatingly set it down as a forgery, and classed it in the same category as Macpherson's Ossian. There were so few then alive who knew anything about old Gaelic that it was next to impossible to prove whether O'Donovan's translation was correct or not, although he gave the name of the manuscript from which it was taken. O'Donovan, however, was not a man to be discouraged by the remarks of prejudiced or ignorant people. He went on making translations, and although the masses took little or no interest in them, some of the learned were profoundly impressed by their beauty.

Never had any kind of literature to make its way to public esteem through such difficulties as the books translated from the Irish by O'Donovan. Very few Irishmen took any interest in them, and it is safe to say that *no* Englishman took the slightest interest in them whatever. The reviews and criticisms of the "Athenæum" and "Saturday Review," and such of the English press as deigned to notice them, were the most curious compounds of ignorance, bad taste, and prejudice possible to conceive. Here were translations from the oldest class of manuscripts in Europe, and one would suppose that great, cosmopolitan, literary London would have gone half wild with delight over the quaintness, originality, and unmistakable antiquity of such curious and beautiful pieces as the "Book of Rights," the "Battle of Magh Rath," the "Battle of Magh Lena," the "Circuit of Ireland," by Muircearteach MacNeill, the "Topographical Poems of O'Duigen and O'Heerin," "St. Patrick's Prayer at Tarah," etc., etc. Had translations of equal merit been made from any other language under heaven, had the treasures of any other literature that had lain hidden for a thousand years, suddenly been poured on the London literary world as O'Donovan's translations were, the whole tribe of scribblers would have set to work to write reviews and treatises on them, and the translator would have made piles of money. But the fact was that the translations fell dead from the press; the Irish public did not buy them, and English reviewers and *littérateurs* sneered at them, and O'Donovan made no money except the small pittance allowed him by the Royal Irish Academy.

By degrees, however, slowly but surely, a wide-spread and general interest began to be awakened about ancient Irish literature. In one quarter it began to be thoroughly appreciated, and that was in Germany. Very soon the learned of that country, free, as a

class, from political prejudices as they undoubtedly are, turned their attention to the study of the ancient language and lore of Erin. Zeuss was first amongst the Germans to go seriously to work to study Celtic. Stimulated by the great achievements of O'Donovan, and having plenty of Irish manuscripts of great antiquity in the libraries of his own and the adjoining countries, he, after thirteen years' hard work, produced the celebrated "Grammatica Celtica," which treats on the kindred languages to Gaelic as well as of Gaelic itself; that is, it contains a grammar of Welsh, Breton, and the dead dialect of Cornwall. The example shown by Zeuss was followed by many in Germany, and a host of Celtic scholars sprang up in that country, amongst whom the names of Bopp, Ebel, and Grimm are best known. France, too, contributed at least one good Celtic savant, — M. Guidoz, editor on the "Revue Celtique." Up to the present, England has not produced a single Celtic scholar, and the only English author that has taken any notice whatever of Gaelic literature is Matthew Arnold. His noble work, "Celtic Literature," stamps him as not only a scholar, but the most un-English of Englishmen, inasmuch as he is not prejudiced, and is ready to acknowledge merit wherever he finds it, even though it be in the ancient literature of Ireland.

Amidst all the gloom and discouragement which surrounded the early labors of O'Donovan and his fellow-worker O'Curry, in spite of the lamentable fact that even their own countrymen did not fully appreciate their labors, there is one thing connected with the revival of Irish literature of which every Irishman has just reason to feel proud. There is one institution in Ireland without which the early literature of our country would probably be as little known to-day as it was a hundred years ago. That institution is the Royal Irish Academy, Dublin. It was mostly from its slender funds that O'Donovan was remunerated for his gigantic labors; it is there that most of the priceless treasures of the art and literature of Ireland's ancient days of freedom and culture have found a safe and honored resting-place. It is the most hallowed spot on Irish soil. Its museum of antiquities is the most unique, the most interesting, and, for its size, the most valuable in the world. There are to be seen treasures in gold ornamentation, of workmanship infinitely superior to anything of the present day. Amongst them the Tarah Brooch, the Chalice of Ardagh, and the Cross of Cong are the most remarkable. It is there also that the most noted and ancient manuscripts are deposited. The Book of Armagh, the Book of the Dun Cow, the Speckled Book, the Book of Leinster, the books of Lecan, Ballymote, and Fermoy are in the keeping of the same institution. Too great praise cannot be given the members of the Royal Irish Academy for their genuine zeal, patriotism, and liberality. The institution was founded by Protestant gentlemen some seventy or eighty years ago, but it never in the slightest degree partook of a sectarian character. Catholic members were willingly received, and now fully half its members are Catholics. It was, in fact, solely through the means of the Irish Academy that the treasures of ancient Celtic literature were brought under the notice of the world. O'Donovan might have been a genius, but if there was no institution to take advantage of his genius, or set it to work, and above all to *pay* for it, Celtic manuscripts would probably be as little known or cared about to-day as they were when the institution was founded.

The Royal Irish Academy is now doing most important work, and that is copying, or making *fac-similes* of some of the most important Irish manuscripts. The Leabhar na h-Uidhre, or Book of the Dun Cow, is finished, and can be bought for two

pounds two shillings. The Leabhar Breac, or Speckled Book, is also finished, and can be had for three guineas, and the Book of Leinster will be ready in about a year. The last volume contains as much matter as there is in the Bible. Several hundred copies of each are struck off, and they are so faithfully copied that even the mistakes of the originals are reproduced. The work of copying is one requiring great skill, time, and patience, and is being performed by Mr. J. O'Longan, a most learned Celtic scholar as well as a most skilful scribe. The importance of this work can hardly be over-estimated, as the slightest accident from fire might at any time cause the loss of these treasures of ancient Irish learning.

When we consider the quantity of ancient Irish manuscripts that yet exists, and the immense number that must have been destroyed by Danes, Normans, and Cromwellians, we feel astonished at the literary activity of ancient Ireland. It is safe to say that there are more untranslated Irish manuscripts of the Middle Ages yet extant than there are in all the other European languages put together. There are considerably over a thousand volumes of untranslated matter in Dublin, some of them as old as the eighth and ninth centuries; there are many hundred volumes in the different libraries in England; the quantity on the Continent is very large, but the exact number can hardly be known; Irish manuscripts are known to exist in many of the old towns of France, Germany, the Low Countries, Italy, and perhaps also Spain; in fact, in most places on the Continent where monastic institutions existed in the Middle Ages. It is a great pity that some steps are not taken to collect, and if possible to purchase those venerable relics of the past. The British government is in duty bound to do it. If Ireland were mistress of her own destinies, there cannot be a doubt but it would be done. England has undertaken the government of Ireland, has put herself in the place of Ireland, and is in duty bound to do her best to preserve the ancient records and literature of the country she has conquered. Besides, the treasures of the past are in a great measure the property of humanity. Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Germans are alike interested in preserving the antiquities of Greece, Egypt, and Assyria; and why should not the antiquities of Ireland be equally precious? If Saxon manuscripts were known to exist in the same abundence in the Continental libraries as Irish manuscripts, England would spend hundreds of thousands of pounds in purchasing them. Private enterprise can never accomplish such a work, for the simple reason that the expense would be too great. The Irish Academy would undoubtedly have taken some steps erenow to purchase as many as possible of the Irish manuscripts on the Continent, if its funds were large enough It is to be hoped that something will soon be done in this matter either by public or private enterprise.

Unfortunate as Ireland has been politically, she has been still more unfortunate in respect to her literature and her language. The wars of the seventeenth century were more destructive to her literature than to her liberty, for fire and sword are powerless against the one, but potent against the other. The spirit of liberty may laugh at the incendiary soldier, but the books he burns are lost forever. The early and mediæval literature of Ireland sustained more losses through wars and burnings than the literature of perhaps any other nation in the world. What the Danes spared the Normans destroyed, and what escaped them was burned by the Cromwellians. Even the eighteenth century, comparatively peaceful as it was for Ireland, was the time when as cruel a blow as ever was dealt fell on Celtic literature, and was dealt by James Macpherson and his coadjutors. The publication of the so-

called poems of Ossian, in spite of the temporary excitement they created, invested everything Celtic with the stigma of forgery and falsity. The people who had been deceived by Macpherson determined never to be deceived again by anything Celtic. Here we have the principal cause of the indifference and coldness with which O'Donovan's translations were received by the public. But Macpherson and his coadjutors were guilty of a still greater crime than the forging of historical characters and distortion of historical facts; they went further than any literary charlatans ever went before, for they forged a language!

It is now well known that the language of modern Scotch Gaelic books first appeared about the middle of the last century; previous to that time whatever books or manuscripts existed in Gaelic, in Scotland, whether written in old Gaelic characters or in Roman, agreed with the language of Ireland in orthography and syntax. It may be admitted that the Highlanders had some peculiarities of pronounciation that differed from those of Ireland, but the written language was the same as ours. This is abundantly proved by Carsewell's Liturgy, and many other existing books of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries. To this day the language of the poorest and least educated Highlander is more like Irish than the jargon into which the Bible has been translated for him. It can easily be understood how much Gaelic literature has suffered by having the Scotch cut themselves off from the Irish in the manner described. Had the Gaelic language been preserved in its purity in Scotland, the probability is that Celtic would to-day be a well-known and fashionable speech, for the literary activity of Scotland would have brought it prominently under the notice of the world. Scotland could have done this better than Ireland, for Ireland was, all through the eighteenth century, in a state of political and religious turmoil that rendered literary effort of any kind impossible.

Another cause of the ignorance and coldness about Irish literature is the unfortunate fact that the editors and writers of Irish newspapers are, and have been as a class, utterly ignorant about the ancient language and literature of their country They would find room for the worthless utterance of some demagogue, when they would grudge a short paragraph on one of O'Donovan's or O'Curry's wonderful translations. I can think of but one man connected with the Irish press who knew or cared anything about the language or literature of Ireland. That man was Thomas Davis Had he lived, Irish literature would hold a different position in Ireland from what it does to-day. The fact that there has never been a paper or periodical in Ireland that published even one column of original matter in the language of the country, is enough to make any one with the smallest pretensions to patriotism blush alike for his country and countrymen

Whether the present wide-spread desire amongst the Irish at home and abroad to become familiar with their native language and literature will continue or not is hard to say; but if it lasts only a few years longer it will have accomplished enough to insure the language a lengthened existence, for in a short time there will be enough of people knowing how to read it to insure a remunerative sale for a current literature in Irish. Five years from now, with the language taught in the national schools there will be such a general knowledge of it that it will probably pay to have some periodicals and newspapers printed entirely in Gaelic. The day on which the first newspaper is printed in the Irish language will be the dawn of a golden era for Ireland. It should be the ardent desire of every real patriot to hasten such a glorious era by every means in his power.

ENGLAND AND AFGHANISTAN.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE force invading Afghanistan amounts to a total of 34,730 men, of whom 12,740 are Europeans. The army, under the chief command of General Haines, is marshalled in three divisions, which are named, from their respective lines of advance, the Quettah, Peshawur, and Kurum columns. The Quettah army is commanded by Major-General Biddulph, with the Mooltan reserve under Lieutenant-General Stewart. The Peshawur army is commanded by Brigadier-General Ross, with the Hassun-Abdul reserve under Major-General Maude, and a detachment at Rawul-Pindi; and the Kurum army is commanded by Major-General Roberts, with a reserve at Kohat. It may be interesting to recount a few notices of former English expeditions into Afghanistan. In November, 1838, Sir John Keane's Army of the Indus, going to restore Shah Soojah and expel Shere Ali's father, mustered at Ferozepore on the Sutlej. A grand review was held there, at which were present the Governor-General, Lord Auckland, the old Maharajah Runjeet Sing, and Shah Soojah. The Shah fell from his horse, and the fall was at once interpreted as an inauspicious omen, which the issue completely fulfilled. A somewhat similar accident happened Julius Cæsar on his landing in Africa, if we remember rightly, and to Napoleon on the banks of the Niemen in his invasion of Russia. The Roman readily turned the fall to good account, saying that the mother earth was saluting him; whereas Napoleon was so impressed by his accident that he exclaimed, "A Roman would turn back after such a presage." Sir John Keane's army consisted of the Bengal and Bombay columns, and numbered 9,500 men of all arms, European and Sepoy, along with 38,000 camp followers and 30,000 camels. The Shah's contingent, which was paid by the English, was 6,000. The united forces, starting on the 10th of December, crossed the Sutlej to Sukkur, and advancing to Shirkapore and Dadur, cleared the Bholan Pass to Quettah. The pass is sixty-six miles in length, and the army spent six days in traversing it. It is infested by the Belochee tribes. The force then pressed through the Kojuk Pass to Candahar, stormed Ghuznee, and reached Cabul without obstruction. Somewhat later Runjeet Sing's Sika contingent, led by Wade and Prince Timour, made their way through the Khyber Pass, stormed Ali Musjid after severe fighting, and joined their confederates at Cabul. The Khyber Pass begins about ten miles west of Peshawur, and extends thirty miles towards Jellalabad. In 1839, the object of the expedition having been accomplished by the restoration of Shah Soojah, a considerable part of Keane's army retired from Cabul, the Bombay column returning as they had advanced by the Kojuk and Bolan Passes, and the Bengal column under Keane returning through the Khyber. Of the forces that in 1842 went up to recover Cabul, Pollock forced the Khyber after securing the heights with severe fighting; and Brigadier Wild was sharply repulsed there, owing to the desertion of the Sikhs and the panic of his Sepoy troops. In the same year and on the same occasion Brigadier England was disgracefully defeated at the Bolan Pass, on his march to relieve Khelat-i-Ghilzie, and join Nott's army at Candahar. In reward for his cowardice England was afterwards made a baronet, and placed in high command in the Crimean War. Ali Musjid, where Major Cavagnari, Sir Neville Chamberlain's courier, was stopped by the Ameer's officer, Faiz Mohammed Khan, is five miles within the Khyber Pass, and twenty-five miles from Peshawur. Jumrood, from which Wild advanced in 1842, lies between the two. Wild's repulse there caused the surrender of Ali Musjid. Alexander the Great is said

to have gone through the Bolan Pass more than 2,200 years ago, when he subdued Gedrosia and Arachosia (Afghanistan and Cabul), perhaps founded Herat Candahar, and Beghram, and crossed the Hindoo-Koosh from south to north.

SOCIETIES — WHAT THEY ARE AND SHOULD BE.

E. J. D., in C. T. A. News.

Catholics are often urged by men who have the welfare of humanity at heart to organize societies of one kind or another. Many societies are organized which admit none but practical Catholics. Some of these societies have the highest ecclesiastical approbation, and all, no doubt, are doing much good. One purpose of all such organizations is to secure strength and united action in good undertakings; another is to guard Catholics against secret societies. The reasons for Catholic organizations are both positive and negative, and should be well considered by all who wish to organize societies. Catholic societies to be successful must be organized on positive Catholic principles. There is nothing negative in Catholicity, and whatever rests upon Catholicity for a support must be positive. The Catholic religion is of the order of grace or the supernatural, and hence societies that wish to lay a just claim to the title of Catholic must aspire to something higher, nobler, better than merely temporal benefits. Benevolent societies, with no higher or more general aim than the alleviation of the wants of members, appear too selfish to deserve the name of Catholic, for it is hard to suppose that true Christian charity, by which such societies seek to claim the title of Catholic, could content itself within the narrow limits of a society. The Conferences of the St. Vincent de Paul Society constitute the only perfect type of a truly Catholic benevolent society. The Catholic Knights of America, with their supreme officers, seem to be nothing more than an insurance company, after the plan of the Masonic insurance system. It is urged that such a society will keep Catholics from joining secret societies. This is only a negative reason, and after a careful examination of the code we fail to perceive any positive purpose, except the insurance feature, which is of the earth earthy.

The Catholic Total Abstinence Society is of far higher grade, and certainly far better calculated to protect Catholics, not only from the dark ways of secret societies, but also from the filthy nets of sin, while its positive purpose aspires to the highest degrees of virtue. If a strong organization among Catholic societies is desired, certainly no better basis can be found than that of the C. T. A. Society. In our day the evil of intemperance is so widespread, and so devastating in its effects, that total-abstinence principles seem more universally appropriate than those of any other society. Something more than prayer is needed: the virtue of temperance must be practised, and that in the heroic degree, and not merely by the few but by many, if we wish to counteract the evils of the opposite vice. If we consider only the power of the T. A. Society to prevent evil, it deserves to be ranked with the very best Catholic societies, for it certainly has more power to keep men from denying the faith than any other, and its power of preventing pauperism by inducing men to practise the cardinal virtues is certainly worthy of as much respect as the charity of benevolent societies, even of the St Vincent de Paul Society. And when we add to the consideration the positive purposes, viz., the amelioration of the temporal and spiritual condition of our fellow-men, the spread of those cardinal principles — prudence, justice, fortitude, and temperance — upon which the temporal and spiritual welfare of humanity depends, certainly no other society can claim so forcibly the respect and hearty support of all true Catholics.

THE POLITICAL PRISONERS.

DEC. 4, 1878, Patrick Tierney, *alias* Edward O'Connor, was released from Spike Island Convict Prison. He was convicted at the Dublin Commission of 1866 for the attempted murder of the Fenian informer Warner, and sentenced to penal servitude for life. With the greatest privacy, he was conveyed by special boat on board the Inman Company's royal mail steamer "City of Chester," in charge of the deputy-governor, Mr. George Sheehan, the local agents of the line being ignorant of the occurrence, as the ticket was taken from the purser, Mr. Kavanah, on board the ship, viz., "steerage."

E. O'Connor stated to your correspondent, in reply to the question, "How did they treat you while at Spike?" "Simply," said he, "as if I was a brute beast."

"Did they treat you the same as the other prisoners, without favor or affection?"

O'Connor. "No; they took more out of me."

"How is that?"

"You are going on shore now. Give me a pencil and some paper, and if you come back by the next tender I will have some truth, which are solid facts, ready for you."

The pencil and paper having been supplied, the following is a copy of the statement: —

"Written on board the 'City of Chester,' by Patrick Tierney, described by the British warrant as twenty-five years, born in Ennis, Clare, and convicted in June, '66, for the contemplated murder of Warner, at Dublin, and sentenced to penal servitude for life, the condition of liberation being that he shall never again return to this country."

It runs thus: —

"Please tell my friend Robert Kelly, No. 5 Albion Terrace, New Kilmainham, Dublin, through the medium of the press, that on the 20th of Nov. Director Barlow had me brought before him, who said, 'The government are about to give you your liberty, on condition that you leave the country and never return.' I asked him if the government would be averse to my remaining in Ireland on medical grounds. He said not, and then asked what was amiss with me. I replied, 'An abscess on the back.' He then sent for Dr. O'Keeffe and asked him if the voyage would be injurious to me. He (Dr. O'Keeffe) replied no, that I was fit to go to any portion of the world. I made no more objections then, but asked the director (John Barlow) to telegraph to my relatives, so as to have them up on the 21st of November, which would be the next day from the time of the interview. He said he could not do that without letting other people know it. I saw then that they wanted to smuggle me out of the country without letting me see either friend or relative, and declined to go without seeing them. They did not come to see me until Saturday last, when I bade them a final farewell.

"On the 3d of December, the deputy-governor (George Sheehan) gave me a hint that I would be going by the mail steamer for New York, but would tell me nothing for certain On this morning I went to my work as usual with the invalids, with whom I have been working for the last fortnight, when (about 11.20 A.M. Wednesday) one of the clerks came for me, and I was conducted before the doctor, who told me to take off the poultice that I had on my back, and he afterwards extracted a quantity of matter from the abscess, dressing it with lint and sticking plaster. He (Dr. O'Keeffe) then told me I was fit to go anywhere. I was then dressed and taken before Director Barlow, who again impressed upon me the conditions of perpetual exile or imprisonment. I told him I knew the conditions very well, and was prepared to put up with the consequences of violating them. I then asked to see Edward O'Kelly before I would leave. They granted the request.

He was brought to the office to me, and we shook hands and parted, but I hope the separation won't be long.

"The reason the Spike Island officials were so anxious to get rid of me was on account of the brutal manner in which they treated me whilst a prisoner in their hands, and they intimated to me on the first day of my arrival in Spike Island, 13th of February, '67, that they would do so. There did twenty prisoners come with me from Mountjoy, thirteen of those were returned convicts. A warder came around to look at new hands, and after cracking some jokes with Jack, Bill, and Tom, his old acquaintances, he asked me my name I replied, 'Edward O'Connor' 'You seem to be an insolent fellow,' said he. I answered, I was sorry he should think me so, as I did not mean to be so. He repeated, 'You are insolent. Do you know that boy beside you? He's the meanest pickpocket here, and recollect you are nothing more than him, and we will make you feel it.'

"I said I would conduct myself the same as any other prisoner if allowed to do so. 'But you won't be allowed to do so. You are a convicted felon, belonging to a convicted society, and we will make you feel what 't is to be a convicted felon before your time expires.' And certainly they have left nothing undone that would leave that threat unaccomplished.

"Governor Hay told me on the Sunday after my arrival in Spike that what I done was a cool, deliberate act; that no one in Spike would have any pity for me. 'Some of your own equals outside may have pity for you, but I assure you no one here will, and I advise you never to come before me.' He (Peter Hay) is not doing duty in the prison at present He did not like to take part in the smuggled embarkation. Adieu for the present. I remain, yours, etc.,

(Signed)

"PATRICK TIERNEY or E. O'CONNOR.

"P S.—Parliament will open tomorrow, Dec. 5th. My expulsion was hit off to a day. Queen's Speech — no more Fenians in British prisons; the last has been exiled."

A MOTHER MEETS HER LONG-IMPRISONED SON.

For the first time within three years the mother of Edward O'Kelly, the last of the political prisoners, was admitted to see her son on the 5th inst. He is only twenty-six years of age, but his hair is gray, his teeth are falling out, and he presents the appearance of an old and broken man. The interview of the widowed mother and the imprisoned son was, as may well be supposed, an affecting one. "Edward," said the poor woman, "I would prefer you to remain in prison in Ireland rather than to be sent away from it, for I have hopes that from the prison you will be released some day, but if you be sent away I am so old and weak I fear I would never again see you." Is it too much to hope that the piteous appeal of the widow on behalf of herself and her daughter will reach the ears and move the heart of the Minister? There is no question of state policy involved; and the Queen herself, with the feelings of a mother, would interfere on behalf of the poor prisoner at Spike, if her gracious attention were drawn to circumstances which in this case make exile and expatriation almost as cruel as prolonged imprisonment.

"ARE you fond of astronomy?" said a schoolmaster to a young lady, who sat beside him at the dinner-table. "Oh, yes!" she replied, "but my health is so delicate that the doctor forbids me ever eating any."

A COUNTRYMAN was shown Gainsborough's celebrated picture of "The Pigs." "To be sure," said he, "they be like pigs; but there is one fault; nobody ever saw three pigs feeding together but what one on 'em had a foot in the trough."

LIFE AND TIMES OF SIR ROBERT PEEL.

George Berry, B. L., Dublin.

THOUGH Sir Robert Peel was for forty years the greatest statesman of his time, and was only dead twenty-eight years, his life had passed into history. He lived to see Napoleon the Emperor of Europe, he lived to see him a broken soldier and a hopeless prisoner, and yet again he lived to see his dauntless conqueror quail before the mobs of England and abandon the principles of his life in dread of a civil war. Bringing it home nearer to ourselves, Sir Robert Peel seconded the Address in reply to the Speech from the Throne in 1810, when not twenty-two years of age. At that time Sheridan from time to time burst upon the senate with some of those bursts of oratory of which his country knew too little, Grattan still pleaded his nation's wrongs. Peel also lived to fight many a hard battle with O'Connell, and to see Smith O'Brien in custody of the sergeant-at-arms. He carried the Corn Laws in 1846. His first speeches in Parliament were against the Catholics. He lived to assist in carrying Catholic Emancipation. An opponent of Free Trade, he carried the Corn Laws and the abrogation of Protection. The first Peel, one hundred years ago — that was, the first Peel that anybody knew (*laughter*) — had a large family, whose feeding was to him a matter of grave thought. The father was necessitous and poor, and in the evening after the day's work the family were employed at weaving wool. It was said that it was upon the back of a pewter plate that old Peel first drew a design which was the commencement of his fortune, for from it and with it he commenced printing on calico, and as the design was taken from a sprig of parsley he was always known as "Parsley Peel." To the Christian name of his grandson, Sir Robert Peel, we owed the name of our "Bobbies," and to his surname we owed the name of our "Peelers." O'Connell found it that while he liked an orange he could discard an "Orange Peel." (*Laughter.*) The fortune thus founded was not to be won in a day, and the first Sir Robert Peel toiled for many a year. Yet from such beginnings came the Tamworth property, the seat for Tamworth gained in 1790, and the baronetcy created in 1800. When Sir Robert Peel was born in 1788 his father was a man of wealth. He was sent to school at Harrow and Oxford. Having come of age, his father sent over to buy him a seat for an Irish borough, and the Irish viceroy sent back that Cashel, the seat of the kings, could be had on moderate terms. (*Laughter*) From 1812 to 1818 he filled that delightful apprenticeship of Chief Secretary for Ireland, filled then as now by incipient statesmen, compared by O'Connell to barbers' apprentices who, beginning by scraping a beggar's chin, aspire to remove hirsute adornments from the face of a duchess. (*Laughter.*) Sir Robert Peel was no political tragedian nor a political comedian, but a good member of the stock company; his opinions were not changed covertly, but changed openly; he never lied. The statesman who, with a light heart and an easy conscience, involved his nation in a ruinous war, and the dynasty he served in destruction and disgrace, would, as a rule, be more popular until ruin came, while the one who gave wakeful nights and laborious days to avert such a catastrophe, met with but little gratitude (*applause*), just as in his (Mr. Perry's) younger days his young friends and himself were nowhere when the scarlet coats and jingling spurs came into the ballroom. (*Laughter.*) Sir Robert Peel treated Ireland, not for constitutional disorders, but upon the old plan of dealing with lunatics. If it had entered into the mind of Peel to do that which Grattan fought for in a small way, which Pitt promised in part and did not perform, which O'Connell won as to the one part and Gladstone as to

the other, how many dying animosities of the land might not now be in their graves. (*Applause.*) No measure of freedom in this land had been won save by members of the legal profession. It was Grattan, the lawyer, who procured the institutions of '82. It was Plunket, Curran, O'Connell, and Shiel who fought for Emancipation. It was O'Hagan who fought for the last measure of free education; and there were some of his countrymen who believed the greatest boon of all would be won by Butt (*applause*); and he hoped it would not be forgotten that a still humbler member of that great profession had inaugurated this hall. (*Applause and laughter.*) Much time did not elapse before Sir Robert Peel and O'Connell were in the ring, and a challenge was given to fight a duel. O'Connell was arrested, but the seconds crossed to Calais, and fought it out. During this time the Catholics were meeting to express their dissatisfaction, and the Protestants and Presbyterians to express their sympathy, while the Orangemen were giving vent to a sentiment which, in modern language, was rendered, "We don't want to fight, but by jingo if we do." (*Laughter.*) Sir Robert Peel was always wrong, and always admitted his error precisely at the period when denial of it became useless. Sir Robert Peel left Ireland in 1818, and in 1829, under threat of civil war, the Duke of Wellington passed the Catholic Relief Act. In the intervening period Sir Robert Peel studied the question of the currency. Again the dread of civil war stepped in, and the Iron Duke and the Calico Baronet gave way (*laughter*), and the great measure of Reform was passed. The question of Free Trade and the Corn Laws then arose. Peel condemned the attempt to ruin the landed interest of England all his life, but the dread of famine in Ireland, and the calls of starving people in England, once again arose, and Sir Robert Peel proposed the abrogation of those laws whose maintenance had been the work of his life. This was his latest act of statesmanship. In 1850 he fell from his horse, and a few days afterwards died from the effects of the fall. Far be it from him to say that the repeal of the Corn Laws was ever inexpedient or unjust, but far also be it from him to approve the conduct of those who, believing it unjust, carried it into law. He had now stated to the best of his belief all that was to be said of the life and times of Sir Robert Peel. He had shown to those of his hearers who were young that from small beginnings very great things might ensue, and he had urged the necessity, even to achieve a position in statesmanship, of following a consistent principle and obeying the undeviating lines of truth. (*Loud applause.*)

IMPORTANT MOVEMENT IN ITALY.

An important movement is now on foot among the Catholics of Italy to prepare to take advantage of the large extension of the suffrage promised by the Cairoli Ministry. Hitherto it was impossible for Catholics to take part in elections, and the maxim, "Ne eletti, ne elettori," was faithfully observed from 1866 to the present time. Catholics could not enter a Parliament which was formed for the purpose of enabling Victor Emmanuel to seize the territories of neighboring sovereigns and dethrone the Pope. Catholics could not aid the work of expelling the religious orders, and robbing the monks, friars, and nuns of their homes and lands. The suffrage was then given to a few, and the control of the elections was vested in the Ministry of the day. A few Catholics might, indeed, have obtained seats, but they would have been too few in number to offer any effectual resistance to the revolutionary majority. Their presence in ever so small numbers might have given occasion to enemies to say that Catholics shared in the guilt of that wicked legislation by which the Church was oppressed and the Pon-

tiff stripped of his temporal dominions and of much of his spiritual authority. But now the case is different. The Catholics may employ their immense numerical majority to return members who will be sufficiently numerous to prevent further persecution of the clergy, and to save the country from the ruinous measures which extreme Republicans are anxious to introduce. Leo XIII is not averse to the principles on which this new Catholic movement is based, and it is probable that before long the word will be pronounced to permit to faithful Catholics the exercise of the electoral franchise. If Catholics be returned in any numbers for Italian constituencies, a stop will certainly be put to the godless system of education which finds such favor among the Italian revolutionists, and the Catechism will be no longer banished from the public schools. It is, however, premature to decide upon the line of action to be taken by Catholics in Italy, for the Electoral Reform Bill is not yet before the country, and it may contain clauses which will prevent the Catholics from gaining much advantage by the extension of the suffrage.

LABOR AND WAGES IN ENGLAND.

A MEETING, curious in England, and not less remarkable than curious, was recently held in Exeter Hall, London. It was a gathering of the agricultural laborers of Kent to protest against the farmers of that district, called "The Garden of England," lowering the rate of wages to two shillings per day. There were five hundred laborers brought up for the occasion, and those that addressed them included, the Hon. Auberon Herbert, Sir John Bennett, Miss Helen Taylor, Mr. F. H. O'Donnell, M. P., and the Secretary of the Agricultural Laborers' Union, Mr. Simmons. The drift of the speech-making on the occasion may be best understood by the figures adduced by Mr. Simmons. We are told that in an excited tone Mr. Simmons declared that the farmers were not the worst enemies of the laborers, as was to be seen from several instances. One was that Lord Darnley, with a rent-roll of £43,000 a year, had lessened the wages of a dozen poor serfs by two shillings a week. This instance was received with hisses and cries of "Shame!" Sir Hart Dyke was the next example. He has a rent-roll of £10,000 a year, and £2,000 in addition received out of the public taxation, and he had imitated Lord Darnley's example, and advised the farmers on his estate to lower the wages of the agricultural laborers. Lord Sandes was cited next, with a rental of £26,000 a year, as having reduced his wages, and declared that he would teach the men "who were their masters." Finally, a resolution to the following effect was unanimously adopted: viz., that the farmers should use every effort to relieve themselves of their difficulties and unjust burdens, not by lowering the wages of their laborers, but by *the ab li- tion of Church tithes and a sensible reduction of the large rent-rolls* which, notwithstanding all the depression in our industries, have continued to rise; and that a law should be speedily passed by which the entire system of land tenure in this country shall be radically changed and the land brought into the possession of the people, to be cultivated in the true interest of the entire community. This is an ominous declaration. It is the first peal of the death-knell of the tithe charge; and the judicious recognition by the landlord class that landlordism has its duties as well as its rights, can alone prevent it from being regarded as heralding the final collapse of all the remnants of feudalism in the land tenure of England. We may hope that the change shall be gradual and legal; but we cannot doubt that whether it comes under the hand of lord chancellor and signature of sovereign, or otherwise, come it shall with surety and suddenness.

"A LIAR AND A LIBELLER."

THE subjoined slanderous article appears in the "Whitehall (England) Review" of Nov. 29:—

Monsignor Capel is a divine for whom we entertain some admiration, except, of course, when it pleases him to drivel. The other Sunday in the Spanish Place Chapel he was kind enough to preach a sermon on the "Whitehall Review," and we note with amusement that he held us up to execration as "a solemn warning." Our offence, it appears, is not so much the publication of "Rome's Recruits"—a list which we should have presupposed would have tickled the *amour propre* of the "Apostle of the Genteel"—as our hardihood in appending where it was feasible the university and degree of the various clerical converts. Monsignor Capel is evidently infuriated that any importance whatsoever should be attached to academical honors, and so loud and so long is his protest that we regret to be compelled to own that the obvious inference is that he is distinctly jealous of the glorious Oxford contingent who have made the Church of Rome in England what it is, and have elevated it from the status of an obscure sect to a position of rivalry with Anglicanism. "Tantæne animis cælestibus iræ?" It is almost painful to read the report of a sermon animated by such a motive, since in lieu of the incisive logic which has characterized Monsignor Capel's preaching, it is simply from end to end one long and miserable whine. Such a statement as that a Catholic who had not been to a university is as good as a Catholic who has, strikes us as being utterly unworthy any man of reputation. We have heard the same insensate formula of equality used by Puritans against aristocracy and monarchy, and its only logical conclusion would be universal pessimism. Does Monsignor Capel wish us to infer that he, a divine of learning and culture, is to be regarded as a factor in Church or in State equal and in no wise superior to the loathsome Irish who cover the seats of the Roman Catholic churches with vermin, and are utterly devoid both of intelligence, conscience, and self-respect? If Monsignor Capel dares to affirm any such proposition we shall know how to estimate his sincerity. Besides which, on what principle would ecclesiastical history be compiled if it were necessary to give either a total list of converts to a particular creed, or none at all, or, on the other hand, to give a selected list, but to deny each member his or her style and title? In our humble judgment, the list we have published will prove in the future of immense service as portraying with mathematical exactitude the progress which we deeply lament has been made by Roman Catholicism among those classes who can give a reason for the hope that is in them, and for the grave step of changing their religion. To have printed the proto-vert as "J. H. Newman," without further designating him as "Fellow of Oriel," or to have substituted for Lord Ripon's title his patronymic, "Robinson," would have been childish. The plain truth is that there exists, and must continue to exist for some time to come, a bitter jealousy on the part of the congenital and non-academical Roman Catholics against the intruders whose superiority is so conspicuous. Monsignor Capel represents those who were born and bred as Catholics, and he accordingly resents a comparison which, if not unfavorable to him personally, is, as regards the rest of his congeners, nothing short of startling. Making every allowance for human infirmities, even among Monsignors, we can quite pardon this petty jealousy; but we are none the less surprised that it should have exhibited itself so very unhappily in the pulpit.

The following letter, in reply to the above mendacious article, has been adressed by Mr. A. M. Sullivan, M. P., to the editor of the "Whitehall Review":—

LONDON, Nov. 29, 1878.

SIR,—I have just read in your journal—the "Whitehall Review"—for this week a reference to my countrymen and co-religionists in this great city, as to which I have a word or two to say. You speak of them as "the loathsome Irish, who cover the seats of the Roman Catholic churches with vermin, and are utterly devoid both of intelligence, conscience, and self-respect."

That the unhappy victims of life-long poverty, who drag out a wretched existence amid squalor and destitution, may in some cases, whatever their nationality or creed, be strangers to either cleanliness or comfort, is, alas! but too true. In a respectable English journal of this day I read the following tale of some of those poor little creatures—English of the English—who were made orphans by the "Princess Alice" disaster:—

"Twenty-seven orphans who lost their parents through the sinking of the 'Princess Alice' have just been taken to the Royal Orphan Asylum at Wanstead. The condition of some of these children was pitiable and disgusting beyond all belief, living as they did in the centre of the largest, and, as we boast, the most civilized city in the world. Their habits and conduct would have been a disgrace to savages. They had never been accustomed to the commonest decencies of life. Their bodies were covered with vermin, and subject to diseases which, if neglected, must shortly terminate their lives. The room in which they first assembled was soon found covered with filth, as if it had been occupied by some of the lower animals. Strange as it sounds, the best thing that ever happened to these poor children was the loss of their parents, but the wonder is that such fatal neglect of parental duties is allowed to pass unchallenged. There must be thousands of such miserable little ones in London."

I will add that, according to the authority of one of the asylum boards, the above picture falls short of rather than exceeds the sad reality. If, however, a public writer could be found who, from the circumstances of these wretched children, or even of adults of their forlorn class, would generalize to the English people or to an English community, and brutally designate them "the loathsome English," there would, I hope, also be found some one

among their countrymen with manliness enough to tell the writer he was a calumniator and a coward. I certainly say as much of the writer of the article in your paper, in which my poor countrymen are referred to in such filthy terms. I have lived long enough to know that language such as this — the scream of some shrieking coward who, in a London garret, earns a wage more abominable than blood money — has been largely accountable for the inveterate hate and passion, the strife and bloodshed, that have strained the relations between my country and this proud and prosperous land. Irishmen, maddened by a sense of wrong and insults unendurable, have been sent to herd with felons in English jails, while miscreants like you, for a livelihood, safely traffic in these incitements. I, sir, will not imitate the London editor, whose sensitive feelings I respect and whose courage I admire, who visited a contemporary the other day, cowhide in hand, but I wish, over my name and address, for any purpose that may attest my responsibility for my words, to tell the writer or publisher of the language I have above quoted respecting my countrymen in London that he is a liar and a libeller.

Yours truly,

A. M. SULLIVAN.

The "Dublin Freeman's Journal" comments upon the above: —

"So malicious, cowardly, unclean, and utterly degrading a libel never before found utterance in the wretched pages of the lowest and most ephemeral publication from the press purlieus of any country, as the one which every man of decency is ashamed to see fouling the columns of 'Whitehall Review,' and making the name of society journalism noisome in the nostrils of the entire community. 'Men that make crooked malice nourishment, dare bite the best'; it is from the pen of such a one; he is a coward because, not daring to assail an individual, he resorts to the presumedly safe course of libelling a people; he is unclean, for his pen 'outvenoms all the worms of the Nile,' and as degraded as one who makes it his profession 'to lie and cog and flout, deprave and slander.' We are obliged to reprint the loathsome ribaldry in order that, putting alongside of it the lacerating castigation promptly and spiritedly inflicted by Mr. A. M. Sullivan on the miserable scrawler, we may make the wretched caitiff's punishment the more public and his example the more notorious.

We have heard of fierce diatribes by an individual on an individual; we have read criticism which provoked the lash of the horsewhip or justified an appeal to the court of law; we have been treated to the Billingsgate of rival journalists until amusement was turned into shame; but it was left for the writer in the 'Whitehall Review' to combine the foul-mouthedness of the fish-market with the poltroonery of the slanderer, and to discharge upon an unknowing section of his fellow-subjects the poisonous spleen which he trembled to vent upon any individual member of the population. The 'Whitehall Review' lately gained entrance into households where otherwise it would never have been seen, by the clever but cheap conception of publishing a list of converts to Catholicism in Great Britain and Ireland during the last thirty years. That publication may have been good, bad, or indifferent. Monsignor Capel, the eminent preacher and divine, appears to have supported from his pulpit in St. James's Chapel, on Sunday last, the view that the mere fact of a convert being a nobleman or a scholar ought not to place him or her at the mercy of the gazetteer. We have not the words of the eloquent prelate before us, but we gather from the 'Whitehall Review' itself the drift of his discourse. Nobody will question the reverend preacher's perfect right to express this opinion. The tendency of Monsignor Capel's mind on such intrusions by other and respectable so-called 'society journals' that live upon personalities, he had already indeed sufficiently indicated, and it was well known since his pathetic remonstrance from the same pulpit some short time before, in which he complained that neither private life nor the person itself was safe from the prying eyes and glaring publicity of these gossiping prints. Neither would anybody deny to the 'Whitehall' the privilege of defending itself against any personage, of station

howsoever high, or character howsoever stainless. But what does the writer in the 'Whitehall' do? He loses his temper at being brought to task, and striking out with all the carelessness of a vagabond and all the instincts of a desperado, he utters an atrocious libel upon the poor Irish Catholics of London, who had nothing at all to do with the quarrel, and against whom the only motive that could prompt such an attack was the cowardly calculation that they had no friends and no defender. Fortunately for them, and most unfortunately for their pitiable libeller, Mr. A. M. Sullivan, the member for Louth, was at hand. And the letter, but more the indignant and indomitable spirit which dictates that letter, earns for him not only the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen, but the sympathy and thanks of every man, English and Irish, who witnesses the episode. Mr. Sullivan, with the courage of his native South, takes the libeller by the throat, and nails him to his lie. He shakes him to his shoes, where the cowering coward's heart sunk when he found himself so unexpectedly pulled up and stayed in his course of putrid defamation. He is the vilest of the illegitimate sons of Ishmaelite journalism. We cast him from us with loathing as the vile, creeping thing he pictured, as one whose personal suggestiveness was the prompter of his carrion libel, and as far beneath contempt as unworthy of the correction of the cowhide."

IRISH INTERMEDIATE EDUCATION.

Lord O'Hagan.

"The measure," says Lord O'Hagan, "commends itself to me as an honest effort to supply an unquestionable want in a just and judicious manner. It respects the rights of conscience. It cannot offend the religious sentiment of any reasonable man. It is absolutely impartial, in dispensing, with an equal hand, the public bounty amongst the subjects of the realm. It will encourage the enterprise of teachers, and, in the absence of endowments which at present are unattainable, supply some means for the increase and improvement of scholastic establishments, without vexatious meddling in their internal administration. It will stimulate honorable ambition, and give humble merit, striving against adverse circumstances, opportunity of recognition and assistance to success. And to these excellent purposes it dedicates a fund which could not be more fitly applied in making reparation for the evil past, and heralding the better future. My Lords, if the fair promises of this bill be realized, we shall yet see the Irish people, self-reliant and self-respecting, redeemed by the power of an awakened intelligence. Too many of them have mourned lapsed opportunities and baffled hopes. Too many have passed from childhood to adolescence, and from youth to age, and gone to the grave without the culture which would have enabled them to rise to the level of their own capacities, and improve and exalt their country. A brighter day has dawned. A happier prospect opens before them. Legislation like this will rouse them from their mental torpor, and inspire them with courage for the battle of life. The pool of Bethesda was sluggish, until the angel stirred it and a healing grace descended on its waters. The bones were dry and formless, in the vision of the prophet, till the Spirit moved upon them and they grew to shapes of strength and beauty. And, with God's blessing, the influence of this measure and those which may succeed it, with as sound a principle and as wise an end, will launch Ireland on a great career, and help her to pursue it with hope and energy."

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us, and in prudently cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.

THE DRAMA.

Mr. Barry Sullivan, the eminent Irish tragedian, was entertained at a banquet in Dublin on the 2d December, the Lord Mayor presiding. We give a brief history of the prominent events of the evening. After the toast of the Queen, etc., was proposed amidst applause the toast of the evening, "The health of Mr. Barry Sullivan." During the course of his observations his lordship said that he never rose to fulfil a duty with a greater sense of diffidence, for he felt that the toast was one that required, to do it justice, far more eloquence than he possessed. He could not, however, shrink from his duty, and it was with the greatest possible pleasure that he joined in doing honor to their gifted countryman. (*Applause.*) His lordship then referred in terms of the highest eulogy to the performances of Mr. Sullivan, and mentioned several parts in which he said that actor — their worthy and respected countryman — had particularly distinguished himself. They were proud of their countrymen, who compelled admiration by the splendor of their oratory in the senates of nations, and as they felt their souls stirred by their burning eloquence so also, as Irishmen, they felt honored by the fact that the laurels of triumph on the stage had been won by their guest that evening, a genuine son of Ireland. (*Applause.*) In conclusion, he repeated his expressions of pleasure at proposing the toast of the evening, believing that it would meet with the heartiest acceptance.

The toast was drunk with all the honors.

Mr. Barry Sullivan on rising to respond was loudly applauded. He said, "My Lord Mayor and gentlemen, I tender you my heart's sincere thanks for the high honor you confer upon me this day. To be the guest of the Lord Mayor and citizens of Dublin is to be the guest of the great Irish nation, — a distinction of which any man, no matter what his station or success in life, may justly feel proud; but, my lord, I may be allowed to remark that I am no exception to what, without egotism, I might almost call the rule, namely, that the Irishmen and Irishwomen have ever won the right to stand in the foremost rank of artistes on the British stage. (*Applause*) To verify this assertion I need only mention the names of Macklin, Johnson, Cooke, Kean, Macready, Brooke, the beautiful O'Neill, and many others; and, sir, I am free to admit, with pride and gratitude, that England has been ever ready to acknowledge and reward the merits of Irish artistes (*applause*). But, sir, Irishmen have always marched in the van with the greatest and best, as witness for me Wellington and Gough, Curran, Grattan, Burke, Palmerston, O'Connell, Sheil, and a thousand others whose words and deeds make the heart of the nation beat stronger and quicker at the mere mention of their names; and, sir, I am able to assure you that our countrymen and women in all parts of the world are still pressing forward and upward, for I have often heard with delight a beautiful brogue falling softly and sweetly from the lips of the most prosperous and distinguished men and women that I have had the good fortune to meet in the remotest parts of the globe. (*Applause.*) My lord it may not be considered out of place if I mention here the fact that I commenced the art which I have the honor to profess, not on the first rung of the ladder, but on the very ground. While yet a boy I stood alone in the world, without father, mother, or friend, without means, and master only of little Latin and no Greek (*Applause and laughter*) From this you will correctly infer that I am what is called a self-made man, — a proud distinction. (*Applause.*) 'What merit to be dropped on fortune's hill? The honor is to mount it!' For years the struggle was desperate and doubt-

ful, but my heart was too tough to yield, and my pride too great to allow my being driven from the bright goal of which I had so often and so fondly dreamed. (*Applause.*) At last there came the turning of the tide in my favor. Fortune began to smile on me in earnest, and enabled me to reach the haven of comparative plenty. But amidst all my successes in England and Scotland, in America, in Canada, California, and Australia, my great ambition still was to be acknowledged here in my native land. (*Applause.*) Sir, 'men's natures are their blood; they have no other, high or low'; the blood that pulsates the heart I take to be the true index of nationality; and mine, sir, is Irish — Irish to the core (*Loud applause.*) At length I thought the time had arrived for testing the good opinion of my countrymen, and though oppressed with the thought that few are prophets in their own country, I made my *début* in the good town of Belfast, and was received with every consideration and enthusiasm. (*Applause.*) The same in Limerick, in Waterford, and in Derry. And when I visited what may be called the cradle of the O'Sullivans, dear, beautiful Cork, the big, warm hearts of her citizens received me as they ever receive those who endeavor to uphold the honor and dignity of Ireland. (*Applause.*) At last I found myself bidding for the good opinion of the great public of Dublin. How you received me, then and since, I think, sir, the position in which I stand here to-night will speak for me much better than any words I can command. (*Applause.*) In conclusion, my lord and gentlemen, I beg to assure you that this grand and spontaneous expression of the esteem and good-will of this great city, initiated by a few of her leading spirits, and indorsed by the galaxy of distinguished men whom I now see around me, — themselves all more or less famous, — has sunk deep into my heart, there to rest embalmed in love and gratitude forever." (*Applause.*)

Many other sentiments were given, and the evening was one of great enjoyment.

DIRTY BOY: TRANSPARENT SOAP.

Lady Correspondent London Telegraph.

THE frequent marriages which are taking place between industry and art nowadays must, of necessity, produce a wealthy generation, inheriting the qualities of both parents. It is the most extraordinary study, that of the amalgamation of the two as revealed by the Paris Exhibition. One of the most striking instances of this new alliance is found in the history of a certain statue in marble, executed by an excellent sculptor of Rome, Focardi by name, and which may be said to have created the greatest sensation of all the works of art exhibited at the great world's fair and the Champ de Mars, a *succes de rire* always the most highly appreciated of all by our neighbors, and one whereby the sombre and serious productions of Leighton with his Python or that of the correct and classical Dose vase, were completely thrown into the shade. The group is called "You Dirty Boy!" in England, and is already familiar to the London public. It represents a wrinkled old grandmother scrubbing ruthlessly and unmercifully the shrinking features of a lad whose neck and shoulders have already undergone the same process. The antagonism between the muscular force of youth and age is admirably depicted; the cool determination of the woman and the angry opposition of the boy are both represented to perfection, and it is impossible to gaze upon the struggle without being moved to laughter. But as in all hymenial alliances between parties of different degree, industry and art seem disposed to quarrel even at the very outset of their honeymoon. For whom do you think the group was composed? By whose order it was executed? It was composed by the Italian Focardi, who had no doubt spent all the best

years of his life in study of the great masters of antiquity; and for whom has he probably wasted the midnight oil in his endeavors to imitate their excellence, and thereby gain as great renown as theirs? Well, the group was executed at the instigation of the London tradesman, Pears, the inventor of the transparent soap, declared by Dr. Erasmus Wilson, according to Pears's advertisement in the papers, to be the "most refreshing and agreeable of balms for the skin," and Dr. Erasmus Wilson ought surely to know, as of all the component particles of the human frame, he only cares for the skin. Moreover, the advertisement goes on to state that he always uses it himself, so that although the doctor does not absolutely propose to exhibit his skin as proof of the softening virtues of "Pears's transparent soap," the public may be fully assured that it bears out his assertion. The idea of the group was Pears's own, and that of none other, the intention that of having it modelled in soap to stand in his shop-window in order to attract customers! The model was duly paid for, and handsomely, no doubt, for London tradesmen are in general remarkable for being true and just in all their dealings with everybody but their customers; and the marble not being finished, the model only was sent to the Exhibition. Its success must have been a matter of surprise to the purchaser as well as to the artist himself. Both began to value the work more highly than either had done at first; and so great had been the demand for it that its reproduction, not only in soap, but in terra-cotta, in porcelain, in glass, and very likely in sugar, like the bust of Lord Beaconsfield, or in cheese, like Cleopatra's Needle, may be the result. Mr. Pears, who is evidently a man of business, with an eye to taste, advertises that he alone has purchased the model and has alone the right to produce it in the form of a statuette, but Mr. Ramsden, of Leeds, quite unexpectedly starts up and declares that he has purchased the sole right of presenting the "Dirty Boy" to the English public in photochromo engraving or litho; in short, as *his* advertisement goes, sole proprietor of all representations "on the flat." We are expecting, of course, that there will be some sort of disagreement between the parties concerning the right possessed by the sculptor to confer the reproduction of the "Dirty Boy" in any form whatever on any other person than the actual purchaser, Mr. Pears, the owner of the "Transparent Soap," without which he declares that no toilet can be complete.

A GIRL THAT WILL MAKE HER WAY IN THE WORLD.

A LITTLE girl, aged eleven years, residing in Iowa, wrote a letter recently to "Dear Uncle Samuel" at Washington, stating that her father and her eldest brother were about to take up a claim in Kansas. Then she went on to write as follows: "I thought maybe that if I asked you, you would let me have a claim of one hundred and sixty acres for a farm. I am strong and hearty, and as willing to work as any man. My ma says that I have ambition enough to run a splendid farm. I could get my father to break the land for me, and I will agree to fence it all around with willows, and I have got half a peck of maple seeds that I could make a nice grove with, if you will please give me the land. If I were there I would give you a good hug and a sweet kiss if you will only give me a deed to one hundred and sixty acres in Kansas." The Commissioner of the Land Office regretfully informed her that a homesteader must be at least twenty-one years of age, and the head of a family.

THE ladies give, as a reason for marrying for money, that they now seldom find anything else in a man worth having.

WHAT IS IRELAND DOING?

THE *Freeman* pertinently asks, What of Ireland at this great crisis? What part are the Irish members to play in the stirring drama on which the curtain is about to rise at Westminster? Is the country to see the deplorable spectacle of the strength and dignity of the Irish representation frittered away at the tale of rival English parties, or is Ireland to claim for herself an independent hearing and an independent voice? At the Home Rule Conference it was decided that the Irish popular members should act together when great imperial questions arose. Two or three occasions for carrying out that pledge have arisen, and, most unhappily, every one of them has been wasted, and the Irish party, divided between themselves, reduced to a mere cipher at crises when, had their policy of union prevailed, great blows might have been struck for Ireland. We fear we are about to see another grand occasion wasted, — another day of misfortune, division, and disunion, — when there should be unity, strength, and patriotism. A meeting of the Home Rule League is summoned for the 10th of next month. Surely that meeting may be anticipated by a few days, and at it some strong expressions of opinion may be put forth, calling on the Irish members now, at the eleventh hour, to stand together and endeavor to extract from the perilous situation some benefit for Ireland. Hundreds of thousands of Irishmen are at this moment deprived of the franchise, and shut out of the benefits of the Constitution. These pariahs of the Constitution will, however, be taxed in blood and money for the Afghan war, just as if, like their English fellow-subjects, they enjoyed the privileges of citizenship. The kinsmen of these disfranchised men will bleed in the battle-field, they will themselves bear their full share of the war taxes. What a magnificent opportunity for the Irish party to rally round the good old cry that "Taxation without representation is tyranny," and the moment Parliament sits makes a grand effort to secure the equality of the franchise in England and Ireland!

DEAD ON THE FIELD OF HONOR.

Memphis Avalanche.

WHEN one priest died at his post of duty, another was ready to take his place. This was shown during the late epidemic, when the self-sacrificing devotion of the priests gained the admiration of the world. The reverend prelate referred to the virtues of the deceased priests, and spoke with touching eloquence of their zeal, fidelity, and devotion. We were told that it was the custom of a gallant nation, when the muster rolls of her regiments were called, to have the names of the missing, who died fighting for their country, called as well as those of the living, and when the names were called out, their surviving comrades answered, "Dead on the field of honor." So we can say, when we hearthe names of our dead priests, "Dead on the field of honor."

THE SCHOOL MANAGER.

Canon Wenham.

SUCCESSFUL teaching does not consist so much in the teacher raising himself to understand high things as in his being able to bring himself down to the levels of the minds he is instructing. He must be able to enter into their present state of intelligence. He must adapt his language and ideas to their capacity. New ideas are not apprehended except in relation to those already existing in the mind. These the teacher must build on and make use of, and must therefore know what they are. Teachers that are patient, good-tempered, and in their manner simple and earnest, are best able to excite the interest of children and keep up their attention.

A TIMELY ARTICLE: THE TWO LINES OF CATHOLIC JOURNALISM.

Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati.

It is amusing to note how strenuously some of our contemporaries insist upon their special and peculiar worth. They never weary of the topic, though it might occur to them that they sometimes weary their readers. As a rule, a paper's real worth is in inverse ratio to the noise and fuss it makes about itself. Worth asserts itself without much talk. People are quite alive to the merits of a live newspaper. A Catholic newspaper may shine in one or two ways: it may be quick and trustworthy on the score of news of importance and interest; or it may make itself valuable by the strength, timeliness, and wisdom of its editorial expressions. The best Catholic paper would, of course, combine these qualities. In these days the need of trustworthy Catholic news is a matter of very great importance. Never since the Protestant Reformation were Catholics and the Catholic Church so prominently before the world as they are to-day. Never were they so much talked about and discussed, and never were there more lies, unwittingly often, told about them. The dense ignorance of most Protestants on Catholic affairs is simply marvellous. All the average Protestant's sense, sound judgment, fair-mindedness, and good qualities generally seem to desert him as soon as he approaches the Catholic Church. So wrong opinions are formed and untruths disseminated wholesale, quite apart from the fact that there is always an organized conspiracy against the truth and against the Church, whose one aim and business it is to falsify truth, hide it, kill it, and malign the Church. With such a state of affairs before us, the necessity of journals that shall be at least as quick on the side of truth as others are on the side of falsehood, will be at once manifest. Of late years Catholic newspapers have advanced very much in this respect, and we have now a few devoting special attention to this department of Catholic work. The *C. Rev.* is probably the best we have.

A higher and graver duty even than this falls on the Catholic journalist. In guiding or formulating or chiding public opinion, in giving utterance to his opinion, he ought first of all to be right, secondly, to show that he is right, and thirdly, he ought to be able to do this in the best way, with kindness and tact, but in a manner that leaves no room for misapprehension. There never was a time when the world had more need of safe guides than the present. Popular opinion! What is popular opinion? It is topsyturvydom. Everything is upside down, and we live in a moral maelstrom of frivolity and inquity; not we here alone, but people all the world over. The sense of right is passing from the minds of men and governments. For eight out of ten persons the hard lines drawn by God between virtue and vice, between right and wrong, have been so trodden and trampled upon by wavering feet that they have become blurred and confused to poor human vision. The result is moral danger and moral disaster to multitudes of well-meaning persons. In the Catholic press is a guide to wanderers, a light to the blind. A Catholic editor, then, needs knowledge, prudence, a strong arm, a hand to heal as well as to wound, keen moral instincts, a clear eye, an humble spirit, and a heart with God in it. We are asking great things of him, indeed; yet if he has not these, or some portion of them, he is of little worth in his place. The best that can be said of him is, God grant that he may be harmless!

Thus there are two broad lines before Catholic editors, either one of great value. He who shines in either will make his worth felt; he who has the power and the means to combine the two, will make his worth felt pre-eminently. In no case will there be need to toot his own praises on a very small whistle.

ALAS! POOR TRAY.

Lady Correspondent London Telegraph.

WHENEVER we are weary and disgusted with our fellow-humans, as the Americans say, we turn for relief to the animal kingdom. You will have observed that a new raid has been organized by the police against all stray dogs. The official report is serious, and says that no doubt, owing to the badness of the times, there are fewer persons willing to pay the dog-tax than formerly; and these, unwilling to destroy their favorites by poison or shooting, simply turn them out of doors, to take their chance of dying of hunger, or being shot by the police, or of being taken in by some kind and hospitable household more capable of feeding them than their former owners. The number of these houseless curs has increased of late to such a degree that the police, alarmed lest the horrible disease to which they are subject should break out amongst them, has ordered an inquiry to be made concerning the manner in which the poor superfluous members of the canine race are disposed of abroad. From Paris the account is sad indeed. The houseless animals are caught by the *chiffonniers* or ragpickers and taken to the *abattoirs* at Monfaucen, where they are kept for a few days in order to give time to the owners of lost dogs to make application, when they are restored for a trifle At the end of the day allowed by the rules the dogs are submitted to the most horrible and cruel massacre. Men, armed with heavy bludgeons, enter the cell where they are confined and beat out their brains, falling upon the poor creatures promiscuously until the howling and shrieking are quieted, and the convulsive throes of a few of the varieties alone betray their greater tenacity of life. Then, while the bodies are still warm, they are hung upon iron hooks and the flaying commences. A more ferocious, sickening scene can hardly be imagined. The task of *abatteurs des chiens* is a dangerous one, and its professors obtain a high salary. The men employed are principally taken from the public slaughter houses, and must be stout-hearted enough to withstand the revengeful humor of the dogs, who, in their terror and despair, sometimes attack them with terrible ferocity. Shortly before the visit by the reporter one of the men had slipped backwards and fallen to the ground, and before his companion had time to rescue him had been literally torn to pieces by the enraged animals, while few of the executioners ever escape without some terrible wound from the teeth of the dying victims, to which the fearful scars on their arms and hands bear testimony.

A NOBLE BOY.

A DISTINGUISHED author says, "I resolved, when I was a child, never to use a word which I could not pronounce before my mother without offending her." He kept his resolution, and became a pure-minded, noble, honored gentleman. His rule and example are worthy of imitation. Boys readily learn a class of low, vulgar words and expressions which are never used in respectable circles. The utmost care on the part of his parents will scarcely prevent it. Of course, we cannot think of girls as being so much exposed to this peril. We cannot imagine a decent girl using words she would not give utterance to before her father or mother. Such vulgarity is thought by some boys to be "smart," the next thing to swearing, and yet not so wicked." But it is a habit which leads to profanity, and fills the mind with evil thoughts It vulgarizes and degrades the soul, and prepares the way for many and fearful sins which now corrupt society.

"PA," said a little four-year-old, "there's a poor man out there who would give anything to see you." "Who is it, my son?" "It is a blind man."

"GOD PROSPER OLD IRELAND."

Irish Priest, in the Dublin Nation.

On the eve of the battle of Fontenoy, when O'Brien, the veteran Count Thomond, electrified his fellow-exiles by toasting his native land with a prayer "God prosper old Ireland," he indicated, unconsciously perhaps, an instrument of Ireland's resurrection, a supremely potent one, that should not be overlooked by those who wish their country well. That O'Connell, when agitating for Ireland's welfare, used it to a good purpose, the following incident, the scene of which was, I believe, the House of Commons, will sufficiently show. The subject of discussion was Catholic emancipation, and the eloquence of a stern enemy of Catholic claims was captivating all hearers O'Connell, meanwhile, with his right hand in his breast, was telling his beads, invoking the Seat of Wisdom to assist him to reply and obtain religious freedom for his countrymen, and when he rose, as sentence followed sentence, it became apparent that his prayer was not in vain. While in this vein, let me quote another episode of like import. In 1570, when Europe sent a mere handful — little more than twenty thousand men — to repel the terrible tide of Turkish invasion that threatened to submerge her Christianity and to substitute the Crescent for the Cross, the great victory at Lepanto was mainly due to the prayer of all Christendom for that happy issue. Before the battle, to make success the surer, the small Christian host was made smaller still, for every craven and unworthy soldier was set aside. These facts are noteworthy, and convey the lesson that Ireland should cast aside without compunction idle and untrustworthy representatives, and assist by prayer, as well as by purse and pen and voice and vote, those who are earnest, intrepid, and faithful. Ireland is waging war, a Parliamentary war, against Whigs and Tories. England is drawing every year to her imperial treasury four millions more than Ireland's equitable share. While England, the richest country on earth, pays to the imperial treasury one twelfth of her income, Ireland is obliged to contribute one sixth of hers The aim, then, of Ireland's champions is to stem the tide of English injustice. That their numbers may be few is no reason for despondency, for, with an earnest people at their back, and aiding as far as lies in their power, sooner or later victory shall crown their efforts.

ARCHBISHOP McHALE.

London World.

The notice of "The Lion of the Fold of Judah" is kindly and generous, and reads as if it were writ by one who had been impressed by the magic influence of contact with the venerated churchman. "Placed in any position," he says, "John McHale would have towered above his fellows head and shoulders, would have been a king of men." There is nothing new in the description of the home life of the archbishop, nor in the references to his career. The writer's comment is, "If Dr. McHale has often been moved to take a side in political struggles, he has never forfeited the respect of friend or foe. His presence, nay, his name, can yet enkindle an enthusiasm amongst the hero-worshipping Irish, beneath whatever sky, which O'Connell himself, in the palmiest days of his uncrowned royalty, might envy. For the people, he happily united the offices of a Moses and an Aaron. He was their spiritual and their temporal guide. If, in the eyes of the English public, never politic or practicable, he cannot be denied whatever merit is to be found in fearlessness and consistent opposition. Whosoever shall come after him in the see shall find its lustre increased, not diminished, by a prelate from whom those disagreeing with his faith and differing from his policy *toto cœlo* will not hold the compliment — *integer vitæ scelerisque puru* ."

SADLEIR'S TIPPERARY BANK.

London Globe.

THE recent termination in the Irish courts of a lawsuit which had been pending for twenty-two years, arising out of the failure of "Sadleir's Tipperary Bank," recalls a tragic episode in the history of Irish political life About five-and-thirty or forty years ago this bank was established in the town of Tipperary by Mr. John Sadleir, M. P. Mr. Sadleir, being a man of powerful connections in the county of Tipperary, and endowed with considerable financial skill and political tact, managed in a very short time to make his bank a success. He also rose in popularity among his countrymen, and took a prominent part in politics. So firm was his place in the confidence of his countrymen that even when he ultimately "sold" the "Brass Band," of which he had become the leader, to Lord Aberdeen, and, contrary to the principles of his party, took a seat on the Treasury Bench, his popularity did not seem to have declined. He was still able to hold his own and more against Duffy and his friends, who had remained true to their pledges. His treason was condoned, he was re-elected despite the opposition of the Tenant League, which he had betrayed, and soon attained the summit of political and, apparently, financial greatness. Meanwhile he became involved in various speculations. Emboldened by his successes, both in politics and finance, he launched into daring schemes. But the tide of fortune changed, and whilst the world at large envied John Sadleir his great successes and fame, he was on the verge of ruin. Heavy losses were incurred, speculations turned out adversely, and, in a word, the financier and politician was a doomed man. To avert the impending calamities, Mr. Sadleir forged deeds, conveyances, and bills for hundreds of thousands of pounds. But ruin was inevitable, suspicions were excited, one of Mr. Sadleir's numerous financial expedients had miscarried, and there was something like a run on the Tipperary Bank in consequence. Mr. Sadleir's brother, who conducted the business in Tipperary, wired to the great man in London for twenty or thirty thousand pounds. Mr. Sadleir endeavored to raise the money, but in vain. It soon became clear to his mind that all would be exposed, and that the forgeries would be discovered. On the 16th of February, 1856, Mr. Sadleir received the telegram from his brother, and on the 17th his dead body was found on Hampstead Heath, a vessel smelling of prussic acid lying close by. The news that John Sadleir had committed suicide was soon flashed all over the empire. The Tipperary Bank stopped payment, and ruin and misery were brought on many an Irish household. The suit in question was one out of many to which the failure of this institution gave rise.

DR. STOKER, in a recent lecture in Dublin, spoke of the early history of medicine, and of the various steps through which the art had passed, and mentioned that even in the first half of the eighteenth century they found the most amusing absurdities still existing in medical practice. He took up a book of the time, the work of Sir David Hamilton, an eminent writer on fever, and physician to Queen Anne, and he found him speaking of the effects of the Juvantia or helpful remedies, including crabs' eyes, prepared pearls and the like, and a person suffering from fever ordered the following: "Raspings of elk's hoof, one ounce; piony seeds and mistletoe of the oak, each three drachms; raspings of man's skull, half an ounce (*laughter*); boil them gently in a due quantity of water to one pint and a half; to the strained liquor add compound syrup of piony, three ounces; mix and make an apozem whereof he may frequently take ten spoonfuls."

ANCIENT IRISH MANUSCRIPTS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE issue of the second part of the fac-similes of our ancient national manuscripts is in some sort a matter of almost national interest. The work is intended to form a comprehensive paleographic series for Ireland, corresponding to the already existing series for England and Scotland. It furnishes characteristic specimens of the documents that have come down from each of the classes which in past ages formed principal elements in the population of Ireland, or exercised an influence on her affairs. The specimens are reproduced as nearly as possible in accordance with the originals. Descriptions of the manuscripts are given by the editor, Mr. Gilbert, who also adds elucidations of the specimens, printed in the original languages without abstractions, opposite to the fac-similes. The want of such a series for Ireland was long felt by all recordists and archivists, and the now forthcoming work is the supply for the want. It is in a high sense of the term a national work, illustrating at once our ancient civilization and modern art. It is a mosaic, inlaid with curious and rare paleographs, alongside of the latest triumphs of photography. It is moreover a patient preceptor, elucidating, as if by finger-points, the hieroglyphs of our long-ago text character and contractions, and facilitating the study of paleography. All who take an interest in our nation's history are indebted to the Queen for commanding the fac-similes to be photozincographed, to the Master of the Rolls in Ireland for the solicitude with which, as head of the Public Record Office in Ireland, he has forwarded the publication, and to Mr. Gilbert for the surpassing labor, skill, and learning which he has lavished on its production. We feel almost encouraged to entertain a hope that this stimulating series may lead the way to some larger organization for developing the record literature with which Ireland teems. Materials and ability to utilize them are abundant amongst us, and all that is needed is the influence to set machinery going and to give men leave to work. We have often pressed this matter on public attention, and we shall be rejoiced if the idea commends itself to the judgment of the Master of the Rolls. In him lies our chief hope of having any arrangement effected; and if by his influence and energy he can accomplish anything in this direction, he will add a fresh distinction to his many honors, and supply another warranty for the proud title of "The Romilly of Ireland."

A SERPENT AMONG THE BOOKS.

ONE day a gentleman in India went into his library, and took down a book from the shelves. As he did so, he felt a slight pain in his finger, like a prick of a pin. He thought that a pin had been stuck in the cover of the book by some careless person. But soon his finger began to swell, then his arm, then his whole body, and in a few days he died. It was not a pin that was among the books, but a small and deadly serpent. There are many serpents among the books nowadays; they nestle in the foliage of some of our most fascinating literature; they coil around the flowers whose perfume intoxicates the senses. People read, and are charmed by the plot of the story, by the skill with which the characters are sculptured or grouped, or by the gorgeousness of the word-painting, and hardly feel the pin-prick of the evil that is insinuated. But it both stings and poisons. When the record of ruined souls is made up, on what multitudes will be inscribed, "Poisoned by serpents among the books"! Every Christian should discountenance the circulation of unprofitable books, and promote the dissemination of a healthy and instructive Christian literature.

IRISHMEN IN CABUL.

London Observer.

It is stated that there is one Englishman, or rather Irishman, in the service of the Shere Ali, and that probably there are others; but the only individual about whom there seems to be any certainty is a Mr. O'Donnell, an ex-private in the 87th Royal Irish Fusiliers. He is not, however, the first Irishman who has taken service with the Afghans. When Sir A. Burnes's mission was on its way to Cabul in September, 1837, it was received with military honors at Ali Musjid by the commandant, "an ill-conditioned, dissipated-looking Englishman, slipshod, turbaned, and robed in a sort of Afghan *dishabi le*, having more the look of a dissipated priest than a military man." This worthy called himself Lieutenant-Colonel Rattray (a name more Irish than English), and received the mission at the head of his column, as he called it, in line. The men made a fair enough show, all things considered, in that position, but the show took a ludicrous turn when he began to manœuvre them. Having hopelessly clubbed them, and despairing of getting them into order again, Colonel Rattray gave the word to break off, and immediately commenced laying about him with a shillelah, but was eventually overpowered by numbers and compelled to desist. In the evening he waited on Burnes for orders, and tried to borrow five hundred rupees for the expenses of the march to Cabul, tendering as security an order on his regimental paymaster at Cabul. Failing in this, he ingeniously free-quartered his men on the mission, telling off a captain's guard here, a subaltern's there, and so on, which resulted in all provisions ordered by Dost Mohammed for the mission being gobbled up by this ragged and famishing crew. In the course of his edifying conversations with the officers of the mission he took occasion to point out to Burnes an error in his book, assuring him that "although forty bottles of wines might formerly have been procured in Cabul for a rupee, nothing like that could now be obtained," — a point on which he was probably well qualified to give an authoritative correction.

THE SAVINGS BANKS.

Boston Daily Herald.

The decrease in the deposits in the savings banks of this State to the amount of $27,480,863.15 during the last year is something unusual It is the natural result of the "run" on the banks last winter, and the stay law passed under the panic caused by that "run." The withdrawals during the year were almost twice as large as the deposits. The Five Cents Savings Bank of Boston lost nearly five million dollars. A large share of the withdrawals were of the class for whose benefit savings banks were not established, — capitalists who deposited in various institutions to the full limit of the law. The banks have sustained the loss of deposits remarkably well; comparatively few are unsound; and in those winding up their business the losses of depositors will generally be light. The stay law was unnecessary. The banks had ample power to protect themselves against a temporary panic, but the stay law has shaken confidence in these institutions. Perhaps the effect will not be bad, however. Savings banks have been too popular in the commonwealth. Deposits amounting to $250,000,000, most of which were invested in real-estate mortgages, did not indicate the best state of things. Less money in the savings banks and more homes free from mortgages would be better. The depositors have had a much better time than the owners of real estate during the last five years. The former have been obliged to submit to a reduction in their dividends, but the owners of real estate have seen half their property disappear, and often, in the case of mortgaged property, the

half that vanished was all or more than they owned in it. Many cases involving real hardship have been known, the lost equity frequently being the entire wealth of the loser. It is quite likely that a large share of the withdrawn deposits have been invested in foreclosed estates at forced sales, and probably mortgages have decreased as well as deposits. This is liquidation in effect, but under very disagreeable circumstances, where one man profits by the loss of another. We see no reason to suppose that working men and women have withdrawn their deposits to live upon to any great extent. Many have gone away, taking their money with them. Many more have preferred to invest their earnings in something else. Besides there are thousands of people in easy circumstances who have kept money in the savings banks in their own and their children's names. We believe in savings banks for the purpose for which they were established, — to take care of the savings of the wage-receiving class, and so encourage thrift and economy, but we do not consider it essential or desirable to encourage their development beyond that purpose. At the same time it is only fair to say that our savings banks have been generally very well managed, their losses averaging much less than those of private investors of their own capital, and that they still deserve the confidence of the people, and offer the best inducements for the investment of moderate sums of money In a period of great depression of business and decline of values they have practically kept from any shrinkage the property in their hands of some seven hundred thousand depositors.

WATER IN THE EARS. — A timely warning, to those about to enjoy the summer luxury of sea bathing, is given in the *Medical Record*, by Dr. Sexton, of the New York Ear Infirmary. He finds salt water to be peculiarly irritating to the delicate membrane of the inner ear, while cold fresh water may be equally injurious. Every year hundreds of people are sent to the infirmary for treatment whose trouble has arisen from getting water into their ears while bathing, or from catching cold in the ears at such times. He recommends, as a precaution, the plugging of the ears with cotton before entering the water.

PROTESTANT FEAR OF O'CONNELL.

NOT only was O'Connell *un*popular with the Irish Protestants, he was absolutely a terror to them. Many other Irish national leaders before his time, in his time, and since his time might be named whose following was somewhat distributed through the various sections, creeds, and classes of Irishmen, notably Henry Grattan, John Martin, and Isaac Butt. But to the Protestants of his day O'Connell seemed a combination of Guy Fawkes, the Pretender, and the Pope of Rome. While his trial was proceeding or rather concluding, in 1844, an old gentleman, named Ffolliott, a good type of the stanch old Tory gentleman of that day in Ireland, lay dying in a southern county. "Do you rest all your hopes on the merits of your Saviour, Mr. Ffolliott?" said the rector, who stood by his bedside. "Yes, I do, all," murmured the dying man. "And are you directing all your thoughts at this moment to the heavenly Jerusalem, Mr. Ffolliott?" "And nowhere else." "Above all, I trust you forgive every one, and feel at peace with all men?" "With all mankind," responded the genial old fox-hunter. There was a solemn pause. "Mr. Halliday," he half whispered, "is the Dublin mail in yet?" "Yes, sir, about an hour ago." The dying man roused himself instantly, and with sharp eagerness asked, "How about the trials? Is O'Connell convicted?" "Found guilty, sir." "Thanks be to God!" was the last pious ejaculation of the worthy old squire.

AN IRISH POET IN A NAMELESS GRAVE.

London Athenæum.

THERE is an Irish poet whose remains rest in Lisbon, but whose name is now almost as forgotten as his tomb. Jeremiah Joseph Callanan, who died at the early age of thirty-five, was buried here in 1829. He is known, when remembered at all, by his short poems, among others "The Convict of Clonmel," "The White Cockade," "The Virgin Mary's Rock," and particularly by his beautiful lines on Gougaune Barra, that lonely and limpid mountain lake situated at the west end of County Cork, the parent of the river Lea, —

"There is a green island in lone Gougaune Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow."

Callanan was a student of Maynooth and afterward of Trinity, and for several years a constant contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine." Had he lived longer, and possessed the perseverance and habits of work requisite for the composition of an important poem, he might have taken very high ground, for good critics consider that the poems he has left display talent of the highest order. Early in 1829 Callanan came to Lisbon as tutor in the family of Mr. Hickie, an Irish merchant of eminence, probably to try the effect of a southern climate in arresting the symptoms of consumption, which had already set in. But he was too far gone, and after a few months his health altogether gave way. As he passionately wished to see Ireland again, he embarked for Cork, but growing rapidly worse the captain refused to take him. He returned on shore, and was placed in a private room in the hospital of San José, where every care was bestowed upon him, but he died in a few days. I believe he was buried, as was customary then, within the precincts of the ruined Church of San José, an edifice attached to the hospital, and partly destroyed by the great earthquake, but whose striking and beautiful façade, still standing, arrests the attention of the visitor to the stately College of the Jesuits, converted by the unsparing hand of Pombal into an asylum for the sick. There is, however, no trace of the grave to be found now, for the place has not been used as a cemetery since the promulgation, many years ago, of the law prohibiting intramural interments. The poet expressed a strong desire to be buried in County Cork,

"Where calm Avan-Buee seeks the kisses of ocean,"

but he found a nameless grave in Lisbon, — another of the many instances of the vanity of human wishes.

IRISH AIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "SONGS OF KILLARNEY."

"'T was pretty to be in Ballinderry."

'T WAS pretty to be in Ballinderry,
'T was pretty to be in Aghalee,
'T was prettier to be in little Ram's Island,
Trysting under the ivy-tree.
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!
For often I roved in little Ram's Island
Side by side with Phelimy Hyland,
And still he 'd court me, and I 'd be coy,
Though at heart I loved him, my handsome boy!

"I'm sailing," he sighed, "from Ballinderry,
Out and across the stormy sea,
Then if in your heart you love me, Mary,
Open your arms at last to me."
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!
I opened my arms — how well he knew me! —
I opened my arms and took him to me,
And there, in the gloom of the groaning mast,
We kissed our first and we kissed our last!

'T was happy to be in little Ram's Island:
But now 't is sad as sad can be;
For the ship that sailed with Phelimy Hyland
Is sunk forever beneath the sea.
Och hone, ochone!
Och hone, ochone!
And 't is oh! but I wear the weeping willow,
And wander alone by the lonesome billow,
And cry to him over the cruel sea,
"Phelimy Hyland, come back to me!"

Good Words, London.

TACITUS, the great historian and profound thinker, says that men hate those whom they have injured.

DEMISE OF A SISTER OF GERALD GRIFFIN.

Dublin Daily Freeman's Journal.

Some touching memories are conjured up by the announcement that the sister of Gerald Griffin has joined her brother in another, and let us fondly trust, a happier sphere. The name of Gerald Griffin is one of which Irishmen, and Irish pressmen in especial, should be proud. The story of his too brief life is a story of struggle nobly borne, and of heroic sacrifice to duty and conscientious belief; and there is not one who has looked upon the quiet resting-place in the burial-ground of the Christian Brothers, outside Cork, who may not derive some lesson from his career, — a lesson of courage unshaken, of honor sensitive as mercury, of fidelity to principle and conviction which shrunk at no sacrifice to uphold it. Griffin was a Limerick man, the youngest son of nine. He was to a large extent a self-educated man, as educational facilities in Ireland at the time he was entering upon his *jeunesse dorée* were not much to speak of. He was an incessant reader, however, in his early boyhood. Night and day he was to be found poring over books. They were his constant companions at his meals and by his bedside; and the knowledge thus acquired, together with some rudimentary classics acquired from a local teacher, enabled him at the very early age of eighteen to take the editorship of a local paper. Before he was twenty he found himself in London, one of the thousands who go to the mighty city with the hopes of finding therein Parnassus, but generally to experience Lethe. For a long time he led a very precarious life, reporting law cases, and occasionally writing an article for a periodical; and his struggles and sufferings during that period were intense. An incident is related of him during this period which serves to show the character of the man in a striking way. A friend, at whose house he was ever a welcome guest, by some mischance got arrested for debt, and was sent to the King's Bench prison. He did not think, as his quarters there were pretty comfortable, that young Griffin would fail to drop in to dinner, and spend the evening, as was his wont outside, but he was disappointed. Being much concerned about him, he managed to get out one night and went to Griffin's lodgings. He found him at work by candlelight trying to finish up some work. It was then past midnight. Griffin had n't a shilling in his pocket, and had been nearly three days without food. When his friend asked him why he had acted as he did, he replied proudly, "Why, you would not have me throw myself upon a man in prison!" Better times, however, were in store for the future author. He procured work as a Parliamentary reporter, and became a contributor to the "Literary Gazette," and he was soon enabled to place himself above want. Then he began writing those charming works of fiction which were destined to gain for him a name amongst the sweetest of Irish novelists. At this time, too, he wrote the play of "Gisippus," a remarkably fine classical drama, which had like to be buried and forgotten, were it not for something like accident. Years after he had sent it in to a theatrical manager, Macready, who wanted a new play for a benefit night, fished it up, and was so powerfully struck by its beauty that he set to at once to get himself up for the chief character in it, and quickly had the piece under rehearsal. But reporting or novel writing could not satisfy the yearning of Griffin's heart. His thoughts were fixed on something higher, and struck with the *vanitas vanitatem*, he determined to renounce literature and devote himself to the practical Christianity which he believed to be the true life here below. He consigned all his unpublished MSS. to the flames, and entered in Dublin, the Christian Brothers' community, under the title of Brother Joseph. Hence he was transferred to

Cork, but his sojourn in his new sphere was destined to be short. Within twelve months of his removal he died of typhus fever, at the early age of thirty-seven, and was buried in the unpretentious cemetery behind the Peacock Lane Schools. So touching a story as his is rare even in the checkered annals of that too often unfortunate race, *gens de lettres*.

GOD LOVES CHILDREN.

God loves to speak to children; he has often spoken words to children which he would not speak to anybody else.

There was a very old priest, and a good child who lived with the priest. Almighty God wanted to say something to the priest, but he liked better to say it to the child, and let the child tell the priest. So one night when the child was asleep, God called the child by his name, Samuel. The child woke and heard somebody calling his name, but he did not know that it was God who called him. He thought in himself, Perhaps it is the priest who calls me. He got up directly and went to the priest and said, "Please your reverence, I heard somebody calling my name, and I thought perhaps it was your reverence who called me." Then the priest said, "No, my child, I did not call you; go back again and sleep." So the obedient child went back to sleep. But after a little while he heard the same voice calling him again and again. Each time he went to the priest, and at last the priest said, "Perhaps, my dear child, it is the voice of God which calls you, so, if you hear it again, say, 'Speak, O Lord, for thy servant heareth.'" After a little while, when the child heard the voice again, he said, as the priest had told him, "Speak, O Lord, for thy servant heareth." Then God spoke to the child, and commanded him to tell the priest what he had heard. So God loves to speak to good children; and as God spoke to the child, Samuel, he will speak to you, also, my child, if you will only let him. You will not hear his voice with your ears, as the child Samuel did, but you will hear it with your heart.

Then, my child, give your first years, your early years, to Almighty God. All first things and early things are beautiful before God and men. The first ray of the sun, when it rises over the mountain-tops, the first white lily which is seen in the early spring, when the snows are melting away, the beautiful colors of the rosebud when it first opens, but, above all, the early years of childhood, please God. The infancy of Jesus is the glory and delight of the Christian Church. Mary, the Mother of Jesus, consecrated her first years to Almighty God. Many hundreds and thousands of children there have been who, pleasing God in their childhood, were taken away out of this world into heaven, because God foresaw that if they had lived to be older, perhaps malice would creep into their hearts, and they would not love him any more. Then, my child, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."—(Eccls. xii.) Give the years of your childhood to God, who loves the years of childhood more than he loves any other years, and who gives joy to those who love him when they are little."—(Ps. xiii. 4.) Be not wicked in your childhood. If you are wicked when you are young, you will be wicked when you grow old; for it is a proverb, "A young man according to his way, even when he is old, he will not depart from it."—(Prov. xxii.) And then "his bones will be filled with the vices of his youth, and they will sleep with him in the dust."—(Job xx.) These years are passing away; hasten, then, and offer them to God; say, "My God, I give you the years of my childhood. May they be as the years of the childhood of Jesus!"

The same process that makes milk butter, makes butter milk.

REV. MR. BEECHER AND AN OREGON COMMISSIONER.

THE Plymouth pastor made a recent visit to Washington. His presence attracted a staring crowd whenever he presented himself. Mr. Beecher with several friends was engaged in making an inspection of the interior of one of the main buildings, when he happened to meet Commissioner Durfur of Oregon. Recognizing Mr. Durfur, whom he had met on a former occasion, Mr. Beecher, in his usually pleasant manner, raised his hat to the Commissioner, at the same time remarking, "How do you do, Mr. Commissioner? This is Mr. Durfur of Oregon, is it not?"

"Yes," replied Durfur, "oh, yes; and this is Mr. Beecher?"

"I am glad to meet you again," answered Mr. Beecher. "You see, I take a great interest in your State of Oregon. I believe they did me the honor to name one of their townships Beecher Town."

"Oh, yes, I believe they did," responded Durfur; "but you see, Mr. Beecher, they have changed the name of the town since that time."

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Beecher, looking rather surprised. "You astonish me! I never heard of that before To what name, pray, did they change it?"

"Well, Mr. Beecher, you see, they call it 'Elizabeth' now."

THE SECULAR PRESS.

Catholic Columbian.

THE dirty, disgusting recitals of abominable crimes that are a consequence of fallen human nature have done nearly as much to destroy purity and corrupt morality throughout the world as all the work of missionaries has done to the contrary. The secular journals of the day must crawl in the filth and cover themselves with it, before they can succeed in gaining the circulation they crave. When St. Paul wrote that such sins against chastity should not be even as much as mentioned amongst us, he knew the inclination of human nature to be led away by bad example. It must needs be that scandals come, that evils exist, that hell's votaries inhabit the earth, but woe be to him by whom scandal cometh, by whom the exploits of Satan are advertised. Our public journals, even these intended for Sunday reading, are not content unless they have a scandalous or beastly sensation to present for the edification of the sensualist. Bad as the rehearsal of such crimes are by word of mouth, they become doubly damnable when presented in type to indiscriminate readers, and offer food for morose delight and sinful thoughts. The account may be interspersed with all sorts of curses upon the criminals and clothed in language most condemnatory, but the responsibility remains. The minister who told his congregation that certain parts of the sacred Scriptures should not be read by them, was horrified to discover that before night all the Bibles in the town were being industriously employed to find out what was objectionable. No apology, no explanation, then, will release the conductor of newspapers from the terrible responsibility of giving publicity to acts that should be nameless and less known.

"EATING" RULES. — Never eat when much fatigued; wait until rested. Never eat just before you expect to engage in any severe mental or physical exercise. Never eat while in a passion, or when under any great mental excitement, depressing or elevating. Never eat just before taking a bath, or before retiring at night. Never eat before regular meals. Thousands of persons have been prematurely laid in their graves simply from eating heartily when the system was not in a condition to properly digest and appropriate the food. When the system requires food, it is in a condition to make good use of it; it will call for it in its legitimate way.

Useful Knowledge.

LEMON SYRUP. — Squeeze the lemons, strain the juice carefully lest any pulp should remain; to one pint of juice add two pounds of sugar; set it away until completely dissolved, stirring it occasionally; then bottle it. One or two teaspoonfuls of this syrup stirred into a glass of water will make delightful lemonade.

AMMONIA is invaluable to the house-cleaner. A few drops in a pail of water will remove dirt from paint without much scrubbing. It is good to brighten silver; good to brighten carpets; it will take out grease spots from every fabric; it will clean hair brushes, laces, muslins. A few drops in the bath tub will remove all disagreeable odor from the person and refresh the bather.

HOW TO RAISE POULTRY. — Put a tablespoonful of sulphur in the nest as soon as the hens or turkeys are set. The heat of the fowls causes the fumes of the sulphur to penetrate every part of their bodies; every louse is killed, and as all nits are hatched within ten days, when the mother leaves the nest with her brood she is perfectly free from nits or lice.

BLIND STAGGERS IN HORSES. — Turn up the tail of the horse and cut to the bone, crosswise, from hair to hair, about three inches from the root of the tail, which it was said would afford immediate relief. Some two weeks ago, I had a mule taken with the blind staggers, and so violent was the attack that, had he belonged to any other person, I would not have given one dollar for him. As it was a desperate case, I thought I would try the remedy. He bled freely, and was better in two minutes, and was entirely well in a short time. Please insert this in your paper, and for the benefit of the public, I hope it will be extensively copied.

FISH FRITTERS. — Take salt codfish, soak it over night. In the morning throw the water off the fish, put on fresh, and put it on the range until it comes to a boil. Do not let it boil, as that will harden it. Then pick it very fine, season with pepper, mace, and perhaps a little salt. Make a batter of a pint of milk and three eggs, stir in the dish and fry in small cakes. Any kind of codfish makes nice fritters.

HERE is a good breakfast dish: Toast some slices of stale bread and lay on a platter. Hash very fine some cold beef, or mutton; put it in a pan; season with salt, pepper, butter, and any sweet herb which is agreeable; and as much water as you think the toast will absorb; put on the stove and let it boil ten minutes; then pour over the toast, and serve immediately.

DEATH TO THE RATS. — Several correspondents write to announce the complete extirpation of rats and mice from their cow-stalls and piggeries since the adoption of this simple plan. A mixture of two parts of well-bruised common squills and three parts of well-chopped bacon is made into a stiff mass, with as much meal as may be required, and then baked into small cakes, which are put down for the rats to eat.

KIDNEY GRAVY. — Slice four kidneys, cut them into pieces, and dredge them with flour; put them into a stew-pan with two and one half ounces of butter, a few sweet herbs, and half an onion. Shake these over the fire for six or eight minutes, and then add about a pint of water. Let it simmer for an hour and three quarters, skimming it carefully; strain the gravy, and set it by for use. This gravy can be made from one beef kidney instead of four sheep's kidneys.

The Humorist.

THE honest sausage-maker never fails to make both ends meet.

THEY say when Bismarck greeted Grant he smiled one of those fatherland grins, held out his hand and exclaimed, "Vegates, Sheneral? I vas overcome mit gladness by myself to see you; sit mit yourself down. Aldop, two beers, right away, quick so helup you gracious!"

Two gentlemen were at a coffee-house, when the discourse fell upon Sir Joshua Reynolds's painting. One of them said "his tints were admirable, but the colors flew." It happened that Sir Joshua was in the next box, who, taking up his hat, accosted them, with a low bow, "Gentlemen, I return you many thanks for bringing me off with flying colors."

"You 'll never marry agin, Susie, you grieve so arter Izick. Was it twice t' you fainted, or three times, at the grave?" "Bless yo soul, Sary, it was free times I fainted, an' de last time I nebber like to kum to." "O Susie, you 'll nebber marry agin, will yer?" "Bless yo soul, Frank Dunn axt me 'bout dis before my husband died, an' I promised him if he died I 'd have him, an' I b'longs to de church, an' I won't tell a lie."

THE road from Edinburgh to Queensferry, because of its width and the good order in which it is kept, is considered one of the best turnpikes in Scotland. One Saturday afternoon a tradesman, who had been indulging rather freely in Edinburgh, was met near Barton by a friend, who seeing him endeavor to proceed westward with a very considerable zigzag movement, addressed him saying, "Sandy, Sandy, where are ye gaun at that gait?" "I 'm gaun to the ferry," said Sandy. "Weel, Sandy," said his friend, "ye hae a lang road before ye." "It 's no the length of the road that 's botherin' me; it 's the breadth o't," was Sandy's very honest reply.

Two residents of B——— Street got into a dispute, recently, about the ownership of a line fence, and one of them shut his fist under the other's nose, and said, "Oh, I could smash you all to pieces, and I 'd do it right here if I had n't got to go to the bank." The second pushed up his sleeves, flourished his fist round, and yelled, "I could lick six just such men as you. R-r-r-r! But I 'd give the coroner a job if I had n't to go down H——— Street to collect some money." "Oh, I would there were no banks!" shouted the first. "Oh, would I had collected that bill last night!" shrieked the second. And they shook their fists at each other and backed on to their respective door-steps.

A WOMAN was yesterday seen hanging out some clothes in a yard on Macomb Street, when a boy looked over the fence and called out, "Have you seen any mad dogs go by here just now?" "Mad dogs! mercy!" gasped the woman as she threw four wet shirts on the ground in a heap and got into the house at four bounds. The boy maintained his position, and after a few minutes the woman put her head out of the door and asked, "Have you?" "Noap," was the calm reply; "I guess the season for 'em has drawed to a close." "You miserable boy! why did you alarm me so?" she exclaimed, as she opened the door and stood on the step. "Who 's bin alarmed? I guess if I want to find a mad dog, I 've got a right to inquire if any have gone by, have n't I? You don't expect me to go 'n' git out full-sheet posters and leave 'em at houses, do you, or pay for a double-column advertisement in the papers? Humph! the idea that a boy can't jist inquire about mad dogs."—*Detroit Free Press.*

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

AMERICAN women have, quite deservedly, the reputation of being extravagant in dress. Perhaps much of this is owing to the fact that plenty has for a long time reigned on these Western shores, and with the people, prodigality has been the rule, rather than parsimony, or anything that savored of parsimony, as economy might be thought to do by some.

If what may be called the vanities and extravagances of dress were confined to the wealthy, there would be nothing to censure, for if the changes of fashion did not tempt the rich to part with a portion of their gains, those depending on its circulation would be deprived of a livelihood. There is too great a tendency to attempt to be fashionable by those in the middle and humbler walks of life. The families of farmers, mechanics, and small tradesmen copy in cheap materials exaggerations of foreign designs, intended for costly fabrics and particular occasions; girls employed in shops, factories, and domestic service recklessly spend their earnings for unsuitable and unserviceable dress, in the foolish and dangerous effort to appear as fashionably attired as the wives and daughters of their employers. Alas! this love for showy dress and tawdry ornament not unfrequently leads to the barter of honor, risk of immortal souls.

The aim of the articles on dress, in these pages, will be to disparage rather than to encourage extravagance, and by practical suggestions aid the economical minded to arrive at results that fashion writers in general seem to imply can be obtained only by an extravagant expenditure of money.

In many respects, fashion at present favors economy, though no doubt such favors are quite unintentional on the part of that whimsical goddess, who is not much given to considering ways and means. In these hard times, to make old clothes look almost as new, is a highly commendable accomplishment, and the families are comparatively few in which economy is not a necessary institution.

The combination of plain with figured materials suggests ways for making over partly worn dresses, or for using two or three short lengths that cannot be matched, or by adding a few yards of the fashionable materials, that seem made on purpose for transforming old-fashioned dresses to very handsome ones, all that is required being a sense of discrimination in choosing material and color. At this season of the year dress goods are greatly reduced in price, and bargain-hunters are delighted. Comfort to the purchaser is also found in the much smaller quantity of material used, since the return to the convenient and cleanly style of walking dresses. Making a false skirt of cambric, or any inexpensive material that may be at hand (the dress goods extending only to the knees) considerably diminishes the number of yards now required for a dress over the quantity considered necessary a short time since.

Sufficient nice material, of pure wool, for a dress may be bought for $4.00 or $5.00. The most popular dress goods of the comparatively inexpensive kinds are various makes of cloth called "suitings," camel's-hair and twilled flannel, there being just now quite a rage for the last-named material. Conservative people do not consider nice fabrics obsolete, merely because newer ones are introduced. Thus while lovers of novelty have discarded soft, fine cashmere, Velours and Biarritz cloths, economical women purchase them, reflecting that they wear well, and are not in danger of going out of fashion. Merchants prophesy a revival of repped fabrics. Scotch plaids, which a few months ago showed very ambitious designs, are still retained in favor for young girls, and for travelling and shopping. The dark mixture of green and blue, lightened by cross-bars of red and white, is popular. Plaid suits should be made quite simply. The following is a suitable model: short round skirt of cambric, or any strong, inexpensive material, old or new; a deep, side-plaited flounce extends to the knee. Overskirt, the deep long, round shape, fully draped behind by means of tapes sewn underneath. A cut-away jacket and long vest, the vest of a solid color to match some of the colors of the plaid; steel or brass buttons or those of smooth, dark bone. Cloth and flannel dresses are very stylish when made with an entirely plain lower skirt, and as the overskirt is closely draped around the figure, it is quite unnecessary to have the heavy goods extend to the waist; half-way up will be sufficient.

The washerwoman overskirt, introduced about one year ago, is more popular than ever, and to be correct, must have the exact shape of a washerwoman's dress when turned up. The reversed part should be at least half a yard deep, turned straight up in front, passed closely around the figure, and fastened together at the back by a large button, or else a strap and two buttons and button-holes. The ends hang straight down behind.

A Russian blouse completes such a suit, and is made thus: in length to cover the hips, simply hemmed around the edge; no seams but on the shoulders and under the arms; the fulness laid in a box-plait down the centre of the back, and each side of the front; the button hole hem in the front gives the appearance of a third plait. With this blouse a wide belt of the cloth is worn. Several rows of stitching all around and one row at each edge of the box-plaits is a suitable finish. Smooth buttons, the color of the material. Six yards of double-width goods will make such a suit.

A simple trimming, at once bright and unostentatious, and suitable for cloth or cashmere dresses, are three or five rows of stitching of silk in various colors; for instance, on the hem of the overskirt, and all around the jacket of a Russian green cloth, is stitching as follows, — black, golden yellow, brown, red,

pale blue. Among the colors most liked are various shades of plum, navy blue, seal brown, blue gray, olive, and blue black.

Ladies to whom dress is not the most important thing in existence, and who consider it rather as an expense which they are glad to reduce as much as can be consistent with the exigencies of modern society, find one great advantage in adopting black because it can be worn for a very long space of time without any change, or at least without expensive modifications, and there are very few to whom it is not becoming. When black is worn out of mourning, some color in the trimming is to be recommended, to brighten or relieve the sombre look. Fancy fronts are so popular for basques that many ways will suggest themselves for enlivening black by little accessories that can be easily replaced if desired.

Wraps for out-door wear are divided into four classes, — sacques, circulars, ulsters, and mantles of the dolman style, the latter with this difference from those of former seasons, that the long fronts are square, very wide, short sleeves, and graceful backs shaped by one, two, or three seams. Sacques are extremely long, and cling closely to the figure. Ulsters are not confined to travelling use, but are almost as universally worn on the street with plain morning toilet as are sacques, and right comfortable they are on a cold, blustering day.

The midwinter requires extra warm garments of various kinds and among the useful things now found in the departments devoted to ladies' wear are comfortable looking, high-necked waists of California flannel, which is almost as thickly woven as cloth, both white and scarlet, with elbow sleeves, to be worn over the corset next the dress, or if preferred to merino vests next the skin. There are also low-necked corset-covers, of white or colored opera flannel. under-handkerchiefs shaped like the chemisettes attached to linen collars. These are of the heavy make of flannel and long enough to reach to the belt in back and front, where they are tied with strings, and being long on the shoulders are quite a protection to the chest and shoulder-blades. These simple and comfortable garments are easily made, and the cost but trifling. Thin ribbon binding is a neat finish for the edges.

Morning wrappers are made in very simple designs. The fronts are not closely fitted, but are merely adjusted to the figure by a single short dart; the back easily fitted with short side-forms. A long dart under each arm does away with the necessity of a cross basque seam, and also widens the front instead of cutting the wrapper in many long breadths. The skirts are narrow, gracefully rounded at the back, and without flounces on the bottom. Square, large pockets on the sides, deep, square, yoke-shaped collars, look very nice, beside which there is also a standing collar. A closely woven flannel that looks like cloth is preferred to plaids and stripes. When such soft materials are used, the skirt is not lined. Silk stitching is sufficient trimming for a flannel wrapper.

Summary of Recent Events.

In laying the foundation of a Catholic church in Media, Penn., recently, "a fragment of the main altar of St. Mary's Cathedral, Limerick, Ireland, that had been broken by the soldiers of Cromwell during his invasion, and had been brought from Ireland a few years ago, was inserted, with a prayer written on it that the love and fidelity of the fathers towards the faith in the midst of suffering and persecution might flourish in the hearts of the children far away from their native shores." It was a holy and a happy thought.

The last of the Jesuits has taken his departure from the Fatherland. When the law of expulsion went into effect in July, 1872, Father Spiehalski, a man over eighty years of age, was allowed to remain, but on the condition that he should not go out of the house. He was the guest of Herr Von Chlapowski, a Prussian Deputy, during the past six years, and strictly observed the conditions of his privilege. On the 10th ult., after a protracted illness, death removed him from his labors. So the last Jesuit is gone, and Bismarck can breathe freely.

Our Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII, has been pleased to appoint the Rt. Rev. Gillooly, D. D., to succeed the late lamented Mgr. Conroy, as Apostolic Delegate to Canada and the United States. Dr. Gillooly has been for nineteen years Bishop of Elphin, and is distinguished for his activity and energy. He was appointed Bishop of Belle, *in partibus infidelium* and Coadjutor to the Bishop of Elphin, on Feb. 18, 1857, was consecrated on the 7th of September of the same year, and succeeded to the See of Elphin 1859, as successor to the Rt. Rev. Dr. Brown.

Some curious statistics have been published of what is called the Protestant propaganda in Rome. When the Eternal City was annexed to Italy a strong attempt was made by the English and American Protestants to establish churches within the walls, and a good deal of misplaced enthusiasm was displayed in the effort. One of the edifices which were erected cost seven hundred thousand lire (about £28,000), and others were got up on as grand a scale. The church-going congregation of the whole lot is now set down at seven hundred all told.

The special Roman correspondent of *The Pilot*, writing on Nov. 26, says, "Bishop Healy, of Portland, at his interview with Leo XIII, last Monday, presented the Holy Father with a collection of objects made expressly for the Pope by the Indians of his diocese. Among the objects given was a pair of moccasins, warm and comfortable. The Pope was much taken by these. He asked the Master of Ceremonies if he might wear them in accordance with pontifical etiquette. Whatever the answer may have been, the Holy Father was in moccasins on Friday, when Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo, went to see him, greatly to the admiration of those who accompanied the Bishop."

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch;* if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y* ; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

CIALLA LE FOGHLUIM NA GAEDHILGE.

Ta 'n Gaedhilge 'ga muineadh anois a Sgoilibh na h-Eireann. Ag so an bheannachd is mo a ghnothuigh Eire o am na saoirse Catoilice. Fuaradh i go h-aonarach le tirghradh agus le buanseasmhachd an "Chomainn do chumhdach na Gaedhilge." Do chuir siad iarradh d' uachdarainibh na sgol tioramhail, da bh- fiafrughadh na teangan do mhunadh iounta. Bhi anmanna cheaga duine na Daile Lunduin, curtha do'n iarradh sin, agus bhi an chuid is mo d' anmannaibh na g- cliar Catoilice, na n- oide, agus na Suadh na h- Eireann, curtha dhó, mar an g- ceudna.

A m-beagan de bhliadhainibh, beidh an Gaedhilge faoi mheas ann Eirinn, agus ann America. Air bheagan 's air bheagan tusuigheann muintir na h- Eireann, an dearmad mor do righneadar uim a d teangan, do thuigsint. Chifidh siad nios soilleire gach la, go bh- fuil se riachtanach dhoibh a d-teanga fein do chleachdadh agus do labhairt, ma's mian leo bheith faoi mheas san m-baile no a g-cian. Deir cuid d'ar n-daoinibh go bh- fuil se ro dheigheanach anois d' aithbheoghadh na Gaedhilge; go cinnte nior fheud sinn e dheanadh nios luaithe, oir ni raibh sinn nios mo na traillidhe go d-ti anois, agus do bhi ar saith againn do dheanadh, biadh agus eadach ar g-corp d' fhaghail. Is fior go d-tiocfadh linn nios mo a dheanadh a timchioll ar d-teangan 'na do righneamar, agus go bh-fuil treoruightheoiridhe ar muintir ciontach go leor annsa nidh seo.

Deir daoine eigin gurab baois e agus caitheadh aimsire, Gaedhilge d' fhoghluim ann America. Is fior nach bh-fuil moran airgid le faghail o fhoghluim na Gaedhilge; acht ta moran de neithibh san g-cruinne seo nios fearr 'na airgiod. Saoilamoid go bh- fuil onoir, meas, agus gradh-eolais, nios mo 'na airgiod. Nior shaor airgoid cineadh riamh, acht is iomadha rioghachd a cailleadh leis, agus is mo eolas 'na e.

Is coir do chlannaibh na h-Eireann Gaedhilge d' fhoghluim 'san d-tir seo. Ma bheidh Eire saor a riamh, 'siad a clanna fein ann America a dheunfaidh saor i. Gradhuigheann clanna na n-Eironnach annso, sean tir a sinsear cho maith le na ngaol ann Eirinn; agus ma ta uain aca, foillseochaid ann aimsir chuartughadh, meud a ngradh.

Literal Translation.

REASONS FOR LEARNING THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

The Irish language is now being taught in the schools of Ireland. This is the greatest blessing that Ireland has gained since Catholic emancipation. It was obtained solely through the patriotism and perseverance of the "Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language." They sent a petition to the heads of the National schools, asking them to teach the language in them. The names of fifty members of the London Parliament were on the petition, and the names of the greater part of the Catholic clergy, of the professors, and of the learned men of Ireland, were also affixed to it.

In a few years the Irish language will be held in esteem in Ireland and in America. Little by little the Irish people are beginning to understand the great mistake they made about their language. They see more plainly every day that it is necessary for them to practise and speak their own language if they wish to be respected at home or abroad. Some of our people say that it is too late now to revive the Irish language. Of a truth, we could not have done it any sooner, for we were no more than slaves until the present, and we had enough to do to get food and clothing for our bodies. It is true that we could have done more for our language than we did do, and that some of the leaders of our people are answerable enough in this matter.

Some people say that it is folly and waste of time to learn the Irish language in America. It is true that there is not much money to be got by learning the Irish language; but there are many things in this world better than money. We think that honor, respect, and love for knowledge are better than money. Money never yet saved a nation; but many a one has been lost by it, and knowledge is greater than it.

It is right for the children of Ireland to learn the Irish language in this country. If Ireland will ever be free, it is her own children in America who will make her free. The sons of the Irish in this country love the old land of their ancestors as well as their kindred in Ireland [love it]; and if they get an opportunity they will show in the time of trial the strength of their love.

Acht ta cialla eile ann le foghluim na Gaedhilge. 'Si an teanga is sinne na h-Eorpa i, agus ta saoithe an domhain 'ga foghluim anois. An dearfar gurab mo gradhuigheann na coimhithigh canamhuin na h- Eireann na a clann fein? Nach bh-fuil an chead eileamh aici *orrainne?* Ma ta, cuireamoid gach aon ar nguala gus an roith, agus ni bheidh ar d-teanga fad a m-baoghal bhais.

Ta tri ard-sgoile anois a n-Gearmain le munadh na Gaedhilge. Ta siad a m-Berlin, a Leipsig, agus a n-Dresden; agus curfar suas ceann eile a n-Dunedin go gairid. Do thug Gaedhel Albain dha mhile dheug punt, chum ard-sgoile, no suidheachan na Gaedhilge, do chur suas a n-Dunedin. Ta duine-uasal Gearmanach anois a m-B'lath Cliath aig foghlium na Gaedhlige, agus bhi iongnadh mor air an tan nar thuig muintir na catharach sin e 'nuair do labhar se leo a d-teanga fein. Ni mor an iongnadh iongnadh do bheith air.

But there are other reasons for learning Irish. It is the oldest language in Europe, and the learned men of the world are studying it now. Shall it be said that the strangers have loved the language of Ireland better than her own children? Has it not the first claim on *us?* If so, let each of us put our shoulder to the wheel, and our language shall not be long in danger of death.

There are three High Schools for teaching Irish now in Germany. They are in Berlin, in Leipzig, and in Dresden, and another will soon be established in Edinburgh. The Gaels of Scotland have given twelve thousand pounds to set up a Gaelic school or chair in Edinburgh. There is a German gentleman now in Dublin learning Irish, and he was greatly astonished when the people of that city did not understand him when he spoke to them in their own language. It was no great wonder that he should be astonished.

Summary of Recent Events.

MONSIGNOR POPIEL, Bishop of Cniavic Kalisch, in Russian Poland, has publicly exchanged messages with His Holiness Pope Leo XIII. This is the first time since 1831 that the Russian Government has permitted a bishop to correspond directly with the Holy See.

IT is stated that the Pope will shortly issue a special Encyclical letter denouncing Socialism, with reference to the attempted assassination of the Emperor of Germany and Kings of Spain and Italy. His Holiness will also call the attention of the governments to the crimes committed against the state and society.

NIHILISM in Russia, Socialism in Germany, Communism in France, Carbonarism in Italy, Internationalism everywhere,—such is now the political decadence, or, more properly speaking, the chaos of advanced and civilized Europe. And all such evils are confronted exclusively by the authority of the Catholic Church.

MGR. FORSTER, Prince-Bishop of Breslau, has received from the Empress Augusta, of Germany, her congratulations on the occasion of his episcopal jubilee, accompanied by a magnificent picture representing the "Ecce Homo." What makes this so significant is that the Bishop has been "deposed" by the Prussian tribunals, and is at this moment in exile.

BY the death of Cardinal Cullen the number of members of the Sacred College has been reduced to 58, viz., 6 Cardinal-Bishops, 43 Cardinal-Priests, and 9 Cardinal Deacons. Of these the three senior Cardinal-Priests (Prince Schwarzenberg, named Jan. 24, 1842; Asquini, Jan. 22, 1844; and Carafa di Traetto, July 22, 1844) are all who remain of the creation of Gregory XVI. The remaining 55 were raised to the purple by Pius IX. The reigning Pope has not yet created any Cardinals. Cardinal Cullen was the fifth member of the Sacred College who has died since the election of Leo XIII; the others were Brossais Saint Marc, Amat, Berardi, and Franchi.

THE new mission of Ganivada and Rajabathripaleam, in India, has nearly five hundred conversions from heathenism. The Rev. Fathers Riccaz and Rassat are at work. Here in Vizag upwards of ninety heathen adults received baptism within the last four or five months. Number of children baptized during the year *in articulo mortis* in Vizag and in the suburbs amount to one thousand one hundred and twenty-five. What a glorious assembly this must be in heaven!

THE English have swept away the natural protectors of the Affghans, the once proud and numerous noblesse of whom Clive and Hastings made such short work, reducing to beggars houses which were great and flourishing when the ancestors of Guelph and Hapsburg and Bourbon were feeding on acorns and tending swine. The one pleasant thing in the miserable story of British India is that the race of the spoiler has given some protectors to the spoiled, and we Irish must take great interest in the fight for an oppressed people, seeing that the most glorious warrior that ever entered the lists to do battle for the rights of the Hindoo was our own island's mighty son, Edmund Burke.

IT is rumored in Rome that the Right Rev. Mgr. MacCormack, Bishop of Anchory, is about to be transferred to the diocese of Ardagh and Clonmacnoise, vacant by the death of the much lamented Mgr. Conroy, late Apostolic Delegate to Canada. Mgr. MacCormack is one of the youngest bishops in Ireland. He was born near the celebrated old Abbey of Ballintuber, in the county of Mayo. During his collegiate course his abilities gained for him a place in the Dunboyne establishment at Maynooth, where he was distinguished for his many rare qualities of head and heart. In spite of the rumor in Rome, we think it more likely that Bishop MacCormack will succeed Abelgate Conroy in his mission to America, as Bishop Gilhooly prefers to remain in his own diocese of Elphin.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

A HAPPY New Year!

As we stereotype our magazine, we can furnish the early issues to subscribers.

SOME of our reverend friends have ordered copies of our magazine for their altar boys.

OUR devoted friend, GILMORE, sends us ten dollars for five years' subscription to our magazine. It is just like him.

IN our future issues we shall devote a page or two to what the gentler sex should wear, furnished by a lady of taste and culture.

WE take great pleasure in stating that the MOST REVEREND ARCHBISHOP OF BOSTON was among the first subscribers entered on our books.

THE "Harp," a magazine of general literature, is published monthly by Gillies & Callahan, Montreal, at the very low price of one dollar a year.

WE ask the attention of every young man and woman into whose hands this magazine may come, to the address of Rev. James Kent Stone in this issue. Upon them depends the future church of America.

BOSTON is Democratic for the first time, we believe, since it became a city. It is in the power of the party to "hold the fort," provided that the affairs of the city are managed on generous, economic, and broad principles.

THE little folks shall not be forgotten in our future numbers. We have secured the services of the young lady who catered for the "Young Folks' Magazine" to furnish matter for "Our Young Folks' Department." All letters should be addressed, "Young Folks' Department," DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

A NEW college magazine, the "La Salle Advance," has just made its appearance. It is published at the Christian Brothers' College, 1321 Filbert Street, Philadelphia, with Messrs. S. J. Burke, H. T. Henry, and M. J. Ryan as editors and proprietors. It is a monthly of eight good-sized pages. The subscription is but fifty cents a year.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE made its first appearance, in accordance with the announcement, the first week in December. In its general make-up it reminds us of the old Irish Miscellany, contains more matter, and is admirably adapted to the end proposed for it by its publisher, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, who *piloted* the first successful Irish Catholic paper through the rocks and shoals of American journalism, on which ocean many a strong vessel has been wrecked. — *Catholic Columbian, Columbus, O.*

NEW YORK, Dec. 18, 1878.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE, — I heartily congratulate you on being safely launched on the sea of journalism once more. In due time may a hundred thousand homes make themselves happy with the rich fruit your craft will bear. Put me down as one of your crew for five years, and if I can pull a rope to aid such a captain, I will consider it a privilege.

Very truly yours,

P. S. GILMORE.

Enclosed you will find $10.00.

CHICAGO, ILL., Dec. 16, 1878.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ.:

My Dear Sir, — It was with no common pleasure I read the announcement of your forthcoming venture into the field of magazine literature, a field, in the line you map out, hitherto wholly unoccupied. "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" ought to be, and I feel assured will prove a success. The Irish are held to be a *grateful* people, and in this instance, they have ancient as well as existing reasons to show they do not forget the, I had almost said, founder of Irish-Catholic journalism in America.

Please to enter my name as a subscriber, and with my best wishes for your success and long life, I am,

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN.

MR. PATRICK BANNON, brother of the late Rev. Malachy Bannon, O. S. F., of Santa Barbara, received Tonsure and Minor Orders on Sunday, the first of Advent, in the new Cathedral of Los Angeles, Cal., from Rt. Rev. Francis Mora.

SUNDAY, Dec. 8, the new church of the Oblate Fathers, at Inchicore, Ireland, was solemnly dedicated by the most Rev. Dr. M'Cabe, Bishop of Gadara. The sermon was preached by the Most Rev. Dr. Dorrain. The evening sermon was given by the Rev. Thomas Burke.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE has re-entered the field of journalism. At the age of sixty-five years he resumes a profession which a series of crushing misfortunes compelled him some years ago to abandon. The periodical which Mr. Donahoe proposes to give us will be all that its projector promises. Mr. Donahoe knows how to conduct such an enterprise and he will succeed. — *Western Catholic, St. Louis.*

THERE is a story told of Ben. Butler, which, as the Italian proverb has it, "if not true. is well invented." Once finding himself in the company of several Congressmen, all Protestants, who to his great surprise were boasting of their knowledge of the Scriptures, he offered a wager that not one of them could correctly repeat the Lord's Prayer. It is hardly necessary to add that Ben. Butler won the wager.

MR. O'BEIRNE, in a foot-note to the statistical table on his splendid map, gives the history of his native land, in brief, for a period of thirty years of her most eventful history. The population was: —

1845	8,295,061
1875	5,309,567
Decrease in thirty years	2,985,484

Although Ireland has decreased in population, her sons are in every clime, planting the cross, and peopling new countries. This seems to be the destiny of our race.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The first number of Donahoe's new magazine, just issued, certainly makes good all the promises made for it before it came out. It contains nearly one hundred pages of first-class reading-matter, all good of its kind. Among the leading articles are, "The Dignity and Rights of Labor," "The Bar Life of O'Connell," and "The Irish Element in the United States." The magazine does not confine itself entirely to Irish literature, by any means, but includes matter of interest to everybody. The best foreign and American literature is drawn upon to fill up the serial, and the selections are made with taste and judgment. When so much good reading can be obtained for only two dollars a year, all should have it. — *Boston Daily Globe.*

OUR Baltimore friend says of itself, —

"The 'Catholic Mirror' is the leading family paper of the faithful press. It contains more condensed news, a greater variety of articles, and more departments than any other journal of its kind. It is recommended by His Grace the Archbishop of Baltimore, and is the official organ of four dioceses. Excellent as it has been in the past, it will be much improved in the near future."

We trust our numerous family relations in Baltimore, Maryland, and parts of Pennsylvania will back up the aspirations of our excellent contemporary.

BALTIMORE, Dec. 25, 1878.

MR. DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — We were all very much gratified this morning by the receipt of the first number of your magazine. Master P. T. Sherman wonders how his existence came to the knowledge of an editor in Boston.

I have intended to write to you to place my name among your subscribers, and to tell you how sincerely I feel interested in your success, and how I love the Irish race, from which, I am proud to say, I came. I am more than pleased to see this magazine devoted to their interests. Wishing you contiuued success, and all the special blessings of the holy season, I am, dear sir,

Very respectfully and truly yours,

ELLEN EWING SHERMAN.

P. S. Please see enclosed two dollars, and send as now addressed: "P. T. Sherman, 112 St. Paul Street, Baltimore, Md." I shall do all in my power to extend the circulation.

E. E. S.

THE collating of material for a comprehensive history of Catholicity in New England has been undertaken by Mr. Henry O'Meara, with the recommendation of the most Rev. Archbishop of Boston, — a task for which his taste and his editorial work in the New England department of the *Pilot*, as well as familiarity with local records, give him exceptional facilities. The progress of the church in the dioceses that now comprise the ecclesiastical province of Boston presents some of the most varied and interesting phases of religious development in America, and throws a significant side-light on much that is of national concern. There is no record of the kind now to be had.

We copy with pleasure the above announcement. Mr. O'Meara is one of "our boys," — a graduate of the old *Pilot* establishment. When he landed in Boston from Prince Edward's Island, we invited him to a position in our bookstore, then in Franklin Street. From the store, we placed him on the *Pilot*, a position he has held "off and on" ever since. This is some ten years ago. The work he has undertaken is a much-needed one, and we have no doubt it will meet with a ready sale throughout the country.

We have again to reiterate our heartfelt thanks to the Catholic press of the country for their more than generous encomiums upon our new enterprise.

We are pleased to learn that O'Beirne's splendid map of Ireland is meeting with deserved success. It can be had at our office. Look in and see it.

The "Catholic Review," of New York, again displayed its enterprise by issuing an interesting supplement in connection with its Christmas number.

We congratulate Alderman Hugh O'Brien on the recent ordination of his son, Rev. James J., who celebrated his first solemn high mass on Christmas day at St. Joseph's Church, Boston Highlands.

The premises of the New York Catholic Publication Company Society were damaged by fire and water on the evening of December 26, to the extent of forty or fifty thousand dollars. We are pleased to learn that the loss was covered by insurance.

The lecture of the Honorable William Parsons, for the benefit of the Finan children, in the Boston Theatre on the evening of the 22d of December, was a great success. The managers deserve much credit for the excellent manner in which the whole programme was carried out.

We heartily thank the most reverend, the right reverend, the reverend clergy, the press, and all who have, by their encouragement and assistance, so generously come forward to the support of our magazine. We shall work hard to merit their continued support and approbation.

Remember that when the Blessed Sacrament is exposed, persons coming into or leaving the church should make, instead of a genuflection, a profound adoration on both knees.

A Methodist friend says: "The veteran Catholic publisher, Mr. Patrick Donahoe, whose large fortune was swept away by the great fire and business losses of late years, at the age of sixty-five enters with characteristic vigor upon a new literary enterprise. He issues, with the opening of the new year, a monthly magazine, made up of selections from the leading Catholic European publications, and called Donahoe's Magazine. The first number shows good editorial tact, which will be doubtless well appreciated by the Roman Catholic patronage, which he chiefly seeks." — *Zion's Herald, Boston.*

Donahoe's Magazine. — We are in receipt of the January number (the first issue) of this new magazine. It is a finely got-up number, and will, no doubt, become a very popular periodical among our numerous Irish population in this broad Union of States. We wish Mr. Donahoe all the success his new enterprise so well merits. — *Pittsburg Catholic.*

Boston College, Dec. 20, 1878.

My Dear Mr. Donahoe:

I have examined the first number of your magazine. The result confirms the opinion I had entertained of you, that few, if any, so well understand the public taste, or are so well able to gratify it, — an opinion elsewhere expressed by a higher authority, in which I wholly coincide. So that I am quite hopeful that your magazine will be popular, and your new venture prove successful. The very agreeable personal relations existing between us make me not only hope, but also desire your success.

I am, etc.,

Robert Fulton.

Dover, N. H., Dec. 30, 1878.

Dear Sir, — I have just received the first issue of your monthly magazine, am well pleased with it, and now send you inclosed ten dollars in advance, according to your own terms for it. Hoping that all others, like myself, may go and do likewise, in gratitude for your past valuable services in the cause of creed and country, I wish you most heartily "God speed" in this, perhaps your last, but brave and courageous venture.

Yours very sincerely,

James Drummond, *Pastor.*

Mr. Patrick Donahoe.

We heartily thank our old and tried friend, Father Drummond, for his generous subscription and approval of our new undertaking.

"Donahoe's Magazine." — We have received from Mr. Patrick Donahoe the first number of his new enterprise, "Donahoe's Magazine," and we have glanced over its crowded pages with sincere pleasure. On every page we recognize the hand of the old and judicious journalist, and the keen perception of popular taste that only comes with experience and is perfected by natural sympathies. At the corner of the title-page is the well-known sign-manual, "Patrick Donahoe, editor and proprietor." The "magazine," however, is published by T. B. Noonan & Co., Mr. Donahoe's business partners, one of them being his son, Mr. C. P. Donahoe. We can truthfully say that there is not a dull page in the magazine. The matter is not original, but it is selected with rare judgment from a wide field, and the leading aim of the editor is evidently to fill his magazine with useful, entertaining, and instructive matter for the Irish-American reading population. The price of the magazine is only twenty cents, and the yearly price is $2. We shall notice the contents in detail in our regular magazine notices next week.—*The Pilot, Boston.*

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set—but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

MGR. ELLOY, of Oceanica, is dead.

REV. EUGENE KENNEY, Dec. 4, at St. Joseph, Mo.

REV. CHARLES EXEL, pastor of Ridgeway, Wis., died on the 21st of November.

Nov. 28, Rev. Francis Joseph Lepers, O. M. I., died at the residence of the Oblate Fathers in Montreal.

DEC. 4, Rev. Anthony Mueller, O. M. C., died at the pastoral residence attached to St. Peter's Church, Louisville, Ky.

THE REV. RICHARD GALVIN, P.P., died at his parochial residence in Rathdrum, County Wicklow, on the 28th of November.

THE REV. PETER COMERFORD, C. C., Urlingford, Kilkenny, died after a brief illness of inflammation of the lungs at the curate's residence, on Sunday morning, Dec. 8, fortified by the rites of the Church.

THE REV. JAMES GLEESON, P. P., died on the 21st November. He was P.P. of New Quay, County Clare. He was born at Mullinahone, in the County Tipperary, about the year 1813, and was ordained to the sacred ministry thirty-five years ago.

THE VERY REV. CANON ROONEY, P. P., the venerable and universally esteemed dignitary of the Archdiocese of Dublin, died on the 23d November. He expired at his residence in Clontarf, after a comparatively brief illness, the result of an accident which he met with a short time since. He received his ecclesiastical education in Maynooth College, where he was a contemporary of the illustrious Archbishop of Tuam, one of the few of his college companions who survive him, and received ordination there at the close of his course in 1814.

THE LATE REV. J. B. O'HAGAN.—Intelligence has been received in Boston of the death of Rev. J. B. O'Hagan, President of Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., which occurred at sea, of apoplexy, Dec. 15, the body being buried at Acapulco, on the 19th inst. The reverend gentleman was born in the County Tyrone, Ireland, Aug. 15, 1826, and came to this country when quite young He afterwards went to Nova Scotia, and entered the arch-episcopal seminary there, and was admitted to the Society of Jesus, Dec. 21, 1847. He studied philosophy and theology at Georgetown, District of Columbia, in 1856, and finished his education in Louvain, Belgium, and at Boston College, at that time an ecclesiastical seminary. During the war he entered the army as a chaplain in General Sickles's brigade, Army of the Potomac, and served three years in this capacity. At the end of the Rebellion he became attached to St. Mary's Church, and subsequently appointed pastor to the Church of the Immaculate Conception in this city. He afterwards went to Holy Cross College, Worcester, where he was made president of that institution, and for the past seven years had held the position. Rev. Father O'Hagan was a man of decided executive ability, genial and warm-hearted, and his friends were legion wherever he made his residence. He was an eloquent preacher, faithful and devoted to his high calling, and was noted among his associates as a gentleman of the deepest and most extended learning and piety. His health had been rapidly failing for some time past, symptoms of paralysis showing themselves to such a degree that his physician ordered a sea voyage, and thought that this, with the climate of California, would prove beneficial, but with the sad result noted above.

At the close of his sermon on Sunday, Dec. 29, at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Rev. Father Fulton feelingly alluded to Father O'Hagan's decease. Many a wet eye and heartfelt prayer was offered for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace.

SISTERS.

Nov. 28, Sister Beata died at the House of Providence, Syracuse, N. Y.

SISTER MARY PETRONELLA (Miss Lucy Haight) died at Nazareth Convent, Rochester, N. Y., on Nov. 26.

Nov. 21, Sister M. Alexis (Miss Belle Cullen), a Sister of St. Joseph, died at Curry, Pa. May she rest in peace Amen.

Nov. 24, Sister Johanna, one of the Franciscan Sisters of St. John's Hospital, Springfield, Illinois, died there, after a lingering illness. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Nov. 19, at St. Francis Hospital, Pittsburgh, Pa., Sister Rose (Miss Elizabeth Rommelfanger), of the Order of St. Francis, departed this life. May she rest in peace. Amen.

IN Louisville, Ky., Dec. 13, Mother Catharine Francis, superioress of the Most Holy Rosary Academy. Mother Francis, as she was most affectionately called by her pupils, was a native of France.

AT the Institute for Deaf-Mutes, Edward Street, Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 7, of consumption, Sister Mary Stephen (in the world Miss Kate Delahant), in the twenty-fifth year of her age and the eighth of her religious life.

IT has heretofore been our painful duty to chronicle the deaths of six members of the Order of Mount Carmel, which occurred between the 1st of August and the 1st of November, and we are now called on to add the names of two others to the list. These are Emilie Novel, in religion Sister Anistacia, who died of consumption on the 14th of November. She was a native of Savoy and was

forty-nine years of age. Marie Louise Adam, in religion Sister Louise, a native of Quebec, aged twenty-six years. She died of yellow fever on the 18th of November. Both deaths occurred at the Convent of Mount Carmel.

LAYMEN.

MR. JAMES FLYNN, an old and respected citizen of Boston for nearly half a century, died on the 12th of December, aged sixty-four years. He was interred from St. James Church, where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace.

THE death of the Right Hon. James Henry Monahan, the late Chief Justice of the Common Pleas in Ireland, took place Dec. 8. In private life the Chief Justice exhibited every good and kindly and generous quality that could attract affection and regard, and was honored and loved by all with whom he came in contact. While he respected the religious beliefs of others, he was himself a sincere son of the ancient faith to which he belonged, and, in a word, few judicial careers have closed in that country on which so few stains of any kind ever rested.

WE have to record the death of Owen Markey, Esq., P. L. G., of Reynoldstown, County Louth. The deceased was a very fine old man, and in early life, during the stirring times of the Repeal agitation, was one of O'Connell's fast friends and supporters. In fact, by his stern adhesion to O'Connell he suffered the loss of a fine farm. Latterly he has been confined to his house from an attack of paralysis. The last occasion on which Mr. Markey came before the public was when the grave stone of the celebrated "Paddy Ward, of glorious, pious, and immortal memory," occupied the serious attention of the Drogheda Board of Guardians. Deceased is father of the Very Rev. J. K. Markey, the patriotic and esteemeed parish priest of Togher.

Events of the Month.

THE recent mission at the Church of Our Lady of Perpetual Help, Boston Highlands, was a great success. There were seventy-three hundred communicants.

THE oldest priest in North America is said to be Father John McDonald who resides in the village of Lancaster, county of Glengary, diocese of Kingston and Bernice, Ontario, Canada. He is now in the ninety-seventh year of his age and the seventy-third of his priesthood.

CUNNINGHAM, the drum-major of the Eighth Regiment, who was killed at the battle of Peiwar, having been cut in two by a round shot whilst in the act of bringing up ammunition, was a native of Barrack St., Templemore, Ireland. He was the first man killed on the English side the day of the battle.

A WRETCHED person of weak intellect named Edward Burn Madden, aged fifty-six years, is charged with threatening the life of the Queen of England. The prisoner, it appears, in an epistle addressed to the Honorable Adolphus Liddell, announced his intention in the event of his not being bought off, "to pay a visit to Balmoral and change the form of government." The euphemism has been construed into a threat against the life of her Majesty, and Madden has been remanded pending inquiries. He is said to be of Irish pacentage, but French birth. He speaks English, French, and German well, and seems to have obtained a livelihood as interpreter.

MR. O'CONNOR POWER, M. P., in a letter to the "Freeman's Journal," denounces Mr. Butt as a traitor to the Home Rule party and the Irish cause, on account of the failure to afford the Irish members an opportunity of protesting against the "blood-stained acts of the royal butchers who have invaded Afghanistan." Mr. Power says that at a future time he will "review the steps taken by Mr. Butt in his work of betrayal, leading up to the supreme treason of this hour." The letter was brought under the notice of the Irish members in London lately. The tone and spirit of the letter were strongly condemned, and it was decided to present an address to Mr. Butt, intimating that the Irish members of the Home Rule party generally did not share in the sentiments it contained.

THE fattest and freshest-looking women in France, or at least in Paris, are those who stand behind the counters in ham-and-sausage shops. The late Privat d'Anglemont used to go to the windows when hungry to look admiringly at some of these stout dames. One day, when he was fasting from the previous morning, as was sometimes his case, he saw a pork butcheress standing at her door, with her complexion as florid and as oily-looking as if portion of her larded nourishment was oozing through the pores of her skin. The poor man, in an ecstatic moment, flung his arms about the portly woman's neck and kissed her on the cheek. "Hallo!" cried the dame, "you old rascal, how dare you presume to kiss me?" "Excuse me," he replied, with tears in his eyes, "I had no improper motive, I assure you; I was only tasting you!"

THE late Bishop of Orleans has bequeathed by his will the exclusive copyright of his religious works, which are looked upon somewhat in the light of standard books in France, to the great training school for priests at Orleans. This not inconsiderable bequest is intended to act as a means towards the encouragement of young men to enter on the ecclesiastical life. The same institution gets a third of his valuable library, the remaining portions of which go respectively to the bishopric and the lesser training school for priests in the same diocese. Amongst his collection is a series of unpublished correspondence

They extend over fifty years, and are carefully classified. These he has left to the Vicar-General, the Abbé Lagrange, with directions to give up whatever letters may be asked for by those to whom they belong, keep what he deems useful, and destroy the remainder. To some of his more intimate friends he leaves those small objects which in life he had himself most preferred,— religious pictures, favorite books, and various valuable objects with which he had been presented during his long episcopal career.

FATHER WISSEL, Redemptorist, in a sermon at St. Aloysius' Church, New York, recently said, "It is not a sin to go to any decent and respectable theatre where there is a good moral play being performed, but it is a sin, and a great one, to patronize what have been called 'variety theatres' or 'varieties.' You may probably ask, 'Well, how can I tell what place of amusement is bad and what one is good?' I will tell you. Whenever you find there is ballet-dancing, then keep away from the theatre: but if you know there is a good play being performed in a respectable theatre, why, then, of course, you can go and enjoy it. Why is it, do you suppose, that there is so much discontent among managers of theatres at their want of success? I will give you my reason. It is because no decent lady or self-respecting man will go to one of their establishments on account of the character of the pieces performed therein. That is the reason why some theatres do not pay. If the managers would only put on their stages standard plays, and leave out all the ballet dancing and other side shows, they would have less cause of complaint. Their houses would be crowded with the respectable portion of residents of New York, and an era of theatrical prosperity would set in which would astonish every one." Let our local managers, professional and amateur, make a note of this.

THE Canadian cattle seem to have crossed the Atlantic without the smallest detriment to their condition or the least abatement of their fat, so that John Bull's Christmas sirloin may be welcomed as coming ready fattened by his fellow-subjects instead of being abused and despised as the produce of his Yankee rival, who is literally cutting the grass from under his feet in every direction.

THE Parliamentary paper issued from the Treasury gives the estimated cost of the war in Afghanistan to close the financial year, including expenditure in England, at £1,200,000.

SEÑOR EUGENIO PELAYO, a very young Spaniard, who is a fervent and practical Catholic, has beaten all the candidates sent by the Liberal press to a very stiff competitive examination lately held for the appointment to the Chair of Spanish Literature in the University of Madrid. The newspapers style him "a prodigy of erudition," and his success is regarded as a very great credit to the cause of Spanish Catholicity.

IRISH emigration is setting toward New Zealand. A considerable number sailed from London lately. The parties were from the neighborhood of Enniskillen, and were of the class of comfortable farmers. For a considerable time past, emigration to the colonies from this port has been almost at a standstill, and Saturday's departure is regarded in shipping quarters as the beginning of a somewhat extensive Irish exodus elsewhere than to the United States.

AT a banquet lately given in Paris to Mr. MacCormick, Commissioner-General of the United States at the Exhibition, and which was attended by M. Kranz, the French Minister of Public Works, and General Noyes, the Minister of the United States, Mr. MacCormick, in replying to the toast of his health, proposed by General Noyes, said, "French names, rich in pleasing memories, are written on the map of our country, and will remain there forever. The part taken by France in the colonization of America forms one of the most sublime episodes in the history of the continent of America, and our historians have always held it up to the admiration of the world. In the annals of no country is there anything more touching or more pathetic than the story of the sacrifices made by Frenchmen at the time when our present institutions were founded. Advancing step by step, always under the banner of their religion, they were enabled to surmount a thousand obstacles and to brave all kinds of sufferings; a great number of them died as heroes and martyrs, reciting in their last moments the Latin hymns of their Church, which even then were a thousand years old."

Book Notices.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

D. & J. Sadlier & Co., New York.

Catholic Almanac for 1879. Price, $1 00. Noonan & Co. have it.

The Jesuits. Translated from the French of Paul Feval, by Agnes L. Sadlier. Price, 75 cents.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Jesuits! By Paul Feval. From the tenth French edition, by T. F. Galwey, of Cleveland. Price from 75 cents to $1.25.

Messrs. T. B. Noonan & Co., Boston.

Emerald Gems: A Chapter of Irish Fireside Tales, Historic, Domestic, and Legendary, selected from the most approved sources. Price, $1.50. See advertisement for full particulars.

Sampson, Davenport & Co., Boston.

The Boston Directory, embracing the City Record, General Directory of the citizens, and Business Directory, for the year commencing July 1, 1878. A Map of Boston, for 1878, published expressly for this Directory, accompanies this useful book. No place of business should be without the Directory and map.

The Boston Almanac and Business Directory for 1879. Vol. 14. Useful in the family and counting-house.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, MARCH, 1879. No. 3.

THERE is no people throughout the world so united to their pastors as the Irish; there is no one so ready to be the helper, the friend, the brother, even the defender of the priest, as the Irishman.—CARDINAL MANNING.

IN the future, let us ignore party and cast our votes for men friendly to our race. Let our motto be, "Ireland, her friends our friends, her enemies our enemies."

OTHER apostles have had to leave their work to be finished by inferior men, but for fifty-nine years after the power of paganism had been broken at Tara, St. Patrick held undisputed sway as pontiff and teacher of the Church in Ireland. He lived long enough to see the gray hairs on the heads of those whom he had baptized as children, so that he had time to organize and consolidate the infant Church and to create a native clergy,—works quite as difficult, perhaps, as the conversion of the nation.

SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH.

Major General James Shields.

THIS is St. Patrick's Day. This is a glorious day for the genial Irish race. What the Fourth of July is to Americans, the 17th of March is to Irishmen; that is, a great national anniversary. This Irish anniversary commemorates the birth of a man, and the conversion of a nation to Christianity. The American anniversary commemorates the birth of a nation, and the vindication of its right to freedom and independence. The Irish need this kind of anniversary also. They need a Fourth of July as well as a 17th of March. The year that brings them both these anniversaries will be a year of jubilee for brave old Ireland. Depend upon it, that year of jubilee is not so far off as some people think. Prudence, organization, and union will speedily bring it about.

PRUDENCE!

I do not think that word exists in the old Irish language. I am very certain the virtue itself has not been prominent in the Irish race. The Irish are a primitive race with primitive virtues; they are fearless and inflexible, frank and hospitable, quickly roused to anger, quick to forgive, and true as steel to the faith of St. Patrick and to the land of their birth and the country of their adoption. But let us frankly admit that what the world calls prudence has not been one of the cardinal virtues of the race. They have been deficient in the money-making and the money-keeping virtues. These have not been the virtues of the Celt. The Celtic Irish, therefore, have had to be content with less than their share of wealth and luxury, and more than their share of hard fighting in this world of ours. We may take it for granted, therefore, that our race is not destined to control the money markets of the world, and it is not at all likely to produce many such signal examples of moneyed omnipotence as that of Rothschild in Europe and of Vanderbilt in America. Still the Irish have other qualities and capabilities quite as profitable to the world at large, though perhaps not so profitable to themselves as a people. These qualities would make them successful in all the arts of peace and war were they only to act in perfect harmony and union among themselves. But union, it is painful to say, seems

to have been a thing impossible among the Irish.

FACTION IS THE RULE, UNION IS THE EXCEPTION.

I have set out to speak the truth, and with God's help I mean to do it to the best of my ability. Here is the radical defect of the Irish race. Divisions among the people and dissensions among the leaders form the melancholy burden of Irish history. Union is strength. This great truth has never yet been thoroughly comprehended by the Irish race. Eternal shame upon those men who devote their lives to foment dissensions and excite hate among their own countrymen! If they do this villains' work in the name of country, they are traitors under the mask of patriots. If they do it under the plea of religion, they are doing the work of hell in the name of heaven. If this spirit of faction cannot be eradicated from the race, the condition of Ireland can never be much improved, the Irish must content themselves with always playing an inferior part in the great drama of human history. But I am very sure that a method exists by which this fell spirit can be entirely eradicated. The Irish, as a race, are the most manageable and tractable soldiers on the face of the earth. As soldiers they soon learn to live together, work together, drill together, and fight like born brothers. The reason is they are born soldiers, they are essentially a military race. You may take the Irishmen who work on your streets, place them in the ranks as soldiers, put American arms into their hands, and then give them six months' effective drill, such as Irishmen alone can stand, and, old as I am, I will agree to fight them, when thus prepared, against any equal number of men of any race or nation under the canopy of heaven. I give it as my conviction that three years of regular military organization and rigid military discipline would do more to elevate the Irish as a race and give them confidence in themselves than three centuries of schools, colleges, and national universities. In my opinion, then,

A GENERAL MILITARY ORGANIZATION OF THE RACE

would be the most effectual method of eradicating forever this fatal spirit of insubordination. You all know the history of Ireland by heart, you feel it in your very hearts, for it has been burned into your very souls. The fact is, the marks of the brand, though disappearing fast, are yet visible here and there in the errors of the race. Well, with that history in my hand, I will venture to indulge in a little historic prophecy. You all know the Scotch are generally reputed canny and sagacious. Well, a Scotch poet has wisely sung that

"'T is the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
And coming events cast their shadows before."

Either from this or some other cause, a fancy has come into my brain that the historic life of St. Patrick is a perfect type of the national life of the race for which he labored on this earth. Patrick was born of a noble family. The Irish race has sprung from one of the noblest branches of the human family. Patrick was seized in youth by ocean robbers, carried into Ireland, sold into slavery, and compelled to serve a tyrant master seven long years. The Irish race became the prey of men who were little better than professional robbers. These men seized upon the country, and, after centuries of fierce struggle, reduced all that remained of that broken race into dismal and discontented servitude. The duration of the Irish servitude was seven centuries; the duration of Patrick's servitude was seven years. Does not this typical parallel resemble ancient prophecy? Having been robbed and decimated for centuries, an attempt was made to legislate all the nobleness of human nature out of the remnant that was left. The attempt was atrocious. The Jews in Babylon were better treated by the

worshippers of Baal than the Irish in Ireland by the followers of Christ. Patrick finally escaped from servitude, crossed the sea to Gaul, and in that friendly land, by arduous labor, prepared himself for his great mission in Ireland. Millions of Irishmen left their own country, crossed the ocean, and, among a friendly people on this western continent, have ample opportunity to make every preparation, consistent with their duty as citizens, to assist the Irish in Ireland to redeem, regnerate, and disenthrall their native land. Patrick suceeeded in converting and civilizing the Irish people and made that sea-girt island, thus prepared by his efforts, a safe asylum for Christian civilization during the darkest centuries of Christian history.

WHAT HAVE THE IRISH PEOPLE ON THIS CONTINENT YET DONE

in preparing themselves to aid in the redemption of their country? It is a duty of natural obligation, resting upon the race on this side of the Atlantic, to prepare to assist their brethren at their efforts to ameliorate the condition of their country. Were I dictator of the Irish race for only three years, I would form all the men of Irish blood on this side of the Atlantic into a complete military organization. This I would do openly and in strict conformity to law; not for the purpose of revolution or violence, but for the pnrpose of forming a great race into a compact body and to teach it the habit of disciplined union. Then, with half a million of organized men at my back, and with the sympathy of forty million freemen to support me, I would send well-chosen delegates to Ireland (some of those who ought to be chosen, I could almost lay my hand upon), and by those delegates acting in concert with the leaders of Ireland, Catholic and Protestant, lay and clerical, a programme could be agreed upon which would not fail to ameliorate the condition of that country. That programme ought to be in perfect accord with the desires and aspirations of the Irish people at home. For us who have abandoned that country to attempt to dictate any particular line of policy to the people who remain there, would be an arrogant assumption, which would prove to the world that we had gained but little wisdom by our association with a free people. No, we must make their programme ours, and we must support that programme with all the moral and material aid which this transatlantic Ireland can possibly furnish. And remember that this Ireland has more than double the numbers and quadruple the wealth of the ancient home of the race itself. This programme, thus agreed upon at the joint conference, should be presented to England and proclaimed to the world, and in the present condition of Europe, Asia, and the world generally, England could not safely reject it.

NO CONSPIRACIES OR TOMFOOLERIES.

Some such plan as this, were I temporary dictator, I would commence to prepare this present year. I would tolerate no invasion of Canada, no secret societies, no tomfooleries of any kind, for, however well meant, they are only frittering away the hopes and wasting the energies of a great, generous, and too-confiding people. This is my plan, and I feel morally certain that it would be eminently successful. Let us not for one moment anticipate the rejection of an overture so fair in itself and preferred with such an accompaniment of moral force. But, should England blindly reject it, then I refer you to the historic parallel I am runing between the life of Patrick and the life of the race. Milcho was Patrick's master, but Patrick, instead of seeking to avenge the past, wisely and nobly sought him out, and did his best to convert and save him.

This friendly overture Milcho rejected with scorn. Now mark the sequel; there is a terrible warning in it. Milcho, maddened at the sight of his former slave returning with power and majesty, set fire to his own

home, and perished a raging maniac in the flames. The heathens had their Nemesis. This retributive power still exists, and still performs its terrible office in the government of this world. After the lapse of centuries, in the case of nations, she strikes her implacable balance. She keeps strict accounts between oppressors and oppressed, and then strikes her balance; and when that fateful balance is struck, powerful nations are swept from the earth, like Babylon, in a night, and the world that bowed before them knows them no more. Let all whom this may concern take warning in time.

THE TEMPTATIONS THAT BESET GIRLS.

A YOUNG lady was travelling from Dublin to London, where nuns were to meet her on her arrival in Euston. At Holyhead, an elegantly dressed, matronly lady entered the carriage with her, got into conversation with her, paid her marked attention, and made herself quite a mother to her. She invited her to the refreshment-room in a station by the way, and so managed that the train started without them. The self-appointed guardian consoled her young friend for the mishap, told her she also was going to London, and would make her all right. The nuns, of course, were not in waiting. The young lady knew nobody, it was too late to go to the convent. There was no alternative but to accept the generous invitation offered by the strange lady who had been so excessively kind, to spend the night at her private residence. A "fly" soon whirled them to their destination, and the young lady found herself in a drawing-room of unusual splendor. "My dear, the servant will show you up stairs to wash your hands. You shall then have some refreshment. Make yourself at home." For a moment she was alone, and only a moment. A young lady, a little over her own age, rushed in, and, in an ominous whisper, accosted her: "Child, do you know where you are? If you remain here to-night, you are lost forever. I and others have been trapped like you. Say not a word of this, or I am ruined. If you would save yourself, touch no food. For your life, do not drink anything, and fly from the danger as soon as you can." Her counsellor then disappeared, leaving her to realize for the first time her frightful danger. A fervent prayer went up to heaven. Her Mother above and her good angel did not desert her. God gave her resolution to face the ordeal. Again in the drawing-room, she resumed her head-dress, which had been removed. She is invited, then pressed, to drink. She refuses. Pressed further, she still holds out. Her hostess now turns on her like a tiger, and will force her to take the draught. She rushes to the door — it is locked against her. She then made for the window. Fortunately it was unfastened. She threw it open and screamed. A policeman, who was at that moment passing on his beat, entered the house and rescued her. This is no romancing. The young lady is still living to tell the tale, and to thank God for her almost miraculous deliverance. Let this be a warning to girls not to travel alone, even if they are going to friends in England, or, at least, to be reserved towards all strangers.

THE LIFE OF ST. PATRICK.

London Tablet.

THE literature connected with the life of St. Patrick would constitute a library in itself. In the catalogue of the British Museum alone, at least forty authors may be counted who have treated either of his writings or his life; and when to these are added the dissertations of archæological societies on the subject, and the reports of editors of Irish manuscripts, one cannot help being astonished to find how little has practically been effected towards a better and more general

knowledge of the saint by so much learned labor. It is only within the last thirty years that light has begun to dawn upon the vast field of early Irish literature, and it is not until that field has been thoroughly explored that complete materials will be available for writing St. Patrick's history. Only those acquainted with the subject can at all realize the difficulties which beset those who undertake the life of St. Patrick, but their nature will be understood when it is remembered that so great a giant in historical research and criticism as Montalembert recoiled before the task. In the destruction and dispersion of Irish literature, to which such various causes contributed, many of the saint's biographies disappeared, but there yet remain seven ancient lives, in addition to the Confession and Epistle of the Saint, the authenticity of which is now beyond dispute; and Fr. Morris's biography is mainly drawn from the two most important of these, and he gives evidence to prove that in them we have "records written by men who *probably* lived with the saint himself, or *certainly* with his immediate disciples." His object has been to draw out the saint's personal character, and such of his miracles as serve to illustrate it. He has done, in fact, for St. Patrick what Sulpicius Severus did for St. Martin. He has given us in a small compass a complete picture, in which the personality of the saint stands out in clear relief; but it is no ordinary saint we have presented to us. The picture carries us back to the first apostles; it is only in that light we can understand the extraordinary work performed and the miracles wrought by Ireland's apostle. "In the history of the Church," observes F. Morris, "there is no other example of a heathen nation, in the lifetime of one man, springing up into the maturity of the Christian life, and becoming in truth, what from that time she was called, the Island of Saints." St. Patrick was called upon to do a prodigious and supernatural work, and God endowed him with gifts proportionate to the undertaking. Tillemont caught the secret of the saint's character when he said of him, "Who can be surprised if, in an enterprise altogether apostolic, God should have led in the way of the prophets and apostles, a saint who appears to have borne a greater resemblance to them than to those saints who have succeeded them? . . . In one word, we see in him much of the character of St. Paul."

ORIGIN OF ALL SOULS' DAY.

Darras's Church History.

THE commemoration of All Souls is a feast instituted by St. Odilo (died 1049). The circumstances which gave rise to the solemnity are thus related: A French pilgrim, returning from Jerusalem, was cast by a storm upon the coast of Sicily. A solitary, who dwelt amid the rocks of the seashore, asked him if he knew the monastery of Cluny and the Abbot Odilo. "Often," said the hermit, "I hear the spirits of darkness uttering blasphemous curses against those pious persons whose prayers and alms free the souls that suffer in the other world; but they are particularly bitter against Odilo and his religious. I therefore earnestly entreat you, in the name of God, when you reach your native land, to urge the holy abbot and his monks to redouble their prayers for the suffering souls in purgatory." The pilgrims delivered the request, and Odilo directed that in all the monasteries of his order, a yearly commemoration of all the faithful departed should be made on the day following the feast of All Saints. The monastery of Cluny still preserves the decree which was drawn up both for its own observance and for that of all the monasteries of its dependency. The pious practice was gradually adopted by other churches, and soon became of general observance throughout the Catholic world.

HUGH O'NEILL.

Part II.

In the February of 1603 the days of Elizabeth of England were fast drawing to a close. During her long and eventful reign, England had been elevated to a foremost rank among the nations of Europe. She had baffled the arms and the policy of the most formidable monarch of her age; she had witnessed the giant power of Spain collapse with the effort to land an invading army upon the shores of her realm, and the proud galleys that had shared in the deathless glories of Lepanto and swept the Ottoman crescent from the waters of the Mediterranean, scattered by the winds and broken by the billows that fiercely guarded her island throne. Her court had been the most splendid in Christendom. Thither beauty and rank, wealth and genius, had eagerly thronged to minister to her pleasure or pay the tribute of their adulation. She had ruled with the uncontrolled despotism of an Eastern tyrant, and had been esteemed the greatest and most fortunate of the sovereigns that had wielded the sceptre of the Conqueror.

But now "the case was altered with her," and as shadows deepen in the evening, so, as her sun darkly descended to the horizon, around her regal couch in the state apartments of Richmond, amid the gloom and terrors of approaching dissolution, there flitted the phantoms of the victims that had been ruthlessly sacrificed to her ambition or revenge. But behind the ghastly spectres of Mary Stuart and Robert of Essex there loomed a defiant figure, from whose eyes darted upon the expiring Tudor glances of scornful triumph. It was the mocking dream of one she had sworn to destroy, — the "arch-rebel," as she termed him with fiercest hate, who yet lived and breathed the air of liberty unsubdued by her armies, unscathed by the poisoned dagger of her hired assassins. Yea, Tyrone lived unconquered still; girt by Gaelic spears in his Ulster fastness, he scorned her power. He had humiliated her legions, exhausted the finances of her kingdom, and by his heroic and protracted resistance to her tyranny, had done more to shake the stability of her throne than the proud and mighty sovereign of the invincible armada had been able during twenty years of war and diplomacy to accomplish. Tyrone lived still; yea, would outlive her, and unsubdued. The thought was maddening to the brain of the dying queen. His victories would forever dim the glories of her reign, the proudest in the annals of England; nay, her death, perchance, might turn the fortunes of war in his favor, and ere her corpse should be consigned to the abbey-church of Westminster, to moulder with the royal dust of England, his standard would float again in triumph upon the Ulster hills. She turned oft uneasily upon her pillows, and, with sharp and bitter accents, inquired of the attendant ministers hath her lord-deputy of Ireland sent news of Tyrone.

Mountjoy, finding all attempts to penetrate the mountain stronghold wherein O'Neill had entrenched himself during the winter unavailing, had, in accordance with the special secret instructions he had received from her Most Gracious Majesty, recourse to every stratagem that cunning or cruelty could suggest to ensnare or assassinate the Irish chieftain. In a letter to Cecil he thus recounts his action, "I pray you, sir, believe me that I have omitted nothing, both by power and policy, to ruin him and utterly cut him off; and if by either I may procure his head before I have engaged her royal word for his safety, I do protest I will do it, and much more be ready to possess myself of his person, if by only promise of life, or by any other means whereby I shall not directly scandal the majesty of public faith, I can procure him to put himself in my power." But the lord-deputy had to deal with an adversary who

was perfectly aware of the baseness and perfidy to which Elizabeth and her ministers could stoop to effect his destruction. His caution frustrated the plans of the viceroy; and to the eternal honor of his clansmen be it recorded that, although an enormous reward was offered for his head, no traitor could be found among them who, for English gold, would stain his soul with the blood of the O'Neill. "It is most true," writes Mountjoy, "that never traitor knew better how to keep his own head on than this, nor any subjects have more dread to lay violent hands on their sacred prince than these people have to touch the person of their O'Neills."

The winter months rolled gloomily on, each day bringing to the Ulster chieftain in his dark retreat fresh tidings of the massacres of his defenceless people, and the fiendish atrocities perpetrated upon them by the ruffian soldiery of Mountjoy. He, nevertheless, maintained his ground, resolved to brave all perils in the struggle rather than crave the mercy of Elizabeth. But the perfidy of O'Cahan, his son-in-law, who, after the intelligence of Hugh Roe O'Donnell's decease had arrived, secretly made overtures to the English commander at Carrickfergus, and subsequently withdrew his contingent from the Ulster prince, by exposing the passes in his rear to the inroads of Dowcra's force, rendered the position of O'Neill no longer tenable, and at last, "the very materials of resistance having vanished from the face of the earth," the aged and battle-worn chieftain consented to treat with the English viceroy.

Meanwhile, urgent letters had been despatched by Cecil to the lord-deputy, entreating him to use his utmost endeavors to bring the protracted struggle to a close. The queen's dissolution was imminent, and in the unsettled state of the succession, it was imperative that O'Neill be induced to lay down his arms, that the Spanish monarch might not avail himself of the war in Ireland to forward his pretensions to the English crown. In compliance with these instructions, Mountjoy had opened negotiations with the still dreaded Tyrone.

And for the last time the aged chieftain gathered round him in mournful assembly the gallant remnant of his once powerful clan. In accents broken with grief, he announced his final resolve, bade them at length to lay aside the spear and furl the battle-flag, and under the guarantee of life and liberty, to which the sovereign of England had pledged her royal faith, disperse to their ruined homes. Further resistance was hopeless, and would only afford the English troopers an excuse to wreak their cowardly and brutal vengeance on a defenceless peasantry. For their long-tried loyalty to their hapless country's cause, through all the vicissitudes of the glorious struggle, and the devotion with which they had clung to his shattered fortunes, he tendered them his gratitude; then, according to the Irish custom, gave to each of his trusty followers his parting blessing. What a scene was there revealed, as the clear Paschal moon flooded with silver light the darkness of the mountain glen, where, in the closing hour of their country's freedom, the heroes of Clonitbret and the Blackwater pressed in deep and silent sorrow around their aged chief to take their last farewell!

On the 30th March, under the safe-conduct of the English commissioners, Sir William Godolpin and Sir Garret Moore, O'Neill proceeded to the ancient Abbey of Mellifont, where, clad in deepest mourning, as well befitted his fallen fortunes and the destinies of his country, he tendered his submission to the English viceroy. "From the favorable terms granted to him," remarks Mr. Mitchel, "in this his fallen estate, we may learn the anxiety of the councillors of Elizabeth to disarm this formidable chief. He was to be reinstated in the dignity of Earl of Tyrone. New letters-patent were to be issued, securing

to the principal Ulster chieftains the possession of their ancient lands, and all his people were to enjoy the free exercise of the Catholic religion. On O'Neill's part the conditions were that he should renounce the title, jurisdiction, and state of an Irish chieftain, and should be content to wear his coronet and golden chain, like a peaceful nobleman; suffer his country to become 'shire ground'; and admit the functionaries of the English government." The submission of the Ulster chieftain terminated one of the most determined and heroic struggles for faith and fatherland recorded in history, and with it closed the existence of Ireland as an independent nation. "From that day the distinction of 'Pale' and 'Irish country' was at an end, and the authority of the kings of England and their parliaments became paramount over the whole island."

Early in April the lord-deputy, accompanied by the Earl of Tyrone, set out for Dublin, where, on his arrival at the castle, the Ulster chieftain first learned the tidings of the death of Elizabeth. The intelligence came upon him like a thunderclap. For once he had been ensnared by the base diplomacy of his enemies. He had signed an act of submission to a dead sovereign; it was too late to recall the deed, but the tears of indignation that started to his eyes told how bitterly he repented it. After assisting at the public proclamation of King James I., at the high cross of Dublin, the earl returned to the north until the following June, when, at the desire of the English monarch, in company with Rury O'Donnell, he repaired to London with Mountjoy. In civilized countries the reverses which the fortunes of war may have heaped upon a foreign vanquished prince have in general, by appealing to the nobler sentiments in human nature, rendered his person sacred to the conquerors, and secured him from popular insult; but the miserable English rabble who thronged the towns and villages along the route which the Earl of Tyrone traversed to London, regardless of every principle of national honor or public decency, wantonly manifested their cowardly hatred against the Irish chieftain, so that it needed all the precautions of the powerful escort to protect him from their ruffianly violence. Such conduct clearly indicates the terror his name and his wars had spread throughout the kingdom.

At Hampton Court the Ulster chiefs were entertained by the English monarch with considerable display of regard and magnificence. The terms of the treaty with Mountjoy were confirmed, and by new letters-patent Rury O'Donnell was constituted Earl of Tyrconnell. After a sojourn of two months at the court, the Irish princes, with every outward mark of royal confidence and esteem, returned to their estates in their own country.

But this seeming regard was only to last for a time, till Ulster should have been completely pacified after the protracted war, the kernes and gallowglasses disarmed, and all chance of the formidable Tyrone fanning into new conflagration the dying embers of patriotic resistance at an end. Meantime, every movement of the Ulster chiefs was secretly watched by the agents of the government, and not even the privacy of their own mansions could afford protection from this hateful espionage.

English sheriffs, judges, and royal commissioners now penetrated the province of Ulster, and the English laws, for the first time, were promulgated therein. The more difficult passes were cleared, and the territories of the ancient septs portioned out according to the new patents.

Mountjoy had been chosen one of the privy council in England, and created lord lieutenant of Ireland, while Chichester had been appointed to the deputyship. One of the first acts by which the latter inaugurated his government was the issue of a proclamation, by royal command, in which the penal statutes of the "Act

of Uniformity," passed in the reign of Elizabeth against the exercise of the Catholic religion, were revived. During the late reign these atrocious measures had, for reasons of state policy, been partially suspended; but now, contrary to the solemn pledges given by Mountjoy and subsequently ratified by King James himself, they were to be rigidly enforced; and "his most gracious Majesty declared to his loving subjects of Ireland that he would not admit of any such liberty of conscience as they were made to expect." The celebration of mass was declared a treasonable offence, and the Catholics were required, under severe penalties, to assist at the mummeries of the reformed worship. Catholic priests were proscribed, and ordered forthwith to depart the realm; nor could the Catholic nobility or gentry retain in their houses Catholic tutors for their families, or suffer their sons to be educated in Catholic seminaries beyond the seas.

Against these tyrannical enactments, and such glaring breach of a solemn treaty, O'Neill instantly remonstrated with the deputy; but his protest was treated with contempt, and he was coolly informed that "his Majesty's pleasure should be obeyed." The earl's own residence was even rudely invaded by the spies and pursuivants, in search of harbored priests supposed to be there concealed. The Prince of Tyrconnell and other Ulster chieftains were exposed to similar outrages.

By the treaty with Mountjoy, Tyrone had been confirmed in the possession of all his ancestral domains, including the lands of the tributary sept of O'Cahan. That traitor had appealed through Dowcra to the lord-lieutenant to hold his lands of the crown; but Mountjoy would not entertain the petition, and declared to the governor "that O'Cahan must and shall be under my Lord Tyrone." Now, however, in conjunction with Montgomery, the newly arrived Protestant Bishop of Derry, O'Cahan sought to annul the decision, and with the base connivance of the government, set to work to wrest from the earl a great portion of his territories. To protect himself from this foul conspiracy, O'Neill appealed to the English monarch. In his letter to King James he states, "There are so many that seek to deprive me of the greatest part of the residue which your most gracious Majesty was pleased I should hold, as without your highness's special consideration of me, I should in the end have nothing to support my estate; for the Lord Bishop of Derry, not contented with the great living your Majesty has been pleased to bestow upon him, seeketh not only to have from me unto him a great part of my lands, whereunto none of his predecessors ever laid claim, but also setteth on others, as I am informed, to call into question that which never heretofore was doubted to be mine and my ancestors; and by like reason they may take from me all the lands I hold, except I may be protected and upholden herein by your Majesty, upon whose grace and favor I must wholly depend."

To this appeal the Earl of Tyrone received no reply; and now his dark forebodings began to be realized, and the policy of the government stood revealed in all its heartless and cowardly treachery. The pledges given to him at Mellifont, and subsequently ratified by the royal faith at London, were no longer to be respected by his inveterate foes, who had resolved to observe no treaty with him longer than it suited their own ends. He was unarmed now, and every means of injustice and oppression that might goad him into some act that could be construed disloyal or treasonable, would be availed of to effect his ruin. While Tyrone lived in freedom, the lord-deputy felt his authority insecure in Ulster; and, moreover, the alien undertakers of the crown hungered for the broad lands, the inheritance of his ancestors for more than two thousand years.

The caution and forbearance of the earl frustrated for a time the base machinations of his enemies. Their repeated acts of tyrannical insolence and the perfidious agency of their incessant espionage failed to entrap the wary chieftain in their snares. Despairing at length of success in this mode, they resolved on swifter and surer means to accomplish Tyrone's destruction.

On the 18th of May, 1607, an anonymous letter, directed to the clerk of the privy council, was found at the door of the council-chamber in Dublin Castle; it detailed the plan of a conspiracy, having for object the seizure of the castle, the murder of the lord-deputy, and a general revolt, with the aid of Spanish auxiliaries. The Ulster chieftains, O'Neill and O'Donnell, though not named, were indicated with sufficient clearness as the leaders of the movement.* With the aid of this document, supplemented with the perjured informations of one Christopher St. Laurence, a government agent, employed for the especial purpose of fabricating this pretended plot, a charge of treason was prepared against the northern earls.

To allay suspicion of their intended perfidy, the lord-deputy and the privy council proceeded with the utmost caution; and it was resolved to decoy the earl into England, under the plea of having his Majesty take personal cognizance of O'Neill's dispute with O'Cahan, relative to their respective territories. Fortunately at this crisis a trusty messenger, despatched from Belgium by Maguire, who had recently escaped to the Continent, brought secret information to O'Neill of the designs of the government, warning him that if he proceeded to London he would be instantly arrested on a charge of treason; that his only chance of safety now lay in flight; and that in a few days a vessel would put into Lough Swilly to afford him a means of escape. Tyrone was at this time at Slane, in company with the lord-deputy, arranging the boundaries of certain townlands; and the latter informed him that within the space of three weeks, he (the earl) should repair to London to receive the king's decision in the suit between himself and O'Cahan, and that Sir John Davies, the attorney-general, also would be there, "sufficiently instructed, the better to guide his Majesty's princely judgment in the solution of the matter."

O'Neill's resolution was taken. The snares of Cecil and Chichester were rapidly closing round him. There was not a moment to lose; the enemies that thirsted for his blood should be foiled of their prey. His wrongs and the calamities of his hapless country might yet kindle the glow of chivalrous indignation amid the courts of Christendom; in this lay his last hope to retrieve the fortunes of his native land.

He hastened to take leave of the lord-deputy, and instantly proceeded to Mellifont, the residence of his old friend, Sir Garret Moore, where he remained for one day and night, and then, "weeping abundantly, bade a solemn farewell to every child and servant in the house." Thence he journeyed by Dundalk to Armagh, and afterwards crossed the Blackwater. With what feelings the aged chieftain, now hastening into exile, must have gazed for the last time on the scene of his former glory, and that river whose name was destined to be linked forever with the renown of his triumph over the Sassanach! At a short distance from Dungannon he was joined by his countess and some few old retainers. Thence the party set out northwards, crossed the Foyle near Lifford, and arrived in safety at Rathmullen. Here they found Rury

* For the documents and information relating to this sham conspiracy, the reader is referred to that invaluable contribution to Irish historical literature, "The Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell," by the Rev. C. P. Meehan, M.R.I.A. With these, the notes of Dr. O'Donovan, in the "Four Masters," pp. 2355, 2536, and the statements of Moore, Haverty, MacGeoghan, and Mitchel, should be diligently compared.

O'Donnell, his brother Cathbar, his sister Nuala, and other members of his family awaiting them. The Earl of Tyrconnell, on being informed by Maguire of O'Neill's resolve, and earnestly warned to provide for his own safety, as the government had taken certain measures for his destruction, determined to share the exile of his illustrious compatriot.

It was the Feast of the Exaltation of the Holy Cross, in September; but as the golden autumn sunset lit the purple heath on the deserted shores of Lough Swilly, no longer the sweet music of the vesper hymn from the sacred walls of the ancient priory of Rathmullen came wafted o'er the tranquil waters upon the evening breeze. Beneath the lofty battlements of MacSweeny's ancestral castle lay anchored a foreign bark, from whose masthead floated the ensign of France, and hurriedly upon the beach gathered a melancholy group of illustrious fugitives, while their attendants made the final preparations for embarkation. And the furrowed visages of yon stalwart clansmen are dark with gloom, and their eyes are dimmed with scalding tears, as they gaze on the form of that aged chieftain, now slowly pacing the deck in silent grief. Alas! the last, the noblest, the greatest of the warrior princes of Ulad is departing into exile from the fair hills of holy Ireland! Oft amid the darkness of battle had the gleam of his flashing sword lighted them to victory, when for Eire they closed with the Saxon foe; around his fallen fortunes they would have gladly clung till death, and now they might not behold him more.

Rapidly the twilight shadows descended, and the twinkling stars shone more brightly in the azure heaven, while the bark rocked uneasily in the strong current, setting for the ocean. And now friends and kinsmen have taken their parting adieus; all are on board, and as night, with her solemn grandeur, enwraps the scene, the flowing sails are spread to the freshening gale, the anchor is weighed, and the vessel glides silently down the lough and past the dark cliffs of Fanad Head into the wavy deep.

Sorrow-stricken but illustrious band of exiles, little, perchance, did ye dream, as ye looked your last upon the shores of Erin, of the millions of your race severed from home and kindred and country by the cruel policy of alien oppression, of which ye were the first victims, destined to follow in the dark ships across the billowy ocean, bearing to every clime under heaven burning memories of the wrongs of the hapless children of the Gael.

Aware that the moment their escape became known, the government cruisers would be on their track, it was determined to keep far to the west of the Irish coast till out of danger, then to steer for the shores of Spain. "But during thirteen days," writes O'Keenan, "the sea was angry, and the tempest left us no rest; and the only brief interval of calm we enjoyed was when O'Neill took from his neck a golden crucifix, containing a relic of the true cross, and trailed it in the wake of the ship. At that moment two poor merlins, with wearied pinions, sought refuge in the rigging of our vessel, and were captured by the noble ladies, who nursed them with the tenderest affection."

Finding it impossible to make way against the fierce winds of the autumnal equinox, the captain determined to alter the course and gain the coast of France; and on the morning of the 4th of October the vessel entered the mouth of the Seine.

The day after their landing, the earls were most hospitably entertained by the Governor of Normandy. Here they received intelligence that the emissaries of King James had been already on their track, and that the English ambassador had applied to the French monarch for their arrest. But the chivalrous Henry IV.* scouted

* This monarch, no mean authority in military affairs, is said to have pronounced O'Neill one of the three greatest generals of the age.

the demand, and bade the Englishman tell his royal master that the fugitives were in a free country, and that he should not violate the principles of national honor and justice by surrendering illustrious exiles who had sought a temporary asylum in his dominions.

From Rouen they immediately set out for Brussels, and at Notre Dame de Hal were met by Spinola, the Spanish generalissimo, and Henry O'Neill, Tyrone's second son, who held the command of an Irish regiment in the service of the Archduke Albert. Warm was the greeting and great the joy of the son to behold his aged sire, escaped from the snares of the tyrants that thirsted for his blood. In the capital of the Netherlands the exiles were *fêted* with extraordinary honors and magnificence. After a short repose from the fatigues of the long voyage, they proceeded to Louvain, where they were lodged in the mansion that had belonged to Charles V. In that city they sojourned during the winter; and during this time the earls drew up the statement of their grievances and justification of their conduct in leaving Ireland.*

Meanwhile the sovereign pontiff, Paul V., on hearing of the arrival of exiled Irish princes in Belgium, had despatched to them letters of affectionate sympathy and solicitude, generously offering them an asylum in the Eternal City. Their intention of proceeding to Spain having been frustrated through the base intrigues of the English ambassador at the Court of Madrid, the earls determined to leave the younger portion of their families, and such as could not undertake the fatigues of the journey, at Louvain, under the protection of the archduke, and proceed themselves to Rome. Accordingly, they set out with the remainder of their suite in the beginning of the following year, 1608, for the capital of Christendom. Along the route they were received by the Catholic princes through whose territories they passed with distinguished honors, and their necessities of travel and comfort cheerfully supplied.

They traversed Lorraine, and proceeded through Switzerland to Lucerne, where guides were generously provided them for the passage of Mount St. Gothard, a journey of no ordinary peril at that period, but which, happily, they accomplished without accident. Leaving the shores of the beautiful Lake of Como, they advanced to Milan, where the Spanish governor and the chief nobility of the city came forth to bid them welcome. Having tarried a few days to afford the noble ladies of the suite time to restore themselves after the fatigues of Alpine travel, the party proceeded through Parma and Bologna to Loretto, and thence to Rome, where they were lodged in the palace which the sovereign pontiff had set apart for their reception in the Borgho Vecchio.

From the hour the exiled Prince of Tyrone arrived in the Eternal City till the sorrowful day when his cold remains were borne with solemn funeral pomp and royal honors to their last resting-place within the sacred precincts of the Franciscan Church, on the Janiculum, the Roman pontiff, Paul V., discharged towards the illustrious fugitive all the duties of a warm and generous hospitality, on a scale of magnificence befitting the rank and the merits of his distinguished guest. The Irish nobles who shared his trying fortunes were also liberally provided for. On occasions of state ceremony and at the great public religious celebrations, to the Irish princes and their ladies were accorded the foremost rank among the Roman nobility; and, in fine, no act of kindness or affectionate tribute of respect which the sensitive instincts of sincere sympathy could suggest was omitted to lighten the sorrows of their exile.

* These important documents are given in the work of the Rev. C. P. Meehan, already alluded to, — "Fate and Fortunes of the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell."

But death was soon destined to shorten that exile for some among them. A few months had but elapsed since their arrival when the Earl of Tyrconnell was stricken down by fever, and having received the last consolations of religion, passed away in the close of July, 1608. His obsequies were celebrated, by order of the pontiff, with extraordinary solemnity, and his corpse interred at the foot of the altar in the Church of S. Pietro Montorio,* on the Janiculum. Two months later, the remains of his brother Cathbar, and those of Hugh, the young Baron of Dungannon, were, with similar sad rites, deposited beside him.

The loss of his son, the solace of his declining years, and of his faithful kinsmen, filled with bitter sadness the soul of the venerable chief. But, amid the deepening gloom of his exile, he did not relinquish the hope that the Spanish monarch, whose kindness he had experienced, would yet seize some favorable opportunity to furnish him with aid to recover his ancestral domains. With the Irish spears that had seen good service in the Netherlands, he would quickly disturb the horde of hungry undertakers planted by King James on the recently confiscated lands of Ulster.† "His yearnings for the land of his birth were unceasing, and the memories of home, where his name was still honored by the native Irish and feared by the wicked government, were far dearer to him than any which the mighty monuments under whose shadows he passed could create. The fields of Tyrone were greener than those of Tivoli or Frascati, and to his vision Tullahogue was a holier rath than any of the seven hills, or even Mon Sacer beyond the Tiber. The Farnesian Palace, with its rich frescos, fountains, and galleries, could not divert such melancholy as his." This sorrowful period of his exile has been touchingly portrayed by Mr. T. D. Sullivan, from whose beautiful poem, entitled "O'Neill in Rome," we quote the following stanzas: —

"Where yellow Tiber's waters flow,
Within the seven-hilled city's bound,
An aged chief, with footsteps slow,
Moves sadly o'er the storied ground;
Or from his palace window-panes
Looks out upon the matchless dome,
The ruins grand, the glorious fanes
That stud the soil of holy Rome.
But oh! for Ireland far away,
For Ireland, in the western sea!
The chieftain's heart is there to-day,
And there, in truth, he fain would be.

"On every side the sweet bells ring,
And faithful people bend in prayer,
Sweet hymns, that angel-choirs might sing,
And loud hosannas fill the air.
His place is with the princely crowd,
Amidst the noblest and the best:
His large white head is lowly bowed,
His hands are clasped before his breast.
But oh! for Ireland far away,
For Ireland, dear with all her ills,
For mass in fair Tyrone to-day,
Amid the circling Irish hills!

"His fellow-exiles, men who bore
With him the brunt of many a fight,
Talk past and future chances o'er,
Around his table grouped at night.
While speeds each tale of grief or glee,
With tears their furrowed cheeks are wet;
But oft they rise, and vow to see
A glorious day in Ireland yet.
And oh! for Ireland o'er the main,
For Ireland, where they yet shall be,
Since Irish braves in France and Spain
Have steel and gold to set her free.

"He sits abstracted by the board;
Old scenes are pictured in his brain, —
Benburb, Armagh, the Yellow Ford;
He fights and wins them o'er again.
Again he sees fierce Bagnal fall,
Sees craven Essex basely yield,
Meets armored Seagrave, gaunt and tall,
And leaves him lifeless on the field.
But oh! for Ireland; there once more
To rouse the true men of the land,
And proudly bear from shore to shore
The banner of the Red Right Hand!

"Years come and go; but while they roll
His limbs grow weak, his eyes grow dim;
The hopes die out that buoyed his soul;
War's mighty game is closed for him.

* The Church of S. Pietro Montorio, crowning the summit of the Janiculum, was richly embellished by the Spanish sovereigns, Ferdinand and Isabella, and at their desire given to the Franciscan Fathers. His Eminence, the late Cardinal Archbishop of Dublin, took his title from this church. There is adjacent a beautiful Doric temple, erected over the spot where, according to tradition, the Prince of the Apostles suffered martyrdom.

† By the Acts of the Parliament convoked in 1613, the Earls of Tyrone and Tyrconnell were attainted of treason; and six counties of Ulster, viz., Tyrone, Derry, Donegal, Fermanagh, Armagh, and Cavan, were confiscated to the crown.

Before him from the earth have passed
Friends, kinsmen, comrades true and brave;
And well he knows he nears at last
His place of rest, a foreign grave.
But oh! for Ireland far away,
For Irish love and holy zeal,
Oh! for a grave in Irish clay
To wrap the heart of Hugh O'Neill!"

At length the illustrious chieftain neared the close of his eventful career. The infirmities of age (he had attained his seventy-sixth year); the sorrows of protracted exile, still more embittered with the mournful tidings that reached him at intervals of the miseries inflicted by the alien oppressor on his defenceless country; disappointment at the collapse of his long-cherished hope of arousing the sympathy of Catholic nations in her cause, had chilled his soul, and told heavily upon his once vigorous frame. His hair had whitened, his vision had become dim, his health rapidly declined. And as thus, in darkness and sorrow, he descended the lonesome valley of death, the gentle spirit of the faith of his fathers drew near, and, whispering words of heavenly hope and consolation, lovingly guided his steps to the portals of eternity. Fortified with the last holy rites of the Church, he expired on the 20th of July, 1616. His corpse was borne by his kinsmen to the Church of S. Pietro Montorio, and as the funeral cortege ascended the Janiculum, the guns of St. Angelo gave deep response to the chant of the solemn dirge for the Christian warrior. Cardinals, representatives of all the foreign Catholic courts, and great numbers of the Roman nobility assisted at the obsequies. The remains of the great Irish chieftain were lowered to rest by the hands of his weeping countrymen, beside those of his son and the princes of Tyrconnell. The Irish exiles marked the spot with the simple inscription:—

D. O. M.
HIC QUIESCUNT
UGONIS. PRINCIPIS. O'NEILL
OSSA.

The end.

IRISH MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Sir Robert Stewart.

Moore, in the preface to his Irish Melodies, asserted that our music was about the only talent for which foreigners were willing to allow us credit. Without adopting this sweeping declaration, the lecturer said that in temperament and talent our countrymen were well fitted to excel in the arts and especially in that of music, and in proportion to the limited advantages enjoyed by Ireland, she had largely contributed to the muster-roll of the sons of song. From very early times the Irish had been regarded as a musical people, and since the Anglo-Norman invasion their claim to the character had been allowed, even by their conquerors. The Irish harp, an instrument of much compass and extension, was long regarded as the national emblem. According to O'Halloran, the emblem was first derived from England in the time of Henry II. The harp appeared on the Irish coinage of 1530, and was at the same time appended to the official map of Ireland then published. The influence of Irish music might be traced in the penal laws persistently enacted against minstrels during two centuries, laws aiming at the total extirpation of those sons of song. It had been said that the bagpipe, certainly one of the most ancient instruments in the world, was known in Ireland as early as the tenth century. The bagpipe was not the musical instrument of polite society, but was dedicated to funeral and military purposes. The bagpipe, modified in a form to suit our taste, still exists among us; but the Irish harp is irretrievably gone. In 1786, when Walker wrote his "History of the Irish Bards," the school of harp-players peculiar to the country was fast dying out. One peculiarity of their style was that they allowed their finger-nails to grow so as to catch the strings in their nails, and not with the fleshy tip of the finger at all.

The lecturer gave an interesting sketch of the efforts made in the last century to save the Irish harp from extinction. On the invitation of Mr. James Dungan, of Copenhagen, seven harpers competed for his prizes at Granard in 1781, and their contest terminated with a ball, attended by the gentry of the neighborhood. In the early part of the eighteenth century contentions of the bards were frequently held at Bruree, in the County Limerick, between 1730 and 1750. Ten years after Mr. Dungan's patriotic effort some gentlemen in Belfast proposed to assemble the harpers, who were at that time exclusively possessed of all the music, poetry, and oral traditions of the country. This meeting, in July, 1792, was attended by ten harpers. The late Edward Bunting, then only nineteen years old, was employed to write down the tunes as they were played. Four years after he published his first collection of Irish airs, thus compiled, and his second collection was published in 1809. At this time only two of the ten harpers were alive, and these did not long survive their brethren. Fortunately, Bunting had secured copious notes of all they had played, which he gave to the world in a third volume, published in 1840. An effort was made to establish an Irish Harp Society in Belfast, but it declined for want of funds in 1813. The fourth and last effort to revive an Irish harp school was made from India, but after flourishing for a few years it came to an end in 1833, and with it passed away forever the glories of the Irish harp. The lecturer exhibited on the platform two rare specimens of Irish harps, one the harp of Carolan, which was lent him for the occasion by The O'Conor Don, M. P., and the other that of the Irish chieftain Robert or Robin Adair of Hollybrook, County Wicklow, the supposed hero of the well-known song that bears his name. Robin Adair died in 1777, and his harp was lent by Sir George Hodson, Bart., whose grandfather married the chieftain's daughter. Speaking of the havoc made in old harps, he mentioned that more than a dozen of them were found in the loft of the Rev. Charles Bunworth, rector of Buttevant, after his death, having been presented to him by Irish harpers as one of their best patrons, and they were broken up and used for fire-wood by the next occupier of the house. One that was found in a bog on the estate of Sir Richard Cooke in the County Limerick was burned by the cook to dress the dinner. (*Laughter*) The lecturer passed to an interesting description of the compass and tuning of the Irish harp, observing that the tones produced by the catgut strings of the modern instruments never seemed peculiarly sad, but that the tones of the old harps with the metal strings appeared to him to be at all times of a sad and complaining quality. The Irish harp-string with wire had a compass of about four octaves. His observations on this head were illustrated by the airs of "The Coolin" and "Weep on," played on the harp by Mrs. Mackay in a way that showed that, without altering the scale, very different effects might be produced by altering the keynote. Sir Robert Stewart paid a high tribute to Bunting's services in the preservation of old music that, but for him, would have been lost forever. He mentioned that, with all his nationality, Bunting was descended from an English father and mother. The lecturer next gave an interesting sketch of the life and talents and weaknesses of Terlogh Carolan. Speaking of his fondness for liquor, he mentioned that in one of his visits to a lady's house Carolan was forbidden to enter the wine-cellar by the butler, Dermod O'Flynn, and thereupon hit off the epigram: —

"What a pity hell's gates are not kept by O'Flynn,
So surly a dog would let nobody in."

He died in 1738, at Aldersford House, and was supposed to have been buried

at Kilronan. In the early part of this century a man named Kelley, owing to political troubles, when roaming about Kilronan, carried off the bard's skull to the museum of Sir John Caldwell, of Castle Caldwell, which having been broken up shortly afterwards the skull was lost. A similar mishap occurred in the case of Haydn, whose skull was stolen in Vienna by a phrenological fanatic. This portion of the lecture was illustrated by the performance of two of Carolan's best known airs, "Bumper Squire Jones" and "A Receipt for Drinking Whiskey," this latter having been composed at Boyle, after a prolonged fit of temperance, when the bard called for a measure of whiskey, promising that he would only smell to it, but speedily forgetting his promise. The lecturer then passed to a comparison of the Scotch and Irish bagpipes, illustrated by performances on both by Mr. Hingston. The Irish bagpipe was not always blown with a bellows, as was evidenced by a drawing of the sixteenth century which he exhibited, showing an Irish piper blowing the pipes from his mouth after the Scotch fashion, and wearing the characteristic Irish head of hair, so thick that it would arrest the blow of a stick or even a sword Sir Robert expressed his own preference for the Irish bagpipe as having a perfect scale, as being able to produce a sort of *staccato* effect by the jerking up and down on the knee, and having not only the chanter, but tenor harmonies, and a drone that answered for bass. In early times the love of the harp was cultivated among the higher classes, nobility, ladies, and gentry in Ireland, the clergy using a smaller sort of harp, of which he believed the one preserved in Trinity College to be a specimen. The harpers and pipers of the last two centuries travelled regularly through the country, remaining a week or longer in each house, most frequently at the houses of the old families who had lost their titles and were reduced by the devastating wars of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries; but there were many Protestant families also among whom they were hospitably received.

The state of society which encouraged this class of wandering minstrels existed no longer. Ever since the political disputes in Ireland in the latter part of the last century and the commencement of the present, her nobility and gentry had been gradually conforming to the English mode. Except among a few old-fashioned families, the airs of our country ceased to be heard, nor was it until 1808, when Moore became fashionable, that Irish airs effected an entrance into the drawing-rooms of fashion. There had never been patriotism enough among the Irish people to induce them to publish the four great collections of Irish music before Bunting's, and Bunting's own publications were a commercial failure. The lecturer then spoke of the taste for foreign music that sprung up in Dublin in the last century, mentioning that the great Nicolini visited Dublin in 1708, two years after arriving in London, where he enjoyed the enormous salary (for that time) of 800 guineas. Having made many interesting references to the great Dublin musicians of the time, he spoke particularly of the vocal resources of the city by reason of the well-trained Cathedral choirs, and the institution of a state band of music, among whose masters were men like Dubourg and Crossdil. He enlivened this part of the lecture with a variety of anecdotes, and Miss O'Hea sang exquisitely an old favorite song of the last century by Kane O'Hara, one of the foremost Irish musicians of the time. Kane O'Hara was so tall that he was known as St. Patrick's Steeple. An Italian song was all the rage at the time in Dublin, the last line of which was, "Che no' hanno crudelta," and it was popularly sung so as to sound as, "Kane O'Hara's cruel tall." This was capitally illustrated by the University Choral Society, who also

sang a glee of the first Earl of Mornington, whose musical achievements the lecturer dwelt upon at considerable length. The Irish State Band was finally abolished in a fit of reform and retrenchment in 1831, after it ceased to perform royal birthday odes, and after its offices began to be jobbed and filled by persons who could not play on any instrument. A similar misappropriation had prevailed in England, where the offices of State trumpeter and State organ-blower had been held by ladies. The lecture concluded with the performance of the "March of the Volunteers of '82," in reference to which Sir Robert Stewart gave a brief sketch of the Irish volunteer movement, adding that the man must be cold-blooded indeed who could look back upon those days without a feeling of pride in his country.

THE LION.

"WHAT is this?"

"This is a lion, called by some folks the king of beasts. Take a sharp look at him so you may hereafter tell a lion from a mule."

"What is the color of a lion?"

"Their natural color is tawny. Where you see one fixed off with red, white, and blue, you may be sure that some circus man has been painting him."

"Lions must be very strong."

"So they are. It is a pity that their strength cannot be used in drawing street-cars.

"Are there many lions in this country?"

"Not very many, but then we'd advise you to get into the house as soon as night comes. Africa is the home of the lion. He has every chance to spread himself there; the nights are so warm that he does not have to draw his tail into his den for fear of frost."

"Can the lion carry off an ox?"

"It is said that he can, but it would be far better for the ox to carry himself off before the lion got hold of him. There is not much doubt that a lion could trot off quite easily with a rabbit."

"Does a lion ever attack a white man?"

"Very seldom. When a man is home at reasonable hours, keeps plenty of wood split, buys his wife four hats per year, and votes our ticket, he is not often disturbed by lions. They walk right past him to grab one of those fellows who will never lend his wheelbarrow or shovel, and whose sidewalk is always in need of repairs."

"Do lions roar loudly?"

"They do. The sound is almost as loud as that of a dish-pan falling off its nail in the dead of night."

"Why do they roar?"

"Naturalists differ about that Some say that he roars to let other denizens of the forest understand that he is on deck and ready to argue matters, and others assert that he roars because he has nothing else to do, just as Congressional speeches are made. The roar won't hurt you, no matter how they decide it."

"Can a lion catch a horse?"

"Yes, unless he stubs his toe or stops to pick up a tender and juicy child for luncheon."

"Can a man look a lion out of countenance?"

"That depends. Some of these modern defaulters and office-holders could look a lion out of countenance with one eye shut. In ordinary cases it is better for the man who tries the experiment to be up a tree."

"Can the lion vanquish the elephant?"

"If the elephant had sore eyes and had been spreeing around all night, and the ague was kind of hovering up and down his spinal column, a lion would be apt to do so."

"Can a lion ever be tamed?"

"Never. After one has been jolted around the country with different circuses for years, sold at bankrupt sale a dozen times, fed on shin-bones and

shavings, and poked up with hot crowbars, he no sooner gets out of his cage than he eats ten or fifteen people and kills as many more. You will always see an account of it in the papers just before the menagerie comes around."

BALANCE TO PARTNERS.

McGee's Weekly.

DANCING is not wrong, but dancing, as at present performed in society and at picnics, is not right. St. Francis de Sales says that, if dancing *must* be done, let it be done modestly and in moderation; but when we see a young lady, who, at early mass, looks as devout as the little angels of Raffaelle, whirl for hours in waltz, closely embraced by various young men of her acquaintance, her conduct seems somewhat inconsistent. It is hard to recognize in this flushed bacchante of the night the pale St. Agnes of the morning. Yet this young person, who would be shocked if a friend put his arm around her in the street, dilates on the delights of the "dip" — the most vulgar of all dances — and, in society, allows the same person privileges which she should only accord to her father or her husband. It is foolish to denounce dancing as if dancing were wrong. Puritanism denounced it, and Puritanism paved the way for license. It is uncharitable to say that all who dance the round dance are impure, — as uncharitable as it would be to say that all men who drink are drunkards. Not being able to dance means, in the present state of social affairs, ostracism from society. It is better to dance well than have brains, society insinuates, and very reasonably, too; for if society was dependent on brains, there would be no society. As Carlyle says, the majority of people is made up of fools, and fools *en masse* must find some substitute for conversation; dancing, by general consent, has been accepted as this substitute. Again, society in the United States is almost entirely composed of young people, who, even if they had been taught to cultivate the art of conversation, would, being young, infinitely prefer the art of Terpsichore; so that to forbid dancing would be to practically break up "society," as society is generally understood in this country. There are worse things than even round dancing in vogue, — abominable kissing games for instance, which are often substituted among the "unco' guid" for that exercise, and which have all the abandon of childish romping without its innocence. An argument often brought in favor of dancing is, that everybody does it, — that is, everybody who has any pretensions to be anybody. It is useless to dispute a plea which is, no doubt, used by fashionable cannibals when a missionary delicately points out that roast babies are not just the thing as an article of diet. High-toned people, under the reigns of the Roman Emperors, did certain things which the martyrs preferred not to do, even on pain of death, and to-day divorce is countenanced by the "best" people, yet no Catholic would quote their example as a salve to his conscience. Byron's opinion of waltzing was not favorable to the morality of those who indulge in it, but, then, Byron was club-footed, says the inveterate waltzer, and the author of "Don Juan" can scarcely be considered as an authority on morals. Byron knew the worst thoughts of humanity, he knew the effect of voluptuous music and the concomitants of the waltz in awakening those worst thoughts, and his opinion has that much weight. We have no warrant for saying that it is a mortal sin to waltz; but we have warrant for asserting that the Church disapproves of round dancing; this being known, Catholic conscience must be callous, indeed, when they permit the most objectionable form of dancing to form a part of their evening's amusement.

It was a bishop of Montreal, we think, from whom a pair of waltzers

drew forth an opinion about round dancing. Two officers, who were passionately fond of waltzing, called on the bishop and volunteered to convince him that there was no harm in their favorite amusement. The bishop, with much gravity, watched the officers as they glided over the smooth floor of his parlor. At last they paused, warm and breathless, and awaited the bishop's answer.

"There is no harm in it," the bishop said.

The officers were only restrained by the ecclesiastical presence from cutting pigeon-wings of triumph.

"There is no harm in it," continued the bishop, "*provided gentlemen always waltz together.*"

The officers retired, somewhat crestfallen.

Because round dancing has met the disapproval of the Church, it does not follow that all dancing is forbidden; and parents who forbid their children the natural and innocent amusements of their age, for the reason that one form of amusement is vicious, have much to answer for. Over-rigidity in youth has caused many souls to rush to perdition when the restraints of youth were past. Men who are taught when young the real difference between good and evil — taught the great dignity which God has conferred on them in giving them free will — are less likely to go astray than those who are pent up in their youth with false ideas of right and wrong; for when those ideas vanish, they are not unlikely to take with them some restraints which would have prevented the doing of real evil.

THE ISLAND OF CEYLON.

The island of Ceylon was a part of the Bishopric of Cochin, and its missionaries were the Oratorians from Goa. Since 1844 it is under the jurisdiction of the *Propagada fide*, and a very limited number remain now under the jurisdiction of the Archbishop of Goa and Primate of the East. Formerly Ceylon was one Vicariate-Apostolic, and its first Vicar-Apostolic was Vicente do Rosario, Goanese. After his death, or after the death of Bishop Caetano Antonio, also a Goanese, Ceylon was divided into two Vicariates, one called the southern and the other northern, the first having for its see and cathedral the city of Colombo, and the other Jaffna. Dr. Sillani, the present Vicar-Apostolic of Colombo, is absent on account of ill-health, and the other Vicar-Apostolic is Dr. Bonjean. The representative of the Archbishop-Primate at present is the Very Rev. C. X. Offonso. The number of missionaries amounts to sixty-eight, — thirty belonging to the Southern Vicariate, thirty-four to the Northern, and four missionaries of Goa. The number of Catholics nearly 200,000.

O'DONNELL ABOO!

Among Shere Ali's favorite captains is a certain Hussein, a Khyber Khan commanding the cavalry of the military district of Candahar. This Murat of Afghanistan chivalry is a renegade British soldier. His name is O'Donnell. He served for many years in the Eighty-Seventh Fusiliers, or "Faugh-a-Ballaghs," as Dr. Zimmer would prefer calling them. This man was color and pay sergeant, but lost the rank, and was subsequently promoted to the grade of company sergeant, but lost that also. Soon after, he left the regiment; how, I have not been clearly informed. At that time, now some years ago, O'Donnell, who hails from Nenagh, was a man of forty, noted for his reckless daring and his herculean strength. He was the only European in India who vanquished every native wrestler pitted against him, and his throw of a hammer, marked in one of the up-country stations, has not been equalled. This very capable man of war, having cried quits with the British army, found his way into the Ameer's service, and will probably cross swords with his former brethren in arms.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER III.

THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT. — ASSIZE TOWNS: ENNIS, LIMERICK.

The Munster Circuit. — Advice to a young barrister; for and against going circuit. — Ennis; why so called; description of the town. — Character of Clare peasantry in former days. — Faction fights — Catholic clergy establish concord. — Poem by John Banim, "The Old Man at the Altar." — Anecdote relating to a trial for faction fighting. — Matt Canny. — Have attorneys the right to address juries in the presence of the bar? — Matt Canny's speech. — O'Connell defends by an *alibi*. — Suspicious evidence. — The Rector's secret. — A jovial jury. — Limerick; a glance at its history. — Cathedral bells. — "The Bell Founder," by D. F. McCarthy. — Garryowen. — Castleconnell. — Mr Flatley and Ned Lysaght. — Limerick City. — The bar mess. — Stale pie-crust. — Changed habits of Irish gentry. — O'Grady at the theatre. — Waggett's comparison of Charley Carroll to an owl. — O'Connell *v.* M'Mahon's boots. — O'Connell's skill in defending clients. — Mr. Madden's estimate of O'Connell as an advocate. — Celebrated libel case. — O'Connell's address as a candidate for the recordership of Limerick.

A VETERAN in the profession, addressing a new-fledged barrister, told him if he attended to his advice he would save him about fifty pounds per annum for seven years. The young aspirant for legal honors was all attention. "Don't go circuit," was the senior's recommendation. Yet, like *Punch's* "advice to people about to marry" — "Don't!" it is, I believe, oftener given than taken, and the first thing most gentlemen do, on getting called, is to select their circuit. O'Connell was of this number, and chose the Munster. There were divers good and sufficient reasons for doing so.

The Munster circuit comprises the counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork, and differs in some respects, as far as bar etiquette is concerned, from the others, especially in there being no ballot for admission. But perhaps this is the best mode of upholding the dignity and respectability of the Munster bar, for if any one attempted to join the circuit against whose fair fame a breath could be whispered, most assuredly he would soon discover that he had better have undergone the ordeal of the severest scrutiny, rather than encounter the entrenchments within which Munster bar preserves its high character. However, for the credit of the profession, we may be permitted to mention that rarely has the necessity occurred of tabooing a new-comer; indeed, we only remember two instances in twelve years. Yet although, in a pecuniary light, going circuit usually is, for some years, a positive loss, in many important respects it is an actual gain. It is assuredly a gain to a young man entering on his professional career to associate in the close and intimate companionship of circuit with a body of gentlemen of the highest character for respectability and legal knowledge. Most young men devoted to their profession require some inducement to divert them from "the books." Even those who have climbed the rugged heights and attained the pinnacle of fame are often wearied and exhausted from the labor of the ascent; they need variety if they deny themselves repose, and to them the circuit is agreeable recreation. It draws them from the dull routine of town practice, the fagging day in the courts, the night of labor in the study. They betake themselves to the circuit, and if near the coast, each day gives them a ramble along the shingly beach, where the rolling surf sends the salt spray into their bloodless faces, or, wandering inland, whistling winds rustle the leaves as they stroll through the shady grove. They leave behind them the gossip of clubs, the tales of coteries, the bustle of the streets, the rumors of "the Hall," for the dramatic displays of Irish witnesses, the companionship of those whom association and friendship have endeared. Is it nothing to the young barrister to share the social converse of men, the splendor of whose genius may kindle the latent fires in his untried mind? Well has our own Curran described such

influence when reminding Chief Baron Lord Avonmore of their early companionship: "Of those attic nights, and those refections of the gods, which we have spent with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us, over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Yes, my good lord, I see you do not forget them. I see their sacred forms passing in sad review before your memory. I see your pained and softened fancy recalling those happy meetings, when the innocent enjoyment of social mirth expanded into the nobler warmth of social virtue, and the horizon of the board become enlarged into the horizon of man; when the swelling heart conceived and communicated the pure and generous purpose; when my slenderer and younger taper imbibed its borrowed light from the more matured and redundant fountain of yours. Yes, my lord, we can remember those nights with no other regret than that they can nevermore return; for,

"We spent them not in toys or lust or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poesy,
Arts which I loved, for they, my friend, were thine."

Ennis, the chief town of county Clare, is the first town of the circuit, and the hotel known by the appellation of "The Gridiron" was the house where the bar mess was formerly held. Many a tale could we unfold respecting the landladies, for there were no less than three; but we must at once introduce the reader to the town. The first glance we had did not convey a favorable idea; it showed us, as in the days of O'Connell, a very disorderly line of streets, the old parts huddled together as if for protection in their poverty, and the suburbs a collection of miserable cabins of the worst class. Ennis is watered by the river Fergus, which surrounds the portion of land on which the town was orignally built: thence called Innis or Ennis, — an island. The river displays little picturesque beauty in the vicinity of the town, but contents itself with performing its useful work of ministering to the sanitary wants of the inhabitants. It is also navigable for boats, and the presence of these marks of commercial enterprise give an air of liveliness to the stream. We passed through streets, crooked, narrow, and irregular, unswept, uncleaned, and uneven, to the old court-house, which was quite in keeping with the rest of the buildings, — old and inconvenient. It was built when little attention had been paid to comfort, and ornament in public buildings was a thing unknown. How much the march of improvement has progressed since! In the altered streets, in the comfort and respectability of the hotels, the improved appearance of the town, and above all, in the new court-house, of the Ionic order of architecture, evidence is given of advancement and progress.

The character of the people also has undergone an important change. Education is rapidly raising them in the social scale, and inducing habits of thrift, energy, and enterprise, which, if accompanied by temperance and order, will assuredly render them prosperous and happy. The ferocious system of bloodshed and battery called "faction fighting," entailing hereditary enmity descending from "bleeding sire to son," is now nearly obsolete. In no locality was it more prevalent than in the county of Clare, and assizes after assizes witnessed the melancholy spectacle of neighbors prosecuting one another for the most sanguinary assaults, arising from a feud which originated in some quarrel between their forefathers generations before. In these cases O'Connell was usually engaged for the dock. It is possible this system was derived fron the *lax talionis* permitted by the Brehon law, which in many respects resembled the Jewish; and as the Israelites were indebted to the Egyptians for their learning, we may easily believe the same source

supplied the Brehon with his code, especially when we recollect that Ireland was colonized by the Phœnicians, whose country joined Palestine. During the great Clare election, when Daniel O'Connell opposed Mr. Vesey Fitzgerald, every effort was made to unite the peasantry, in order more powerfully to achieve the return of the idol of the people. The Catholic clergymen knew that unless they established concord between the hostile factions this would not be accomplished, and they strained their energies to attain this end. They were eminently successful, and the incident narrated in the following lines occurred in a mountain chapel in Clare, while the election was in progress. The lines, by my respected friend, the late John Banim, are entitled, "The Old Man at the Altar."

An old man he knelt at the altar
His enemy's hand to take.
And at first his faint voice did falter,
And his feeble limbs did shake.
For his only brave boy — his glory —
Had been stretched at the old man's feet
A corpse, all so pale and gory,
By the hand that he now must greet.

The old man he soon stopped speaking;
And rage, that had not gone by,
From under his brows came breaking
Up into his enemy's eye.
And now his hands were not shaking,
But clinched o'er his breast, were crossed
And he looked a fierce look, to be taking
Revenge for the boy he had lost.

But the old man he looked around him,
And thought of the place he was in,
And thought of the vow that bound him,
And thought that revenge is sin.
And then, crying tears like a woman,
"Your hand," he cried, "ay, *that* hand!
And I do forgive you, foeman,
For the sake of our bleeding land."

An amusing anecdote arose out of one of these trials during the Ennis assizes. The two judges of assize were taking a morning walk ere they commenced the labors of the day, and having proceeded along the high road, beheld some fine, athletic countrymen advancing towards them. They had evidently come a considerable distance, and evinced eagerness to reach Ennis. When they were about to pass the judges, one of the peasants, addressing them, said, "Maybe, gintlemen, ye were in the court yesterday?"

"Yes, my man," replied Baron ——, smiling at the little knowledge of their persons evinced by the question.

"And can your Honor tell me what became of the O'Shaughnessys?" naming the party indicted for the riot and battery.

"I cannot," replied Baron ——, who tried the civil business; "but I think that gentleman," looking towards his associate in the commission, "very likely knows all about them."

"Yes, my lad," said Mr. Justice ——, "they were acquitted."

"Oh, be the powers," exclaimed the countrymen, "*they must have had great interest!*"

One of the most extraordinary characters attending the Ennis assizes was an attorney named Matt Caney, popularly known as "Mad Matt." Subsequently to the passing of the 6th and 7th William IV., c. 114, — the Prisoners' Counsel Act, — Matt was engaged in the defence of a prisoner indicted for firing at a Mr. T——, who, by using his rights as landlord with more vigor than suited the notions of his tenants, became very unpopular, and a marked man in the country. The preliminary form of a threatening letter, containing a rough drawing of a coffin, with a hint to prepare to occupy the same, having produced no effect save rendering Mr. T—— more careful of his person, and procuring the aid of the police to escort him about, one day, while a little less cautious than usual, he was fired upon *from behind* as he walked in the streets of Killaloe, but fortunately the bullet missed the victim. The prisoner, who stood near, was at once taken into custody, and the crown prosecuted. The case for the crown having closed, Mr. Canny rose to address the jury on behalf of his client. A barrister interposed, and, addressing the judge, submitted, "That no attorney, in the presence

of the bar, had a right to address the jury; that this was the privilege of the bar, and the late statute did not annul it, for it confined the right of full defence by counsel or attorney to the courts where attorneys practise as counsel."

The judge, Baron R——, considered the strict rule to be as stated by counsel, but would allow Mr. Canny to address the jury in this instance, with the understanding that it was not to form a precedent. Folding his robe about him, the judge leaned back in his seat, and Matt rose in front of the jury-box. The court-house was still in expectation of an eloquent appeal, when Matt commenced: "My lord and gentlemen of the jury, surely a man can't see from the back of his head, *unless he has eyes in his poll?*" The judge looked amazement, which Matt took for approbation. "Well, then, gentlemen, may I ask you, how can you believe one word the prosecutor has sworn?" Here Matt paused, and the judge said, "Pray, proceed, Mr. Canny." "I'm done, my lord," replied Matt, sitting down, while the court rang with laughter at this pithy speech.

"Well, Mr. Canny," observed Baron R——, "your speech has one quality, certainly, to recommend it, — brevity." He summed up, and the jury, as if in admiration of Matt's eloquence, immediately brought in a verdict of "Not Guilty."

The view which a jury often take of a case, to the professional auditor opposed to all notions of justice, was exemplified in a case tried at one period in the criminal court at Ennis. The prisoner was indicted for an assault with intent to commit a robbery. The prosecutor described the offence. "That as he was returning from the fair of Kilkishun, about seven o'clock in the evening, having the price of his cow in his pocket to pay the landlord, when he got to a lonesome bit of the road, two men, one of whom was the prisoner in the dock, rushed upon him, and the prisoner swore he would blow his brains out if the money was not immediately given. That on shouting for help, some men, also returning from the fair, came towards them, and then the robbers ran away; but next day, he got the police, and took the prisoner, whose face he knew."

He underwent a strict cross-examination by O'Connell as to the quantity of whiskey he drank at the fair, the degree of light at the time of the year, the possibility of his being mistaken in the identity of the prisoner, all of which he replied to most triumphantly. "He drank no whiskey, only took two pints of porter. There was fine light at seven o'clock of a May evening, and when the prisoner gripped his collar, and swore he'd blow his brains out, he looked hard at him, for he gave him good cause to remember him — and he did." The defence was an *alibi*.

The rector of a wild, mountainous parish bordering the coast, where cormorants and seagulls, screaming among the wave-worn rocks, alone vary the sounds of the dash and roar of the breakers as they roll upon the shelving shore, appeared to give evidence on behalf of the prisoner. He mounted the table with a firm step, bowed courteously to the judge, and took his seat in the witness-chair with the ease of a well-bred gentleman. His countenance was very prepossessing, clear blue eyes beamed kindness, and his gray hair imparted an amount of veneration to his fine features. Having been sworn, he answered the questions of the prisoner's counsel most readily. "He knew the man in the dock, he (the prisoner) was in his employment. He remembered the 19th of May. The prisoner remained in his house during that evening; the prisoner was with him. He was in his house from five o'clock in the evening until very late; they did not part until midnight. If any one swore the prisoner was miles away at seven o'clock, he could not be telling truth."

Mr. Bennett, the leading crown counsel, cross-examined the reverend gentleman. "He had known the prisoner long, attended the assizes without any application from the prisoner or his friends, because he knew he was innocent of the crime with which he stood charged, and he could not allow an innocent man to suffer for an act he was guiltless of. The prisoner remained at work for him till very late on the night of the day laid in the indictment."

"What work?" The witness refused to tell. Mr. Bennett tried in every way to discover, without avail, and he had to give up the task in despair. This was thought very suspicious, and notwithstanding the respectable appearance and demeanor of the clergyman, his evidence was so defective, in respect to his refusal to state the employment of the prisoner, that it failed to displace the story of the prosecutor. The judge left the credibility of both to the jury, who unhesitatingly acquitted the prisoner. A considerable time elapsed before Mr. Bennett again met the clergyman. They were travelling *tête-à-tête* in a coach, and Mr. Bennett expressed his desire, if not too intrusive, to know why he withheld the nature of the employment of the man indicted some years before for attempting the robbery.

"Well, now that you are not in court," replied his companion, "and I have no fears of your taking advantage of my confession, I have no objection to tell you what the prisoner was doing for me on the evening in question. *He was distilling potteen.*"

As instances of want of decorum on the part of jurors are of rare occurrence, we must record, for the singularity of the case, an amusing scene which took place at Ennis in the time of the old court-house.

A tenant farmer was indicted for forgery, in altering a receipt given him by an agent named Carrick, who proved the case. The receipt as given was for seven pounds seven shillings, and this was altered into seventeen pounds seventeen shillings. The agent detected the forgery on reference to his books, and his books were kept, he stated, with the greatest accuracy. The prisoner was ably defended, and, on a close scrutiny of the books, they did not entirely bear out the character given of them, for interlineations and erasures were seen. With the natural suggestion that there had been no forgery in the case, that the prisoner had paid his seventeen pounds seventeen shillings, and got the receipt, although the entry in the agent's book only recorded £7 7*s.*, the case went to the jury; one of them had some previous knowledge of the way the books were kept. The jury, disagreeing, were given in charge to bailiffs, and locked up in their room. The judge, bar, and all spectators left the court-house, which was only occupied by the prisoner, who remained with the turnkey in the dock; so that, in the event of the jury intimating they had agreed to their verdict, the judge might attend at once to receive it. Now, the old court-house had a window opening from the jury-room towards the street, and finding themselves unable to agree to a verdict, there was much more unanimity in agreeing for eatables and drinkables, and, by the simple process of a clothes-basket and a rope, means and appliances for a regular spree were hauled in from the "Gridiron." Elated by the quantity of liquor consumed, the jury sallied forth, got into the next room, the bar dressing-room, and finding the gowns of the barristers hanging from the racks, and the wigs in the boxes, attired themselves in bar robes, and proceeded into the court to have a trial of their own. The prisoner saw at a glance what was going forward, and entered into the fun with great glee. "Troth, gintlemen," he exclaimed, "long life to ye, but you are standing to me well; and if it would be pleasing to ye, shure I 'll send out for a gallon of spirits to treat ye." This spirited offer, perhaps the first

ever made under such circumstances, was politely declined, for the jury had had quite enough, and having played out their play, returned to their room, and awaited the opening of the court.

Next morning the warning trumpet signified the approach of the judge, and, hardly recovered from the night's dissipation, the jury entered the box.

"Well, gentlemen," inquired the clerk of the crown when the jury took their seats, "have you agreed to your verdict? Is the prisoner guilty or not guilty?"

"No," answered the foreman, with a drowsy yawn, "we've not agreed."

"Any chance of your agreeing, gentlemen?" asked his lordship.

"None, my lord," said the foreman; "we're nine to seven."

"Nine to seven!" repeated the judge in amazement. "Are there sixteen on the jury?"

"My lord," interposed another, "'t is all a mistake; he means seven to four."

"Seven to four, Mr. Sheriff!" asked the perplexed judge. "Can you explain what all this means?"

"Seven to five — we're seven to five," sung out two of the more sobered jurors.

"Mr. Sheriff," asked the judge, gravely, "could you not keep this jury from refreshments?"

"No, my lord, I could not," replied the sheriff.

"'T is shameful, with the power you command. Do you not know, sir, you had the *posse comitatus* to assist you? If it ever occurs again, I shall fine you heavily," said the judge. Then, turning to the jury, he asked, "Would there be any use in reading over my notes to you again, gentlemen?"

"If you please, my lord, we would be very glad," said one of the jury, anxious for some assistance in the case. They listened most attentively to the learned judge, and when he finished, had their minds made up to *acquit the prisoner.*

The liberated man was afterwards asked, "Did you alter the receipt?" "Troth I did," said he. "I thought 't would never be noticed, for I was reckoned mighty *handy* with the pen."

Many other recollections of Ennis present themselves to notice, but we must not dwell upon them. From this town, where O'Connell afterwards was returned to Parliament as member for the county of Clare, the barristers proceed to Limerick.

Limerick, the second assize town of the Munster circuit, has greatly improved since the days when O'Connell first went round. It is situated in the rich and fertile vale watered by the mighty Shannon, and is full of historic memories. The Danes took possession of it in the ninth century, and made it one of the chief ports, surrounding with walls and defending by towers the portion now called the English town. When Brian Boroimbh, the victor of Clontarf, whose palace of Kincora was near this city, expelled the Danes from Inniscattery, and reduced those of Limerick, he allowed their countrymen to remain in this city on condition of their paying an annual tribute, said to have been three hundred and sixty-two casks of wine of thirty-two gallons each. Its history during the time of James II. has more interest for us. Here the last struggle made by the Irish for the house of Stuart took place. The events of that period offered numerous proofs of Irish valor; and the conduct of Sarsfield in particular excites feelings of respect and admiration, for whether in the field or in the council, whether blowing up the cannon of the besiegers while on the way to the batteries, or in his fidelity to the treaty of surrender, which was hardly signed when the cannon of the French fleet, hastening to the succor of the garrison, was heard within the yet guarded walls, he was alike honorable and brave. The treaty-stone is pointed out on the Clare side of the river,— a solid block of stone. The cathedral is a striking looking church of great antiquity, containing several interest-

ing monuments. The bells of this church are believed to have been cast by an Italian, who placed them in a convent in Italy. The sweet sound of these chimes solaced his soul when he was bereft of his children by the wars between Francis I. and Charles V. War desolated the district in which he lived, and he had to fly. When he returned the bells were gone. Having no tie to bind him, no inducement to remain, he resolved to go forth through the world in order to discover his only remaining children on earth, his beloved bells. We shall use, instead of simple prose, the flowing verse of one of our country's best poets: — *

A bark bound for Erin lay waiting, he entered like one in a dream;
Fair winds in the full purple sails led him soon to the Shannon's broad stream.
'T was an evening that Florence might envy, so rich was the lemon-hued air,
As it lay on lone Scattery's Island, or lit the green mountains of Clare.
The wide-spreading old giant river rolled his waters as smooth and as still
As if Oonagh, with all her bright nymphs, had come down from the far, fair hill,
To fling her enchantments around on the mountains, the air, and the tide,
And to soothe the worn heart of the old man who looked from the dark vessel's side.

Borne on the current, the vessel glides smoothly but swiftly away,
By Carrigaholt, and by many a green, sloping headland and bay,
'Twixt Cratloe's blue hills and green woods, and the soft, sunny shores of Tervoe,
And now the fair city of Limerick spreads out on the broad bank below.
Still nearer and nearer approaching, the mariners look o'er the town,
The old man sees nought but St. Mary's square towers, with the battlements brown.
He listens — as yet all is silent; but now, with a sudden surprise,
A rich peal of melody rings from that tower through the clear, sunny skies.

One note is enough — his eye moistens, his heart, long so withered, outswells:
He has found them, — the sons of his labor, his musical, magical bells!
At each stroke all the bright past returneth, around him the sweet Arno shines,
His children, his darling Francesca, his purple-clad trellis of vines.
Leaning forward, he listens, he gazes — he hears in that wonderful strain
The long-silent voices that murmur, "Oh, leave us not, father, again!"
'T is granted he smiles, his eye closes. The breath from his white lips hath fled,
The father has gone to his children, the old Campanero is dead!

The environs of the city are not without their reminiscences. Garryowen, or Owen's Garden, was as celebrated as Donnybrook for the citizens of Dublin, or Blarney for the natives of Cork, — a sylvan haunt where revelry and hilarity were enjoyed. Freedom from arrest for debt may fairly be anticipated where no credit is given, and this, according to the song, was the case with Garryowen: —

"'T is there we 'll drink the nut-brown
And pay the reckoning on the nail,
No man for debt shall go to jail
From Garryowen na gloria!"

But the glory of Garryowen, like other honors in this transitory world, passed away, and it is now chiefly remembered as having been the scene of the opening of Gerald Griffin's admirable novel "The Collegians."*

The scenery along the river to Castledermott, by the falls of Doonass, is extremely picturesque. Near this latter place resided, many years ago, a gentleman named Flatley. He occupied a spacious house, with a green lawn sloping to the Shannon, and, embosomed in trees, it looked the picture of comfort. He was a social, hospitable man, and having a number of friends among the members of the Munster bar, used to entertain them constantly during the assizes. Everything internally was in keeping with the exterior, and this was faultless. Ned Lysaght one day jokingly rallied the host on not having a wife to share his domestic comfort. The bachelor blushed, and with a sigh replied, "I do not deny my wish to change my condition; but my timidity is such I never could muster courage to propose, for a refusal would be the death of me."

"Oh, if that 's all," rejoined the wit, "don't hesitate. If you ask one of

* *Vide* "The Bell Founder," by D. F. M'Carthy.

* The capital sensation drama, "The Colleen Bawn," is founded on this story, which had its origin in a case tried at the Limerick assizes.

those fair Limerick girls *boldly*, she never will refuse you *Flatley*."

The city is extensive, comprised of the Irish town, the English town, and Newtown Pery. The first is the more ancient district, and the streets are narrow; the second is also very ancient, the houses somewhat of foreign aspect, with peaked gables and ornamented windows. Newtown Pery, called after the Earl of Limerick's family, is modern, and contains several handsome streets. There is also a square, with a monument in the centre. The bar mess, latterly, was held in Swinburne's, a large, rambling hotel, where we sometimes had occasion to grumble at the way dinner was served. We remember a dish of pastry, with the pie-crust hard and dry as a piece of wood. One of the bar (now a judge in the Court of Queen's Bench) once asked a quick-witted waiter, "How often has that pie been brought to this table?"

The *garçon* promptly replied, "Why then, troth, sir, I don't know, *for I was not here at the last assizes!*"

There is, perhaps, no class of men whose habits and manners have changed more for the better within the last half-century than the Irish country gentry. The hard-drinking, swearing, dissolute race, whose intellectual amusements were at a very low ebb, whose reading seldom soared beyond the racing calendar or the country newspaper, have departed, and an intelligent, well-informed, well-educated race has succeeded. We trust habits of business acquired at the poor-law boards, meetings of agricultural societies and for the formation of railway companies, conduce to this. We therefore could never meet any incivility in the present day like that mentioned to have occurred in Limerick in 1812. During the Limerick assizes of the spring of that year, Standish O'Grady said, "O'Connell, I am going to the play. Will you come?"

"No," said Dan; "the play to-night is under the patronage of the grand jury. They are sure to be there; and I know they are not the pleasantest society to meet after dinner."

O'Connell, with others, remained in the bar-room at their mess, and before half an hour elapsed O'Grady joined them.

"Well, Standish," said Dan, "I thought you went to the theatre?"

"So I did," he replied; "but faith, Dan, you are right. I had not been many minutes in the box when about a dozen noisy fellows came tumbling in. It was soon crowded, and observing that one of them had his head close to the peg on which I had hung my hat, I said quite politely, 'I hope, sir, my hat does not incommode you: if it does, pray allow me to remove it.' 'Faith,' said he, 'you may be sure it does not incommode me; for if it did, my tight fellow, I'd have kicked it out of the box, and yourself after it.' So for fear this worthy juror should change his mind as to the necessity of such a vigorous measure — and I don't like being kicked — I put on my hat and took myself off."

It was at Limerick, Waggett made the following very extraordinary speech, which has been preserved.* He was counsel for the defendant in an action, and if his instructions had been, as it is stated such instructions were once given, "Abuse the plaintiff's attorney," he could not have obeyed them better. He was, however, too high-principled to do so without just reason; and in this instance the plaintiff's attorney was a person who was remarkable for his litigious propensities. This case, however colorable in point of law, was most oppressive, and likely to call forth Waggett's oratorical powers; the court-house was densely thronged.

When the plaintiff's case closed, the utmost anxiety prevailed, and Waggett rose to open the defendant's case. He looked nervously round, and fixing his eagle glance on the unblushing at-

* *Vide* Mr. Madden's "Revelations of the South of Ireland," p. 35.

torney, commenced his speech. Instead of the formal, "Gentlemen of the jury," he began with, "'Long live the Sultan Haroun!' said the owl in the Arabian tale." The judge started uneasily on the bench, the jury looked one to another, and the bar and public waited with curiosity to learn what would follow this strange exordium. Amidst the silence Waggett resumed, "'Long live the Sultan Haroun!' said the owl in the Arabian tale. 'While he lives we'll have ruined palaces and roofless cottages to roost in. Widows shall bewail their husbands, and orphans weep for their murdered parents. While he lives there shall be gloom upon the land, and the light of day shall shine upon desolation. Long live the Sultan Haroun!' continued the owl, 'in order that the birds of ill-omen may brood over congenial gloom'; and long live Charley Carroll," cried Waggett, turning to the plaintiff's attorney, and pointing his finger at him, "long live Charley Carroll, says the professor of the law. While he lives clients shall he ruined, and litigation shall fill the courts with half-ruined suitors; while he lives the lawyer's purse shall be increased, and the trader's wealth diminished; while he lives there shall be endless contention amongst neighbors, and friends shall be made to hate each other. The father shall quarrel with the son, and brother shall turn against the sister." "He went on pursuing this metaphor," adds Mr. Madden, "and denounced the attorney, who cowered with downcast head under the vehement and eloquent invective."

O'Connell was very particular in the observance of decorum. He had been very kind to a young barrister named M'Mahon who went the Munster circuit. The aristocratic members of the circuit did not like him, as they did not think him respectable enough to associate with them. It was said his father was in trade; this had the effect of inducing O'Connell to show him greater civility. It happened, however, that the brother of this despised junior had reached the rank of colonel in the army, and became a favorite with his Majesty George IV., who made him keeper of the privy purse. When it was considered likely the sunshine of royal favor would be reflected from Colonel M'Mahon upon the member of the Munster bar, a change over the spirit of those who long kept him at arm's length. Some were in extremes, jumped from superciliousness to servility, and toadied him in the most offensive manner. One wet day while on circuit at Limerick, M'Mahon came to court, and before entering the bar-room exchanged his shoes, which were soiled by the muddy streets, and put on a pair of slippers. One of the obsequious juniors, thinking to oblige the rising sun, brought the shoes, which the owner had left outside, into the room, and placed them to dry inside the fender. O'Connell came into the bar-room shortly after, and seeing the steaming shoes, demanded whose they were.

"M'Mahon's," replied the toady; "I put them there to air."

O'Connell put the toe of his boot into each of them, and kicked them towards the door in M'Mahon's presence, saying to the young jackal, "You should be compelled to carry out these nuisances. Placing them in the fireplace under our noses is a great outrage."

M'Mahon, instead of taking part with the offender, said, "O'Connell, you are quite right."

As a good deal of O'Connell's circuit practice was defending prisoners, it will be instructive to consider how he conducted himself in that delicate office. The best quality a prisoner's advocate can possess is discretion, and that was O'Connell's most prominent feature. He never put a damaging question. Beneath an assumed careless, indifferent style he was weighing and watching every turn of the case with unwearied vigilance. He loved to lead the crown counsel on the wrong track, and

risked nothing of his client's case. Before the passing of the 6th and 7th William IV., c. 114, — the Prisoners' Counsels' Act, — prisoners had not the advantage of their counsel's speech to the jury; but O'Connell acquired the knack of *insinuating*, not one, but a dozen speeches to the jury while cross-examining a witness. He would put a question sure to bring up the crown prosecutor with, "My lord, I object to that question." This was all O'Connell wanted. "You see, my lord," he would urge, "I had every right to put that question. It is quite material, and I am surprised at my learned friend's objection. If the witness answers in the affirmative, it is plain as a pike-staff my client is entitled to an acquittal; and if in the negative, it contradicts the case stated by the crown," etc. *

In many cases, where the evidence was bearing hard on the prisoner he defended, he would attempt to get in some evidence quite impossible by any rule of law; and on being stopped, would assume the most indignant air, fling down his brief, cast upon the judge the responsibility of his *innocent* client's fate, and swagger out of court. The judge, deterred often by the awful responsibility thus thrown upon him, would leave some saving doubt to the jury, and the prisoner either escaped by an acquittal, or the jury disagreed. In civil cases he was most powerful. He thoroughly became the litigating party, and merged his individual identity in the person of his client. He was always wary and vigilant. Nothing escaped him that served his case. He was quite a man of business, and his business was to win. He was an excellent arithmetician, and more than once got a verdict by this accomplishment alone. A friend of ours, who knew him thoroughly, has recorded the following estimate of his professional talents: "His combination of worldly knowledge and professional information, his aptness and ingenuity, his exhaustless supply of humor, his torrents of caustic ridicule, his zeal for his client, and untiring physical energies, rendered him altogether matchless at the Irish bar."

One of the most celebrated records ever tried was the case of —— *v.* Grady, of the Munster circuit. This case was tried at the Limerick assizes in 1816.

The libel was a satirical poem called "The Nosegay." Some few extracts will give the best notion of the ferocious mind which concocted such a diabolical and scurrilous production. The scene of the poem is supposed to be a court of justice, before which the party libelled is indicted for every crime that can degrade man below the level of humanity.

"Come ——, for tardy Justice takes her seat,
Convicted usurer, convicted cheat;
In every mischief aider or abettor,
Self-vaunted infidel and tampering traitor.
In daring prime, in principles unbuckled,
Reluctant subject, voluntary cuckold.
. . . . . .
See round the court, of youths debauched, a group,
Who sucked thy poisons while they supped thy soup;
Who haunt thy dinners, emulous to share
Thy half-digested extracts from Voltaire,
Whose finer taste thy sense could never hit,
Which caught th' impiety, but not the wit.
Dinners, where mischief 's never at a stand,
Atheist and sharper joining hand in hand,
Blest from combining to ingulf the whole,
To sink the property and damn the soul!"

In reference to his usurious charges we read, —

"See on one side some minor, ruined boys,
Whose lands you mortgaged to sustain their joys,
Who pay for nights in these sad vigils spent
A mild retributive of cent per cent."

The libel then gives currency to a popular idea that Charles Fox, while playing at *quinze* with this individual, and suspecting foul play, drove a fork through the hand of the gambler, exclaiming, "For five thousand guineas the five of clubs is under that hand!" On examining the hand, which was said to have been transfixed to the table, the card indicated was found, which showed that unfair play was going on.

* Daniel Owen Madden on "Ireland and its Rulers," Part I, p. 25.

"But see aloft, and near the sheriff's box,
The black-browed spectre of poor Charles Fox,
See, with one hand his angry eyes he rubs,
And in the other holds a five of clubs.
Some fools assert plurality of wives —
Thy doctrine was plurality of fives;
And by this doctrine, heterodox and rank,
You built a palace and you stocked a bank;
But sold the palace, when no neighbor came,
Marked while you lived there — mansion of ill-fame."

This statement with respect to Fox having driven a fork through Mr. ——'s hand was contradicted by a gentleman who often had an opportunity of seeing if any mark remained, and declared there was nothing visible. It was, however, rumored that Fox had been cheated, and this gambler went from London to Paris, where he amassed £20,000. The conclusion of the satire was terrific.

"Yet in the dark and dreadful midnight hour,
O God, this caitiff owns thy sovereign power!
It happened once, by some unlucky doom,
I lay, not slept, in his adjoining room;
'T was then I witnessed of his soul the pangs,
The stripes of conscience, and of guilt the fangs.
Scared by fierce visions from his feverish rest,
He saw ten thousand daggers at his breast.
'Murder, ye villains! Murder!' he exclaimed,
And of his many victims some he named;
Now seemed the pistol's menace to evade,
And parried now the visionary blade;
Now the most hellish imprecations uttered,
Now, half suppressed, the litany he muttered;
And now, confounding blessed spirits with evil,
Invoked by turns the Saviour and the Devil.
Thus pass his nights, which fear and fury share,
A sad melange of blasphemy and prayer."

For this atrocious publication an action was brought against Mr. Thomas Grady. The damages were laid at a large sum, and several thousands were given. This caused the libeller to leave the country, and the reports of the trial were suppressed.

As the office of Recorder of Limerick was expected to become vacant in September, 1820, on the 14th of July, in that year, O'Connell addressed the following letter, announcing himself a candidate: —

"To the Mayor, Sheriffs, and Citizens of the City of Limerick.

"Merrion Square.

"*Gentlemen*, — I beg leave respectfully to announce my intention to offer myself, at the next vacancy, as a candidate for the office of Recorder of your ancient and loyal Corporation.

"To maintain the privileges and franchises of that Corporation, to identify the common council with the resident citizens according to the right and ancient usage, to administer justice without delay, and at the smallest possible expense, and to exercise all the functions of the office of Recorder with the most pure impartiality, — such are the duties of the office to which I aspire. To discharge these duties diligently and conscientiously (if I shall be elected to that office) is my fixed and unalterable determination.

"To make an individual canvass appears to me inconsistent with that feeling of delicacy which ought to belong to the judicial character. I do not desire that any man should vote for me unless he is in his conscience convinced I am competent in professional skill and experience, and, above all, that I should act as your Recorder with perfect impartiality and disinterestedness.

"I have the honor to be, gentlemen,
"Your most obedient servant,
"Daniel O'Connell."

It is supposed this letter was written, not with a view to his undertaking the duties of the office, but to try the right of the citizens to elect their Recorder. When the time for appointing arrived, O'Connell did not press the subject. The existing Recorder, who had, it appears, acted in so prevaricating a manner, as a witness before the House of Commons, that he was committed to Newgate by the speaker's warrant, was reappointed by the council, but the citizens memorialized the lord lieutenant not to sanction the nomination, and Mr. Carew Smith was appointed in his stead.

To be continued.

Thomas Jefferson, when Minister to France, being presented at Court, some eminent functionary remarked, "You replace Dr. Franklin, sir." "I succeed him," was Mr. Jefferson's prompt reply, "no man can replace him."

MURDER WILL OUT; OR, THE VENGEANCE OF GOD.

THE sad story of Mary E. Surratt's death has been revived. Lord, of Baltimore, Richardson, of Boston, and Pittman, the Court Reporter at conspiracy trials, and now of Cincinnati, each published his version of it. As I was in Washington at the time of the trial and judicial murder, I send you my views on the subject.

Thirteen years have come and gone since the bullet of John Wilkes Booth was sped forth on its horrible mission of assassination. Mary E. Surratt died on the gallows in atonement for the great crime, with which it is now known she had neither lot nor part. Two martyrs to the deed of the satanic youth! The one was the beloved chief magistrate of the triumphant Republic, innocent, unsuspecting, and hurled headlong into eternity; the other a pious Christian widow, equally innocent, and dragged forth, hooded and masked and ironed, to the gallows, where they strangled her to death.

For some time after her execution the demon of wrath stalked abroad through the land, and the multitude said "Amen" to her death. But the evidence of her innocence could not be covered up for long. Now and then we heard two or three remorseful revelations uttered through the lips of Congressmen, showing that somebody was not at peace within, that the blood of a woman had left its stains on the conscience of one or more of the actors in the conspiracy trials. Presently Gen. Butler arraigns Bingham, and tells him he will have to account to God for the life of Mrs. Surratt, and Bingham, agitated at the malediction, started like a guilty thing affrighted. Presently Senator Jim Lane, who with Secretary Stanton, Judge Holt, and Senator King, had taken active part in preventing the daughter of Mrs. Surratt from seeing President Johnson, and telling that infatuated and perhaps misled executioner to stay his hand and not to do murder on the innocent, — presently we saw poor Lane blow out his brains in St. Louis, and then it was said Mr. Lane had never been happy since the taking off of Mrs. Surratt.

After a while Senator King went into a store, and buying several pounds of shot, started for the river. He jumped in and was drowned. At a later day it is observed that an unwonted melancholy sits on Mr. Stanton. For years he had dreamed of and sighed for a bencher's seat in the Supreme Court of the United States. The President's appointment and the Senate's confirmation crown the dream with fulfilment. But the melancholy still rides him like a witch. He has been more or less an invalid for some weeks when the news of the judgeship is conveyed to him. The surgeon-general advises him to take the air, to ride forth among cheerful scenes, and to shake off what he deems the despondency of a sick-room. The attendant is sent for to shave Mr. Stanton, and they prevail on him to ride down as far as the Capitol. The barber finishes the toilet, and the dressing-case is closed and returned to the bureau-drawer. For a short time the ex-secretary is left alone. When some members of the household re-enter the room, Edwin M. Stanton is discovered stretched out on the floor, with a horrible gash in his throat and a razor by his side. Surgeon-General Barnes is flashed for by telegraph, but it is too late. Stanton is past surgery; and the life-blood spurts over the walls and floor. The arch-chief of Mrs. Surratt's executioners has executed murder on himself, and the spirit of the martyred woman, with blood and manacles, such as glazed the eyes of the beholders at the Arsenal, seems to flit across the chamber of the suicide. As if conscious that another link had been forged to the chain which appeared to drag down to untimely death all those who figured in the execution of Mary Surratt, the friends of Mr. Stanton

attempted to conceal the cause of his shocking end. But sooner or later the facts here stated will be vouched for by those who know them to be true. Surgeon-General Barnes has never denied them. He cannot do so

"From a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver us!" Such is the language of the Christian Litany, the supreme appeal of men for mercy. Did Andrew Johnson, who was deaf to the agonizing shrieks of that poor child of Mrs. Surratt, whom Stanton and King and Lane repulsed from the human mercy-seat, ever appeal to heaven in the beautiful words of the Litany? Was he saved from a sudden and unprovided death when it came his own turn to die? Let it be hoped that it was, for the sake of his eternal salvation. But it cannot be forgotten that the ex-President, after having been hunted down like a wild beast by his own party, and that too when he was trying to do his duty; after having been betrayed and sold out by General Grant in a shameful manner; after having been impeached and tried and almost convicted, and finally after having triumphed over all his foes and been borne back to the Senate on the tidal wave of Democratic ascendency, it cannot, it must not be forgotten that Andrew Johnson fell down in a fit and died of apoplexy almost within the hour which had seen him well and full of lusty life. "From a sudden and unprovided death, O Lord, deliver us!" What a terrible moral do not these pregnant examples teach! Out of the world, hip and thigh, the sword of a higher vengeance than man's hath smitten the shedders of an innocent woman's blood. Is there a Nemesis in pursuit, does the blood of the innocent cry out from the ground, or is it all a mere distortion of sickly brains, an idle array of imaginary coincidences? But the truth is at last fairly afoot. The great black lie which Weichman told is panting and staggering still in front, kept there yet by reason of the love justly felt for the martyred Lincoln, but not to be in the ascendant long. At last the truth catches the lie.

WOMAN'S INFLUENCE.

Leo XII. in Reply to a Deputation of Ladies.

You, dear children, who live in the midst of a perverse world, know but too well how pressing is the need of raising up a barrier against the torrent of iniquity which is rolling onward to-day. Hence it is that, with all the affection of a father who weeps over the ruin of erring children, we earnestly exhort you to continue, and, if possible, to redouble your zeal. Your work can be of vast utility for the cause of God and the church. The woman, formed in the school of Jesus Christ, and animated with His Spirit, is called upon to exercise the most beneficent and salutary influence on the family and on society. Her action, gentle and persuasive, constant and patient, succeeds in touching and influencing souls that are considered to be even the hardest, and results in softening and subduing them. Conceive, therefore, dear children, an adequate idea of your mission, and apply yourselves to a faithful fulfilment of it. This Rome of ours has never been wanting in holy women, in holy heroines, who, by their eminent virtues, have left here in glorious and imperishable memory. Even in the trying times of persecution these holy women, unconquerable in the sincere profession of their faith, ready, if necessary, to give their lives for it, devoted themselves to the conversion of their husbands, and came to the aid of the persecuted faithful, either by sheltering them in their homes, visiting them in their dungeons, or sending them the succor of their alms. Thus it was with Cecilia, with Praxedis, with Agnes, with Lucina, with Predentiana, and, in later times, with Frances of Rome. Keep these noble models before your eyes and imitate their example; the religion of Jesus Christ is always capable of moulding

heroines like them. And now, dear children, may our blessing, which we impart to you from the depths of our heart, descend abundantly upon you and your families, and serve to you as an encouragement and an example; may it descend in fruitfulness on your works, and may it prosper them so as to derive from them graces and blessings unto life everlasting. Benedictio Dei, etc., etc.

"I LONGED TO BE A CATHOLIC."

HARRIET MARTINEAU was a very remarkable woman. Born at the beginning of the present century, she achieved a brilliant success as an entertaining writer on political economy and a variety of social and domestic subjects. When she died her name had lost much of its early influence and familiarity, but it has been brought to the fore once again by the posthumous publication of her Autobiography, — a book which is full of interest from many points of view. Miss Martineau belonged to a Unitarian family, but as she advanced in life she broadened the basis of her belief, and joined the ranks of the Secularists. Nevertheless we find her declaring in one of her letters that she "longed to be a Catholic," and she certainly exhibited a sense of fair play in her literary attitude towards the Church which was far in advance of the spirit of the days in which she lived and of the people with whom she had to do. There are two striking instances of this in her Autobiography, which we propose to tell as nearly as possible in her own words.

In 1851 Miss Martineau set to work at an novel, and she sent the first volume of it in manuscript to her dear friend, Charlotte Brontë, the immortal author of "Jane Eyre." "She wrote gloriously about it," says Miss Martineau, "but three days after came a pathetic letter from the publisher. He dared not publish it on account of some favorable representations and auguries on behalf of the Catholics. That was a matter on which Charlotte Brontë and I had perpetual controversy, her opinion being one in which I could by no means agree. 'Their good deeds,' said she, 'I don't dispute, but I regard them as the hectic bloom on the cheek of disease. I believe the Catholics, in short, to be always doing evil that good may come.' Yet did my representation of the Catholics in no way shake her faith in the success of my novel; and her opinion reaching the publisher the day after he had written his apprehensions to me aggravated, as he said, his embarrassment and distress. He implored me to lay aside this scheme, and send him a novel like 'Deerbrook.' That was no more in my power now than to go back to thirty years of age. Charlotte Brontë entreated me merely to lay aside my novel, if I would not finish it on speculation, saying that some things in it were equal to or beyond anything I had ever written. I did intend at first to finish it, but other works pressed; the stimulus, and even the conception, passed away; and I beheld the manuscript and memoranda a few months since."

In 1854 Miss Martineau met with another instance of the spirit of intolerance which was then rampart among Protestants, but which has happily since considerably died away. She had been pressingly asked by Charles Dickens to contribute a story to the Christmas number of "Household Words." She selected therefor an historical fact, and embodied it in a tale which she conveyed to Mr. Wills, one of the editors of the magazine. The story was much praised, but it was declined because it "gave a favorable view of some one under the influence of the Catholic faith." "This," says Miss Martineau, "appeared to me so incredible that Mr. Dickens gave me his 'ground' three times over with all possible distinctness, lest there should be any mistake He 'would print nothing which could possibly dispose

any mind whatever in favor of Romanism, even by the example of real good men.' In vain I asked him whether he really meant to ignore all the good men who had lived from the Christian era to three centuries ago; and in vain I pointed out that Père d'Estelan was a hero as a man and not as a Jesuit, at a date and in a region where Romanism was the only Christianity. Mr. Dickens would ignore in any publication of his all good Catholics, and insisted that Peter d'Estelan was what he was as a Jesuit and not as a man, — which was, as I told him, the greatest eulogium I had ever heard passed on Jesuitism. I told him that his way of going to work —suppressing facts advantageous to the Catholics — was the very way to rouse all fair minds in their defence, and that I never before felt so disposed to make popularly known all historical facts in their favor. My confidence and comfort in 'Household Words' were gone; and I could never again write fiction for them, nor anything in which principle or feeling was concerned. But there was worse to come. I had supposed that the editors would of course abstain from publishing any harm of Catholic priests and professors, if they would admit no good; but in this I found myself mistaken, and great was my concern. I had just been reading a short account of the tale called 'The Yellow Mask,' with its wicked priest, when I received from the editor of 'Household Words' another request for an article. I will cite the portion of my letter which contains the reply to this request: 'Another paper from me, you ask! No, not if I were to live twenty years. The last thing that I am likely to do is to write for an anti-Catholic publication, and least of all when it is anti-Catholic on the sly. I have had little hope of 'Household Words' since its proprietors refused to print an historical fact (otherwise approved of) on the ground that the hero was a Jesuit; and now that they follow up this suppression of an honorable truth by the insertion of a dishonoring fiction, they can expect no support from advocates of religious liberty or lovers of fair play. No one wants "Household Words" to enter into any theological implication whatever; but you choose to do it, and must accept accordingly the opinion you thereby excite. I do not forget that you plead duty, and I give you credit for it, precisely as I do the Grand Inquisitor. He consecrates his treatment of heretics by the plea of the dangers of Protestantism, and you justify your treatment of Catholics by the plea of the dangers of Romanism. No, I have no more to say to "Household Words," and you will prefer my telling you plainly why, and giving you this much light on the views your course has occasioned in one who was a hearty well-wisher to "Household Words" as long as possible.'"

Such are the two incidents in Harriet Martineau's Autobiography which illustrate the conventional tone and bearing of Protestants towards Catholicity. How much longer are we to hear from their lips that cuckoo song about Popish intolerance and suppression of inquiry, about free thought and private judgment, and all those other stock-in-trade phrases so void of reality and so wearisomely tolerated?

The very first words that St. Rose of Viterbo learnt to say were the holy names *Jesus*, *Mary*, and the same of St. John the Baptist, whose picture was in the house. When she was only two years old, she used to go to the church of St. Francis; she would kneel down before Jesus in the blessed sacrament, and adore him. She listened to sermons and instructions, and said them by heart afterwards. When she was seven years old, she used to stop day and night praying in her little room, which was so small that it could hold only a bed and a little altar. She did not go out except to hear holy mass at the next church, called St. Mary on the Hill.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER V.

A RIBBONMAN.

It was late that night when Andy M'Kenna came home, and Julia Marron had remained up awaiting his return. In many a cabin and cottage in the country, and many a princely mansion and lonely top-garret in the city, is such a sight to be seen, — a patient wife meekly but anxiously awaiting the return of him who had one day, hearty and buoyant, taken her hand and vowed to make her happy for life. These promises fail; but what need hath our story to say so? Myriads of hearts the country over attest it, moaning, plaintive, and doleful, on the night-wind. Julia was sewing. Her nimble fingers were busy at a pattern, nor was the active mind idle either. A pleasant turf-fire glowed on the hearth, the little kitchen was cleanly swept, and all looked bright and happy.

Her mother had gone to bed. She and a little girl that acted as servant slept in the room off the kitchen; so that Julia, though alone, felt no way lonely.

Look at that man coming along the road. It is dark, and you can scarcely see him. He is staggering and unsteady. He is in drink. He mutters something angrily; he is holding conversation with himself; his language is passionate; he closes his hand and stamps his foot fiercely, and from time to time he grinds his teeth like a savage beast.

'T is for that man Julia Marron is waiting,— waiting with patience and meekness and affection. She thinks of him, but she does not think of him as one drunk and angry. She pictures him coming along, and a smile is on her lip. Again her fears picture him as overtaken by some undefined disaster, and anxiety chills her heart.

He raises the latch of their humble door. Her heart leaps to her mouth, through gladness and through fear. It is he! The words, "It is he," involuntarily fall from her lips. She rises from her chair, she advances to meet him, she welcomes him home. He speaks no word, and he puts forward no hand to greet her. And this, Julia Marron, is the beginning of thy wedded life!

She spread the white cloth on the clean, well-washed deal table, and prepared his repast. He devoured his meal in moody silence; not a word did he speak to his young wife.

The meal being finished, he arose, paced up and down the apartment, and was evidently brewing.

"Andy, something is on your mind," ventured Julia.

He turned on her. "Yes, something is upon my mind — I guess it is!" and he glared with eyes of fury on his young wife.

"Sit down there, woman!" he said; and he thrust her back into a chair. "Sit down there and answer me. Do you know Ulty M'Mahon?"

"No," was the inadvertent answer of the perturbed female.

"No! Liar! You did, you did!"

"Hear me, for God's sake, Andy M'Kenna, hear me!" Julia had flung herself on her knees. "I do know Ulty M'Mahon."

"I knew you did."

"I met him once," she went on, not heeding the interruption. "One night my father was drunk; Ulty M'Mahon had been drinking with him; he helped my mother and me to bring my father home. Once afterwards he called at our house. He did not delay in the house as long as since you came in here to this room; he remained all the time in the kitchen, and my mother was there while he was there; I did not accompany him, or any other man, across the threshold of my mother's house."

Andy M'Kenna said nothing; he felt that she had never accompanied himself beyond her mother's door, even when their marriage had been

settled and agreed upon. The woman spoke in such an earnest tone, and there was when roused even such a tincture of defiance in it, that he felt as if he dare not continue. He remained for a while discomfited; but the demon within him was unwilling to be vanquished.

"And why did you deny it? Why did you say you did n't know him when you did?" said he, still willing to pick a quarrel.

The tears gushed from her eyes and ran down her fearfully pale face; and that was the only answer she gave.

Even he, even as he stood there, should have been the last to charge her with infidelity. Shall our story defile itself to tell the truth?

That man, Andy M'Kenna, standing there before his wife,—that man, in his apprenticeship, by keeping company with an elder and more hardened profligate, was led into dreadful vice.

He went to America; he led a life of sin and of indulgence there, and necessarily sickness and disease should follow; he came back to Ireland; his native air revived him; he went to America again. He had learned a lesson; he thought to restrain himself, but habit, like love, is as strong as death. Again his nervous, debilitated nature sank beneath the strain. Doctors once more advised his native air, purity of scene, purity of thought, and innocent recreation. He returned to Ireland. He brought money; but it was not known how he had come by it. The man was actuated only by the fear of an utter breakdown in his health, and of an early death. He fixed his eye on Julia Marron's face and on Julia Marron's place; he was smooth-tongued and flattering; the bait took, and to that man poor Julia got married.

The wind moaned around the house and through the chinks of the window, as the innocent girl lay feverish and restless on her pillow. He was asleep, he was dreaming; for the excitement of his mind before going to rest brought on corresponding dreams. He murmured her name softly; the poor thing would fain persuade herself that there was even affection in the tone,— something like the way he would have spoken in the time before their marriage. He even said, "You shall not have her, you will not take her from me!" for he thought that others with great force were dragging from him the woman that an hour or two ago he himself was repudiating, so true it is that "dreams often go by contraries."

The tears welled to the lonely creature's eyes at the words. Oh, if we would only think a little oftener of the patience and the affection of those whom we misjudge in our anger!

"But why," she thought, "has he charged me with this? How has such a thing come into his head?

Ah! Julia Marron, you are innocent; the world is a very different thing from what you take it to be.

Do you know Peter Molloy? You do. Very well, Julia Marron. Do you know Mithaun Duffy? You do.

These two men are the parish-masters. You don't know what is meant. Did you never hear of such a society as *Ribbonism?* You did. Well, here is the working and the gradation of the Ribbon Society: —

There is first the rank and file, known under the name of the "commonalty"; above these are the "article bearers"; the next higher grade is "parish-master"; and lastly, "the county-master or delegate."

Our two friends, Peter Molloy and Mithaun Duffy, were the rival parish-masters in this parish of "the Seven Hotels." Now, it was lawful to have only one parish-master in a parish; the very name is conclusive argument on that head. But here there were two, viz., the above-named gentlemen; each gentleman being backed by his own party, and both striving to become *the* parish-master. Besides these two belligerent powers, there was even a third party in the parish; the acknowledged leader of this third (which we will designate neutral)

party was Barney Casey. Every sinew was strained and every stone was turned by either party to induce Barney to coalesce with it. He, however, felt that if he took sides with one, he certainly would expose himself to great danger from the following of the other; so, with great tact and astuteness, Barney endeavored to steer the middle course. He ordered both parties to meet him at a certain place on a certain night, and that he had a proposal to make which he would then and there expound to them.

The hill of Mullaghmeen, in the parish of the Seven Hotels, was fixed as the place of rendezvous, where, on the appointed night, when all were assembled, Barney delivered the following harangue: —

"I have invited yous here, friends and neighbors, for yous are divided into two parties, which should not be. I have invited yous here to unite yous, if yous are willing to be united."

The word "Yes," was murmured by both parties.

"Yous have marched here to-night under the command of men, each of whom is well fitted to be the leader of your united body. There cannot be two leaders; there must be but one. Yous have asked me to interfere; I have come here ready to give my advice, and yous have come willing to hear it. This is what I have to say."

There was silence, as if not a human creature rested on the hill, though from three to four hundred men were standing on its summit. The very silence, the dead stillness of that multitude of men, — men armed, some with guns, some with pikes, some with forks, some with scythes, — brave, brawny, determined men, — men with open chests and broad shoulders and weather-beaten faces, the very silence of that multitude of men was imposing. Barney Casey almost lost his courage as he saw the hundreds of upturned faces and keen, glancing eyes fixed on his; as he saw, or thought he saw, the effort each man made to stifle even the breathing in his throat, in order not to lose a syllable of what was going to be said

"There is one man," he said, "in the absence of the two men that led yous here to-night, and only one man, — that is, as far as I know, — that is fitted to be your leader. He is a man of courage and of thought, a man of pluck and of bravery, a man of muscle, of eye, and of brain. Shall I name him?"

"Name! name! name!" from several hundred voices.

"That man's name is — William Reeves!"

One united cheer was the response.

"If that meets your approval — ready, men! — form ranks — steady — march. Let Peter Molloy lead the van; my men take the middle; and to you, Mithaun Duffy, we intrust our protection in the rear."

The men formed ranks accordingly, and marched in the order assigned to them to the fort on the hill where Bob Reeves sat reading on the day of our first acquaintance with him. When they arrived there a man was despatched by Barney Casey to call up William Reeves, and summon him to accept the honor which they were going to bestow upon him.

Michael Neville had been for a long time a servant at Green Cottage, and therefore readily made out William Reeves's window. He tapped two or three times with the tips of his fingers on the window-pane; the noise awoke the sleeping man. He learned what he was wanting for; and, after some hesitation, hastily dressed and accompanied his guide to the place of assembly.

Many a time William Reeves had spoken to those whom he knew to be members of this society, in the endeavor, vain as it turned out to be, to dissuade them from connection with it. Being of a warm temperament, and being thoroughly convinced of the foolishness of their action, he was in consequence nettled and disappointed that his advice had not weight with them. As he ascended the hill, there-

fore, he felt a sort of satisfaction in having an opportunity of addressing the whole body, and telling them to their faces what he thought of their society and of themselves.

As he stood in their midst, Barney Casey drew near and unfolded to him the offer they had resolved to make to him, and informed him they were waiting for his reply.

"Men, Barney Casey has told me," was William Reeves's answer, and in his words there was no nervousness or sign of trepidation, "that you have unanimously desired to make me your leader. I cannot but feel proud that I stand so high in your estimation. It comes on me unexpected; and now as I look about me and among you, I see many more fitting for that position than I am"

"No, no, no!"

"Expected or unexpected, however, deserved or undeserved, I mean no insult, men, to you; but I will not accept it. You look upon me, and your looks ask me why. First, it is not an honor that I have ever for one moment in my life coveted, therefore I have now no desire to accept it. Secondly, if I accepted it I should put my life in the hands of some base scoundrel who could and would betray me. Look on this: you number, I should think, close on, if not more than, three hundred men; look on these three hundred men, and will any of you dare to tell me that there is not a spy, a scoundrel, an informer among you?"

"I will answer for my men," shouted Peter Molloy.

"I will answer for my men," cried Mithaun Duffy, in tones equally loud.

"And I believe I can safely answer for mine," calmly spoke Barney Casey.

"Down with the villain who says we are spies," cried Michael Neville, one of the article-bearers;* but he got few to echo his cry.

William Reeves was just the man not to be daunted in that hour; opposition only stirred his blood. He snatched an old rifle from a man near him; it was loaded; he set it on half-cock.

"Now," he said, "you have brought me out of my bed. I did not seek to come here; it was you brought me here. You have offered me your proposal; I have refused, and stated my reasons. You are angry at them; but before I stop I will make you hear the truth. I know your society to contain some of the greatest cowards I ever met. Tell me, do you forget the bonfire at Cloghan? Do you forget that though you marched along the road, five hundred of you, that the sergeant, with five policemen, jumped from inside the fence, that they handled, each man, a man of you, and that the rest of you fled away?

"I challenge any of you to show me where your society ever did one bit of good. Did ye ever help a poor widow? Did ye ever give a hand to a person in distress? Ye think a bailiff does a great wrong in turning a poor family out on the road, and sometimes he surely does: did ye ever interfere or prevent such a case? When a neighbor's cattle or his corn was wrongfully 'distrained,' where were you? Surely if there was any time that ye might pretend to do good, it might be then. But ye were never to be found when ye were wanting."

The uproar was tremendous.

"It is I have counselled you to ask Mr. Reeves to become your leader," said Barney Casey; "it is I have invited him from his bed. I have brought him here, and I will see him conducted safely home. Cover round him, my men. And now if any scoundrel—"

"Let me speak," said William Reeves. "If there be any man here that thinks I have spoken a word of falsehood of your society, I hereby challenge him to show where I spoke wrong, and if he's anxious for revenge, let him step forward; if not, I

* This very person did afterwards turn out informer. The whole of the above scene is taken almost literally from one that did really happen.

will brand him as a scoundrel and a coward, should he refuse to let bygones be bygones. I shall go to my bed and sleep, and no one from *my* lips shall be the wiser of this in the morning. You know how many men's lives lie in my hands, and how eagerly the authorities would grasp at the tale I could tell them to-morrow."

"That tale we would never suspect you of telling," "That tale we believe you could not tell," "If we did we would not have asked you here to-night, and have made to you the proposal we have," said the leaders, and the men cheered and echoed their sentiments.

"I thank you, men. I do not wish to leave this hill at enmity with any one man of you. Personally, I know many of you to be brave, worthy fellows; and therefore it is that I spoke my mind freely to you. We differ about the best way of acting. You may follow yours: I wish I could dissuade you from it."

"That you cannot, and do your best!" said the spiteful voice that had spoken already.

"Well, men," continued William Reeves good-humoredly, "as our friend says I cannot, why, I may as well not try; but if you claim for yourselves the right of acting in the way you think best, surely you cannot be so devoid of reason and fair play as to interdict me from following the way I think best."

There were cheers for the man that a moment ago they would have piked in their anger.

He went down the hill toward his house. Immediately on his departure the crowd separated into three distinct parties, and filed away in their several directions.

After each party had advanced towards its own quarters for a mile or so, it halted and took consultation. The only course that seemed practicable in the present state of affairs was to recruit,— each to make its party as strong as possible, to enroll members, no matter what way, by fair means or foul. And so, next day, Michael Neville, who was one of the article bearers, called on Andy M'Kenna, and told him that Ulty M'Mahon had been paying his addresses to Julia Marron; and furthermore, that Ulty had vowed he would make Andy M'Kenna pay dearly for coming "inside him." "The only thing to be done," argued Michael, "is to join our ranks. He is under Peter Molloy: be you under Mithaun Duffy. Come into the market of C—— on Thursday; you will be there sworn in."

Andy went to the market on the appointed day. Now, there was neither moral or physical courage in the man. Michael took him into a public house; there were about a dozen persons there. "War is bad," said Michael, and there was dead silence. A "treat" was called for "the boys"; and then Andy M'Kenna, having been sworn in, got the sign and password.

To be continued.

Some writers have inserted a female Pope, Joan, between Leo IX. and Benedict III., on the authority of Marianus Scotus and Martin of Poland. Even learned Protestants reject this as a fable, with Blundell, Cane, Leibnitz, etc. Marianus lived in the eleventh century, Martin in the thirteenth, whereas Joan should have lived about 850. Marianus is the earliest writer that mentions the story, which he describes as *vague rumor;* Martin is a chronicler of no authority. But in the oldest MSS. extant of these two writers, the story is nowhere to be found, nor do the dates of Leo's and Benedict's accession and death leave room for Pope Joan.

If he shall not lose his reward who gives a cup of cold water to his thirsty neighbor, what will not be the reward of those who, by putting good works into the hands of their neighbors, open to them the fountain of eternal life.— *Thomas à Kempis.*

A CHAPTER IN OUR FUTURE HISTORY.

NECROLOGY OF PRIESTS AND SISTERS WHO DIED DURING THE YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC OF 1878.

Archdiocese of New Orleans.

Aug. 11. Rev. John Lamy, C. M., Lazarist, of St. Joseph, aged thirty-four years, a native of Buffalo, N. Y.

Aug. 18. Brother Frederic (Sylvan Egloff), of the Redemptorist Order, aged thirty-six years, a native of Switzerland.

Aug. 20 Rev. Francis S. Murphy, C. SS. R., Redemptorist, of St. Alphonsus Church, aged thirty-two years, a native of Ireland.

Aug. 24. Rev. James Vincent Doyle, C. M., Lazarist, of St. Joseph's Church, aged forty years, a native of Westmeath County, Ireland.

Aug. 30. Rev. Charles J. Beecher, temporarily assisting at St. Patrick's Church, aged forty-two years, a native of Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 2. Very Rev. Joseph Marie Millet, Vicar-General of the Archdiocese, aged forty-eight years, a native of Yenne, Savoy, France.

Sept. 18. Rev. Julius Maitrugues, S. J., at the College of the Immaculate Conception, aged forty-two years, a native of the Province of Franche Compete, France.

Sept. 25. Brother Cyprian (Thomas Flannagan), of the Congregation of Holy Cross, aged twenty-seven years, a native of Dublin, Ireland.

Oct. 1. Rev. F. X. Barrett, Seminarian, aged forty-five years, a native of Montreal, Canada.

Oct. 10. Brother Joseph Ambrose, of the Congregation of Holy Cross.

Oct. 12. Rev. Ernest Von Netzer, Seminarian.

Oct. 24. Rev. John Heidenrich, C. SS. R., Redemptorist, of St. Mary's Assumption Church, a native of Paderborn, Prussia, aged forty-three years.

Oct. 28. Brother Ignatius Mannion, O. S. F., a native of Tuam, Galway County, Ireland, aged forty years.

Nov. 1. Rev. Mr. Stucker, Seminarian.

Outside of New Orleans.

Oct. 6. Rev. William Veillier, a native of Italy, aged thirty-six years, died at Napoleonville, of which place he was pastor.

Oct. 6. Rev. Florent Kratz, a native of Alsace, France, aged thirty-seven years, died at Mandeville, of which place he was pastor.

Oct. 26. Rev. N. Pouillon, a native of Lyons, France, aged thirty-five years, died at Buras Settlement, of which place he was pastor.

Oct. 20 Rev. John Muncaster, of the Society of Mary (Marists), born in London, England, Oct. 2, 1851; ordained Aug. 15, 1877; came to Louisiana as a professor at Jefferson College, St. James Parish, in the fall of the same year, and died at Donaldsonville, after having rendered the most noble services to those afflicted with the scourge.

During the epidemic fifty-one priests of the Archdiocese had the fever.

Female Religous who died in New Orleans.

Aug. 8. At St. Simeon's School, Sister Loyola Lawler, Sister of Charity, aged thirty years, a native of Pittsburgh, Pa.

Aug. 27. At St. Alphonsus' Convent, Sister Mary Theresa, Marie Azelie Vienne, of the Order Mercy, aged twenty-five years, a native of Natchitoches, La.

Aug. 29. At the Charity Hospital, Sister Loretta McKenzie, Sister of Charity, aged twenty-five years, a native of Wisconsin.

Aug. 30. Sister Martha, Miss Marie Annie Marcault, of the Order of Mount Carmel, a native of Landean, Brittany, aged twenty-eight years.

Aug. 30. At the Charity Hospital, Sister Mary Keenan, Sister of Charity, aged twenty-three years, a native of Illinois.

Aug. 30. At St. Joseph's school, Sister Corsina Keegan, Sister of Charity, aged twenty-one years, a native of Chicago, Illinois.

Sept. 4. At the Charity Hospital, Sister Isadore Pendergast, Sister of Charity, aged thirty years, a native of Boston.

Sept. 18. At St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Sister Mary Brigitta Hitze, of the School Sisters of Notre Dame, aged forty-two years, a native of Buffalo, N. Y.

Sept. 19. At St. Vincent's Infant Orphan Asylum, Sister Theresa Catharine Butler, Sister of Charity, aged twenty-six years, a native of Boston, Mass.

Sept. 23. Sister Salesia, Miss Helena Stienen, of the Sisters of Christian Charity, who were expelled from Prussia by the government, and established themselves in St. Henry's parish, aged thirty-nine years, a native of Paderborn, Prussia.

Sept. 23. Sister Elizabeth, Miss J. Burns, Sister of Charity, aged twenty years, a native of Boston, Mass.

Sept. 26. Sister Felicita, Miss Kate O'Malley, Sister of Charity, aged twenty-four years, a native of Mendota, Wis.

Oct. 4. Sister Ellienna, Mother assistant of St. Joseph's Convent, St. Philip Street, a native of France, aged fifty-two years.

Oct. 8. Sister Mary Ephraim, Miss Mary Wiston Wright, of the Order of Mount Carmel, a native of Vicksburg, Miss., aged twenty years.

Oct. 10. At St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy, Sister Mary Augustine, Miss Jennie McTighe, Sister of Mercy, aged twenty-three years, a native of Titusville, Pa.

Oct. 10. At St. Alphonsus Convent of Mercy, Sister Marie Mercedes, Miss Marie A. Vienne, Sister of Mercy, aged twenty-two years, a native of Natchitoches, La.

Oct. 12. Sister Josephine Albert, Miss Cesarine Dumand, a member of the Order of Little Sisters of the Poor, a native of Trevignin, Savoy, France, aged thirty years.

Nov. 8. At the Novitiate of the Sisters Marianites of Holy Cross, Sister Mary of St. Thomas, Miss Mary Ann Creighton, a native of New York, aged eighteen years.

Nov. 18. At Mount Carmel Convent, Sister Louise, Miss Marie Louise Adam, a native of Quebec, aged twenty-six years.

Sisters of Mount Carmel who died in Thibodaux.

Aug. 23. Sister Mary Agatha, Miss Anna Martin, a native of the Parish of Assumption, La., aged twenty-one years.

Aug. 28. Sister Euphemie, Miss Ezilda Thibodaux, born in the Parish of St. John the Baptist, aged forty-five years.

Sept. 4. Sister Mary Faustine, Eulalie Martin, a native of the Parish of Assumption, aged eighteen years.

Sept. 19. Sister Mary Josephine, Miss Josephine Lafond, a native of Lyons, France, aged thirty-five years.

Diocese of Mobile.

PRIEST. — Oct. 18. Rev. William Marley, born in Philadelphia, Nov. 9, 1850; ordained in St. Theresa's Church, Philadelphia, July 31, 1875; died in Whistler, near Mobile, Ala., Oct. 18th.

SISTER. — Oct. 22. Sister Aurelia Cassian, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, aged twenty-six years, a native of Peoria, Ill.; died at St. Patrick's Academy, Mobile.

Diocese of Natchez, Miss.

Sept. 2. Rev. John H. McManus, a native of Ireland, about forty years of age. Died at Vicksburg, Miss.

Sept 8. Rev. Patrick J. Cogan, born in County Cavan, Ireland, January, 1844, died in Canton, of which place he was pastor.

Sept. 14. Rev. Giovanni Vitolo, born in Naples, Italy, in 1840; ordained priest at the age of twenty-three; arrived in the Diocese of Natchez at the beginning of last year. Was assistant priest at Vicksburg, where he died.

Sept. 11. Rev. Anscleto Oberti, born at Morira, Diocese of Alba, Italy; completed his studies in the Foreign Mission College of Brignole Sale in Genoa; ordained Dec 23, 1871; arrived in the Diocese of Natchez December, 1873; died at Holly Springs.

Oct. 23. Very Rev. John Bapti t Moulton, V. G., pastor of Yazoo City, born at Manumussan, Loire Inferieure, France, March 7, 1831; studied at Nantes; ordained Jan. 31, 1859, by Mgr. Jacquenet; arrived in the Diocese of Natchez, May 2, 1859, and died in Yazos City, aged forty-seven years.

Sept. 9. Rev. Charles Van Quequelberge, a native of Belgium, came to the Diocese of Natchez in 1861, and performed heroic service during the siege of Vicksburg, in the hospitals, which were filled with small-pox and typhus-fever patients. Died at Ocean Springs.

Sister of Charity from Emmettsburg.

Sept. 27. Sister Agnes Weaver, Sister of Charity from St. Joseph's, Emmettsburg; born in Washington, D. C., June 29, 1834; died at the Convent of Mercy, Vicksburg.

Sisters of Charity from Nazareth, Ky. — Died at Holly Springs, Miss.

Sept. 22. Sister Stanislaus Morrissey, aged about thirty-nine years; born in Montreal, Canada; entered the Community, July 19, 1839.

Sept. 26. Sister Stella Fitzgerald, aged thirty-three years; born in Pitisburg, Pa.; entered the Community, Dec. 24, 1863.

Sept. 28. Sister Margaret Kelly, aged about forty-three years; born in Ireland; entered the Community, April 8, 1867.

Sept. 30. Sister Corinthia Mahoney, aged twenty-nine years; born in Cork Ireland; entered the Community, Dec. 22, 1868.

Oct. 5. Sister Victoria Stafford, aged forty years; born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; entered the Community, May 29, 1864.

Oct. 11. Sister Laurentia Harrison, aged forty-seven years; born in Louisville, Ky.; entered the Community, July 29, 1879. Sister Laurentia was for several years Directress of Studies at Nazareth Academy.

Died at Yazoo City, Miss.

Oct. 16. Sister Zenobia Buckley, aged about thirty-four years; born in King's County, Ireland; entered the Community, Dec. 3, 1869.

Oct. 21. Sister Corona Flynn, aged thirty-six years; born in Cork, Ireland; entered the Community, Sept. 20, 1869.

Oct. 31. Sister Mary Lawrence Perry, born in Pittsburgh, Pa.; aged thirty-eight years; entered the Community, Nov. 30, 1858. Sister Mary Lawrence was in charge of Clara's Academy, Yazoo City, from its foundation to the time of her death. She was previously at the head of the Cathedral Parochial School in Louisville. She was a convert, received into the Church a very short time before she went to the novitiate.

Diocese of Nashville, Tenn.

PRIESTS AND BROTHERS WHO DIED IN MEMPHIS. — —— —. — Rev. Martin Walsh, Pastor of St. Bridget's Church, a native of Roscrea, County Tipperary, Ireland, aged forty years.

Aug. 30. Rev. Michael Meagher, a native of County Tipperary, Ireland, aged fifty years.

Aug. 29. Rev. J. R. McGarvey, Dominican, aged thirty-three years.

Aug. 30. Rev. J. A. Bokel, Dominican, a native of Baltimore, Md., aged twenty-nine years.

Aug. 31. Rev. Father Erasmus, O. S. F.

Sept. 3. Rev. P. McNamara, Curate of St. Patrick's, a native of County Kerry, Ireland, aged twenty-eight.

Sept. 5. Brother Amandus, of the Franciscan Convent.

—— —. Father Matterns, Franciscan, born in Germany.

Sept. 17. Very Rev. Martin Riordan, V. G., born in Lisgoale, County Cork, Ireland, in 1830. He studied at Carlow College, and was ordained Dec. 25, 1853.

Sept. 19. Rev. E. Vantroostenberghe, a volunteer from Louisville, native of Holland, aged thirty-eight years.

Sept. 19. Rev. J. P. Scannell, Dominican, a volunteer from Louisville; a native of Kentucky, aged twenty-five years.

Sept. 27. Rev. J. J. Mooney, a native of County Cavan, Ireland, aged forty-two years.

Died in Chattanooga.

Sept. 30. Bev. P. Ryan, Pastor of Chattanooga, a native of County Clare, Ireland, aged thirty-three years.

Sisters who died in Memphis.

We have been unable to secure any list of the Sisters who died in Memphis, but find in the telegraphic despatches that were received from day to day the following: —

Sept. 6. Sisters Josepha and Dolora and Mother Alphonsa, of St. Agnes Academy, all members of the Order of St. Dominic.

Sept. 12. Sisters Vincentia and Stanislaus, of the Franciscan Convent.
Oct. 14. Sister Maria Joseph, Superioress of the Convent of the Good Shepherd.

Recapitulation.

	Priests.	Semina-rians.	Bros.	Sist'rs.
Archdiocese of New Orleans....	11	3	4	23
Diocese of Mobile....	1	..	..	1
Diocese of Natchez..	6	..	..	10
Diocese of Nashville	12	..	2	20
Total.....	30	3	6	54

The Dublin "Freeman's Journal" has some very appropriate remarks upon the above glorious record, which we subjoin: —

"The city of Memphis will hold a ghastly and at the same time a glorious place in the records that will tell to future ages the frightful story of the ravages of the yellow fever in 1878. Whole families were swept from off the face of the earth by the appalling visitation, and there was scarcely a household in the place over which the Angel of Death had not breathed the fatal breath of the plague. But nowhere was there greater heroism and noble self-sacrifice on the part of those whose duty it was to console and minister to the stricken, and never was there braver work done than by the clergy, the physicians, and the nurses of the doomed city. In Memphis, as all over the world where there are danger and disease, the priests and nuns of the Catholic Church were foremost in the van, and, like their Divine Master and Model, where the needs and the risk were greatest, there they were, 'going about and doing good.' Needless to say that many of them fell down victims to their zeal and to the pestilence, and gave their lives through love of their flocks. Amongst the priests that sleep to-day in Memphis graveyards are sons of this old missionary land of ours, and in that far-off western clime there are humble tombstones that tell their names, their lives, and their deaths. Two of them — Father Martin Walsh and Father M. Meagher — were cousins, were natives of Tipperary, and were smitten with the plague in the one house, and died with the interval of only a couple of hours between their deaths. Father Meagher had come from Nashville to help his dear cousin, when he learned that his work had become so heavy, and they were but three weeks together when both were summoned from out the agonies of the fever to their everlasting reward. A few days since a sad and solemn function was celebrated in the Church of St. Bridget, Memphis, for God's rest to their souls. An Irish bishop, — another son of Tipperary, — the Most Rev. Patrick Feehan, the honored, able, and amiable prelate of Nashville, presided at the sacred ceremonial, and clergy and people gathered in from many a mile around to attest their reverence and their sorrow for the brave priests for whom they were praying. It was a touching sight, and we may well believe that the Irish bishop, the Irish priests, and the Irish faithful in that mourning congregation prayed none the less fervently for the dead cousins, when they remembered that thousands of miles separate their remains from loving kith and kin, in the vales and on the hills of Tipperary at home. We may add that in another parish in Memphis — that of St. Patrick — an Irish priest, who had happily passed unscathed through the plague, has reached to a well-earned promotion. He is the only survivor of five brothers, priests who were with him in Saint Patrick's a couple of months ago. Father W. Walsh, the priest to whom we allude, is, we believe, a native of Callan, County Kilkenny, and has scarcely attained his thirtieth year. He was educated in All Hallows, and on his ordination in 1873, when the yellow fever was reaping one of its periodic harvests of death, he offered himself for the city of Memphis. He escaped the visitation in that year, and was spared through it again the other day. We cordially trust that he may survive in health and strength for many a year to come.

ST. PATRICK.

Rev. Thos. N. Burke, O. P.

"Let us now praise the men of renown, and our fathers in their generation, . . . these men of mercy, whose godly deeds have not failed; good things continue with their seed. Their posterity are a holy inheritance; and their seed hath stood in the covenants; and their children for their sakes remain forever; their seed and their glory shall not be forsaken. Let the people show forth their wisdom, and the Church declare their praise." — *Ecclesiasticus* xliv.

One of the great duties of God's Church, to which she has ever been most faithful, is the celebration of her saints. From end to end of the year the Church's saints are the theme of her daily thanksgiving and praise. They are her heroes, and therefore she honors them, just as the world celebrates its own heroes, records their great deeds, and builds up monuments to perpetuate their names and their glory. The saints were the living and most faithful representatives of Christ our Lord, of his virtues, his love, his actions, his power, so that He lived in them, and wrought in them, and through them, the redemption of men; therefore the Church honors, not so much the saint, as Christ our Lord in the saint; for, in truth, the wisdom of saintliness which she celebrates, wherever it is found, is nothing else, as described to us in Scripture, than "a vapor of the power of God, and a certain pure emanation of the glory of the Almighty God; . . . the brightness of eternal light, and the unspotted mirror of God's majesty, and the image of His goodness; . . . and through nations she conveyeth herself into holy souls, she maketh the friends of God and prophets." Nor does the Church's honor of the saints derogate from that of God, as some say; otherwise the Lord, who is jealous of his divine power and glory, would never command us to praise the saints as he does in the words of my text, and in many other parts of the Holy Scripture: "Praise ye the Lord in his saints," "God is wonderful in his saints," etc., etc. Nay, so far from lessening our love and praise of God, the saints are the very channel through which praise is most acceptably given to him, and if the Scripture command us to praise the Lord in all his works, how much more in his saints, — the masterpieces of nature and grace! Let no one, therefore, suppose that we are assembled to-day to dishonor God by honoring his saint; let no one imagine that we are come together to bless and praise other than our God himself, "the Father of lights," "for every best and every perfect gift" which he has given us through our great apostle, St. Patrick. He was "a man of renown," for his work and his name are known and celebrated by all men; "and our father in his generation," for he "begat us to God by the gospel." He was, moreover, "a man of mercy," for, when he might have lived for himself and for the enjoyment of his own ease, he chose rather to sacrifice himself, and to make his life cheap and of no account in his sight, and this through the self-same mercy which brought the Lord Jesus Christ forth from the bosom of the Father, namely, mercy for a people who were perishing. His "godly deeds have not failed," for the Lord crowned his labors with blessings in abundance. "Good things continue with his seed," for the faith which he planted still flourishes in the land. "His posterity are a holy inheritance," for the scene of his labors, grown famous for holiness, obtained among the nations the singular title of "the Island of Saints." "And his seed hath stood in the covenants," for it is well known and acknowledged that no power, however great, has been able to move them from the faith once delivered to the saints. "His children for his sake remain forever," for he blessed them, as we read, that they should never depart from the fold of the "one Shepherd" into which he had gathered them, and his prayer in heaven has verified for 1500 years his prophetic

blessing on earth. "His seed and his glory shall not be forsaken," for "they are the children of saints, and look for that life which God will give to those that never change their faith from him." Seeing, therefore, that all the conditions of the Inspired Word have been so strikingly fulfilled in our saint, is it wonderful that we should also desire to fulfil the rest of the command, "Let the people show forth his wisdom, and the Church declare his praise"? I propose, therefore, for your consideration, first, the character of the saint himself; secondly, the work of his apostleship; and thirdly, the merciful providence of Almighty God toward the Irish Church and the Irish people. The light of Christianity had burned for more than four hundred years before its rays penetrated to Ireland. For the first three hundred years of the Church's existence the sacred torch was hidden in the catacombs and caves of the earth, or if ever seen by men, it was only when held aloft for a moment in the hands of a dying martyr. Yet the flame was spreading, and a great part of Asia, Armenia, Egypt, Spain, Italy, and Gaul had already lighted their lamps before that memorable year 312, when the Church's light, suddenly shooting up, appeared in the heavens, and a Roman Emperor was converted by its brightness Then did the spouse of Christ walk forth from the earth, arrayed in all the "beauty of holiness," and her "light arose unto the people who were seated in darkness and in the shadow of death" The Christian faith was publicly preached, the nations were converted, churches and monasteries were everywhere built, and God seemed to smile upon the earth with the blessings of Christian faith and Roman civilization. A brief interval of repose it was; and God, in his mercy, permitted the Church just to lay hold of society, and establish herself amongst men, that she might be able to save the world, when, in a few years, the northern barbarians should have swept away every vistage of the power, glory, and civilization of ancient Rome. It was during this interval, between the long-continued war of persecution and the first fall of Rome, that a young Christian was taken prisoner on the northern shores of Gaul, and carried, with many others, by his captor into Ireland. This young man was St. Patrick. He was of noble birth, born of Christian parents, reared up with tenderest care, and surrounded from his earliest infancy with all that could make life desirable and happy. Now he is torn away from parents and friends, no eye to look upon him with pity, no heart to feel for the greatness of his misery; and in his sixteenth year, just as life was opening and spreading out all its sweets before him, he is sold as a slave, and sent to tend cattle upon the dreary mountains of the far north of Ireland, in hunger and thirst, in cold and nakedness; and there for long years did he live, forgotten and despised, and with no other support than the Christian faith and hope within him These, however, failed him not; and so at length he was enabled to escape from his captivity and return to his native land. Oh, how sweet to his eyes and ears must have been the sights and sounds of his childhood! how dear the embraces, how precious the joy of his aged mother when she clasped to her "him that was dead, but came to life again"! Surely he will remain with her now, nor ever expose himself to the risk of losing again joys all the dearer because they had once been lost. Not so, my brethren. Patrick is no longer an ordinary man, one of us. A new desire has entered into his soul and taken possession of his life. A passion has sprung up within him for which he must live and devote his future. This desire, this passion, is to preach the Christian faith in Ireland, and to bring the nation forth "from darkness into the admirable light" of God. In the days of his exile, even when a slave

on the mountain-side, he heard, like the prophet, a voice within him, and it said, "Behold, I have given my words in thy mouth. Lo, I have set thee this day over the nations and over kingdoms, to root up and pull down, and to waste and destroy, and to build and to plant. Gird up thy loins and arise, and speak to them all that I command thee." And when he was restored to his country and to those who loved him, the same voice spoke again, for he heard in a dream the voice of many persons from a wood near the western sea, crying out, as with one voice, "We entreat thee, O holy youth, to come and walk still among us." "It was the voice of the Irish," says the saint in his confessions, "and I was greatly affected in my heart." And so he arose, and once more leaving father and mother, houses and lands, went forth to prepare himself for his great mission. Having completed his long years of preparatory study, he turned his face to Rome, to the fountain-head of Christianity, the source of all jurisdiction and Divine mission in the Church, the great heart whence the life-blood of faith and sound doctrine flows even to her most distant members, the new Jerusalem and Sion of God, of which it was written of old, "From Sion shall the law go forth, and the Word of the Lord from Jerusalem"; and here in Rome St. Celestine the First laid his hands upon Patrick and consecrated him first bishop of the Irish nation.

And now he returns to our shores a second time, no longer a bondsman, but free, and destined to break the nation's chains ("You shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free"); no longer dragged thither an unwilling slave of men, but drawn by irresistible love, the willing slave of Jesus Christ; no more a stripling, full of anxious fears, but a man, in all the glory of a matured intellect, in the strength and vigor of manhood, in the fulness of power and jurisdiction, with mind prepared and spirit braced to bear and brave all things, and with heart and soul utterly devoted to God and to the great enterprise before him. O my brethren, what joy was in heaven at that hour when the blessed feet of the Bishop Patrick touched the shores of Ireland, the ancient "Isle of Destiny." This was her destiny surely, and it is about to be fulfilled, — that she should be the home and the mother of saints, doctors, and holy solitaries, pure virgins and martyrs robed in white, and of a people acceptable before the Lord; that the Cross of Christ should be the emblem of her faith forevermore, of her faith and of her trial, of her tears and sorrow, and of her victory, "which conquereth the world." O golden hour amongst the hours, when the sands of the Irish shore first embraced softly and lovingly the beautiful footprints of him who preached peace and good things; when Moses struck the rock, and the glistening waters of salvation flowed in the desert land; when the "Name which is above all names" was first heard in the old Celtic tongue, and the Lord Jesus, entering upon his new inheritance, exclaimed, "This is my resting-place for ever and ever; here will I dwell because I have chosen it."

The conversion of Ireland, from the time of St. Patrick's landing to the day of his death, is, in many respects, the strangest fact in the history of the Church. The saint met with no opposition; his career resembles more the triumphant progress of a king than the difficult labor of a missionary. The gospel, with its lessons and precepts of self-denial, of prayer, of purity, in a word, of the violence which seizes on heaven, is not congenial to fallen man. His pride, his passions, his blindness of intellect and hardness of heart, all oppose the spread of the gospel; so that the very fact that mankind has so universally accepted it is adduced as a proof that it must be from God. The work of the Catholic missionary has, therefore, ever been, and must continue to be, a

work of great labor, with apparently small results. Such has it ever been amongst all the nations; and yet Ireland seems a grand exception. She is, perhaps, the only country in the world that entirely owes her conversion to the work of one man. He found her universally Pagan, he left her universally Christian. She is, again, the only nation that never cost her apostle an hour of sorrow, a single tear, a drop of blood. She welcomed him like a friend, took the Word from his lips, made it at once the leading feature of her life, put it into the blood of her children and into the language of her most familiar thoughts, and repaid her benefactor with her utmost veneration and love. And much, truly, had young Christian Ireland to love and venerate in her great apostle. All sanctity, coming as it does from God, is an imitation of God in man. This is the meaning of the word of the apostle, "those whom he foreknew and predestined to be made conformable to the image of his Son, the same he called, and justified, and glorified." Conformity to the image of God is therefore Christian perfection or sanctity, "the mystery which was hidden from eternity with Christ in God." But as our Lord Jesus Christ, "In whom dwelt the fulness of the Godhead corporally," is an abyss of all perfections, so do we find the saints differing one from another in their varied participations of his graces and resemblance to his divine gifts, for so "star differeth from star in glory." Then, amongst the apostles, we are accustomed to think and speak of the impulsive zeal of Peter, the virginal purity of John, etc., not as if Peter were not pure, or John wanting in zeal, but that where all was the work of the spirit of God, one virtue shone forth more prominently, and seemed to mark the specific character of sanctity in the saint. Now, amongst the many great virtues which adorned the soul of Ireland's apostle, and made him so dear to the people, I find three which he made especially his own, and these were, a spirit of penance, deepest humility, and a devouring zeal for the salvation of souls. A spirit of penance. It is remarkable, and worthy of special notice in these days of self-indulgence and fanciful religions, how practical the gospel is. It is pre-eminently not only the science of religious knowledge, but also of religious life. It tells us not only what we are to believe, but also what we are to do. And now, what is the first great precept of the gospel? It is penance. My brethren, "do penance, for the kingdom of God is at hand." And when, on the day of Pentecost, the prince of the apostles first raised up the standard of Christianity upon the earth, the people, "when they heard these things, had compunction in their hearts, and said to Peter, and to the rest of the apostles, What shall we do, men and brethren? and Peter said to them, *Do penance*, and be baptized every one of you." This spirit of penance was essentially Patrick's. His youth had been holy; prevented from earliest childhood by "the blessings of sweetness," he had grown up like a lily, in purity, in holy fear and love. Yet for the carelessness and slight indiscretions of his first years, he was filled with compunction, and with a lifelong sorrow. His sin, as he called it, was always before him, and with the prophet he cried out, "Who will give water to my head, and a fountain of tears to mine eyes, and I will weep day and night." In his journeyings he was wont to spend the night in prayer and tears and bitter self-reproach, as if he was the greatest of sinners; and when he hastened from "Royal Meath," into the *far west of the island*, we read that when Lent approached, he suspended his labors for a time, and went up the steep, rugged side of Croagh Patrick, and there, like his Divine Master, he spent the holy time in fasting and prayer; and his "tears were his food night and day." Whithersoever he went he left traces

of his penitential spirit behind him; and Patrick's penance and Patrick's purgatory are still familiar traditions in the land. Thus, my brethren, did he "sow in tears," who was destined to reap in so much joy; for so it is ever with God's saints, who do his work on earth,—"Going, they went and wept, scattering the seed, but coming, they shall come with joy." His next great personal virtue was a wonderful humility. Now, this virtue springs from a twofold knowledge, namely, the knowledge of God and of ourselves. This was the double knowledge for which the great St. Augustine prayed: "Lord, let me know thee and know myself, that I may love thee and despise myself"; and this did our saint possess in an eminent degree. This knowledge of God convinced him of the utter worthlessness of all things besides God, and even of God's gifts, except when used for Himself; and therefore he did all things for God and nothing for self, and of "his own he gave Him back again"; he lost sight of himself in advancing the interests and the cause of God; he hid himself behind his work in which he labored for God; and strangely enough, his very name and history come down to us by reason of his great humility, for he would write himself a sinner, and calls himself "Patrick, an unworthy and ignorant and sinful man," for so he saw himself, judging himself by the standard of infinite holiness in Jesus Christ, by which we also shall all be one day judged. Looking into himself he found only misery and weakness, wonderfully strengthened, not by himself, but by God; poverty and nakedness, clothed and enriched, not by himself, but by God; and, fearful of losing the Giver in the gifts, he put away from him the contemplation of what God had made him, and only considered what he was himself. Thus was he always the most humble of men. Even when seated in glory and surrounded by the love and admiring veneration of an entire people, never was his soul moved from the solid foundation of humility, the twofold knowledge; and so he went down to his grave a simple and an humble man. And yet in this lowly heart there burned a mighty fire of love, a devouring zeal for the souls of his brethren. Oh! here indeed does he shine forth "likened unto the Son of God"; for like our Divine Lord and Master, Patrick was a "zealous lover of souls." He well knew how dear these souls were to the sacred heart of Jesus Christ, how willingly the Lord of glory had spent himself, and given his most sacred and precious blood for them; how it was the thought of their salvation that sustained him during the horror of his passion; in the agony of his prayer; when his sacred flesh was torn at the pillar; when the cruel thorns were driven into his most holy brows; when, with drooping head and wearied eyes, and body streaming blood from every open wound, he was raised up on the cross to die heart-broken and abandoned, with the anger of God and the insults of men poured upon him. Patrick knew all this, and it filled him with transports of zeal for souls, so that, like the great apostle, he wished to be as accursed for them; and to die a thousand times rather than that one soul purchased so dearly, and the offspring of so much love and sorrow, should perish. Therefore did he make himself the slave and the servant of all, that he might gain all to God. And in his mission of salvation no difficulties retarded him, no danger frightened him, no labor or sacrifice held him back, no sickness subdued him, no infirmity of body or mind overcame him. Old age came upon him, yet he spared not himself, nor did he for a moment sit down to count his years, or to number his triumphs, or to consider his increasing wants; but his voice was clear and strong and his arm untiring, though he had reaped a harvest of many years and had borne "the burthen of the day and the heat"; and his heart was young,

for it was still growing in the faith of those around him. Even to the last day of his life "his youth was renewed like the eagle." He repeatedly journeyed throughout the length and breadth of the land, caring and tending, with prayer and blessing and tears, the plants which he had planted in this new vineyard of God; and grace was poured abroad from his life, and "virtue went forth from him," until the world was astonished at the sight of a whole nation converted by one man, and the promise made of old was fulfilled in Patrick, "I will deliver to you every place that the sole of your foot shall tread upon, and no man shall be able to resist thee all the days of thy life."

And now we come to the question, What did St. Patrick teach, and in what form of Christianity did he expend himself for God? For fifteen hundred years, my brethren, Christianity meant one thing, one doctrine, one faith, one authority, one baptism; now, however, in our day, this same Christianity, as though undivided, as true, as exclusive, as definite as ever, is made to signify many things; and men, fondly imagining that our ancestors had no greater unity than ourselves, ask, What form of doctrine did St. Patrick preach to the Irish people? I answer, He preached the whole cycle of Catholic truth as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be to the end of time. He taught them that Christ's most sacred body and blood are really and truly present in the blessed eucharist, so that we find an Irish writer of the same century (Sedulius) using the words, "We are fed on the body and the members of Christ, and so we are made the temples of God." Again, the language used by the Irish Church at the time, as even the Protestant Bishop Usher acknowledges, concerning the Mass, was "the making of the body of the Lord." In support of the same truth we have the beautiful legend of St. Bridgid, — which, even if its truth be disputed, still points to the popular faith and love whence it sprang, — how, when a certain child, named Nennius, was brought to her, she blessed him, and prophesied that his hand should one day give her the Holy Communion; whereupon the boy covered his right hand and never again let it touch any profane thing, nor be even uncovered, so that he was called "*Nennius na laumh glas*," or, Nennius of the clean hand, out of devotion and love to the most Holy Sacrament. St. Patrick taught the doctrine of penance and confession of sins and priestly absolution; for we find, amongst the other proofs, an old penitential canon of a synod held under the saint himself in 450, in which it is decreed that "if a Christian kill a man, or commit fornication, or go in to a soothsayer after the manner of the Gentiles, he shall do a year of penance; when his year of penance is over, he shall come with witnesses, and afterwards he shall be absolved by the priest." He taught the invocation of saints, as is evident from numerous records of the time. Thus, in a most ancient life of St. Bridgid we find the words, "There are two holy virgins in heaven who may undertake my protection — Mary and Bridgid — on whose patronage let each of us depend." In like manner, we find in the synods of the time laws concerning the "oblations for the dead"; in the most ancient Irish missals Masses for the dead are found with such prayers as "Grant, O Lord, that this holy oblation may work pardon for the dead and salvation for the living"; and in a most ancient life of St. Brendan it is stated that "the prayer of the living doth much profit the dead." But, my brethren, as in the personal character of the saint there were some amongst his virtues that shone out more conspicuously than the others, so in his teaching there were certain points which appear more prominently, which seemed to be impressed upon the people more forcibly, and to have taken peculiar hold of the national mind. Let us consider what

these peculiar features of St. Patrick's teaching were, and we shall see how they reveal to us what I proposed as the third point of this sermon, namely, the merciful providence of God over the Irish Church and people. They were the following: Fidelity to St. Peter's chair and to Peter's successor, the Pope of Rome; devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary; prayer and remembrance for the dead; and confiding obedience and love for their bishops and priests. These were the four great prominent features of Patrick's teaching: by the first, namely, fidelity to the Pope, he secured the unity of the Irish Church as a living member of the Church Catholic; by the second, devotion to the Blessed Virgin, he secured the purity and morality of the people; by the third, care of the dead, he enlisted on the side of Catholic truth the natural love and strong feelings of the Irish character; and by the last, attachment and obedience to the priesthood, he secured to the Irish Church the principle of internal union, which is the secret of her strength. He preached fidelity and unswerving devotion to the Pope, the head of the Catholic Church. Coming direct from Rome, and filled with ecclesiastical knowledge, he opened up before the eyes of his new children and revealed to them the grand design of Almighty God in his Church. He showed them in the world around them the wonderful harmony which speaks of God; then rising into the higher world of grace, he preached to them the still more wonderful harmony of redemption and of the Church, — the Church, so vast as to fill the whole earth, yet as united in doctrine and practice as if she embraced only the members of one small family or the inhabitants of one little village; the Church, embracing all races of men, and leaving to all their full individual freedom of thought and action, yet animating all with one soul, quickening all as with one life and one heart, guiding all with the dictates of one immutable conscience, and keeping every, even the least, member, under the dominion of one head. Such was the Church on which Patrick ingrafted Ireland, "a glorious Church, without spot or wrinkle," a perfect body, the very mystical body of Jesus Christ, through which "we, being wild olives, are ingrafted on him, the true olive-tree," so that "we are made the flesh of his flesh, and bone of his bones." Now, Patrick taught our fathers, with truth, that the soul, the life, the heart, the conscience, and the head of the Church is Jesus Christ, and that his representative on earth, to whom he has communicated all his graces and powers, is the Pope of Rome, the visible head of God's Church, the Bishop of bishops, the centre of unity and of doctrine, the rock and the corner-stone on which the whole edifice of the Church is founded and built up. All this he pointed out in the Scriptures, from the words of our Lord to Peter. Peter was the shepherd of the fold, whose duty it was to "feed both lambs and sheep" with "every word that cometh from the mouth of God." Peter was the rock to sustain and uphold the Church: "thou art Peter, and upon this rock I will build my Church" (words which are the very touchstone of faith in these days of sorrow). Peter's was the strong, unerring voice which was ever to be heard in the Church, defining her doctrines, warning off enemies, denouncing errors, rebuking sinners, guiding the doubtful, strengthening the weak, confirming the strong; and Jesus said, "Thou, O Peter, confirm thy brethren." Patrick taught the Irish people not to be scandalized if they saw the cross on Peter's shoulders and the crown of thorns upon his head, for so Christ lives in his Church and in her supreme pastor; but he also taught them that he who strikes Peter strikes the Lord; he taught them what history has taught us, that "whosoever shall fall upon that stone shall be bruised; and upon whomsoever it shall fall it will grind him to powder." He taught

them that in the day when they separated from Peter they separated from Christ, as did the foolish men in the gospel: "After this many of his disciples went back and walked no more with him. Then Jesus said to the twelve, Will you also go away? And Simon Peter answered him, Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." Thus it was, my brethren, that He bound them to "the rock of ages," to Peter's chair, with firmest bonds of obedience and love, and infused into their souls that supernatural instinct, which, for fifteen hundred years, has kept them, through good report and evil report, through persecution and sorrow, faithful and loyal to the Holy See of Rome. It was a bond of obedience and love that bound Ireland to Rome. Thus, in the beginning of the seventh century, when the Irish bishops assembled to consider the question of celebrating Easter, we find the Fathers selecting some "wise and humble men," and sending them to Rome for instruction, "as children to their mother"; and this in obedience to a primitive law of the Irish Church, which enacted that, in every difficulty that might arise, "the question should be referred to the Head of Cities," as Rome was called. This devotion to the Holy See saved Ireland in the day of trial.

The next great feature in Patrick's preaching was devotion to the Mother of God. Of this we have abundant proof in the numerous churches built and dedicated to God under her name. *Teampoill Mhuire*, or Mary's Church, became a familiar name in the land. In the far west of Ireland, where the traditions of our holy faith are still preserved, enshrined in the purest form of our grand old Celtic language, the sweet name of the Mother of God is heard in the prayers and songs of the people, in their daily familiar converse, in the supplications of the poor, not under the title of "Our Lady" or of "The Blessed Virgin," but by the still more endearing name of *Marie Mathair*, "Mary Mother." And so it was that Patrick sent his Catholic doctrines home to the hearts of the people. He preached Jesus Christ under the name by which he is still known and adored in that far western land, *Mac na Maighdine*, "the Virgin's Son," thus admirably insinuating the great mystery of the Incarnation, and preaching Jesus through Mary; and Mary herself he preached, with all her graces and glories, as "Mary Mother." The example of her virginal purity and maternal love he made the type of the Irish maiden and mother; and so well did they learn their high lesson that they have been for ages the admiration of the world and the glory of their afflicted country. The devotion to Mary sank deep into the heart of the nation. So well had they already learned to love and appreciate her that, in a few years after their conversion to the faith, when they would express their love and admiration for the first great Irish virgin saint, St. Bridgid, they thought they had crowned her with glory when they called her "the Mary of Ireland." This devotion to Mary was a protecting shield over Ireland in the day of her battle for the faith.

The third great prominent point in St. Patrick's preaching was the doctrine of Purgatory, and consequently, careful thought and earnest prayer for the dead. This is attested by the ordinances of the most ancient Irish synods, in which oblations, prayers, and sacrifice for the dead are frequently mentioned, as evidently being the practice, frequent and loving, of the people. They were not unmindful of the dead, "like others who have no hope." Every ancient church had its little graveyard, and the jealous care of the people, even to this day, for these consecrated spots, the loving tenacity with which they have clung to them at all times, speak of their faith in this great doctrine, and tell us how much Irish hope and love surround the grave. "Nothing is our own except our dead," says the poet, and so these affectionate hearts took

with joy the doctrine of mercy, and carried their love and their prayer beyond the tomb into the realms of expiation, where the dross of earth is purged away, the gold and silver refined, and souls saved are prepared for heaven, "yet so as by fire." This doctrine of the Church, so forcibly taught by Patrick, and warmly accepted by the Irish people, was also a great defence to the nation's faith during the long ages of persecution and sorrow.

Finally, the great saint established between the people and their priesthood the firmest bonds of mutual confidence and love. In the Catholic Church the priest is separated from men and consecrated to God. The duties of his office are so high, so holy and supernatural, and require such purity of life and devotion of soul, that he must, of necessity, stand aloof from amongst men and engage himself with God; for, to use the words of the apostle, he is "the minister of Christ and the dispenser of the mysteries of God." Hence, every Catholic looks upon the priest as a supernatural man, — supernatural in the unction of his priesthood, in his office, his power, his life, his duties, and most sacred in his person as the anointed of the Lord. This was the idea of the priesthood which St. Patrick impressed upon the Irish people. The very name by which the priest has ever been known in our language, and which has no corresponding word in the English tongue, signifies "a sacred man and a giver of sacred things." Such is the exalted dignity of the priesthood, such the knowledge and matured sanctity required for, and the tremendous obligations and duties imposed upon it, that we generally find the first priests of a newly converted people strangers, men who in Christian lands were brought up and educated for their high mission. It would seem as if the young Christianity of a people, like a vine but newly planted, were unable yet to bear such full matured fruit of holiness. But it was not so in Ireland, my brethren. There we behold a singular instance of a people who immediately produced a national priesthood. The priests and bishops of Ireland, who assisted and succeeded St. Patrick in his great work, were almost to a man Irishmen. So congenial was the soil on which the seedling of Christianity fell, that forthwith it sprung up into the goodly tree of all holiness and power; and so the aged apostle saw around him, in "the ring of his brethren," those whom he had himself baptized, anointed, and consecrated into the ministry of God's altar and people. Taken thus from the heart of the people, they returned to them again laden with divine gifts, and, living in the midst of them, joyfully and contentedly ministered unto them "in all things that are of God" A community of joy and sorrow, of good and of evil, was thus established between the priesthood and the people of Ireland,— an intercourse the most familiar yet most reverential; a union of the strictest kind, founded in faith, fidelity, and affection, and cemented by centuries of tears and of blood.

For more than a thousand years the work of St. Patrick was the glory of Christendom. The Virgin Church of Ireland, unstained even by one martyr's blood, became the prolific mother of saints. Strange indeed, and singular in its glory, was the destiny of Innisfail. The Irish Church knew no childhood, no ages of painful and uncertain struggle to put on Christian usages and establish Christian traditions. Like the children in the early ages of the Church, who were confirmed in infancy, immediately after baptism, Ireland was called upon as soon as converted to become at once the mother of saints, the home and refuge of learning, the great instructress of the nations; and, perhaps, the history of the world does not exhibit a more striking and glorious sight than Ireland for the three hundred years immediately following her con-

version to the Catholic faith. The whole island was covered with schools and monasteries, in which men, the most renowned of their age, both for learning and sanctity, received the thousands of students who flocked to them from every land. Whole cities were given up to them; as we read of Armagh, which was divided into three parts,—"*Trianmore*," or the town proper; "*Trian-Patrick*," or the cathedral close; "*Trian-Sassenagh*," or the Latin quarter, the home of the foreign students. To the students the evening star gave the signal for retirement, and the morning sun for awaking. When, at the sound of the early bell, says the historian, "two or three thousand of them poured into the silent streets and made their way towards the lighted church, to join in the service of matins, mingling, as they went or returned, the tongues of the Gael, the Cimbri, the Pict, the Saxon, and the Frank, or hailing and answering each other in the universal language of the Roman Church, the angels in heaven must have loved to contemplate the union of so much perseverance with so much piety." And thus it was, not only in St. Patrick's own city of Armagh, but in Bangor, in Clonard, in Clonmacnoise, in Mayo; of the Saxons in Tagmahon and Beg-Erin, on the Slaney; in famed Lismore, on the Blackwater; in Mungret, on the lordly Shannon; in the far-off islands of Arran, on the Western Ocean, and in many another sainted and historic spot, where the round tower and the group of seven churches still remain, silent but eloquent witnesses of the sanctity and the glory of Ireland's first Christianity. The nations, beholding and admiring the lustre of learning and sanctity which shone forth in the holy isle, united in conferring upon Ireland the proudest title ever yet given to a land or a people; they called her "the Island of Saints and Doctors."

The voice of history clearly and emphatically proclaims that the intellectual supremacy and guidance of the Christian world belonged to Ireland from the sixth to the ninth centuries. But although religion may flourish in the halls of the university, and be fairly illustrated in the peaceful lives of the saints, yet there is one crown, and that, indeed, the very countersign of faith,—"*victoria quæ vincit mundum fides*,"—which can only rest on the brows of a church and a nation which have been tried in the arena of persecution and war; and that crown is victory. The bay-tree may flourish by the river-side; the cedar may rear its majestic head on the mountain-top; leaf and fair flower, and the fulness of fruit may be there; but it is only in the dark hour, when the storm sweeps over the earth, and every weak thing yields to it, and is carried away by its fury, that the good tree is tested, and its strength is proved. Then do men see whether it has struck its roots deep into the soil, and so twined them about the hidden rocks that no power can tear them out. The good ship may sail before the prosperous gales, and "walk the waters" in all her beauty and majesty; but it is only on the morning after the storm, when the hurricane has swept over the face of the deep, when the angry waves have beaten upon her, and strained to its utmost every element of her strength, seeking to destroy her, but in vain, that the sailor knows that he can trust to the heart of oak, and sleep securely in his noble vessel. Thus it is with the Church in Ireland. Her beauty and her sanctity were known and admired both of God and man; but her Lord was resolved that she should wear such crown of victory as never was placed on a nation's brows; and therefore, at two distinct periods of her history, was she obliged to meet and conquer a storm of persecution and of war unequalled in the world's annals. The first of these great trials came upon Ireland at the beginning of the ninth century, when the Northmen or Danes invaded the country in mighty force. They came not only as the enemies of

Ireland's nationality, but much more of her faith; and we invariably find that their first and most destructive fury was directed against the churches, monasteries, and schools. The gloomy and terrible worship of Odin was to replace the religion of Christ; and for three hundred long years the whole land was covered with bloodshed and confusion, the nation fighting with heroic courage and perseverance in defence of its altars and homes, until, at the close of the eleventh century, Ireland rose up in her united strength, shook off the pagan and fierce invaders from her virgin bosom, and cast them into the sea. The faith and religion of Christ triumphed, and Ireland was as Catholic, though far from being as holy, at the end of the eleventh as she was at the end of the eighth century. Now we can only realize the greatness of this result by comparing it with the history of other nations. Behold, for instance, how completely the Mussulman invasions destroyed the Christianity of those ancient peoples of the East who had received the faith from the lips of the apostles themselves; how thoroughly the Saracens succeeded, in a few years, in destroying the Christian faith of the North of Africa, — that once famous and flourishing church, the Alexandria of St. Mark, the Hippo of St Augustine, the Carthage of St. Cyprian. History attests that nothing is more subversive of the religion of a people than long-continued war; and of this great truth we have, without going to the East or to Africa, a most melancholy proof in the history of England.

"The Wars of the Roses," as the strife between the houses of Lancaster and York was called, cover a space of only thirty years, from 1455 to 1485. This war was not directed at all against religion, but was simply a contention of two great rival houses struggling for the sovereignty; and yet it so demoralized the English people that they were prepared to accept, almost without a struggle, the monstrous form of religious error imposed upon them at the so-called Reformation, — an heretical Church with a tyrant, an adulterer, and a murderer for its head. Contrast with these and many other such terrible examples the glory of a nation that emerged from a contest of three hundred years, which was really a religious war, with faith unimpaired, and untarnished by the least stain of superstition or infidelity to God.

It is not necessary for us to-day to recall the sad events that followed the Danish invasion of Ireland. The crown of empire fell from Ireland's brows, and the heart broke in the nation's bosom

> "The emerald gem of the western world
> Was set in the crown of the stranger."

It is, however, worthy of remark that although Ireland never was united in her opposition to her English invader, as she had been at Clontarf, still the contest for national existence was so gallantly maintained that it was four hundred years since the first Norman invasion before the English monarch ventured to assume the title of "King of Ireland." It was in 1169 the English first landed, and it was on the 19th of June, 1541, that the royalty of Ireland was first transferred to an English dynasty, and the lordship of the Island of Saints conferred on one of the most wicked and inhuman monsters that ever cursed the earth, King Henry VIII. And now a new era of persecution and sorrow opened upon Ireland. The nation was commanded to give up its faith and religion. Never, since the beginning of the world, was an all-important question more solemnly put; never has it been more triumphantly and clearly answered. The question was, Were the Irish people prepared to stand by their ancient faith, to unite in defence of their altars, to close with the mighty persecuting power of England, and fight her in the cause of religion? Solemnly and deliberately did Ireland take up the gage and accept the great challenge. The issue seemed scarcely doubtful. The world refused to believe that a

people who could never be united in the defence of their national existence would unite as one man in defence of religion; or that the power which had succeeded in breaking Ireland's sceptre and wresting her crown should be utterly defeated in its mightiest and most persistent efforts to destroy Ireland's ancient faith. Yet so it was to be. The "Island of Saints and Doctors" was destined to be a land of heroes and martyrs, and the sacred cause of Ireland's nationality was destined to be saved in the victory which crowned her wonderful and glorious battle for her faith. This is not the time nor the occasion to dwell upon the details of that terrible struggle in which the whole strength of earth's mightiest people was put forth against us; which lasted for three hundred years; which was fought out on a thousand battle-fields; which deluged Ireland with the best blood of her children, and reduced her fairest provinces, over and over again, to the condition of a waste and desert land. But the Celt was intrenched in the citadel of God; the light of divine truth was upon his path, the power of the Most High nerved his arm, and the spirit of Patrick hung over him, like the fiery cloud that overshadowed the hosts of Israel upon the plains of Edom and Madian.

Ireland's preservation of the Catholic faith has been a puzzle to the world, and men have sought to explain in many different ways the extraordinary phenomenon. Some ascribe it to our natural antipathy and opposition to England and everything English; others again allege the strong conservatism of the Irish character, and its veneration for ancient rites and usages, merely because they are ancient; whilst English historians and philosophers love to attribute it to the natural obstinacy and wrongheadedness which they say is inherent in the Irish. I do not deny that, amongst the minor and human causes that influenced the religious action of the Irish people, there may have been a hatred and detestation of England. The false religion was presented to our fathers by the detested hands that had robbed Ireland of her crown; it was offered at the point of the sword that had shed (often treacherously and foully) the blood of her bravest sons; the nauseous dose of Protestantism was mixed in the bowl that poisoned the last of her great earls, — Owen Roe O'Neil. All this may have told with the Irish people; and I also admit that a church and religion claiming to be of God, with such a divinely appointed head as the *saintly* Henry the Eighth, such a nursing mother as the chaste Elizabeth, such gentle missionaries as the humane and tender-hearted Oliver Cromwell, may have presented difficulties to a people whose wits were sharpened by adversity, and who were not wholly ignorant of the Christian character, as illustrated in the history and traditions of their native land.

We may also admit to a slight extent the conservatism of the Irish character and its veneration for antiquity. Oh, how much our fathers had to love in their ancient religion! Their history began with their Christianity, their glories were all intertwined with their religion, their national banner was inscribed with the emblem of their faith, "the green, immortal shamrock," the brightest names in their history were all associated with their religion. "Malachi of the collar of gold," dying in the midst of the monks, and clothed with their holy habit, on an island of Lough Ennel, near Mullingar in Meath; Brian, "the great king," upholding the crucifix before his army on the morning of Clontarf, and expiring in its embraces before the sunset; the brave Murkertach O'Brien, answering fearlessly the threat of William Rufus, for, when the English king said, looking towards Ireland, "I will bring hither my ships, and pass over and conquer the land," "Hath the king," asked the Irish monarch, "in his great threatenings said, '*If it*

please God?'" And when answered, "No," "Then tell him," exclaimed the Irish hero, "I fear him not, since he putteth his trust in man and not in God"; Roderick O'Connor, the last "high king" of Ireland, closing his career of disaster and of glory amongst the canons of the Abbey of Cong, — saint and bard and hero, all alike presented themselves to the national mind surrounded by the halo of that religion which the people were now called upon to abandon and despise. Powerful as was the appeal of history and antiquity, I cannot give it any great weight in the preservation of Ireland's Catholicity. I do not believe that adherence to ancient usage because of its antiquity is a prominent feature of Irish character. We are by no means so conservative as our English neighbors. It is worthy of remark that usages and customs once common to both countries, and long since abandoned and forgotten in Ireland (Christmas "waits," for instance, harvest-home feasts, Maypole dances, and the like), are still kept up faithfully and universally throughout England. The bells which, in Catholic times, called the people to early mass on Sunday morning, are still rung out as of old, through mere love of ancient usage, although their ringing from Protestant towers in the early morning has no meaning whatever; for it invites to no service or prayer. And yet, in the essential matter of religion, where antiquity itself is a proof of truth, the conservative English gave up the old faith for the new; whilst the Irish, in other things so regardless of antiquity, died and shed their blood for the old religion, rather than turn to the strange imposture of the new.

But none of these purely natural explanations can explain the supernatural fact, that a whole people preferred, for ten generations, confiscation, exile, and death, rather than surrender their faith; and the true reason lies in the all-important circumstance that the religion of the Irish people was the true religion of Jesus Christ, bringing not only light to the intelligence, but grace and strength to the heart and will of the nation. The light of their divine faith showed them the hollowness and fallacy of Protestantism, in which they recognized an outrage upon common-sense and reason, as well as upon God; and the grace of their holy Catholic religion enabled them to suffer and die in its defence. Here it is that we recognize the providence of God in the preaching of St. Patrick. The new and false religion assailed precisely those points of Catholic teaching which he had engraved most deeply on the mind and heart of Ireland, as if he had anticipated the trial and prepared for it. Attachment to the Holy See was more than a sentiment; it was a passion in the Irish bosom. Through good report and evil report, Ireland was always faithful to Peter's chair; and it is a curious fact that, when the Christian world was confused by the pretensions of Antipopes, and all the nations of Christendom were, at one time or other, led astray, so as to acknowledge some false pretender, Ireland, with an instinct truly supernatural, never failed to discover, to proclaim, and to obey the true pontiff. She is the only Catholic nation that never was, for a moment, separated from Peter, nor mistaken in her allegiance to him. Her prayer, her obedience, her love, were the sure inheritance of each succeeding Pope, from Celestine, who sent St. Patrick to Ireland, to Pius, who, in our own day, beheld Patrick's children guarding his venerable throne, and prepared to die in his glorious cause. In every Catholic land union with Rome is a principle. In Ireland it was a devotion. And so, when the evil genius of Protestantism stalked through the land, and with a loud voice demanded of the Irish people separation from Rome, or their lives, the faithful people of God consented to die, rather than to renounce the faith of their fathers, transmitted to them through the saints.

Devotion to the Mother of God was the next great feature of Patrick's preaching and of Ireland's Catholicity. The image of all that was fairest in nature and grace, which arose before the eyes of the people, as depicted by the great apostles, captivated their imaginations and their hearts. They called her in their prayers "*Miden dheelish*," their darling Virgin. In every family in the land the eldest daughter was a Mary; every Irish maid or mother emulated the purity of her virginal innocence or the strength and tenderness of her maternal love. With the keenness of love they associated their daily sorrows and joys with hers; and the ineffable grace of maiden modesty which clung to the very mothers of Ireland seemed to be the brightest reflection of Mary which had lingered upon the earth. Oh, how harshly upon the ears of such a people grated the detestable voice which would rob Mary of her graces, and rob the world of the light of her purity and the glory of her example! Never was the Mother of God so dear to Ireland as in the days of the nation's persecution and sorrow. Not even in that bright day when the Virgin Mother seemed to walk the earth, and to have made Ireland her home, in the person of their own Saint Bridget, was her name so dear and the love of her so strong, as in the dark and terrible time when, church and altar being destroyed, every cabin in the land resounded with Mary's name, invoked in the Holy Rosary, the great devotion that saved Ireland's faith.

The third great leading feature of our holy religion assailed by Protestantism was the sweet and tender doctrine of prayer and love for the dead. That which is opposed to divine truth is always, when we analyze it, an outrage on the best instincts of man. Remembrance of those who are gone, and a desire to help them, to communicate with them, seems natural to us all; and the more tender-hearted and affectionate and loving a people are, the more deeply will they realize and appreciate the Catholic doctrine of purgatory, and prayer for the dead. How terrible is the separation of death, as seen from the Protestant point of view! In the Catholic Church this mystery of death is despoiled of its worst bitterness. It is only a removal from our bodily sight, as if the loved one were only gone on a journey for a few days, to return to us again. Our intercourse with him does not cease; nay, we can do more for him now than ever we could in life, and by our prayers obtain for him the relief and consolation that will never be forgotten during the long day of eternity in heaven To a people like the Irish, naturally affectionate, and strongly attached to each other, the Christian doctrine of prayer for the dead must always be grateful Our history served to deepen this portion of our Catholic devotion, for it was a history of sorrow and of national privation; and sorrow softens and enlarges the heart. A people who had lost so much in life turned the more eagerly and lovingly to their dead. I remember once seeing an aged woman weeping and praying over a grave in Ireland; and when I questioned her, endeavoring to console her, she said, "Let me cry my fill. All that I ever had in this world are here in this grave; all that ever brought me joy or sorrow is here under this sod; and my only consolation in life is to come here and speak to them, and pray for them, and weep." We may imagine, but we cannot realize, the indignation of our fathers, when the heartless, sour-visaged, cold-blooded men of Geneva came to them to tell them that henceforth they must be "unmindful of their dead, like others who have no hope." This doctrine may do for the selfish, light-hearted, thoughtless worldling, who loves nothing in death, and who in life loves only for his own sake; but it would scarcely be acceptable to a generous, pure, and loving race, and withal a nation of mourners, as the

Irish were, when the unnatural doctrine was first propounded to them.

Finally, the new religion was represented to the Irish people by men who grotesquely represented themselves as successors of the apostles. The popular mind in Ireland had derived its idea of the Christian priesthood from such men as Patrick, Columba, of Iona, and Kevin, of Glendalough. The great majority of the clergy in Ireland were at all times monastic, — men who added to the character and purity of the priest the sanctity and austerity of the cenobite. The virtues of Ireland's priesthood made them the admiration of other lands, but the idols of their own people. The monastic glories of ancient Lismore and Bangor were still reflected from Mellifont and Bective; the men of Glendalough and ancient Armagh lived on in the Franciscan and Dominican abbeys throughout the land; and the Catholic Church presented, in the sixteenth century, in her Irish clergy, the same purity of life, sanctity and austerity of morals, zeal, and learning, which illumined the world in ages gone by. Steeped as our people were in sorrow, they could not refrain from mirth at the sight of the *holy* "apostles" of the new religion, the men who were to take the place of the Catholic bishops and priests and monks, to teach and illustrate by their lives the purer gospel which had been just discovered, — the Mormonism of the sixteenth century. English renegade monks, English apostate priests, English drunken brawlers, with a ferocious English army at their back, invaded the land, and, parading themselves, with their wives or concubines, before the eyes of the astonished and disgusted people, called upon the children of St. Patrick and St. Columba to receive them as "the ministers of Christ and the dispensers of the mysteries of God." Their religion was worthy of them: they had no mysteries to dispense to the people; no sacrifice, no penance, no confession of sin, no fasting, no vows to God, no purity, no counsels of the gospel, no sacrament of matrimony, no priesthood, no anointing of the sick, no prayer for the dead. Gracious God! They came to a people whom they had robbed of their kingdom of earth, and demanded of them also the surrender of the kingdom of heaven! Was ever heard such audacity? What wonder that Ireland took her own priest, her "*soggarth aroon*," to her bosom! Never did she know his value till now. It was only when she had seen his hideous counterpart that she realized all that she possessed in the humble child of St. Francis and St. Dominic. The sunshine is all the more welcome when we have seen the blackness of the night; the sweet is all the sweeter when we have tasted bitterness; the diamond shines all the brighter when its dull, glassy counterfeit is set beside it; and the angel of light has all the purer radiance of heaven around him, after the affrighted eye has caught a glimpse of the spirit of darkness. As strangers, the ministers of Protestantism have lived in Ireland for three hundred years; as strangers they live in the land to-day. The people and their clergy, united, "have fought the good fight, have kept the faith," and we have lived to see the triumph of that faith in our own day.

Now, I say, that in all this we see the providence of God in the labor of Ireland's glorious apostle. Who can deny that the religion which St. Patrick gave to Ireland is divine? A thousand years of sanctity attest it; three hundred years of martyrdom attest it. If men will deny the virtues which it creates, the fortitude which it inspires, let them look to the history of Ireland. If men say that the Catholic religion flourishes only because of the splendor of its ceremonial, the grandeur of its liturgy, and its appeal to the senses, let them look to the history of Ireland. What sustained the faith when church and altar disappeared? when no light burned,

no organ pealed, but all was desolation for centuries? Surely the divine life, which is the soul of the Church, of which the external worship and ceremonial are but the expression. But if they will close their eyes to all this, at least there is a fact before them, the most glorious and palpable of our day; and it is, that Ireland's Catholicity has risen again to every external glory of worship, and triumphed over every enemy. Speaking of our Lord, St. Augustine says, "In that he died he showed himself man; in that he rose again he proved himself God." Has not the Irish Church risen again to more than her former glory? The land is covered once more with fair churches, convents, colleges, and monasteries, as of old; and who shall say that the religion that could thus suffer and rise again is not from God? This glorious testimony to God and to his Christ is thine, O holy and venerable land of my birth and of my love! O glory of earth and heaven, to-day thy great apostle looks down upon thee from his high seat of bliss, and his heart rejoices; to-day the angels of God rejoice over thee, for the light of sanctity which still beams upon thee; to-day thy troops of virgin and martyr saints speak thy praises in the high courts of heaven. And I, O Mother, far away from thy green bosom, hail thee from afar — as the prophet of old, beholding the fair plains of the promised land — and proclaim this day that there is no land so fair, no spot of earth to be compared to thee, no island rising out of the wave so beautiful as thou art; that neither the sun nor the moon nor the stars of heaven shine down upon anything so lovely as thee, O Erin!

THE question is not what this man or that woman likes in the matter of music for the house of God, but What has the Church designated as the style suitable to the solemn service of the sanctuary?

Original.

DEAN STANLEY'S IMPRESSIONS OF AMERICA.*

Rev. Joseph Vincent O'Connor.

THE Rev. A. P. Stanley, Dean of Westminster, whose late visit to this country called forth what Thackeray would call a "cataract of snobbishness," has been giving his impressions of America before a bucolic Institute of Agriculture at Birmingham, England. It was well said by Wendell Phillips that it is morally and physically impossible for an Englishman to form a right judgment upon any American institution; and we may therefore marvel at the sublime self-confidence of Stanley, who in the address before us runs through the whole circle of American life. He was here about a month. He flitted from city to city, generally in the company of parsons, who could not reasonably be expected to have the soundest views upon matters secular. He was captured by notorious lion-hunters, and flattered to the top of his bent by the "Anglo-Saxon element." The man's egotism is startling. De Tocqueville, the French statesman, whose book on Democracy in America is the fruit of ten years' patient study and investigation, admits the incompleteness of his data, and modestly puts forth his admirable opinions, with an honest request that they be well weighed and scrutinized by the American people, to whom they are addressed. Stanley has no such diffidence. Just as in his "History of the Jews," he disposes of the miraculous and inspired in the Scriptures, so in his address on America, he settles our status in the most off-hand, and, as we shall see, the most erroneous manner.

It may be well to remark *en parenthèse*, that Englishmen and Englishwomen view this country from a strictly English point of view; that they can never rid themselves of their insular narrowness; and that they can

* The United States. Address of Rev. A. P. Stanley before the Birmingham Institute, Dec. 19, 1878.

never forgive us for demonstrating to a laughing world the weakness and braggadocio of the English government. Stanley is right when he makes "the separation of the American States" from England in the Revolution the severest blow that ever befell the mother-country. Whatever prestige England enjoyed prior to that glorious event, it faded with the suddenness of a tropical day. The glory of Waterloo was dimmed by the failure of the American war of 1812. The haughty islanders, "whose home was on the deep," were humiliated by the easy triumphs, upon their "native element," of former "colonists," whom they knew not whether to fear or to despise. The pompous battle rolls, the salvos of artillery, the march of the royal troops, the terrible war-bulletins, and all the pride and circumstance of glorious war, with which England had been wont to terrify the Continent, were greeted with roars of laughter, after the Revolution, when Europe learned that a handful of poor, half-starved, and half-armed Americans had succeeded in wresting from Albion the fairest jewels in her crown. The wily old Talleyrand said to Franklin, "Eh! you Yankees have taught Europe to laugh at England. Pouf! *Gargantua est mort*," — alluding to the famous bombastic hero of Rabelais.

When Mrs. Trollope visited this country about 1836–40, she was received with a graciousness and hospitality which she repaid in the vilest manner. The infinitesimally small soul of the woman was unable to appreciate the sweet kernel of genuine kindness enclosed by an occasional roughness of dress or demeanor. She wrote a book for the amusement of London *roués* and the fashionable ladies of the West End. What horrid vulgarity! The Americans put their knife in their mouths when eating. Mrs. Trollope actually saw a lady (!) use her handkerchief in company, and a gentleman (!) walked into a parlor with his hat and cane. Horror of horrors! she also saw men chewing tobacco, and a distinguished member of Congress drinking a morning cocktail. With extraordinary difficulty, and at the risk of craning her neck, she saw a lady at a public ball actually in conversation with what appeared to be a chambermaid, though Mrs. Trollope would be loath to think that such a pitch of barbarism had been reached. On one occasion, while visiting the house of a very amiable but vulgar lady, she saw the latter lean back on the chair. She nearly swooned, and faintly whispered to her companion to finish the visit, as the awful sight was too much for her. This is the same detestable feminine snob who wrote a book on Italy which is full of insinuations against the morality of all classes of the Italian people, but particularly the clergy. Reading it, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's answer to a scandal-loving old dame who complimented him on the absence of indecent words and terms in his dictionary. "Ah, madam," said the gruff old lexicographer, "I see you have been looking for them."

Charles Dickens, whose life and works proclaim him to have been a vulgar man, or, at least, a man who could not make any pretensions to exceptional elegance of manners, published a book about us which stamped him irredeemably as a snob. The vilest criticism that could occur to him, a venom which deprives him of his accustomed humor, and a singular perversity of judgment, are all apparent in "American Notes," and still more offensively in "Martin Chuzzlewit." His grasping penuriousness, which America itself could not satisfy, took from him any sense of shame that would have touched a manlier bosom; and to the day of his miserable death, he was wont to set the table on a roar by his coarse burlesquing of the American ladies and gentlemen who had thrown open to him their hearts and their homes.

The English mind is incapable of that breadth of judgment which our insti-

tutions exact. Dean Stanley is overcome by our "bewildering activity." He cannot understand this or appreciate that. The general impression left on him is very unsatisfactory. He compares us to our own Niagara. And the sting of the old serpent is shown when he warns the American people against "the Irish, the negroes, and the Chinese." His perceptions, even though dulled by his enormous self-conceit, must have seen the vast numbers, intelligence, and general prosperity of the exiled Irish race in this land, for which they have done so much, and for which that land, in her large-heartedness, is really grateful, no matter what the "Anglo-Saxon" may say to the contrary.

The intolerable vanity of the Englishman is apparent in his calm appropriation to his country of all that is great, good, and enduring in American institutions "We cannot forget that we are kindred." What does this bosh mean? Does it imply that America owes anything to England, except the memory of its tyranny, its treachery, and its injustice? This wretched sophism has been repeated so often that it is high time, one should think, that it should cease from annoying the Americans. What, in Heaven's name, does America owe England? What is this awful obligation under which the snobs tell us we are bound? What is this debt of eternal gratitude? What affinity is there between the English and the American character? To our shame be it spoken, there are a few Americans, so degenerate from the forefathers they claim, who keep up this cry of indebtedness to the mother country, to the disgust of every sensible man in the country. Why, America, if it comes to that, is under greater obligations to Germany, to France, to almost every nation in the world, than she is to England. Most nations have ever been friendly to us. Their inhabitants, bearing the fruit of industry, of intelligence, and of honest purpose, came to these shores. Is it not a matter of history that the material prosperity of this country is largely due to the hard and honest labor of countless Irishmen? and do we not owe to the same race some of the noblest evidences of a great love for education and religion? England, indeed! Why, the claim is so preposterous that one knows not whether to laugh or to get angry.

But were not the Pilgrims, the Washingtons, etc. Englishmen? Granted, but they were Englishmen ashamed of their country; and England shows a pitiful lack of self-respect even to claim men that fled from her as from a pestilence, that hated her even more fiercely than does the Ameer of Afghanistan, and that never referred to the mother country except in terms of the bitterest contempt and reproach. Englishmen! Men who sternly forbade the very name of England to be mentioned, if possible, in public documents; that coupled the name with an epithet of contempt; that refused everything of English manufacture; that in their Declaration of Independence branded the brow of England before the world and for all time, with scarlet letters of shame, of contempt, of infinite loathing, which England would give the wealth of her Indies if she could erase. We owe everything to England, indeed! We nearly owe to her the disruption of our Union; and the Southern people during our unfortunate civil war found the worth of the contemptible proffers of help and encouragement which it received from England, proffers which, like the promises of the "weird sisters" to Macbeth, were made to the ear, "but broken to the hope."

No, no, Dean Stanley. Your elegant literary accomplishments may reject with horror a peculiar phrase familiar to American boys. It runs thus: *it's too thin.* You have been completely deluded by the snobbish coterie which it was your misfortune to encounter during your visit to our shores. If you suppose that America groans under her sense of obligations

to the "mother country," the sooner you lay aside such an opinion, the better. The fierce fires of the Revolution, kindled anew in the North and in the South by the attitude of England toward both of us in our civil war, have not gone out entirely. We owe absolutely nothing to England, and we resent such a ridiculous imputation. We feed and clothe England at rates cheaper than her own markets. There may be a few flunkies amongst us that pine for royalty, and would faint with delight at the privilege of being appointed Lord of the Royal Stockings or Knight of the Royal Bed Chambery. But these aspirants for the honors of nobility are not numerous amongst us, and in all likelihood are destined to sigh in vain.

Do we owe England our literature? The language is English, but it is good English. The American people speak the English language with a purity, a propriety and precision which delight educated Englishmen. The dialects of Yorkshire and Shropshire and the cockney jargon of London have no parallels this side of the Atlantic. Throughout the vast domain of the country, we can understand one another. The few peculiarities of pronunciation and intonation do not obscure the meaning of the language. Dean Stanley sneers at our newspapers. The reason is obvious. Even our second-class periodicals are far superior to what are called "leading British journals." The American journal contains not only fuller and more accurate news, but its style of writing and general arrangement are better than the British papers. American literature is only in its infancy, yet we venture to say that ten Americans take a paper or a magazine, for one Englishman.

Our readers can now form a general idea of this English parson's impressions of America. We knew that he would condemn and ridicule the amiable donkeys that surrounded him so flatteringly. We expect that he will manufacture a book to give longer and more durable form to his pity for us. We should be delighted if he would only give us his "impressions" on the ridiculous religious sects which abound among us. He was grasped by hundreds of those queer religionists that fill New England. Now, Stanley himself is an infidel, or, more politely, a rationalist, although he is an Anglican dean, and enjoys a fine income from the old Catholic benefice and foundation of Westminster. He does not believe in Christianity except as a form of the great religion of humanity, which is made up of such diverse elements as Mohammedanism, Parsee-worship, or, in fact, any inspiration toward the spiritual and the good. If he has any humor, which we doubt, judging from his books, he would do the Catholic Church an immense service by giving us a sketch of the odd religions which he here encountered. But he is miserably mistaken upon the point of our open-mouthed wonder at England's greatness and beneficence. He closes with a compliment to the queen, in true flunky style, and hopes that America will ever revere the royal family.

In contrast we say that America's only hope of preserving the purity and stability of her republican institutions is to treat England only as a commercial power, to deal with her in trade, but beyond that to have nothing to do with her, socially, religiously, or politically. There is not, nor can there be, any sympathy between the two nations. England is of even little commercial advantage to us. She is our foe, because we have shown the world that her cumbrous and iniquitous system of hereditary royalty and nobility is unneeded and unnecessary. She has never forgiven us the Revolution nor the re-establishment of the Union. The masses of her people sympathize with us, and do themselves warn us against coming into any closer alliance with her. With all her specious expressions of religious toleration, she is the great anti-Catholic nation of Europe; for though her

own clergy may be Methodist or infidel, it matters not so they be not Catholic. She is meanly swayed by the mere love of pelf, for which she is prepared to sacrifice the national honor and the lives of her subjects. She kept the Moslem rule in Europe when even the Turk himself was ashamed to remain. She saw and actually fixed the crescent of Mohammed above the cross of Christ, just as her merchants fill orders for the construction in London of the India idols. The less America models herself upon this precious country the better.

We do not desire that our criticism of Dean Stanley's address should be regarded as a merely clerical or religiously polemical attack. No; there could be no controversy between Stanley and the writer, for the simple reason that Stanley is an infidel who pretends to be a Christian,— a curious mongrel creed which it would puzzle St. Augustine himself to analyze. Our critique is based upon historical fact, and our knowledge of the character of the American people. We hope that the citizens of Birmingham, into whose eyes Dean Stanley has thrown rhetorical dust, will not be deceived by his false and delusory view of the people of the United States and their social, civil, and educational institutions. We should like that Stanley's readers were warned against accepting his wholly imaginary and false classification of American society. There are no *helots* here. There are no "ruling classes," which are warned by Stanley to keep a sharp eye after the Irish, the negroes, and the Chinese. The insult is not only gross, but it is gratuitous. The conductor that took Stanley's railway ticket and the man that carried his trunk to his hotel are civilly the equals of the President. The Chinese question is discussed here on grounds entirely distinct from merely political reasons. Indeed, our trouble with the Chinese is that they will not become American citizens, or remain in the country as other immigrants, or accommodate themselves, as others do, to the laws of the country and to those social observances that have the force of laws. The meanness of the contemptuous allusion to the Irish people is too transparent to need more than a passing notice. The very shabbiness of the remark forces us to say that Stanley's own father, a preacher like himself, emigrated from Scotland, lived in extreme penury in a small living in one of the inland shires of England, and that he (the Dean himself) is looked upon by the nobility, whom he flatters so fondly, as nothing but a toady and lickspittle to the royal family. Moreover, the English clergy of both the High and the Low Church hold him in such contempt that they never invite him to fill their pulpits, and he can preach only to the empty benches of Westminster Abbey, or before such a secular gathering as the Birmingham Institute.

THE CELT AND THE SAXON. — In an article on "The Celt of Wales and Ireland," in a recent number of the "Cornhill Magazine," there occurs the following discrimination between the Celt and the Saxon: "The whole mental machinery of the Welsh and Irish seems better oiled than that of the Saxon. They catch an idea as a good player catches a shuttlecock; and the speaker is never called upon, in the ineffably tiresome way so common in England, to repeat his remark, that his auditor may be enabled to swallow and digest it before he replies. The retort comes sharp and quick as the snap of a revolver. Anger, pleasure, tears, and laughter follow the flash which gives occasion to them, and do not go on rumbling in English fashion three minutes afterwards. The Celt may deserve sometimes to be called indiscreet, wrong-headed, and scatter-brained; but no one could ever dream of applying to him the epithets of dullard, Bœotian, clodpole, numbskull, or dunderhead. He may be silly, but not beef-witted."

ANOTHER POSSIBLE DIFFICULTY FOR ENGLAND.

Thomas Clarke Luby, in N. Y. Irish Democrat.

NEAR forty years ago a British force, commanded, alas! by an Irishman, Gen. Keane, entered Afghanistan to force a king of England's choice on the bold, free tribes of that mountain land. On the 21st of July, 1839, he invested Ghuznee. After two days of desperate fighting the gates were blown in and the place was stormed. For a time the country, to all appearance, lay prostrate at the feet of British power. The haughty Irish soldier was raised to the peerage, and gratified with a pension of £2,000 per annum, for doing England's fell work of wholesale brigandage. Shah Soojah, England's puppet king, was enthroned in Cabul and supported on the necks of reluctant subjects by a permanent British force, stationed in the capital and in other strong places of the country. Old Elphinstone commanded in Cabul. Sir Robert Sale hunted down numerous bodies of troops that continued to resist. The rightful monarch of the Afghans, old Dost Mohammed, had been consigned to a British prison. But his daring son, Akhbar Khan, escaping the clutches of his enemies, remained a free man, and at the head of a gallant band of his countrymen still kept the field and the flag of freedom flying. Here was the nucleus of a fresh patriotic struggle. As Thomas Davis, in his glorious "Ballad of Freedom," sings,—

"The Englishman, for long, long years, had ravaged Ganges' side,
A dealer first, intriguer next, he conquered far and wide,
Till, hurried on by avarice and thirst of endless rule,
His Sepoys pierced to Candahar, his flag waved in Cabul.
But still within the conquered land was one unconquered man,
The fierce Fushtani lion, the fiery Akhbar Khan.
He slew the Sepoys on the snow, till Scindh's full flood they swam it,
Right rapidly, content to flee the son of Dost Mohammed,
The son of Dost Mohammed, and brave old Dost Mohammed,
Oh! long may they
Their mountains sway,
Akhbar and Dost Mohammed!
Long live the Dost,
Who Britain crost,
Hurrah for Dost Mohammed!"

Akhbar Khan shot with his own hand, at a conference, the British envoy, Sir W. McNaghten. The English howled at this as treachery, but at the time many thought it simply a case of "the biter bit," the trapper trapped. What did McNaghten mean by saying a few days before the meeting, to old Gen. Elphinstone, who had uneasily remonstrated with him about the mysterious, crooked designs that seemed in progress? — "Wait, your Excellency, the plot will develop itself." What did he mean by this saying, which caused the anxious old soldier to reply, "Ah! your Excellency, plot is a word I don't like to hear in an Englishman's mouth."

Towards the end of 1841 the whole Afghan land was wrapped in a blaze of fiercest insurrection. The licentiousness of the British officers (I speak on the authority of Key's "History" of those events, the most reliable British authority) had infuriated the influential Afghans. Those "officers and gentlemen" had requited Afghan hospitality by destroying the peace and honor of Afghan homes. In the early days of the revolt fell another half diplomatist, half spy of the English, Sir Alexander Burnes, one of the class sarcastically called, by John Mitchel, "England's military bagmen." In his short life he had been one of the deftest workers of mischief to the freedom of the people of India and the tribes of Central Asia. With his brother and others, he now met his merited doom.

But the honorable and high-minded British Cabinet, taking advantage of their agent's assassination and acting on the great principle that "dead men tell no tales," took the earliest opportunity to perpetrate a deed that, morally at least, rendered them deserving of lifelong penal servitude. For deeds involving less of moral turpitude, men have cracked stones at Portland for long years. Old Palm-

erston and his com-rogues garbled Burnes's despatches, tearing out and destroying leaves where it suited their villanous object, in order to make it appear that the mischievous policy of conquering beyond the northwest frontiers of Hindostan had emanated from the slain diplomatist, not from their governor-general. But Burnes had been as crafty a knave as any one of them. He well understood the men with whom he had to deal. He had written all his despatches in triplicate, so that, to their confusion, the manipulations of the "right honorable" forgers were unmasked. It was shown clearly that the trans-Indian policy had originated, not with Burnes, who had only been a pliant tool in aiding "the dirty work" of British greed and perfidy, but with the Viceroy of India and the Cabinet that sustained him. I speak again on the authority of the British historian, Key.

Those who were alive at the time in the so-called British islands must well and vividly remember the humiliation and dismay with which the English heard the news of the disastrous retreat of the British forces from the city of Cabul. It was a reproduction, on a smaller scale, of the horrors of the French retreat from Moscow in 1812. The late Sir Archibald Alison says that the moral effect in Britain and all over Europe was not second to that produced by the reverses of Napoleon and the Grand Army. The British retreat in 1841 also took place in midwinter. These wretched fugitives had to struggle through mountain passes blocked up with snow. The fierce, vengeful Afghan foeman hung on their rear and flanks, or even occasionally barred their way. The miserable Sepoys and Englishmen perished by hundreds and thousands of cold and famine and fatigue, or they were shot down from the hillsides, or they were crushed beneath rocks hurled down the precipices. Hardly an eye-witness on the British side lived to tell the tragic tale.

It is true that Sir Robert Sale gallantly held out in Jellalabad, whither he had been compelled to retreat, till relief came to him. It is true that Gen. Pollock invaded the land again to vindicate the tarnished glory (?) of England's "felon flag"; it is true that he succeeded in forcing the Khyber Pass; it is true that he reoccupied for a brief space the city of Cabul, and rescued the heroine, Lady Sale, and other English female captives. But did the English dare to retain the country? Did they any longer dream of holding as vassals the gallant, hardy tribes of the free Afghan people, said, not without plausible grounds, to be the lost ten tribes of Israel? Not a bit of it. The statesmen and soldiers of England soon dropped Afghanistan like a hot potato. Their puppet king disappeared from history. Old Dost Mohammed was released from prison, mounted once more his ancestral throne, and ruled what remained of the old Dourranee empire as long as he lived. There is an instance for you of a successful patriotic resistance to the mighty empire of Britain, by a people fewer in numbers than the Irish, less supplied with means of defending their freedom, and even cursed with divisions such as have ever weakened Ireland's cause.

We have the unwilling testimony of Lady Sale that Akhbar Khan and his Afghans better fulfilled the part of honorable men than her English countrymen had done. She says, "They say a woman is implacable in her vengeance. I shall ever hate Akhbar Kahn, but I must say that he at least respected female honor." That is more than "the officers and gentlemen" of England's army had done, when quartered in the city of Cabul to keep Shah Soojah on his tottering throne.

Well, what has happened once before may happen again. The English are to-day forcing their way into Afghanistan. As yet they have met with easy triumphs. But they are carrying out the behests of an unjust policy this time, too. Mr. Gladstone

charges the English Cabinet and the Indian government with rank injustice. He says the invasion is an outrage to every sense of right. Lord Lawrence, an able Irishman, trained and experienced in Eastern affairs, also denounces the unprovoked wantonness of Lord Lytton's aggression on the independence of Shere Ali and his people. The English, in their usual perfidious style, are trying to take advantage of family dissensions between the Afghan monarch and his disobedient son, Mohammed Yakoob Khan. This canker of injustice, may it not eventually eat into the heart of England's might? Let her go on. Happily, she may fulfil her destiny in a way she has not calculated on. She is drawing near to her destined antagonist, Russia. Russia is drawing nearer and nearer to her. The catastrophe may not happen to-day or to-morrow, but happen it will. Time is ripening the occasion, which, sure as fate, will bring on the dread encounter between the two great rivals, the encounter to decide which of the two is to predominate, in the first instance in Central Asia, and, finally, in Hindostan itself. This struggle may be adjourned for a brief space by the arts of diplomacy, but it must take place sooner or later. England's difficulty to-day, then, is far more formidable (viewing ultimate consequences) than the trouble of 1841 and 1842. She was in no real danger, at that time, of finding herself face to face with the gigantic might of Russia, but this is her haunting fear to-day. Well she knows that Russia owes her a grudge, and only waits to pay her off for the tricky manipulations of the recent Berlin Conference and for her huggermugger negotiations with Turkey.

I do not desire to write vulgar sensationalisms. I do not seek, in claptrap fashion, to excite expectations in my countrymen, as likely as not to prove illusory. I do not say that "England's difficulty" and "Ireland's opportunity" have actually come, or that they are even to come immediately. But I do say that events in the far East, in Europe, too, and even in the British Isles, are surely, if (it may be) slowly, bringing them round. I do say that the time *has* come when Ireland should rouse herself and stand on the alert. If Irishmen really mean to make one more earnest effort to win "Ireland for the Irish," they should "watch and pray" without ceasing; and not merely "watch and pray," and bide their time with the patience and endurance of a red Indian on the trail of his foe, but prepare sedulously and gird up their loins for decisive action in the future. Eternal failure and eternal infamy might justly be their doom, if the opportunity were again to come, and again to find them slumbering by the wayside.

But let us hope for the best. If they keep a vigilant eye on coming events, and brace their energies like true, earnest, patriotic men, freedom and eternal glory will prove their assured guerdon.

THE NECESSITY AND DIGNITY OF LABOR.

Sir Walter Scott's Letter to his Son.

I RELY upon it that you are now working hard in the classified mine, getting out the rubbish as fast as you can, and preparing yourself to collect the ore. I cannot too much impress upon your mind that labor is the condition which God has imposed on us in every station of life. There is nothing worth having that can be had without it, from the bread which the peasant wins with the sweat of his brow to the sports by which the rich man must get rid of his *ennui*. The only difference betwixt them is that the poor man labors to get a dinner to his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite to his dinner. As for knowledge, it can no more be planted in the human mind without labor than a field of wheat can be produced without the previous use of the plough.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE: WHAT IRELAND HAS CONTRIBUTED TO ITS GREATNESS.

Cardinal Manning.

For three hundred years the Catholic Church in England lay desolate; for three hundred years there was no hierarchy uniting it with the hierarchy of the Church throughout the world; for three hundred years there was no Catholic Church in England in the full perfection of its structure and authority. England was a missionary country. Every Catholic, therefore, in England who had a heart touched with gratitude to the Head of the church for the restoration once more of the church in this land in all the fulness of its apostolic authority, in all the perfection of its organization, might once more assist the living organization of the universal church. The greater part of those who heard him were the children of a church that was never wrecked, and though trodden down and persecuted, was never laid desolate. It never lost its bishops. They were martyred; but others rose in their stead. It never lost its priesthood. They were martyred, exiled, and driven away; but when one left his post vacant, another rose in his stead. The episcopate and priesthood of Ireland had never failed. Pius IX. had no need to do in Ireland what he had need to do in England. No pontiff had been called upon to restore the work of St Patrick; and the children of the church in Ireland had gone throughout the wide, wide world, and wheresoever they had been scattered they had carried with them the holy Catholic faith. He therefore called upon them, by the greater benediction which they had never lost, to work together in union to enable the Catholic Church in England to spread among the heathen nations that faith which had cost them so dear, and that they had loved better than their life. There was another motive. It was not only because, in the infinite mercies of God, the church in England had been restored after three hundred years, but because, since its restoration, its multiplication, its increase, its wonderful fertility, which had doubled everthing, churches, priests, everything doubled except that which was trebled and that which was quadrupled, all the spiritual fertility of the church within the last quarter of a century had sprung forth with an exuberance that no man, even the most sanguine, ever dared to expect. He asked them, was it possible that any Christian and Catholic there that had received this unspeakable benediction could tamely, inertly, torpidly abide at home, in the fulness of his spiritual blessings, and not remember the poor heathen who had never heard the name of the Redeemer, who had never heard of their blessed and immaculate Mother? Was it possible that they could tamely and inertly go to the Sacraments there and forget the millions and millions who had never heard the saving name? He believed it to be impossible. The missionary college was not intended for the colonies of the British Empire, nor was it intended for Christendom. They must not misunderstand him. The missionaries who were being trained in St. Joseph's College were destined, not for Australia, or for England, or for the Irish faithful to be found scattered in Canada or in India, they were intended for the heathen, for those beyond the boundaries of Christendom. But though these people were beyond the boundaries of Christendom, they were within the boundaries of the British Empire. He knew well that some would say, "What have we to do with the British Empire?" but he would say that that great fabric called the British Empire was the work of God. Nothing happened in this world which had not a manifestation of the will of God in it. The old Empire of Rome, which was godless, was nevertheless a material shelter and a worldly power by which the apostles spread the faith throughout the world. To any one who might not like to hear the words he had said, he would say that in the last three hundred years they had had to do

with the very same things and the same kind of material authority opposed to them as the apostles themselves had opposed to them in the beginning. Who had built up the mighty fabric of the commerce of England? and was it not the commerce of England that had really been the motive power by which the British Empire had been built up? Who were they who had toiled and labored? Were they only Scotchmen and Englishmen? No; the Irish race had been in the midst of the industry, the toil, and the labor. Who were those brave men who on the plains of India and on the mountains of the north had carried inwards and outwards the boundaries of that great power? Who were those brave soldiers who never drew a foot back in the moment of peril, and who had spread throughout the mighty continent where there were 240,000,000 souls under England's sway? They, the children of St. Patrick, had been in the foremost rank. They stood together and did their duty; and what they called the British Empire was the great structure and fabric they had helped to build up. When God raised up a great empire in the world, he did it for a purpose. The old Roman Empire did its work, and it was then crushed, crumbled, utterly destroyed, and swept off the face of the earth as the dust of the summer threshing floor. After that, the great Catholic Empire of Spain was raised, and it was said that the Empire of Spain was so wide that the sun never set upon it. The great Catholic Empire of Spain, with its world-wide commerce like our own, had spread the Catholic faith. That faith was spread into Southern America, and into other parts partially; and a judgment which he could not read, a mystery he could not unravel, had utterly pulled down and destroyed the great Catholic Empire of Spain, until at the present time it was one of the feeblest nations in Europe, and divided against itself; while in Southern America there were now revolutionary societies, and the church which was founded by saints was suffering afflictions which, if that were the time and place for him to recite them, he did not know how he dared tell them. Now the greatest empire in the world, the mightiest in the multitude of its subjects, was the British Empire, which those present in that hall had helped to build up. England stood now just as Spain had stood, and they had what Spain never had, 240,000,000 of men as their fellow-subjects. Those realms, kingdoms, and principalities were all gathered under the supreme sovereignty of the British Empire; and he asked them was that without a divine purpose? Was it done in the providence of God for no reason, and was it to pass away as a shadow, like the Empire of Spain? It remained with them to give the answer. Under God, if they were faithful to their duties, there would come out of the matter a work for the glory of God and the extension of unity in the church such as the world had never seen. They partook in the greatness and glory of this empire; and if they were travelling abroad in foreign lands, even were they the most fervent sons of St. Patrick, the consciousness that they were members of the mightiest power upon the earth would, he was certain, stir their pulses. If they ever heard a contract made between kingdom and kingdom, power and power, people and people, they would say to themselves, "You are all great, but we are sons of a power greater in this world, greater and wiser than you all." Empires were raised up to be servants of God, and if they would not serve God he would crush them. All the wealth and commercial greatness of England and all the majesty of the British Empire would vanish as a shepherd's tale, as a cloud in the sky, if it did not do God's work.

Be temperate. Liquor has made more paupers than all other vices combined.

PHARISEES IN OUR DAY.

Monsignor Capel.

THERE were Pharisees still in the world, who made much mouthing about Sabbath desecration, and did very little to honor the day themselves. He mentioned, as an instance, that when he was lately in Paris he visited the Exhibition on a Sunday. The sight-seers were there in tens of thousands, and all were eager to see and be instructed by the wonders of art, science, and skill which had been gathered together within the building. He went to the British section, but every article in it was covered up in canvas, and not a soul was there to show the objects. The sight-seers came to inspect, but could only shrug their shoulders and go somewhere else. The Monsignor, however, did more than this. He made his way to the refreshment saloons of the English department, and there all the officials were as busy as they could be ministering to the corporal needs of the Sabbath-heeding Britishers. "English beef and sandwiches, and British beer and London stout, and the rest of it were served on the Sabbath as on any other day, and the supplies were most abundant." He asked some of the attendants whether they had been to any religious service that day, and, one and all, they answered that they had not time to go. Yet these were British men and women and fellow-subjects of those exquisite Christians who are so shocked that continental Catholics never say their prayers or go to worship.

Monsignor Capel very properly retorted that the exquisites might nurse their piety and horror and keep it warm for the millions of Britishers in London alone who never set foot in a church on a Sunday. But, added the Monsignor most truthfully, the first thing that English people had to remember when they went to the Continent was that they must not look at the churches for attendants at the eleven-o'clock service. Begin at six o'clock in the morning, or, if they were early risers, at five. And he mentioned that he himself went recently to a Continental church at half past five in the morning, and found there a congregation of three thousand people assisting at mass. Recurring to the main purpose of the sermon, the Monsignor urged with great power the Divine lesson that "the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath," and advocated the provision in abundance of healthy and refining sources of enjoyment for the people on Sundays. Give them first of all their churches, let them be open for them throughout the day, that they may, if they please, go there and bless and praise the Lord of the Sabbath. "Let our museums," continued Monsignor Capel, "and our picture galleries be open, so that he who labors from six in the morning till six in the evening may find time to look on the glory of the works of man. If he cannot find time at the close of the day let him go on a Sunday." The lesson is a wise one, and we gladly give our aid in sending it abroad among those whom it most concerns. The God of nature is at least as bountiful of his gifts on the Sunday as on other days, and nature itself keeps back none of its beauties and glories from those who go in search of them on the blessed day of rest. Why should a chill and repulsive fanaticism be permitted to mar men's legitimate, elevating, and ennobling enjoyments, when temptations to enjoyments of quite another description are so thick and seductive around them?

THE whole number of Popes to Pius IX. is 257. Of these 104 have been Romans and 103 natives of other parts of Italy, fifteen Frenchmen, nine Greeks, seven Germans, five Asiatics, three Africans, two Dalmatians, three Spaniards, one Hebrew, one Thracian, one Dutchman, one Portuguese, one Candiot, and one Englishman.

THE KILKENNY CATS.

"As quarrelsome as the Kilkenny cats" has long been current as a proverb, growing out of a story that two cats in the city of Kilkenny fought upon one occasion so long and furiously, that, after the combat was over, naught remained of the two belligerents save their individual tails. This is manifestly an exaggeration; and when our readers shall have learned the true anecdote connected with these famous cats, they will understand why only the two traditional tails were found, the unfortunate owners having fled in terror from the scene of their own mutilation.

We are happy to be able to state that neither Ireland in general nor Kilkenny in particular is at all disgraced by the occurrence in question, which did take place in Kilkenny, but which (under the circumstances) might just as naturally have occurred in any other place in the known world.

During the rebellion in Ireland in 1798 (or it may be 1803), Kilkenny was garrisoned by a regiment of Hessian soldiers, whose custom it was to tie together, in one of their barrack-rooms, two cats by their respective tails, and then to throw them, face to face, across a line generally used for drying clothes. The cats naturally became infuriated, and scratched each other in their abdomens until death ensued to one or both of them, and finally terminated their sufferings.

The officers of the corps were ultimately made acquainted with these barbarous acts of cruelty, and they resolved to put an end to them, and to punish the offenders. In order to effect this purpose, an officer was ordered to inspect each barrack-room daily, and to report to the commanding officer in what state he found the room. The cruel soldiers, determined not to lose their daily sport at the expense of the wretched cats, generally employed one of their comrades to watch for the approach of the officer, in order that the cats might be liberated and take refuge in flight before the visit of the officer to the scene of their torture. On one occasion the "lookout man" neglected his duty, and the officer of the day was heard ascending the barrack stairs while the cats were undergoing their customary torture. One of the troopers immediately seized a sword from the arm-rack, and with a single blow divided the tails of the two cats The suffering animals escaped, of course, through the open windows of the room, which was entered almost immediately after by the officer, who inquired what was the cause of two bleeding cats' tails being suspended on the clothes-line, and was told, in reply, that two cats had been fighting in the room; that it was found impossible to separate them; and that they fought so desperately that they had devoured each other, with the exception of their two tails.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

Of all family relationships in France fruitful of bitter feuds the most so is that of mothers-in-law and sons-in law. They very rarely agree. I am not going to record a murder in this relationship, but rather to enliven the conclusion of my too serious letter by translating an anecdote from "Figaro," which is not half a bad story. A gentleman in full dress, including white gloves, rushed into an apothecary's shop. He was going to be married, and wished, above all things, that his mother-in-law, whom he already hated by anticipation, should not be at the wedding. "Could you prepare me immediately," said he to the apothecary, "a strong dose of castor-oil in such a manner as it may be taken without the least suspicion of its being a medicine by smell or taste?" "I am your man," answered the apothecary, "and no chemist in Paris better knows how to prepare the dose in the manner you require it." Five minutes after he appeared, holding in his hand a glass half full of a liquid

most agreeable to the eye, saying, with a smile, "I hope, monsieur, I am not delaying you too long, but while you are waiting for the medicine, perhaps you will allow me to offer you a glass of lemonade." The young man accepted the kindness, and found the lemonade excellent and refreshing. But after waiting for ten minutes more, he called out to the apothecary, who was in the inner compounding-room, "I say, what about the castor-oil?" "Monsieur," answered the man of the blue bottles, "I am happy to tell you I have already gratified your wishes; I have disguised the medicine so well that you have taken it, without suspicion, in the draught you swallowed just now." "Ah! wretch that you are!" cried the poor gentleman in the white gloves, "it was for my mother-in-law I wanted the dose: I am going myself to be married in one hour!"

WHAT SORT OF A MAN SHALL I HAVE?

Catholic Unfon.

Some of our sweetest and best Catholic girls choose the convent, and, as sisters and nuns, are praying for us sinners, and glorifying our holy faith all their lives. But others marry — most of them marry; nearly all (excepting the happy few who have the grace to espouse a religious life) are preparing their minds for worldly espousals. And all these, every one of them, are thinking, "What sort of a man shall I have? How am I to know which will make a good husband?" Deny it, girls, if you dare, this is what you are thinking about, the whole sly, dimpling, blushing bevy of you. And not a breath of blame, but praise have we for it.

The question that heads this article is traced in neat, angular, "lady-like" characters, so delicate and modest, in a note just received by the "Union" from a fair reader who is wooed, we infer, by more than one pressing youth. "How shall I discern between the true and the false?" she asks. It is not easy for a third party to decide. It is safe to say, however, that a fellow with good looks, a thoroughly well-built figure, a pair of Dundreary whiskers, an aquiline nose, a fresh, warm expression of face, a high collar, immaculate cuffs, a gold-headed cane, a "nobby" overcoat, a smile and a bow, — a Chesterfield sort of fellow, — will glide along smoothly in the estimation of the average young lady. "Is that sort the best to marry?" It is a conundrum, dear girl, which you will excuse us from answering "point-blank." Your handsome fellow may be a great "catch" or a great rogue.

There may be very good reasons for loving and marrying the "handsome man," other reasons besides his beauty. We would not say you ought to reject him because he is handsome; "we know our duty better"; that is to say, we know you better than to advise you to do such a thing. Yet we are hardly ready to recommend you to fall in love with a man because he may shine at a party, or be a sweet singer or a graceful dancer. Don't marry him simply because he is always got up like a tailor's sign. He may be a vain and selfish man, who spends on his appearance, and in striving to make himself "perfectly irresistible," far too much thought of himself to have much left for sweetheart, wife, or anything else. We once heard a young lady say her ideal of a gentleman was one who would be perpetually attired in a spring overcoat, gloves, and carry a cane "with an air." Just the thing, indeed, for a beau, but when the realities of married life would set in, we fear she would call on him to doff the spring overcoat, when putting up the winter stove; or think that kid gloves were not of much use in fetching wood from the cellar. Don't admire a man because his collar may be a few inches higher than the ordinary in the region of the ears, or his cuffs threaten to hide from view the tips of his fingers.

The dandy, too, is often a flirt. Don't lose your heart to the man who

makes love to every girl he meets, who is eternally paying you compliments, and addressing you as if you were a goddess, too good, almost, to walk the earth. That man is a flirt, and the woman who marries him will have some lively heart-throbs as things go. Well, what is the good sign? There are many good signs. When you see a young man obedient and respectful to the old folks, who practises his religion, and is not afraid in any circle to own he is a Catholic, who would scorn to eat the bread of idleness (don't mind if he has n't a big salary, riches will come by and by), who is cheerful and good-humored, but not too boisterous, in society, and who has sufficient judgment to see that women are not fools, and are not afraid to talk sensibly on rational subjects. This youth, we would say, has many "good signs" of making a capital husband. And if, in addition, he has the "knack of loving, and making love," in right down honest, earnest style, and singles you out for the business, don't be scared; it is not a bad sign at all. Marry him; and if you do, your children's children will probably be writing to the "Union" of the future, asking good advice of the same kind for themselves.

INTEGRITY OF EDMUND BURKE.

Temple Bar.

In 1761 Burke was a poor man of letters. In 1768, without any ostensible accession of fortune, he bought an estate in Beaconsfield, in the county of Buckingham. It was about six hundred acres in extent, was worth some £500 a year, and cost £22,000. Burke describes the house "as hung from top to bottom with pictures." "*Non equidem invideo miror magis*," was a natural remark of Johnson when he was taken over the fine house and pleasure-grounds of his friend. He had known him in less fortunate days, and it was no doubt a matter of wonder to him, who had struggled so hard for bread, that so much splendor and luxury should have been so quickly acquired. The ingenuity of party abuse has, however, converted this accession of fortune into an attack upon the integrity of Burke. There is, however, sufficient explanation of Burke's comparative prosperity. He inherited some money from his father and elder brother. His brother Richard and his kinsman William Burke had speculated largely and successfully in India stock, and a part of their gains was certainly invested in the new purchase. At a later period Lord Rockingham, who had already lent or given considerable sums for the same purpose, advanced the means of paying off the incumbrances held by the family, and at his death he discharged Burke by his will from all liabilities to his estate. The total amount of these benefactions was not less than £30,000, a sum which considerably exceeded the purchase money of Gregories. For three or four years Burke held the agency for the Province of New York, with a salary of £500 a year. During his brief tenure of paymastership, he received £4,000 a year, and in his old age his public services were scantily rewarded by the pension which occasioned his famous letter to the Duke of Bedford. Burke's narrow means were, however, never sufficient for his expenditure, and he ran heavily in debt. Like all his countrymen, he was compassionate and generous. He advised his son always to give away something, however poor he might be, if only that he might not lose the habit of giving. His patronage of Crabbe, and of Barry, the painter, proves his discrimination as well as his liberality. Burke, like most Irishmen, was wanting in prudence in money matters, but in a corrupt age he was too proud to be corrupt. His bitter political enemies have never been able to dispute the truth of his assertion, "I have shoved by the gilded hand of corruption."

The first thing in a boot — the last.

COASTING.

Whack! Bang! Crash! Clink!

THE boys were coasting down Sycamore Street, Cincinnati, when John Sanscript and his wife came along. They had been up on Baltimore Street visiting, and were on their way home.

"Just see them boys, now," said John, as he braced up at the intersection of Mulberry Street. "It really reminds me of the days when I was a lad. Do you know, Jane, that I used to coast down hill on a sled that way?"

"Did you, John?"

"Why, yes; but that is fifty years ago."

Sanscript scratched his head contemplatively, and then muttered, *sotto voce*, "Durn my granddaddy's buttons, if I don't try it!"

"Try what, dear?" anxiously asked Mrs. S.

"I'm going to coast just once, to revive recollections of fifty years ago."

"Now, John, if I were you —"

"But you are not me, so don't interfere. Here, sonny" (to a lad who had just puffed up the hill with his sled), — "here, sonny, I'll give you a quarter to let me slide down on your sled once."

The bargain was eagerly nailed and clinched.

"Be keerful, old man," urged the boy, as Sanscript squatted rather awkwardly on the sled; "be keerful, I say, and don't let her hunk one way or t'other till she brings up or you'll git mashed."

"Never mind," assured John; "I've been here before — some years afore, but —"

But what will never be known, for just then the sled, of its own accord, started down hill, and even John himself has not since been able to recall what he was about to observe. The surprise at the sled's unexpected movement was general.

"Look out!" yelled the boy.

"O John!" screamed Mrs. Sanscript.

"Whoa, there!" yelled John.

But the sled would n't whoa. It seemed to have set off down that hill to beat its best time. John had chance only to clutch hold of both sides and hold his breath for fear the wind would blow off the top of his head. The only thought he had time to foster was that the boy must have greased the sled's runners as a practical joke. And if this was coasting, he had never coasted, if his recollection served him right.

Two thirds way down the hill the sled struck an ice hummock, and immediately his course was changed to a parabolic curve.

Whack! bang! crash! clink!

The bringing up was awfully sudden and unexpected. Sanscript and the sled disappeared as abruptly as a shooting star. The latter lay shivered to atoms against a lamp-post, and Sanscript lay shivering in the grocery cellar just opposite. When the off runner of the sled collided with the lamp-post and stopped the vehicle, Sanscript rose like a circus-leaper and went right on, turning twenty somersaults to the second. He went through the grocery window as the circus-leaper goes through a paper hoop. All the gingerbread horses and candy, apples and other Christmas luxuries, were disarranged, of course. The rubbery part of Sanscript's body struck a Western Reserve cheese on the counter, scattering the skippers in consternation. The old coaster bounced five feet at an obtuse angle, touching again for a second at the top step of the cellar stairs in the rear of the store, and then, continuing like a diver into the Plutonic depth below, he went feet foremost through the head of a hogshead filled with something soft. At first he was uncertain whether the contents were Orleans molasses or melted glucos. Before he had time to investigate, the grocer and two policemen came down. The unhappy old boy was lifted out of his sweet pickle and hauled off to the station-house on a charge of malicious destruction of property. The grocer

appeared soon after, and compromised upon John paying the following bill:

Window sash	$10.00
Crushed cheese	12.00
Hogshead molasses	48.20
Christmas goods	1.16
Total	$71.36

Then the boy came in with a bill of $6 for his sled, to say nothing of the loss of a suit of clothes, a surgeon's bill for plastering sundry skinned surfaces, and the bill of a hackman who conveyed the fainting wife home. In the cooler moments of afterthought, Sanscript reckoned it up, and discovered that it had cost him $109.78 to recall recollections of fifty years ago, and required but one minute and five seconds of old Father Time in which to do the recollecting.

HELP MOTHER. — Children, I 've a secret for you. I wish to tell you how to cure mamma, and perhaps papa, too, of that unpleasant habit of scolding. Perhaps when your mother was young no one was more amiable than she. Now for the cure: When the morning meal is over and prayers are "said," and mother, like all good housewives, wishes to hurry around with the work, that time may be found for sewing, reading, etc., do you, if a boy, see that the wood is prepared or the coal-bucket filled, the door-scraper in order (my boy made one for me), and clean your boots carefully before entering the room. When you bring mother a bucket of water do not fill the pail full, to avoid slops. If you are a girl, run up stairs and put the beds nicely to airing, throwing open the windows, hurry back to the dishes and see how quickly and neatly they can be washed and put away, thus anticipating mother's wishes; and especially do not try her patience by waiting for her to give directions the second time, and mother will not only forget the art of scolding, but delight in those she would die to serve.

ANCIENT IRISH RECORDS.

THERE are in the College Library, Dublin, amongst other rare treasures, the "Book of Kells," the "Book of Armagh," the "Book of Durrow," and the "Book of Drimma," with its silver shrine. Mr. French produced also the beautifully illuminated "Missale Romanum," A.D. 1459, the original Irish manuscript from which the "Sanchus Mor" was transcribed and translated for the edition of the Brehon Laws. The inscription in the "Book of Armagh" is in Latin at the end of one of the folios, and was written by King Brian Boru's secretary, about the year 1012. A *facsimile* in colors of this inscription is given in Mr. Gilbert's most elaborately beautiful work on the National Manuscripts of Ireland, which was produced by the photozincographic process, by command of Her Majesty, and edited under the direction of the Master of the Rolls in Ireland. The following is a translation of the inscription: —

"Holy Patrick going to heaven commanded that all the fruits of his labor, as well of baptism, as of causes, as of alms, should be carried to the Apostolic City, which in the Scotic (Irish) tongue is named Ardd Macha. So have I found it in the bibliotheca of the Scots. I, that is, Calvus Perennis (Hibernice Mael Suthan) have written this in presence of Brian, Imperator of the Scots, and what I have written he determined for all the Kings of Maceria (Cashel)."

TEACH your children to make an act of faith in the real presence of our Lord Jesus Christ in the Most Blessed Sacrament, whenever they enter the church, in Mass at the Elevation and Communion; at Benediction, and whenever their eyes rest on their Sacramental Lord. It should be very short, and might be made in these words: "My Jesus, I believe that Thou art really present in the Most Blessed Sacrament."

CRIMINAL AND JUDICIAL STATISTICS OF IRELAND AND ENGLAND COMPARED.

Dublin Daily Freeman's Journal.

We have just received a very important Blue Book containing the Criminal and Judicial Statistics for Ireland for the year 1877. The criminal statistics show that in the year 1877 the number of indictable offences committed was 6,328, being just a shade over the number in the previous year, the increase of sixty-seven offences being accounted for by the increased population. In 1867, when the population was only a trifle greater than it now is, the indictable offences were 9,260, and ever since this date the statistics have shown a marked and progressive diminution in the number of indictable offences, that is to say, of serious crime. Agrarian crime shows an increase. In 1875, 136 agrarian offences were committed. In 1876 there was an increase to 201. In 1877 there was a further increase to 236, and the first six months of 1878 show that an increase to 280 may this year be expected. Dr. Hancock attributes this increase to the presence of unfavorable seasons, the winter of 1877 and the spring of 1878 being periods of exceptional pressure on the poor. The number of offences disposed of summarily in 1877 was 266,298, about 10,000 more than in the previous year, and the highest number on record since the statistics were first presented in their present shape, fourteen years ago. The increase, however, does not really arise from any increase in criminality, but from the increase of police vigilance in summoning people for offences against the Sanitary Code, the Ways Act, Local Acts, etc. We note with great pleasure that there has been a marked decrease in 1877 of arrests for drunkenness and the cognate offences, such as assaults on the police. The local records of crime show that it is mainly centralized in cities and towns, and just one half the indictable, that is to say, serious offences of the past year were committed in the Dublin Police District, which, having regard to population, is nine times as criminal as the rest of Ireland. What is true of Dublin is true of other large cities and towns, and it is plain that, as Dr. Hancock truly says, the great problem indicated by the statistics of Irish crime within recent years is how to deal with town crime, especially in the most criminal divisions of large cities. In the present volume of the statistics the comparison between crime in England and Ireland is given with great detail. The comparison shows that last year the proportion of indictable offences to the population was not very far from being twice as great in England as in Ireland. The actual statistics are 6,328 indictable offences in Ireland, and 10,960 in a portion of the population of England and Wales equal to that of Ireland. While offences against property are infinitely more common in England than in Ireland, offences against the person are more common in Ireland, and are largely traceable to the prevalence of intemperance. On the other hand, however, the lighter offences determined summarily are twice as numerous in Ireland as in an equal proportion of the population of England and Wales, this difference being largely caused by the fact that arrests for drunkenness in Ireland bear to the arrests for a similar offence in an equal proportion of the population of England and Wales the proportion of 5 to 2. The sum expended in repressing crime in Ireland in 1877 was £1,447,868; while for an equal proportion of the population of England and Scotland it was £941,395. The preponderance of the Irish expenditure is caused by the far larger number of police maintained in this than in the sister island. In 1876, 1877, the proportion of police to the Irish population was 23 to every 1,000; in Scotland it was 10 per 1,000; in England and Wales, 12 per 1,000. The total cost of the Irish Police Force in 1877 was for the

R. I. C. and Dublin Force together, about £1,200,000, — a great sum to pay, and an increase of £20,000 on the sum in the previous year. The cost of criminal prosecution in Ireland in 1877 was £72,000, — a mere trifle compared to the large expenditure on the police, and a very small sum, having regard to the notorious fact that the system of prosecution in Ireland is far more efficient than it is in England.

THE COLLEEN'S SONG.

In some far-away room or passage of the hotel a servant girl was singing, or rather *crooning*, an old Irish song as she went on with her work, and the clear, low tones ran quietly through all the house in the quiet of Sunday morning. I laid the paper aside, and let the long-forgotten sound carry to me all its flood of sad and sweet recollection. Far away in the building the girl was singing to herself as she worked, singing an old song that she had learned from her mother, and that she used to sing, perhaps, as she drove home the cows or sat and milked them in the little field behind the house. No words of her song could be heard where we sat, but only the long rising and falling of the ancient tune; and no words of mine can show you how powerful was that old melody to paint fields and cottages, and people and times that were shut out half a lifetime ago. It was the invisible wand of a fairy, turning a commonplace American hotel into a green country side in Ireland. "God bless her!" I whispered to myself, as the last long note died away and left me no longer lonely in a strange city. A moment after, I felt a hand laid on my shoulder, and looking up, saw the tall old priest looking at me with softened eyes. "I think," said he, you said, 'God bless her!' So did I, sir. I have not been so touched with old memories for nigh forty years, as that poor *colleen's* song has touched me. And look round," he said, "you see every Irishman in the room has felt the same. They may all well say, 'God bless her!' She has preached them a sermon this Sunday morning that they will never forget." And the good old priest spoke truly. I am sure they had all felt the touch of the wand; and the memory of innocent and happy days in dear old Ireland is a good and holy sermon to every Irish heart in a foreign land.

Ned's Lesson. — "Polly wants a cracker! Polly wants sugar! Hurry up! hurry up! Polly is hungry!" screamed the parrot from the top of her perch. Mabel and May fed her with bread and fruit, and filled her cup with fresh water; and while Polly chattered her thanks the little girls turned to watch Ned at his play.

He was building a fort out of sticks and stones. "Now, girls, this is the way to make the roof. You lay the sticks so!" but the pieces of wood dropped, and the fort fell into ruins before his eyes.

Then Ned stamped upon the ground in his anger, and a word, a dreadful word, fell from his lips. It was the first time in his life he had ever spoken such a word, and Mabel and May cried out, "O Ned, how could you?"

Quick as a flash Polly caught the word, and in her harsh, loud voice sent it ringing out through the garden. It had a dreadful sound when it fell from Ned's lips, but when Polly screamed it out the girls covered their ears, and Ned, full of grief and shame, ran to the bird, "O Polly, hush, do hush! I'll never say it again! Mabel, give her some candy, cake, anything to make her forget that dreadful word!"

Ned is a big boy now, but he never forgot Polly's lesson. It was the last time he ever soiled his lips with an unclean word.

Are wagon tracks wheelwritings?

AN OUTLOOK OF THE CHURCH IN THE REPUBLIC AND ELSEWHERE.

New York Tablet.

THIS our Catholic annual, growing each year in size, is in itself a token of the rapid increase of the faith. So complete a picture of Catholicity in all English-speaking countries has never before been presented at once to the community. Besides our own country, the Almanac this year gives returns from every diocese in Ireland, a summary of the Church in England and Scotland, and full returns from all dioceses in British America, including the Dominion of Canada, the British West Indies, Guiana, and Honduras, all the dioceses in Australia and New Zealand, and for the first time from all the dioceses in British India.

What the Catholic Church in English-speaking countries has become under Providence is here strikingly shown, and when we consider the war made upon the truth, the constant efforts to seduce the unwary, to weaken the faith and corrupt the morals of our people, the result is one that ought in itself to convince the deluded enemies of Catholicity that they are fighting against God himself.

The United States shows a cardinal, 11 archbishops, 52 bishops, 5,750 priests, 5,589 churches, 78 colleges, 577 academies, nearly 2,000 parochial schools, 345 charitable institutions, and at least six and a half millions of people. This is the outgrowth of the small beginning under Bishop Carroll a hundred years ago. There were in all probability not more than twelve churches then in the whole country, nor more than forty priests, including those parts which subsequently came under our flag.

	Dioceses.	Priests.	Churches.
In 1808 . .	6	68	80
1830 . .	11	232	230
1835 . .	13	347	272
1840 . .	16	499	454
1845 . .	22	709	675

This was the period of the native American movement, when so many churches and homes of Catholics were destroyed, when calumny and violence, excited by our progress, were arrayed against us. How small, however, the figures of 1845 now look! Yet even then we had more than doubled since the Maria Monk period.

	Dioceses.	Priests.	Churches.
In 1850 . .	27	1,081	1,073
1855 . .	43	1,704	1,824
1860 . .	46	2,235	2,385
1870 . .	62	3,756	3,995
1875 . .	62	4,873	4,731
1879 . .	63	5,750	5,589

More churches have been added in this last year, during a period of great financial distress, than there were in the whole country in 1845.

The statistics furnished are not always as clear as might be desired. In some dioceses chapels are counted with churches, in others with stations, which seems a less accurate way; in some cases, where a theological seminary and college are combined, as at Emmittsburg, the institution will be returned as a college and not as a seminary also; in some returns scholasticates and houses of study of religious orders are included under seminaries, while others do not reckon them under this head. It would be better to do so, and return under the head of seminaries every institution where young men are prepared by appropriate studies for ordination, as the graduates are all intended to take their places as priests among the Catholic clergy of the United States.

The enumerating of parochial schools varies; some reckon a boys' school and a girls' school at a church as one school, some as two. It is immaterial which plan is adopted, if the custom is uniform and so understood. The better plan seems to be to count each as a separate school, as in some cases there may be but one school for one of the sexes.

The Catholic population of the United States is one of the mooted points. From the best obtainable estimates it is put down this year at about 6,375,000.

British America has 6 archbishops,

27 bishops, 1,781 priests, 1,328 churches, 2,960 parish schools, and more than 2,000,000 of Catholics.

Ireland, in spite of the terrible diminution of numbers by pestilence and famine, returns 29 dioceses, 1,085 parishes, 1,004 priests.

British India has no fewer than 19 bishops, and more than 1,000 priests, and 1,050,000 Catholics, 1,192 parochial schools, with 50,000 pupils. This exhibit of the condition of Catholicity in India will be a matter of surprise to many.

The obituary of the year 1878 is a fearful one, and yet a glorious one; including Bishop Conroy, in this country on special duty, six bishops were taken from us: the venerable Bishop Amat, of Monterey, with Bishops Galberry and Rosecrans, in the prime of life and usefulness; besides two bishops, Domenec and Whelan, who had resigned the sees once held by them. The list of priests, including some few in Canada, numbers 137, many of whom died martyrs of charity attending those attacked by the yellow fever, and it seemed as though the dreadful disease was to deprive us of one of our ablest bishops.

The list of religious shows, too, its valiant band of martyrs, devoted sisters of various orders, who attended the sick till they were themselves stricken down.

Among the eminent priests lost to us during the year were the Rev. Charles I. White, author of the "Life of Mrs. Seton," editor of the "United States Catholic Magazine" and of the "Metropolitan Catholic Almanac"; the Very Rev. Joseph P. Dubreul, of St. Sulpice, president of St. Mary's Seminary, and Vicar-General of Baltimore; Very Rev. P. F. Lyndon, of Boston; the Jesuit Father De Luynes.

The record of Catholic events shows the closing acts of the remarkable pontificate of the venerable Pius IX.; the assembling of the conclave, and the undisturbed election of Cardinal Pecci, now presiding over the Church of God as Pope Leo XIII.; the restoration of the hierarchy in Scotland; the persecution of the Church in Germany, Switzerland, and Colombia; the instruction of the Propaganda regarding a more uniform and satisfactory method of investigating charges against clergymen; the death of the ecclesiastical historians Alzog and Darras, and of Marshall, author of the "Christian Missions"; of Cardinal Cullen, Bishop Dupanloup of Orleans; our losses by fire and hurricane, both elements depriving us of valuable churches and institutions; the completion of the great cathedral in New York City. It is a record with much to cheer and console the Catholic heart, much to afflict it and call for fervent prayer and renewed exertion.

The volume is one not only of constant actual usefulness for reference, but one that will repay examination and study in the vast picture it gives of Catholicity in various parts of the world.

It is a well-printed volume of 726 pages, and undoubtedly the cheapest work of the size issued, every exertion being used to make it compact, and to avoid unnecessary details; but year by year each diocese claims more space, so that in a few years it may be necessary to restrict it exclusively to the Catholic Church in the United States.

[Reader, get Sadlier's Catholic Almanac for 1879. Messrs. Noonan & Co., our publishers, have it. Price $1.]

A Cure for Corns. — There is but one cure for corns, and that is: Take a lemon and roll it until soft; cut a thick slice and bind it on the corn on retiring at night. In the morning, if the corn is white and disintegrated, pull it out with your finger-nails; never cut a corn. Sometimes several applications of the lemon slices will be necessary, but the corns are bound to succumb, and you can dance the next night if you like. After you remove the corns, wear shoes that fit and are not stiff in the soles.

THE FIRST SIGNER OF MAGNA CHARTA — ARCHBISHOP LANGTON'S WORK FOR HUMAN LIBERTY.

Hon. S. S. Cox, of New York.

Six hundred and fifty years ago on the 9th of July last, the spirit of Stephen Langton left the body. He had been Archbishop of Canterbury, Cardinal of the Catholic Church, a learned scholar and author, philosopher and theologian; and above all a practical friend of the people, and a lover of liberty and law.

His theological and scholastic works are no longer extant; his dust, though coffined in rugged stone, has long since mouldered and mingled with that of others less conspicuous; the insignia of his rank, the personal grace and dignity of his manners, may be forgotten; the very place of his birth is disputed by three English counties, but his memory will be cherished so long as liberty lives as the first signer of Magna Charta. He was the most efficient promoter of its principles up to November, 1214, when its bases were drawn; and in June, 1215, its leading champion, when it was consummated. Indeed, it was in its best sense, as a popular charter, his paper. He watched over its observance as if it were his offspring.

The charter never lost its emphasis. It gave freedom to the serf. To the law it added reverence. It made *habeas corpus*. It made the humblest house of the citizen his castle. Hallam calls it the keystone of English liberty. It is more. It is the arch of human freedom. It not only spanned the land, but the sea. It assured liberties hitherto unknown to mankind, and suited to all the varied and novel relations of our new world. It made the American Revolution and the Declaration of Independence. It is ingrafted on all our constitutions. Our "bills of rights" are copied from its catalogue of liberties. It is the foundation of our rising empires. It is a protest against exclusive privilege, prerogatives whether in lands, bridges, or fisheries. It made the last will and testament sacred. It gave dower to the widow. It prevented fraud in weights and measures, by making uniformity. It brought justice within the reach of all, by courts of assize and circuit. It made boroughs and cities sure of their charters. It added new impulse to trade, and gave wings to commerce, by giving to them freedom from exactions. It gave glory to the realm by exalting right above the gross and mercenary devices of the proud and powerful, while it gently placed the hand of liberty within that of law.

Well might "Te Deum laudamus" be sung in Westminster for such a charter! Well might censers swing and music swell in its praise, and even thundering anathemas be hurled against those who sought to abridge its blessings or darken its splendors.

For this great charter, let the organ renew its swelling peal; let new songs intertwine their harmonies; and among arcades and pillars and niches and shrines, in new, vast, and consecrated cathedrals of a new hemisphere, where liberty loves to worship, let the divine effluence stream in, through religious forms of saint and apostle, from the Father of all Light, as seven centuries ago it streamed in upon the august presence of king, lord, and commons, in Westminster Abbey, when Stephen Langton, the great primate and statesman of Western Europe, stood up in their midst to hallow the great charter, in the name of the ever-blessed God and His Son, Jesus Christ!

St. Jerome teaches that during the celebration of a Mass for a soul in purgatory, the fire, otherwise so devouring, suspends its action, and the soul ceases to suffer. The holy doctor affirms that at each Mass which is said, many souls leave purgatory and enter into paradise.

The only shoe that never wears out — the rich Irish brogue.

CHICKENS COMING HOME TO ROOST.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE *culturkampf* — the legalized persecution of religion in Germany — has wrought disastrous evils for the Protestant Church in the German Empire. It was mainly of the Catholic Church that Bismarck and Falk, and the rest of the bitter crew who govern Germany, were thinking when they passed their ruthless enactments, and it was its annihilation at which they were aiming. But in the result, Protestantism has actually been a greater loser than Catholicism, and its complainings are loud and doleful in the extreme. We find the "Reichsbote," one of the leading Protestant organs, writing thus: "The Evangelical Church has suffered grievously from the *culturkampf*. . . . Indifference and hatred towards the church and Christianity have increased to an astounding degree, and the unchristianized masses of the humbler classes have ranked themselves in tens of thousands in the ranks of social democracy. As a result of the putting aside of the church and of Christianity, and of the impious doctrine that 'everything is nature,' which has been the outcome, immorality has increased, and the number of crimes is being multiplied to an appalling extent. The bonds of social order are being dissevered because the moral factors, authority and religion, have been long since put on one side, and replaced by rationalistic commercialism, so that we find ourselves in face of the most serious complications in the social, moral, and ecclesiastical order. Of all the promises which were made at the commencement of the *culturkampf*, not only has not one of them been realized, but the reverse has happened in every direction. Instead of peace, there are everywhere disorder and disunion." This is a fearfully gloomy picture, and is another revelation to explain the ease and the eagerness with which Bismarck entered into negotiations for the appeasement of Catholic consciences in Germany with his Holiness Leo XIII. The prince-chancellor has clearly a stormy time before him when there is such a combination of discontent in Germany as a persecuted Catholic people, a disappointed and a disintegrating Protestant community, and a ferocious socialism that recognizes no God, scorns all law, and holds life, virtue, order, and authority in contempt.

A GREAT FARMER'S MAXIM. — The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the prince of American farmers, is attributed to the close observation of the following maxims, originated by himself: —

Make your fences high and strong, so they will keep cattle and pigs out If you have brush, make your lots strong and secure and keep the hogs out from the corn.

Be sure to get hands to bed by seven o'clock; they will rise early by force of circumstances.

Pay a hand if he is a poor hand all you promise, and if he is a good one pay him a little more; it will encourage him to do still better.

Always feed your hands as well as you feed yourself, for the laboring men are the bone and sinew of the land and ought to be well treated.

I am satisfied that getting up early, industry, and regular habits are the best medicine prescribed for health.

When rainy, bad weather comes, so you can't work out of doors, cut, split, and pile your wood, make your racks, and fix your fences or gates.

THE Rev. K. Vaughan, an English priest, has undertaken to circulate 50,000 copies of Scio's Spanish New Testament, with notes, translated from the Douay (English) version, in the Spanish-speaking countries of South America. He began his work in the Argentine Republic, and at latest accounts was in Brazil.

QUEEN OF SPADES' BOUNTY.

It is related how a lady of rank, who has died within the last few weeks in the fashionable quarter of the Arc de Triomphe, France, once met with a very curious adventure. She was an excellent card-player, and knew every game human ingenuity had ever imagined. One day during her travels she stopped at a certain hotel where a Russian lady, with that passion for gambling inherent in her nation, was staying. The Russian was anxious to try her luck against the French lady, and wrote asking to be permitted to play a few games at cards with her. The request was granted, and at nine in the evening the two sat down to a game at *piquet*. The next morning at sunrise Madame de X——, the French lady, had won more money than the mines in the Ural had produced during the last quarter of a century for the revenues of her opponent. The Russian made one desperate effort to retrieve her fallen fortune, and being unsuccessful, rose from the table. She told Madame de X—— that she had lost more than she possessed, but that, anxious to pay her debts of honor, she would instruct her steward to hand over the title-deeds of her estates and mines. Madame de X—— smiled, and declared she would not allow herself to be outdone in courtesy by such a charming opponent. She had, however, won, and requested the Russian lady to let her have her own way for once. The latter bowed, as if willing to consent to any terms her conqueror might impose, and Madame de X—— sent for a priest and a lawyer. When they arrived the lady made her antagonist bind herself by solemn oath never again to touch a card or risk any money at games of chance or hazard, and the lawyer drew up a deed by which the Russian undertook to pay an annual sum of £400 to the fortunate French lady. This amount, always punctually paid, was invariably distributed among the poor, who called it the "Queen of Spades' Bounty," while the Russian kept her promise religiously, as if to show that after all there was some virtue in the oaths of dicers, and that gamblers can be reformed without being deprived of the money they once loved to risk as hostages to fortune.

Sir Thomas More.—The day on which the Bishop (Fisher) was to die had, by order of the king, been kept secret from Sir Thomas More; nevertheless he was told of it, and then, overcome by a great fear that he was not to gain the crown of martyrdom himself, began to pray, saying, "I confess to thee, O Lord, that I am not worthy of so great a crown, for I am not just and holy as is thy servant the Bishop of Rochester, whom thou hast chosen for thyself out of the whole kingdom, a man after thine own heart. Nevertheless, O Lord, if it be thy will, give me a share in thy chalice." He wept while uttering these words and others of a like nature; his countenance also, at other times so calm, betrayed the sorrow he could not hide, and the children of this world imagined that he was afraid of death, and might therefore be won over to obey the king. Many of the chief nobles went to see him, for the purpose of winning him over; but when they could not succeed in the slightest degree, they intrusted the matter at last to Alice, his wife, who was to persuade her husband not to give up herself, his children, his country, and his life, which he might still enjoy for many years to come. As she harped on this, More said to her, "And how long, my dear Alice, do you think I shall live?" "If God will," she answered, "you may live for twenty years." "Then," said Sir Thomas, "you would have me barter eternity for twenty years; you are not skilful at a bargain, my wife. If you had said twenty thousand years, you might have said something to the purpose; but even then what is that to eternity?"

GENERAL GRANT.

Catholic Union, Buffalo, N. Y.

It is to be regretted that the corporation of the city of Cork should have taken the action it did in relation to Gen. Grant's expected visit. The cable conveys the intelligence that it was resolved in that body not to tender him a public reception. The reasons which influenced the majority of the members in taking this step are not given and can only be surmised. We hardly think the people of Cork will approve of the conduct of their representatives. The Irish people's sense of hospitality would hardly suffer them to do anything to offend a guest, although he might have previously incurred their displeasure. We have no doubt that Gen. Grant would have been enthusiastically received in Cork, if the city authorities had not interfered. City corporations are not proverbially renowned for wisdom or good taste or for any great anxiety faithfully to represent the public. The council of Cork has placed that city in a very unenviable position.

We are at a loss to understand why Gen. Grant should have been treated in this unfriendly spirit. If he never evinced any especial regard for Irishmen in the United States, he never was hostile or even unfriendly to them. He is not a man of an impulsive character, who is carried away by enthusiasm and is fond of making professions of friendship. In all probability he loved Ireland and her people quite as much as many of his countrymen who had more to say on the subject than he had. The part he took as President of the United States in preventing Fenian raids into Canada may be the cause of the ill-will which some persons in Ireland feel towards him. But no American in his position could act differently. If Gen. McClellan were President he would unquestionably have done the same. It is idle to speculate on what might have been if the Fenians were allowed free access to the Canadian border. Such encouragement might have meant the conquest of Canada or it might have meant a long and bloody war between England and the United States and the loss of hundreds of thousands of lives without any permanent benefit to Ireland. In any case Gen. Grant undoubtedly thought that he was only doing his duty to his country and acting the part of a friend to his Irish fellow-citizens by preventing any further raids into Canada.

The Catholics of America felt somewhat aggrieved at certain utterances, and at what they considered a certain bias of Gen. Grant, but they did not entertain any personal dislike for him on that account, and they would be very sorry to treat him in his official, or even in his present semi-official, capacity with any disrespect.

If we are not greatly mistaken, what was intended by the corporation of Cork as a rebuke to Gen. Grant will produce a reaction in his favor in the United States. If he did not in the past know Ireland, he took the best means of knowing her in the future. After having been fêted and flattered by the royalty of the world, he did not pass her by in contempt like the monarchs of Europe. Irishmen in this country, appreciating that fact, will undoubtedly feel a love for Gen. Grant greater than they ever felt before. In all probability they will devise some way to convince him that they regret the slight given him by a few inconsiderate men.

Anne Boleyn was rather tall of stature, with black hair, and an oval face of a sallow complexion, as if troubled with jaundice. She had a projecting tooth under the upper lip, and on her right hand six fingers. There was a large wen under her chin, and therefore to hide its ugliness she wore a high dress, covering her throat. In this she was followed by the ladies of the court, who also wore high dresses.

THERE 'S NO HOME LIKE THE OLD HOME.

R. O. R., in Illustrated Monitor.

THERE 's no home like the old home,
There 's no spot so dear;
Not all the wealth of earth could buy
A mother's smile or tear.
Oh, fools beguiled! the morning air
Our eager winglets cleave,
But spent with toil, neglect, and care,
They sadly droop at eve.
There 's no home like the old home,
There 's no hearth so dear;
No pulse doth beat, no breast doth glow,
So tenderly as here.

The great man's house with wealth and state
A welcome bids us fair;
And genius, talent, mind perhaps,
May fitly lead us there.
But, oh! ask not its walls for love,
Nor solace for thy woes:
Where stands thy early humble home,
There seek the heart's repose.
There 's no home like the old home
For sympathy sincere;
Where father's heart bemoans our tale,
And mother sheds a tear.

Yet earth is broad, and life is grand,
And real joys there are,
And souls look up to noble deeds
As standards held in war.
Be earnest then, but mild and kind,
And know, where'er you roam,
That man, tho' crowned with wealth, is base
Who slights his early home.
There 's no home like the old home,
So sunny and so green,
So fair a spot is never met
Wherever we have been.

When time and cares have tamed the blood,
And thought sits on the brow,
'Neath grief or disappointment should
Our manly spirit bow,
How kindly home its arms around
Our feeble frame will fold,
And give us cheer and give us hope,
As oft it did of old!
There 's no home like the old home,
If only friends live on;
But the old home no more is home
When they are dead and gone.

THE LATE CARDINAL DUPANLOUP.

THE great archbishop loved Ireland. In the French Senate, on the 27th of March, 1873, when speaking of the sad events of the war, he said, "We received help, gentlemen, from foreign countries, from England and from Belgium, and above all from that incomparable nation called Ireland; yes, incomparable by the heart and by faith. In my diocese alone I received 200,000 francs. [*Great emotion.*] And why, gentlemen? Because the Irish love France, and because, ten years ago, I had preached for them at St. Roch and received 20,000 francs. You see that I have been paid with usurer's interest. [*Great applause.*] I was paid, above all, with the heart; and I cannot, without deep emotion, remember the money orders I received from Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Kerry, from the humblest villages, with the simple words, 'Souvenir de l'Irlande' [*bravos repeated*], or what an Irish bishop wrote to me in speaking of the people of his diocese: 'They would take the bit out of their mouths to send something to France.'"

OUR FLAG IS THERE.

AN interesting question of our Revolutionary history has been settled. It has been a matter of dispute at what date the flag of the Republic was first formally recognized by the representative of any foreign power. The researches of Hon. James Birney, United States minister at The Hague, have set the matter at rest. Aided by the librarian, our minister, after a thorough examination of the shelves of the Royal Library, found in an old book, entitled "Nederlandeiche Jaerbœken," or "Dutch Annals," a full account of the desired historical fact. It sets aside the claim of the French admiral that his salute, made on the 14th of February, 1788, was the first given, and shows clearly that the Dutch governor of the island of St. Eustatius, of the West Indies, did deliberately fire a regular salute to the flag of thirteen stripes of the American Colonies on the 16th of November, 1776. Holland, at that time, had no king, and, as Mr. Birney remarks, it was eminently fitting that our dawning nation should be first saluted by a sister republic. The old history also shows that the governor of the neighboring English island, St. Christopher, remonstrated with Johannes de Graef, the Dutch governor, for honoring in this way the colors of the rebel colonies.

CHRISTIANITY'S WORK.

CHRISTIANITY taught rulers to be just, good, and merciful, and subjects to be obedient and faithful. There can be no limit to human authority without the divine law of God; for kings and princes without that divine law become tyrants. As long as the people believe that it is their duty to God to obey their rulers, so long will they be faithful; but the moment they lose the faith of Jesus Christ and the law of God, in that moment they become disobedient and rebellious. It is Christianity which has created that limited monarchy in which all men before the law are equal. It is Christianity which has created that commonwealth in which all men are brethren, equal and free. The three words, "liberty, equality, and fraternity," were never known until Christianity taught them to men. It was Jesus Christ who taught these words to men, and the apostles who taught them to the world. They exist wherever the faith of Jesus Christ exists, and they cannot exist where that faith is not to be found. Christianity bound the nations together in one family; all had the one faith, the one religion, the one communion, the one worship, and were under one pastor, the successor of St. Peter and the vicar of Jesus Christ on earth.

EARLY PURITAN CUSTOMS.

THE New York "Observer" is publishing a series of articles upon New England Meeting-Houses and Worshippers in Colonial Times, which serve by striking contrast with the present to illustrate the marked and gratifying progress of the cause of temperance within the century. We quote the following from the second of the series: "In 1735 Framingham 'voted for the raising of the meeting-house one barrel of rum, three barrels of cider, six barrels of beer, with suitable provisions of meat and bread,' at an expense of seventy pounds, which was then the amount of the minister's salary for a year. The records of Medford state that at the meeting-house raising in 1769 'no one was hurt,' which probably means that no one was intoxicated enough to put his life in peril. But in another town near Boston, where a part of the frame fell during the raising, in 1773 there is no doubt that everybody was drunk; for the records say, 'Voted, to provide one barrel of West Indian rum, five barrels of New England rum, one barrel of good brown sugar, half a box of lemons, and two loaves of loaf sugar, for framing and raising the meeting-house.'"

OUTDONE BY A BOY.—A lad in Boston, rather small for his years, works in an office as errand boy for four gentlemen who do business there. One day the gentlemen were chaffing him a little about being so small, and said to him: "You never will amount to much; you never can do much business, you are too small."

The little fellow looked at them.

"Well," said he, "as small as I am, I can do something which none of you four men can do."

"Ah, what is that?" said they.

"I don't know as I ought to tell you," he replied.

But they were anxious to know, and urged him to tell what he could do that none of them were able to do.

"*I can keep from swearing!*" said the little fellow.

There were some blushes on four manly faces, and there seemed to be very little anxiety for further information on the point.

A JOHN BULL, conversing with an Indian, asked him if he knew that the sun never set in the Queen's dominions. "No," said the Indian. "Do you know the reason why?" said John. "Because Heaven is afraid to trust an Englishman in the dark," was the savage's reply.

The Humorist.

WHAT beats a good wife? A bad husband.

THE latest cure for rheumatism is to get a lot of bees to sting the afflicted parts.

A GOOD boy may not become a handsome man, but a nice bonnet surely becomes a pretty woman.

IN making the voyage of life it is well to paddle your own canoe, but use discretion as to when to put in your oar.

AN intelligent German thus expressed his preference for a quack doctor: "I vould n't call him iv mine cat vas dead!"

NOTHING, perhaps, strikes the ear more pleasantly than a pretty woman's charming voice — except, perhaps, her charming hand.

IN Virginia, when a young lady declines an offer to convey her home, the lover asks permission to sit on a fence and see her go by.

CHILDREN would n't cross their parents so often when grown up, if they were to cross their parents' knees a little oftener when they are little.

LONGER trains are the fashion in ladies' full dress, and the advice to awkward-footed gentlemen is, "Look out for the train when the belle comes."

AN arithmetical question: If a spoonful of yeast will raise fifty cents' worth of flour, how much yeast will it take to raise money enough to buy another barrel with?

"SAY," said the city youth to the modest countryman, "got the hay seed out o' your hair yet?" "Wall," was the deliberate reply, "I judge not from the way the calves run after me."

TWENTY-ONE Freshmen were lately suspended from an English college because a professor could not find out who placed a tack in his chair. He, however, knew all about who sat down on it.

A BOY or girl without religious principles or moral culture, is like a ship without ballast, only fit to sail in fair weather, and powerless to resist the storms of life.

"WELL, Sambo, how do you like your new place?" "Berry well, massa." "What did you have for breakfast this morning?" "Well, you see, missus biled three eggs for herself and gave me de brof."

"COME, pa," said a chap from school, "how many peas are in a pint?" "How can anybody tell that, foolish boy!" "I can every time, you bet; there is just one *p* in pint, the world over." He was sent to bed early.

"WHAT is the best remedy," asked a preacher of a shrewd observer, "for an inattentive audience?" "Give them something to attend to," was the significant reply. "Hungry sheep will look up to the rack if there is any hay in it."

GOVERNESS (*desirous of explaining the word "enough"*).— Now, suppose, Freddy, that you give pussy all the milk she can lap, all the meat she can eat, and all the sweet cake she cares for — what will it have? FREDDY (*with surprising alacrity*).— Kittens!

A GREEN sportsman, after a fruitless tramp, met a boy with tears in his eyes, "I say, youngster, is there anything to shoot around here?" The boy answered, "Nothin' just 'bout here, but there 's the schoolmaster t' other side the hill, I wish you 'd shoot him!"

THE little bit of a girl wanted more and more buttered toast, till she was told that too much would make her sick. Looking wistfully at the dish a moment, she thought she saw the way out of her difficulty, and exclaimed, "Well, give me annuzer piece, and send for the doctor."

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

We are now in the transition period, during which some difficulty is experienced by chroniclers of fashion, for at this time of the year, ladies keep to their winter garments, but are eager to hear of models for the spring. In the month of February, merchants make a point of displaying wash goods, such as Scotch ginghams, percales, cambrics, linen lawns, and prints. Busy mothers, who make all their children's clothing, and at least plain house-dresses for themselves must necessarily look a long way ahead, and wisely make selections early, and do their spring sewing during the quiet Lenten days, leaving their own best dresses to be made later, when styles for such are definitely fixed. There are at present many pretty and useful washing fabrics, which cost but little, are easily made up, and being capable of renewal, present a fresh and charming appearance as long as they last. Nothing can be prettier for summer wear than cool, delicate lawns, fine ginghams, the soft-finished cambrics, and other inexpensive cotton fabrics that are within the means of even the poorest. To be well dressed, the great middle class of women should confine themselves to that which has the most value for the money which they can afford to expend. In selecting a design, and making up a dress, what will be permanent should be the first consideration to those who cannot afford to give away, or replace, until the garment has been well worn. Making over cheap materials, simply to change the style, is bad economy.

Scotch ginghams are now in regular tartan plaids of the gayest hues. When these are genuine Scotch goods, they wash and wear well, as they certainly should do, when seventy-five cents a yard is asked for them. The French, or Madras ginghams have gay red bars and plaids on white grounds, and cost about thirty cents a yard. The new cambrics and calicoes come in navy blue, dark green, seal brown, olive, and garnet shades, with white twilled lines in clusters, giving the cheviot effect. Bordered cambrics and calicoes are much used, as they trim over-skirts, basques and plaited flounces very prettily, and wash well when neatly sewn on without drawing. For making up laundrying goods, there are numerous appropriate designs of simple shape, and few bias seams. Both yoke and plaited blouse waists are popular for all wash materials. The washerwoman over skirt, described last month in these pages, elegant and elaborate as it seems, is in reality as simple when turned down as a straight piece of cloth, and therefore, most suitable for washing fabrics, and very pretty with a kilt-plaited walking skirt. Plain, long over-skirts, with much-wrinkled apron fronts, tied back closely at the sides, the lower edge simply hemmed or faced, the skirt either plain, or trimmed with one or two plaited ruffles, will be a favorite model for cotton goods. Simple morning dresses, suitable for active housewives, are made with a single skirt having a deep flounce, and either a plain, long basque partly fitted to the figure, or a blouse waist. But some space must be devoted to the wants of the younger portion of the community, whose claims are quite as important as those of their elders. The same admirable features which are observed in ladies' modes are also seen in the departments for young girls, little girls, and the wee folks in the nursery, — a certain symmetry, never before exhibited, being the striking characteristics of the present designs, which certainly are everything that can be desired, compact, suitable, comfortable, and handsome, and may well be considered satisfactory, for the amount of material is reasonable, and a very small

outlay of labor is required in perfecting each garment, the designs being quite simple, therefore in good taste. Proportion is now studied by designers, and even that unfortunate period of the growing girl, known as the awkward age, has been provided for. Among the suitable dresses for well-grown, as well as growing girls, equally adapted to woollen or cotton fabrics, is the basque with small, square yoke, to which the loose, full blouse, extending down over the hips, is sewed in gathers. The gathered parts at the waist line of woollen dresses may be sewn in permanent rows of gathers, but for cotton fabrics the gathers would be troublesome for the laundress, unless arranged with shirr strings. The yoke needs a strong lining, as the strain of the corsage rests upon it; the blouse part is not lined, as it would be too clumsy. The lower edge is simply hemmed or faced, or finished with a piping fold. The skirt may be trimmed with ruffles, or else be plain, and have a round, long over-skirt, simply hemmed, draped to wrinkle across the front. When plaid or striped goods are used, the effect is good if the front breadth is cut bias. These suits when made of woollen goods, such as cashmere, camel's hair, basket cloth, debege, bright flannels, or pin-head checks, are given a dressy appearance by adding collar, cuffs, and belt of silk or velvet.

Plain round waists, and belts fastened with a buckle, are in favor with young girls. There is great partiality for English cut-away coats and long vests, usually accompanied by the washerwoman over-skirt. Polonaises are liked for growing girls, for reasons of economy, as with them, the skirts of various dresses may be worn that otherwise would be quite useless when the waists are worn out or outgrown. There is a stylish fancy for turning back the fronts of polonaises in triangular reverse. When the lower corners are faced deeply and properly fastened back, the effect is quite as jaunty as the "Dolly Vardens" of a few years ago.

So inexhaustible are fashion's resources to economy, that a pretty suit for a miss can be made from a black cashmere or alpaca dress that has already done service for the mother or an elder sister, by no greater outlay than the purchase of a little neat Scotch plaid for edging the plaitings on the skirt, and making a fold around the bottom of the over-skirt. The sleeves, vest, and collar may be of the plaid.

The heavier materials used for small children's wear differ but slightly from those shown for older costumes; solid colors are most popular, large plaids are less frequently seen. The Gabrielle form is the favorite design for small girls' woollen dresses. It is usually given the effect of a cut-away coat and vest, and a plaited skirt with a scarf, but the entire garment is in one piece when completed. Combinations of pale blue and garnet, or dark gray with brown velvet or corduroy, are very elegant. Cloaks are made of dark blue, brown, or gray cloth, the ulster sacque, with Carrick capes, being a favorite model. For making wash dresses of all kinds for small children, the plaited sacque is popular; it has three box-plaits down the front and back of the dress to the top of the Spanish flounce. The only seams in the dress are those under the arms and on the shoulders. For plain dresses the flounce is omitted, and when desired to be very dressy, two or three frills are used. The trimmings most used are Torchon lace, Hamburg embroidery, and ruffles. Little boys, who have not arrived at the dignity of trousers, wear Gabrielle, kilt yoke, and sacque dresses. Those of five or six years wear trousers that reach a little below the knees, and cut-away jackets or coats made of flannel or wool suitings, and cambric waists, or for best occasions, a fine waist with plaited shirt-front.

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

AITE ANN A LABHARTHAR GAEDHILIGE FOS ANN EIRINN.

CUIRFIMID sios annso na h-aite ann a labhorthar Gaedhilige fós ann Eirinn, agus na h-aite ann a saoiltear go labharthar feárr i.

Labharthar Gaedhilige fós ann gach condae ann Eirinn le beagán no morán de dhaoinibh, acht a sé dhiobh, i. Ath Cliath, Cill Mantan, Loch Garman, Cilldara, Catharloch, agus Condae na Beanrioghana. Is fior go bh-fuil cuid aca ann a bh-fuil an teanga fós beo, ann nach labharthar i acht le beagán de dhaoinibh aosda, mar ata Condae an Righ, Condae Cillcinnich, Condae na Iar Mhidhe, Condae na Mhidhe, agus Condae Longphort, a g-Cuige Laighean; agus Condae an Duin a g-Cuige Ulladh. Is iongantach e an gniomh go bh-fuil an t-sean teanga labhartha fós ann aitibh is sia soir ann Eirinn. 'Se sin le radh, a g-Condae Luath, a g-Condae an Duin agus a g-Condae Antreabh. Annsa dha Condae is deigheonaighe ni larbhorthari acht a measg na g-cnoc, i, na Beinne Boirche a g-Condae an Duin, agus na sleibhte a d-timchioll na m-baile m-beg Coisandall agus Coisanduin a g-Condae Antreabh. 'Siad na sleibhte cumhdachoiridhe seannachda cho maith le saorsachda. Is truagh nach bh-fuil nios mo sleibhte ann Eirinn.

Deir daoine eigen nach ionnan Gaedhilig Mhumhain, Gaedhilig Cho-

Literal Translation.

PLACES WHERE GAELIC IS STILL SPOKEN IN IRELAND.

WE will set down here the places where Gaelic is still spoken in Ireland, and the places where it is supposed to be spoken best.

Gaelic is still spoken by more or less people in every county in Ireland, except six, that is to say, Dublin, Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Carlow, and the Queen's County. It is true that there are some of them in which the language is yet alive, where it is spoken only by a few aged persons, as in the King's County, County Kilkenny, County Westmeath, County Meath, County Longford, in the province of Leinster, and the County Down, in the province of Ulster. It is a strange fact that the old language is still spoken in places the farthest east in Ireland, that is to say, in the County Louth, in the County Down, and in the County Antrim. In the two last counties it is only spoken amongst the hills, namely, the Beinne Boirche in the County Down, and the mountains around the little towns of Cushandall and Cushandeen, in the County Antrim. Mountains are preservers of antiquity as well as of liberty. It is a pity that there are not more mountains in Ireland.

Some people say that Munster Gaelic, Connaught Gaelic, and Ulster

nachta, agus Gaedhilig Ulaidh. Is dearmad mór e seo. Ni'l dithfir air bit his an Gaedhilig labharthar a n-deasgeart agus a d-tuasgeart Eireann, acht a m-blás emhain. Si an teanga ceadna o cheann go bun na tire. Is fior e go bh-fuil focail aca a murnhain nach bh-fuil a g-Conachtna ann Uladh, agus go bh-fuil focail ann Uladh nach bh-fuil a g-Conacht, na a Mumhain; acht ni leanann de sin go labharthar teangtha eagsamhla ann Eirinn. Da m-beidheadh paipeuraidhe nuadhacht a n-Gaedhilig againn, ni bheidheadh focail ann aen ait ann Eirinn nach d-tuigfidhe go soilleir ann uile aitibh. 'Se aineolas na teangan, agus i bheith gan sgribhinnidhe ciotchionnta, a dheunas an cruadhas. Is mór an iongnadh e go bh-fuil an Gaedhilig cho ceart mar ata si, o nar sgriobhadh i air feadh tri céad bliadhain, agus nar mhuineadh i a sgoilibh o aimsir Seofraidh Céatinn do sgriobh stair na h-Eireann.

Cia an ait ann a labharthar an Gaedhilig is feárr? Is minic a fiafruighthear an cheisd seo, agus ni usa i fhreagaradh. Dearthar go coitchionnta go bh-fuil Gaedhilig Chonachtach is feárr, agus glacann morán daoine foghlumtha an bharamhail ceadna. So an nidh a deir an sean rann na thimchioll: —

Tá ceart gan blás aig na h-Ultaibh,
Tá blás gan ceart aig na Mumhainibh,
Tá blás agus ceart aig na Conachtaibh,
Ni blás na ceart aig na Laigheanaibh.

Ni chuireann sinn morán creideamh a seannradh no rann mar so; tuille fós ni fior e, oir labharthar deagh a's droch Gaedhilig a ngach cuige ann Eirinn.

Gaelic are dissimilar. This is a great mistake. There is no difference at all in the Gaelic that is spoken in the North and South of Ireland, except in the accent. It is the same language from one end of the country to the other. It is true that they have words in Munster that are not in Connaught or Ulster, and that they have words in Ulster that are not in Connaught or Munster; but it does not follow from that that different languages are spoken in Ireland. If we would have newspapers in Gaelic there would not be words in one part of Ireland that would not be understood clearly in every part. It is ignorance of the language, and its being without a current literature, that make the difficulty. It is a great wonder that Gaelic is as correct as it is, since it has not been written generally for three hundred years, and not taught in the schools since the time of Geoffry Keating, who wrote the history of Ireland.

In what place is the best Gaelic spoken? This question is very often asked, and it is not easy to answer it. It is generally said that the Connaught Irish is the best, and many learned men hold the same opinion. Here is what the old verse says about it: —

The Ulstermen have propriety without the accent,
The Munstermen have the accent without the propriety,
The Connaughtmen have both accent and propriety,
The Leinstermen have neither accent nor propriety.

We do not put much faith in a proverb or verse like this. Besides, it is not true, for both good and bad Irish are spoken in every province of Ireland.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

1.

My first is enraged; my second is a vowel; my third is a spirit not capable of coagulation; my last is a chariot of war; and my whole is one of the African islands.

2.

My first is the region where the sun sets; my second means in a greater degree; my last is to set on shore; my whole is a county in England.

3.

SQUARE WORD.

An animal; part of verb *to be;* a number.

4.

Whole I am used as an entrance; change head, and I'm a strong term for aversion; change head, and I'm another name for head; change head, and I mean to be behind; change head, and I'm a companion; change head, and then I'm a fruit; change head once more, and I'm a girl's name.

5.

HIDDEN COUNTRIES, ETC.

1. The tale which I narrated is good.
2. A blow generally causes pain.
3. As I am one of your friends, you must not betray me.
4. Set on the kettle, and let us have tea.
5. The jay retired from its cage.

6.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

Part of a tree; a bird; a battle; a tree; a girl's name; weeds; a kind of brush; a brotherhood (curtailed); a bird (curtailed); a sweet, refreshing drink; a river in France. The initials and finals read downwards will name two celebrated poets.

7.

A consonant; a fearful shriek; a plural pronoun; fifty and fifty. Add these together and then transpose the letters, and it will give the name of a Welsh king.

8.

1101 and era A.	One of the divisions of the globe.
555 and epoe.	To unfold.
101 and onoro.	A river of South America.
1051 and nona.	Not real.
51 and l.	To be sick.
1501 and stongo.	Chief town of Hayti.

The initials and finals read downwards name two personages of heathen mythology.

9.

Mr. ——wood being at the . of the king of terrors, ten mills for his quakers and who, which and what. They odor for Dr. Juvenile Humanity, who sent to Dr. Hay Preservers, and little devil behold scarlet his assistance, but before he arrived the not legally good changed color and taker was ct. for.

10.

Whole, I am single; behead me, I am single; behead again, still I am single; behead and curtail, still I am single.

11.

I dwell in hall and castle, in country and in town,
And e'en in lowly cottage my presence may be found,
I'm often gay and witty, sometimes cast down and sad;
All mankind are my captives, from ancient sire to lad.
I'm not confined to country, to age, rank, time, or place;
In high, in low, in rich or poor, I show my changing face.

12.

My first is in cart, but not in horse;
My second is in bad, but not in worse;
My third is in mirth, but not in joy;
My fourth is in metal, but not in alloy;
My fifth is whole, but not in part;
My sixth is in finish, but not in start;
My seventh is in flat, but not in round;
My whole is a flower, I'll be bound.

13.

I am composed of nineteen letters, four words: —
My 1, 7, 18, 10, 1, 8, 13, 17, 5, is madness respecting one subject only;
My 3, 16, 14, 11, 19, 4, is a seabird resembling a crow;
My 9, 2, 15, 12, is a mark for shooters;
My 6, 17, 12, 3, 16, is a trench;
My whole is one of Shakespeare's comedies.

14.

I am a word of letters four,
I'm with you day and night
I'm part and parcel of yourself,
Now riddle me aright.
And if you now take off my head,
Though it be strange 't is true,
The moment you commit the deed
I disappear from view.

15.

My first is in beer, but not in ale;
My second is in jug, but not in pail;
My third is in glory, but not in fame;
My fourth is in England, but not in Spain;
My fifth is in steel, but not in iron;
My whole is the name of a poet.

16.

WORD PUZZLES.

An Innkeeper's Invitation.

Here's to Pand's Pen, d'Asoc. I. Alho-Ur,
In h. Arm (Les Smirt) Hand, F. U—n;
Let Fri. end Shipreig N. B. Ejust And ki, N. D.
An: Devil's Peak, O! F. N——, O! N. E.

17.

A Fact.

T. U. C. Co.

18.

To half a dozen add six,
And if you add five hundred,
A word you soon will fix,
That is, if you have n't blundered.

19.

My first is a hundred,
Yet only is one;
My second you 'll guess it
Before you are done,
Of the seven-hilled city
Three fourths you may take,
For this it most truly
My second will make;
And my third you must grant me,
'T is good, or 't is deep;
And my whole it made kingcraft
To tremble and weep.

20.

I am a pretty flower's name,
If you in two divide the same
And take my latter half away,
A color I shall then display.

21.

My first is a color, my second is my whole, and my whole is a tradesman.

22.

I am composed of sixteen letters.
My 7, 16, 4, 13 is to make an outcry.
My 6, 3, 9, 12, 14, 1 is to frustrate;
My 10, 8, 15, 5, 1 is a town of Turkey in Asia;
My 11, 16, 14, 10, 2 is uncultivated poor land.
My whole is one of Sir Walter Scott's poems.

23.

I am in nun, but not in nunnery,
I am in monk, but not in monastery,
I am in Tennyson, but not in Burns,
I am in milkmaid, but not in churns,
I am in Sir Richard, but not in estate,
I am in criminal, but not in fate,
I am in hangman, but not in gallows,
I am in queen, but not in palace,
I am in oyster, but not in shell,
I am in deer, but not in dell,
I am in prisoners, but not in fetters.
I am a word of only four letters.

24.

A woman I am
Without any sham;
Twice me behead
I 'm a man instead.

Letters for this department are to be addressed to Miss Puzzler, Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

Summary of Recent Events.

There are only two regiments of the line in which there are no Irish officers, — the 2d Battalion of the 13th and the 3d Battalion Rifle Brigade, — whereas there are twenty-three regiments without a single Scotch officer. There is not a single regiment in the service in which there is not at least nine English officers. In the 72d Highlanders no fewer than ten of the officers are Irishmen, against fifteen Scotch and nine English.

Burning of the Holy Angels' Academy, Buffalo, N. Y. — We regret exceedingly to learn that on Saturday afternoon, Jan. 4, a fire broke out in the upper story of the Holy Angels' Academy, at Buffalo, under the charge of the Gray Nuns, which, despite the efforts of the Fire Department, was totally destroyed. There were in the building at the time eighteen sisters, including the Mother Superior, Sister St. Peter, who is sick, and eight pupils, who were spending the holidays at the Academy, who all escaped. The school numbers one hundred and fourteen pupils, but fortunately they had not returned from their vacation. The Academy was built in 1873, and was a substantial and handsome brick building, valued at $60,000, and insured for $23,000. The property was encumbered, and the insurance was held by the Erie County Savings Bank as security for a mortgage on the building.

The Catholic Religion in Japan, etc.— A letter has been received from a Jesuit missionary in China, from which we gather the following facts: The Japanese government has proclaimed liberty of worship, has demolished all the pagodas and taken possession of their property. All the Japanese who wish to be acquainted with or to embrace the Christian religion are free to go for instruction and to receive baptism from the missionaries, but these latter have not as yet permission to penetrate into the interior of the country. Thus there seems to be a great opening for the Catholic religion in Japan. — In the Corea, since the arrest of Mgr. Ridel, the Bishop, the satellites have made a reply to the mandarins, who rebuked them for having arrested only a few Christains. They say, "If we were bound to arrest all those who call themselves Christains, or who pass for such, the country would be reduced to a desert, and the fields would be without cultivation."—In the Province of Khiang-Nan (China) in October, 1876, three Christians were tortured and condemned to death by the magistrates of Sou-tcheu. The justice of God was not long in overtaking the authors of the outrage. The two grand mandarins who presided at the tribunal and at the iniquitous execution have since received their punishment. One was found dead in his palanquin, the other has cut his throat.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MARCH 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

RICHARD 's himself again !

THE "Pittsburgh Catholic" says of our February number: "It is made up of a very choice supply of selected matter from some of our best publications and authors, both of this and the old country."

THE Boston Cathedral will compare with that of New York in dimensions, though not in cost or exterior elegance, the former being 364 feet long and 170 feet wide at the transept; and its spire 300 feet high, the latter 332 feet long, 170 wide at the transept, and the tower is destined to be 328 feet high. The cathedral in Boston occupies over 46,000 square feet — more than an acre of land — and takes more than those of Strasbourg, Posen, Salisbury, Vienna, Venice, and Dublin.

A BRAVE AND DEVOTED LADY.

THE Superior of the Sisters of the Third Order of St. Francis, at Belle Prairie, Minn., intends opening an Industrial School for the negroes in the South. This is a praiseworthy undertaking, and one which could scarcely be in better hands. Mother Ignatius, the Superior, a convert to our Holy Faith, is a lady of fine mental culture, and her zeal and devotedness are unlimited. About five years ago, when she came to this country from England, she declined a fine establishment on the outskirts of Boston and took a log hut in the wilds of Minnesota, simply because she thought it would give her a better missionary field among the children of the Indians ; but now that she finds no Indian children to instruct, she wishes to work for the negroes. The log hut in Minnesota has become transformed into a fine convent, with a handsome chapel, and all through the industry of the Mother Superior and the good Sisters. They went to work with a will, cultivating their ground, building their fences, and tending their live stock with their own hands, and God has blessed their labors in an eminent degree. They have a school for the neighboring children, and also a little printing-office, from which the "Annals of Our Lady of the Angels" is issued monthly in English and French, in a manner that does the amateur printer no little credit.

[We copy the above from an exchange to say that the lady referred to has been down this way collecting for her benevolent work. Notwithstanding the hard times, she picked up a considerable sum.]

"DEAD on the field of honor." We refer to the grand list of priests and sisters who died on the field of honor at the South during the recent epidemic.

PATRICK DONAHOE, of Boston "Pilot" fame, has commenced publishing a magazine. The copy before us is filled with selections from the best periodicals in this country and Europe. Its cover is typical of the Green Isle, and its contents rich, rare, and racy. It should be welcome among Irish families. Mr. Donahoe has gone to a great expense in arranging his magazine, and we hope he will be rewarded with a large subscription list. — *College Message, Cape Girardeau, Mo.*

LETTER from W. E. Robinson, author of the forthcoming book, "Ireland in America."

BROOKLYN, Jan. 6, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE: —

I congratulate you on the appearance and substance of your magazine. Everything is in good taste. The design of the cover is exquisite, and the matter is varied and full of interest. I wish and prophesy abundant success, which you richly deserve.

Very truly yours,

W. E. ROBINSON.

WORDS OF CHEER. — Among the many letters received from bishops and priests and many religious orders, we give the following from the Right Reverend Francis Mora, Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles, California: —

P. DONAHOE, ESQ., Boston:

Dear Sir, — I have received the first number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, and on examination find it replete with good and interesting reading matter. Should the high character of the first number be maintained throughout, I have no doubt it will effect much good among those for whom it is intended, in counteracting the baleful influence of unworthy papers and magazines.

I take great pleasure in recommending it to the faithful of my diocese.

Yours truly,

+ FRANCIS MORA,

Bishop of Monterey and Los Angeles.

LOS ANGELES, Jan. 1, 1879.

THIS issue is a good St. Patrick's day number of our magazine.

THE grand result of the Fair held for New York's great cathedral was $172,625.48.

THE "Catholic News" is the name of a new paper just commenced in Springfield, Ill. It bids fair to succeed. We wish it every success.

AFTER a voyage of near forty days, Rev. Father Smith, of the Cathedral Holy Cross, Boston, arrived in Marseilles. Reported in good health.

THE proposed meeting of Irish-American citizens in New York to denounce the treatment of General Grant by the Corkonians was a fizzle.

REV. T. J. CONATY, of Worcester, Mass., has been elected a director of the Free Public Library of that city. Father Conaty is also a member of the School Board. We are pleased to see that Father Conaty is appreciated in the heart of the Commonwealth.

THE second number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has appeared, and in it the hand of the master is seen. It is crammed with short and pithy selections, written by Cardinal Manning, Father Burke, T. O'Neil Russell, John of Tuam, and others, and is altogether the most interesting popular magazine published. If it keeps on like this, it will deserve to have a hundred thousand subscribers, and we hope it will. — *Catholic Mirror.*

HANDSOME MEN OF BOSTON. — At the Jewish Fair, balloting has been going on for the handsomest man in Boston. Among the gentlemen balloted for are Col. G. H. Campbell, Col. F. H. Forbes, Mr. G. A. Babbitt, and Alderman J. J. Flynn. They might have enlarged the list by adding Hon. J. M. Forbes, Hon. H. L. Pierce, Hon. N. J. Bradlee, Hon. F. W Bird, and President Whitmore of the Common Council. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE." — Vol. I, No. 1, of this new and popular magazine came to hand by Tuesday's mail. We are pleased with it. It is a first-class periodical in every particular,— manner, matter, paper, and print. The cover is neat, handsomely printed on the traditional color, GREEN (in token of the Green Isle), and very appropriate. It is devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad. We hesitate not to commend this new publication to our readers, and especially to those born in OLD IRELAND and those born and reared in Wisconsin; assuring them that it is a magazine worthy of their support, and one they need not hesitate to place before their children. — *The Standard, Burlington, Wis.*

THERE was no death sentence pronounced in Ireland in 1877. What other country can say the same?

NOTRE DAME, SAN JOSÉ, CAL.,
Jan. 7, 1879.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — Enclosed be pleased to find ten dollars and fifty cents ($10.50), subscription amount for a club of seven.

Be pleased to send the copies of your excellent magazine to the undersigned address

With good wishes for your success in your laudable enterprise,

Yours respectfully,

SISTERS NOTRE DAME.

"THE Catholic Review," of New York, who is watching our movements, says of our February issue: —

"We have received the second number of DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It is a great improvement on the first number, a fact which speaks well for the progressive character of the workman and his work. We trust its progression will not be in arithmetical but in geometrical ratio, at least, for a long period. We are glad to hear that Mr. Donahoe has no cause to complain of the pecuniary result of his venture, or of the neglect of his hosts of friends."

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — We have received the first number of a magazine started by the veteran Patrick Donahoe, formerly of the Boston "Pilot," and called by his name. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE aims at being rather a careful selection than an original publication. Its prospectus says that it will embrace two great essentials,— instruction and amusement; and that one of its principal ends is the counteracting of the deleterious trash which now vitiates the fireside. As we have said, it is a reprint, but a most interesting and careful one. The first article has for its author no less a personage than Cardinal Manning, and its subject is the peculiarly appropriate one for the Irish in America, "The Dignity and Rights of Labor." The magazine fully justifies its prospectus, and we wish it every success. — *Dublin Daily Freeman's Journal.*

THE Catholic press of the United States does credit to our grand old church. Less than fifty years ago there were only two or three Catholic papers, the "United States Catholic Miscellany," Charleston, S. C., "Truth Teller," New York, and the "Jesuit," Boston, succeeded by the "Literary and Catholic Sentinel," then the "Pilot." Now we have a paper in almost every diocese. They are well conducted, and will compare more than favorably with the journals of other denominations. We want a few more of them. The Catholic family that does not take one or more of our publications does not do its duty to the family or to the mother that bore him, THE CHURCH.

GEN. SHIELDS.—MISSOURI SENATOR.

The Catholic News, Springfield, Ill.

THE nomination of Gen. Shields, by the Democratic members of the Missouri Legislature, for the high honor of United States Senator, is an event which will be welcome news, not only to the citizens of Illinois, Minnesota, and Missouri, but to a large body of American citizens throughout the Union. It is especially gratifying to his many ardent admirers in this State, where he commenced his public career. It is an instance that the maxim does not always hold good, "Republics are ungrateful"; for in the election of the veteran soldier and statesman, Missouri steps to the front rank and furnishes the best token of appreciation of true merit. In his competitor, Col. Armstrong, we recognize a man of great energy; one who has worked with characteristic fidelity in the Democratic party. In his defeat he may feel justly proud that the State of Missouri has placed senatorial honors upon Gen. Shields, the hero of two wars and now representing a third State in Congress.

The general arrived in Washington on the 26th of January, and was sworn in and took his seat in the Senate. His last term in the Senate was from 1857 to 1859, when he represented the State of Minnesota; and, before that, he served for six years as a senator from Illinois, as the colleague of Stephen A. Douglas. Senator Shields appears to be in excellent health, and was the recipient this morning of unanimous congratulations on both sides of the Senate Chamber. In reply to a question as to what State he intended to represent next, General Shields said: "All I want now is to retire with the honors of war. Really, I think if I have deserved anything, it is to be placed on the retired list; and such a recognition of my services would be much more satisfactory to me than the highest political honors which could be bestowed."

[The leading article in this issue of our magazine is by the veteran general. It has the true ring and metal of the battle-field.]

IF we knew the address of Lady Blanche Murphy we would send her our magazine, in compliment to her splendid talents as a representative lady of our race.

WE regret to hear from England very unfavorable accounts of the health of Monsignor Capel, who during the late severe weather has suffered from a chest attack, which entirely incapacitates him from leaving the house to attend his duties in the pulpit or elsewhere. In addition to other extensive undertakings we understand that he has recently leased two large houses in Kensington Square, and, under the name of St. Anne's Home, has opened them as a dressmaking establishment for the training and employment of young girls of good character, and also as a temporary home for convert ladies suffering under persecution on account of their faith.

AGENTS WANTED.—Good wages. Apply at office of Magazine.

WE cannot but repeat our more than grateful acknowledgments to the press, both Protestant and Catholic, for their continued appreciation of our magazine.

THE following letter is from the author of "A Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States":—

719 HAWTHORNE STREET,
BROOKLYN, L. I., Jan. 2, 1879.

MY DEAR MR. DONAHOE:—

You are the first to whom I have written a word since the new year dawned. Please to accept my warm thanks for your kind remembrance.

You are good enough to ask me what I think of your new magazine. I have run over it from cover to cover, and let me heartily congratulate you. Like the new year with which it begins, it is bright with promise. It sparkles with wit and and wisdom. It is, indeed, a valuable and very interesting periodical, as beautiful in its make-up as it is rich and happy in its selections. In short, its merits are so many that it deserves to be crowned with the fullest measure of success.

Allow me to wish you all the compliments of the season, and especially "many happy returns of the new year," praying that God may bless such a brave old pioneer of the good cause. I am, my dear friend,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN O'KANE MURRAY.

PATRICK DONAHOE, ESQ., Boston, Mass.

To shame the few churls who would wish to deprive us
Of a share in the charter by Washington won,
Let us all do our best, and leave sons to survive us,
Who 'll be native Americans when they 're all gone.
And if any should blight your fame or your right,
And run from the blaze of the battle array,
The standard of green in front would be seen.

Oh, my life on your faith, were you summoned this minute,
You 'd throw every bitter resentment away,
And show what the arm of old Ireland has in it,
For the star-spangled banner on St. Patrick's day.

Oh, thus be it ever while freemen shall stand
Between their loved home and the war's desolation;
Blest with victory and peace, may this heaven-rescued land
Praise the Power that hath made and preserved us a nation.
Then conquer we must, when our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, "In God is our trust"
And the star-spangled banner in triumph shall wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Father Kluck, an aged priest of the diocese of Detroit, died at Sherman township, the 21st ult.

On the 4th, Rev. W. Herbert, pastor of St. Patrick's parish, East Hollandtown, Wis., died in the sixty-fifth year of his age.

The Rev. Luke Conway, O. P., died at the convent, Limerick, Ireland, on Friday night, Dec. 27, after a lingering illness. The reverend gentleman was a native of Limerick, and a general favorite with all classes, lay and clerical, in his native city.

Rev. Peter Kernan died at Galway, Ireland, on the 28th of December, after a tedious illness of nearly twelve months' duration. The reverend gentleman was about twelve years in the mission, and during that time he was curate in the parish of St. Nicholas East, Galway. He was educated in Maynooth, and was a very able preacher and a most indefatigable, hard-working priest.

On the 8th of January, Rev. Francis X. De Neckere, S. J., of Conewago, Pa, departed this life at Littlestown, in the same State. May he rest in peace. In chronicling the death of Fr. De Neckere, we desire to ask on the part of our wife, the prayers of the reader for the repose of his soul. So holy a priest, it might be supposed, would not need our prayers, but if he does not need them, some other dear soul may be benefited by them. Say a *De profundis* for dear and loved Father De Neckere.

The Jesuit Order in Dublin, while it is still mourning the loss of the Rev. Edmund O'Reilly, has been bereft by death of another of its fairest ornaments. The Rev. John Stanley Mathews, the rector of the college of St. Francis Xavier, Great Denmark Street, expired on the morning of the 31st December, in the vigor of his years, after barely a month's struggle against pneumonic disease. Father Mathews, who was born Nov. 6, 1833, was the second son of the late James Mathews, Esq., J. P., Mount Hanover, Drogheda. He was educated at the great Jesuit seminary at Clongowes Wood.

At eleven o'clock on Sunday night, Jan. 5, the Most Rev. James M'Devitt, Lord Bishop of Raphoe, died at Glenties, from the result of a cold caught in going there from Letterkenny to spend the Christmas with his relatives His lordship died in the forty-seventh year of his age and the eighth of his episcopate. The sad intelligence, announced by Father Gallagher, after mass in the cathedral Letterkenny, was received with emotions of sorrow that can be conceived but not described. The deceased prelate was consecrated on the 11th of April, 1871, previous to which he was a professor at All Hallowes, Dublin.

In Louisville, Ky., Jan. 9, Rev. Michael Power. His death was caused by so simple an accident as a fall, while walking the icy pavement, within a square of his own church. Father Power was born in County Kerry, Ireland, in the year 1820. He commenced his services for the holy ministry at St. Mary's Seminary, in Marion County, Ky., and he finished them at the old seminary of St. Thomas, in Nelson County, in the year 1855. He was ordained priest on the sixteenth day of July, 1855, by the late Dr. Spalding, then Bishop of Louisville.

Death of the Rev. Thomas Kieran, P. P., Swords. The rather sudden death of the above venerable and venerated priest has cast a feeling of true sorrow amongst the people of Swords and its parish. Whilst apparently in good health, on Sunday morning, Jan. 5, he was about to leave his residence to celebrate first mass, as usual, in Swords Catholic Church, he became suddenly stricken down with apoplexy, producing complete paralysis of one side. Within the past seven years, it appears, he had had two modified attacks of the same forms of illness, from which, under the care of his physician, Dr. Davys, he recovered very satisfactorily, but on this occasion the doctor pronounced his case to be utterly hopeless. Deceased was about seventy-five years of age, and had devoted fully half a century of his life in the ceaseless and energetic fulfilment of the duties of his sacred calling. Having been over forty years a priest in the Swords parish, he was thoroughly acquainted with the wants and requirements of the people.

On Tuesday, Dec. 31, Rev. Herman Fischer died at Malvern, Ohio. On Christmas day he celebrated two masses and started the third, but could not finish it. A day or two before Christmas he was called to a distant part of his mission to administer the last rites of the church to a sick person. On this call Father Fischer contracted a severe cold, and this with asthma soon confined him to his room. On Monday morning he wrote the following few lines to his neighboring priest, Rev. H. B. Dues:—

"Please come to-morrow, come sure."

"Oro supplex et acclinis
Cor contritum quasi cinis
Gero curam mei finis."

Also morgen; wie hart geht
Es einem mit dem sterben.
Herzlich gruessend in Domino.

About two o'clock on the following morning he was taken suddenly ill, and died before a priest could reach him. Thus he, who had administered the last sacraments for over thirty years to the dying, died himself without the last sacraments, but it is hoped that he was prepared, for he went to confession on the Friday previous to his death. R. I. P.

SISTERS.

Sister M. Francis Xavier, who died recently at Fond du Lac, was born in Philadelphia, in 1849, and at twelve years of age she embraced the Catholic faith in Baltimore. She was the means of bringing her brother, sister, and mother to the knowledge of the true faith. Her name in the world was Miss Cadwallader.

On the 5th inst. the death occurred, in the Convent of the Presentation Order in Drogheda, of the superioress of the convent, Mother Mary Alphonsus, daughter of the late Robert Daly, Esq., and sister of Thomas Daly, Esq., West Street, of the eminent clothing firm of Robert Daly & Son. The immediate cause of death was bronchitis. The deceased lady was a long time in the Presentation Order, being in the thirty-fifth year of her religious vocation.

The Sisters of St. Joseph in St. Louis have again experienced a sad loss in the person of one of their most valued members, Sister Mary Matthew, who died at St. Joseph's Male Orphan Asylum, on the 18th of January.

Sister Matthew, known in the world as Miss Mary Harrigan, was born in Boston, Mass., Jan. 6, 1852, and consequently was a little over twenty-seven years of age at the time of her peaceful taking-off. Her early years were spent in St. Louis, and her education received at St. Joseph's Academy, Carondelet. She died of consumption, after receiving all the consolations of the church.

LAYMEN.

Mr. John Mooney, a zealous total abstainer of the Father Matthew School, died in Dublin recently.

Mr. Michael Sullivan, of Lacken Hall, Killkenny, Ireland, died on the 23d of December, in his eighty-first year.

On Christmas day, at his residence, Rathgar, Mr. J. F. Teeling, Taxing Master of the Court of Chancery. Master Teeling was one of the oldest and most respected citizens of Dublin.

We regret to record the death of Mr. George Quigley, Catholic bookseller, of Pittsburgh, Pa. He bore the character of an upright, honest man in his business relations, for upwards of thirty years. May God be merciful to him.

Dr. Henry J. Tyrrell, one of the medical staff of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital, and one of the professional staff of the Catholic University, died in Dublin, on the 1st of January. Dr. H. Tyrrell had only attained his forty-fifth year, and was just in the prime of his mental and physical strength.

In Baltimore, Md., on the 9th of January, Mr. Michael J. Kelly, of the firm of Kelly, Piet & Co., publishers of the "Catholic Mirror." Mr. Kelly was born in the County Galway, Ireland, in October, 1812, and seven years later came with his parents to this country, landing in British America. They made their home there for a brief period, and then came to Baltimore, where they permanently settled Mr. Kelly was active in every Catholic movement, and a benefactor of the poor. *Requiescat in pace.*

We learn from last week's number of the "Irish Leader and Pilot," of Chicago, that the editor's father, Mr. Michael Cahill, died in that city on the 9th of this month. Mr. Cahill was born at Clonard, County Roscommon, Ireland, in July, 1800. For a number of years he was engaged in business at Catlerea in the same county. For some time previous to his death he resided in Chicago, where he was highly esteemed. The best proof of his worth is the regret his children feel at his loss. It is, we presume, needless for us to assure them of our sympathy in their bereavement. — *Catholic Union.*

A cable despatch announces the death at Skibbereen, on Jan. 10, of Mr. McCarthy Downing, the well-known Irish Home Rule member of Parliament, one of the representatives of the County Cork. He was a solicitor in practice at Skibbereen and Dublin, and chairman of the Incorporated Society of the Attorneys and Solicitors of Ireland. He was also a local magistrate, and was active in support of local interests. He was returned at the head of the poll as eminently the tenants' and tenants farmers' representative, as he professed himself strongly in favor of legislation on the subject of tenant right in Ireland. He was second son of Mr. Eugene Downing, of Kenmare, county of Kerry, by a daughter of Mr. Timothy McCarthy, of Kilfadimore, in the same county, and was born in 1814. He was married to a daughter of Daniel McArthy, of Air Hill, County Cork.

Events of the Month.

The Right Hon. Lord O'Hagan has accepted the office of President of the Irish Association for the Prevention of Intemperance.

The Secular Clergy Fund of Westminster and Southwark, England, has suffered a severe loss of £3,500 through misplaced confidence in a foreign schemer.

St. Joseph's Missionary College, of England, has lately sent two young Fathers to India, and one to labor amongst the negroes of the United States. At midsummer nine new students were admitted to the college. The total number is now thirty-eight. Six of these will shortly be ordained priests and sent on the missions in India or America.

Three Anglican clergyman are taking instructions from an English Catholic priest resident in the Eternal City, preparatory to entering the Catholic Church.

The "Messager de Paris" announces the number of French oyster beds to be 35,500 at present. These are distributed over an area of 10,600 hectares, and have during the last season produced six hundred and fifty-one millions of oysters at the estimated value of above twenty-three millions of francs.

THREE Catholic chaplains accompany the English army that has invaded Afghanistan. Father Michael Angelo, of Nowshera, is with Gen. Brown; Father James, of Bareilly, is with Gen. Biddulph; and Father Callistus is with Gen. Roberts.

MOST of the churches in Paris were crowded at the midnight mass on Christmas eve; and at many of them the doors had to be closed as early as ten o'clock to prevent accidents. The throngs were more particularly remarked at Notre Dame des Victoires, Saint Eustache, Saint Roche, and the Madeleine. On Christmas morning musical masses were celebrated at St. Roche, the Madeleine, St. Eustache, and Notre Dame des Victoires; and again dense crowds were present.

THE English Pension List is a huge catalogue of anomalies, every page of which would give material for a series of exposing articles. A note attracts our attention to the fact that the heirs of Schomberg, killed at the Boyne, has received £680,000 in pension from the Treasury; and two years ago the present Duke of Leeds, who is somehow descended from the old Dutch soldier of fortune, redeemed his moiety of the pension for £29,000. The shot that sent William's trooper to the majority was a golden one for his heirs.

WHEN the venerable Archbishop Purcell went to Cincinnati his diocese embraced all of the States of Ohio and Michigan, and in that entire extent of country there were but sixteen churches; now there cannot be less — and probably are many more — than five hundred churches, several of them, too, of grandest architecture and costliest material. These churches are attended by over eight hundred priests. Besides there are monastic institutions, convents, schools, hospitals, orphan asylums and charitable foundations almost without number. In seniority Archbishop Purcell is now the fifth oldest bishop in the Catholic world.

LEO XIII. is a hard worker and labors incessantly. His admirable letters are all written by himself, and he devotes many hours of the night to solitary study. It is his custom to dismiss his chamberlains a little after ten P. M., and to sit down to his writing table. In the morning he rises early, dresses himself, and summons his chaplain to assist at Mass. One morning last week, at seven A. M., the chamberlain-in-waiting, perceiving the usual hour to be passed for the ringing of the Pope's bell, knocked lightly at the chamber door, and getting no answer, entered the room of the Pontiff, whom he found sitting at his table with his head supported by his arm, and sound asleep. The candles were still burning. His Holiness when writing had been overcome with sleep, and had never been in bed.

THE condition of affairs in Italy is so alarming that the Parliament dared not refuse to grant for two months to Signor Depretis and his colleagues the provisional exercise of administrative functions, and the first and perhaps only care of the government during this period will be the preservation of public order, which is seriously menaced in many provinces. One of the jurors whose names were drawn for the trial of Passanante has declared that nothing shall compel him to serve on the jury, because he has been terrified by letters threatening the lives of his children if he dare to attend the court. At Guglionesi, a town of some thousand inhabitants in the province of Campobasso, some ruffians, after committing murder, were joined by others, and raising the red flag marched through the streets shouting *Viva Passanante! Viva la Repubblica! Morte al Rè!*

ATTENTION has been called by the author of a very interesting work on "Unclaimed Money" to the fact that large sums of money left by persons who have died intestate in the colonies are easily recoverable by their relatives in the United Kingdom, if they had only the means of becoming aware of their good luck. He gives a few names of individuals at the Cape who have left property for which no owner can be found, and amongst them I find such unmistakably Irish names as the heir-at-law of Margaret O'Flyn, £222; and of Michael Finnigan, $100. The scattered announcements which occasionally appear in the "London Gazette" never reach the quarters in which relations in the old country could come to the knowledge of a windfall, — often most seasonable, — and the suggestion that a yearly parliamentary return of all unclaimed property in the colonies should be issued is one that might be carried out with advantage.

Notices of Recent Publications.

Scholastic Annual and Almanac for the year 1879. Compiled by Prof. J. A. Lyons, Notre Dame, Ia. Price, 25 cents.

Total Abstinence in its Social and Theological Aspects. An address by the Rev. James J. Moriarty, Catholic pastor of Chatham Village, N. Y.

The Life of the Most Rev. Joseph Dixon, D. D., Primate of all Ireland. By the author of "Jesus and Jerusalem," "Life and Revelations of St. Gertrude," etc.

Sister Mary Frances Clare, the author of this and a great many other valuable books, has sent us from her convent in Kenmare, County Kerry, Ireland, a copy of this valuable book, the life of one of Ireland's greatest prelates.

We are not aware that this book is for sale in this country; but any bookseller having it, we will cheerfully announce it.

Sadlier's Catholic Directory, Almanac, and Ordo, for 1879, came to hand on the 24th of January. It is a most interesting annual, giving, as it does, a full report of the various dioceses in the United States, British America, Ireland, Australia, and British India. Price $1. Noonan & Co. have it on sale.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, APRIL, 1879. No. 4.

"NOTHING can be politically right which is morally wrong."—DANIEL O'CONNELL.

"The grandest career that ever man, the most ambitious, proposed to himself was to serve the holy Catholic Church of God."—FATHER BURKE.

"Let Catholics hold fast by their own; their children by a Christian education and bringing up; their children's children by a good Catholic marriage; their churches, institutions, and clergy by a reasonable charity and warm sympathy; their place in the world by honesty, sobriety, and a good example. Let them do this, and they may confidently leave the rest to God. Their good lives and example will not be without fruit on the minds and hearts of good men and women outside who are earnestly searching for the truth."—CINCINNATI CATHOLIC TELEGRAPH.

A COOKED CRITICISM OF THE NEW YORK CATHEDRAL.*

Rev. Joseph Vincent O'Conor.

MR. CLARENCE COOK has a reputation as a tasteful critic of pottery and ceramic knick-knacks in general, and we have no doubt that his judgment would be fairly correct on the question of the proper ornamentation of a flower-pot or a graceful design for a spittoon. His articles on these and kindred subjects in the "Atlantic Monthly" indicate a pretty taste, which, while apparently incapable of appreciating the sublime, or even the beautiful, has its legitimate object and place in the lower and more prosaic walks of art. We are rather surprised to see him essaying a criticism upon the architecture of the New York Catholic Cathedral, a subject manifestly beyond his powers and wholly out of his artistic province. He of course pays the penalty of a rash and unwarranted venture into the higher domains of art. Not only is the criticism worthless, from an artistic point of view, but it is marked by a bitter and bigoted feeling, which carps quite as much at Archbishop Hughes as at the quality of the stone, and berates "Irish house-servants," the architect, New York politicians, and the Catholic faith in general, as fiercely as it does the carving and the stained-glass windows. This is not art-criticism, which should aim only at the work, and leave out of the question the great variety of topics on which Mr. Cook scolds. There is no evidence here of that calm love of artistic beauty, that honest study of architecture, or that sincere appreciation of excellence which always denote the true critic and student of art. Indeed, if we did not know that Mr. Cook sets up for a judge of pottery, we should not have taken the essay for an art criticism at all.

The opening sentence contains an error of date. Archbishop Hughes laid the corner-stone of the cathedral, not on the 25th, but on the 15th of August, 1858, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin,— an auspicious day, which he selected in compliance with the general custom of the Church, to inaugurate important religious works upon a great holy day. This occasion is thought to be made little of by representing the vast concourse of people present as "Irish

* The "Atlantic Monthly," February, 1879. —The New York Catholic Cathedral, by Clarence Cook.

house-servants," whose money has principally built the great edifice. Now, is not this the highest praise that can be given to a class — the domestic class — with which a lofty degree of virtue and a deep interest in religion are not associated by the world? The newspaper, the novel, and the drama teem with representations of the English servant as an insolent, dishonest, and drunken flunky. We do not say that this characterization is true, any more than is the statement of the majority of tourists, that the virtue of the barmaids and lower servant-girls on the Continent of Europe is rarely above suspicion. We instance Mr. Cook's statement as a contrast to the general reputation of domestics, and we are astonished that he should belittle, if not ridicule, this evidence of the faith, piety, and generosity of the "Irish house-servants."

We, who know them much better than he, can bear glad testimony to that faith, which, out of hard earnings, has done more than its share for the house of God. A real artist should kindle at the thought. It *is* true that the "Irish house-servant" glories in a beautiful church, in immortal paintings, in soul-inspiring music; and he and she show their love of the highest art, that, namely, which is wedded to and consecrated by religion, by their open-handed generosity. There has been no "bleeding," as Mr. Cook would characterize the money-getting in his own case.

The historian of the Catholic Church in America would be derelict to his duty, if he did not pay a tribute to the extraordinary devotion and fidelity of the Irish domestic, particularly of the "devout female sex." In a station of life which we are accustomed to regard as one which calls for only mechanical virtue and mercenary service, she has displayed a purity of intention, a zeal for religion, and a heroism of virtue that have elicited the highest encomiums from all classes of the community. Satire itself turns into affectionate playfulness at her occasional household blunders, or, perhaps, unconscious wit, and the most rancorous hate respects her unquestioned virtue. Very often, an unfriended girl, she comes to a strange land with little worldly shrewdness, and unaware and incredulous of the perils that strew her pathway. Her very innocence disarms temptation, and ribald insult falls upon ears that frequently know not its meaning. Her knowledge is the liberal education of the truths of her Divine faith, which is for her clear-shining as the stars. Her few hours of happiness are often only those which she passes beneath the vaulted roof of some great and noble church, in which she takes a joy akin to that of the daughters of Israel when they beheld their ornaments wrought into the fine gold of the Ark of God.

That simple virtue which strikes the ignorant or the prejudiced as the result of stupidity, has its sources in the clearest principles of faith and morals. She, like the vast majority of her race, understands her religion, and if she may not always be able to defend it with the eloquence of a theologian, she will illustrate it with the virtues of a saint. This pious, honest, and pure woman is frequently made the object of infamous overtures and the subject of flippant criticism. She despises both, and, from a serene height, looks down alike upon base flattery and open insult. To this band of devoted women the Catholic Church owes much, and she rejoices in her daughters. They have been the Marthas and the Marys of religion. No more generous hand has opened to her than that which is worn and rugged with the toils of the kitchen; no more willing ears have hearkened to the word of God; no purer or more faithful hearts have pondered that word in their depths. To insult the "Irish house-servants" is unworthy of an infidel who believes at least in the theory of virtue; but to make their support of religion an argument against their intelligence, their *honesty*, and

the sacred purpose and obligation of their clergy in the matter of building churches is a species of malevolent reasoning as shamefully false as it is morally heinous. What does Mr. Cook mean by such a paragraph as this?

"The Irish house-servants and the laboring men and women of the diocese of New York have built the church with their money, and have bled at the same time to support a hundred other enterprises. The wages of servants have not gone down, *and the reason is* that the receivers of these wages are obliged to pay the greater part of what they receive to the support of their church, and are regularly taxed beside for the building of the cathedral."

What is here insinuated is that the exactions and taxations of the church oblige domestics to keep up the rates of wages, and (we do not think our inference is unwarranted from the tone of the article) to have money for the church at all hazards. The same idea crops out in such sentences as this: "The church *in one way or another* has *every man's* purse the world over." "The city was *jockeyed* out of the finest site on the island by a crafty and unscrupulous priest." "Archbishop Hughes bluntly told a Protestant who asked him with whose money he expected to build the cathedral: 'With *yours*.'"

Now, it would be far manlier for Mr. Cook to call us thieves, blacklegs, and highwaymen, at once. There is a meanness in this style of innuendo which marks the coward. The meaning of the archbishop is obvious, for he received substantial help from many Protestants, who, in conjunction with the public spirit of New-Yorkers generally, desired to see erected in their city the finest cathedral on this continent. They knew that the Catholics were the very people to do it, and that John Hughes was the man to "boss the job." There was no political trickstering about it; but if there was, it is a style of trickstering of a far higher order and merit than that, in many recent instances, which Mr. Cook in all probability would not condemn so bitter, always provided that it did not redound to the benefit of the Catholic religion. There is many a "scurvy trick" in politics which he would pass over very lightly. There was no want of precedent for the action of the New York municipality, for all Christian history records the genuine and wise joy felt by the cities and towns of Europe that built the world-renowned cathedrals freely and gladly, in the ages of faith. We may say that New York, being almost entirely Catholic, had a right and a propriety in this regard, which not even the Protestants themselves questioned or denounced. All felt proud and glad that the metropolis of the country should contain its finest cathedral.

Our readers now see that this is no art criticism. A writer who sets out with the purpose of analyzing the beauties and the defects of a work of art does not find it within his scope to dwell upon the ignorance and gullibility of servants. Mr. Cook's quality of criticism is shown by his ascribing the failure of the cathedral to Archbishop Hughes. This part of his strictures reminds one of the saying about the dog insulting the dead lion.

"The bishop hadno money to begin with" (shades of all the great painters, sculptors, and architects! will this art critic never stop talking about money?) "but he had the knack of wheedling poor widows out of their last farthing. He 'jockeyed' a lot of base politicians. He knew nothing about architecture, and in fact he was not an educated man at all."

Archbishop Hughes began the great work, trusting in God and the generous faith of his people, and he was not confounded in either. He did not appeal to the poor widows at all, at least for the first three years. Everybody knows that the initial budgets were made up by subscriptions of $1000 and of $100 each. Mr. Cook can-

not understand how so much money could have been raised, from *apparently nothing*. There *must* be something wrong. He would only laugh if we spoke about the blessing of God, or intimated that heaven sometimes takes an interest in us here below. It is absurd to suppose that the Deity would concern himself in the slightest degree with a work destined for his honor and glory. At the very least, Mr. Cook ought to grant that we did not *steal* the money which built it; though we doubt whether he will allow us this much. At any rate, he should feel a supreme satisfaction that *he* gave nothing anyhow, and we take him to be just the man to see that his "servants" do not rate him too high for any such purpose.

Archbishop Hughes not an educated man! What is Mr. Cook's standard of education? Possibly that of the public school, — ability to tell where Gutachunky River is, and the number of ways of doing long division. Why, if he understands the etymological force of the word "education" at all, he will say that John Hughes was the best-educated man that this country has ever seen. He "drew out" his learning from hard conditions. But he was more than an educated man. He was a man of knowledge, and of potent knowledge. He knew men, books, ideas, parties, everything intuitively. An unclouded intellect, piercing penetration, supreme command of his intellectual resources, and a quick and ready application of them distinguish a mind of a higher order than that formed by mere education. Such was the mind of John Hughes The veriest schoolboy can perceive the workings of his powerful intellect, which conquered knowledge, and bent science to its own wise purposes, in all that he said and all that he wrote. If Mr. Cook belongs to the Emersonian school, he has been an inattentive pupil. "A man," says Emerson, "that has the *fact*, is victor." Hughes always had the fact, reality, logic to work on, and this gives his utterances and his acts their supreme and enduring force. He perceived the necessity and expediency of preserving the integrity of the Union, and stated it with energy that welded the North together. He hated and deplored the war, which just such publications as "Harper's" and the "Atlantic" precipitated by their wild howlings and alternate whimperings. The government was glad enough to get the "unscrupulous politician" to assume a diplomatic mission which kept sheathed the sword of Europe, and won over to the Union, what was more to be dreaded than the sword, the public opinion of the Continent.

But Mr. Cook can take only surface indications of "education." We give him then a rhetorical test. The archbishop certainly wrote the English language better than he does. His bitterest enemies cannot say that he ever made such grammatical blunders and rhetorical *gaucheries* as the following: —

"The greater part of our architectural failures *come* from the desire of the *parties* who are responsible for *them* to get something," etc.

"We have not the slightest intention of saying a word against the architect chosen by the archbishop, in *his* professional capacity." Whose?

Another contributor to the "Atlantic," Richard G. White, would put Mr. Cook in the pillory for his use of such words and constructions as, "He expected to have got the money"; "he ought to consider a building"; "something better"; "all the *citizens*," etc. Everything in the essay is "got," and every conditional clause is introduced by the sign of the subjunctive *be*, without regard to futurity.

We should not have adverted to this mere grammar and etymology, only we wish to illustrate the cool impudence of such a writer in calling the great archbishop an "uneducated" man.

The next person attacked is the architect. The bitterness of this onslaught suggests some personal reason,

for, even admitting that it is deserved, the castigation is inflicted with a vigor and fury out of all proportion to the offence. Now the architect of the cathedral can afford to despise the criticism, for his ability is evidenced not by this church alone, but by other noble buildings throughout the country. The Smithsonian Institute, the New York Free Academy, and Grace Church are specimens of no mean architectural genius. Mr. Cook sees no beauty in one of them, and we shall give two reasons, the first a moral and the other a strictly scientific one.

The moral reason is that none but a Catholic can *fully* understand a great Catholic cathedral. This is so certain, that when the illustrious sculptor Flaxman went to Rome to prosecute his art, he complained of his Protestant education as unfitting him for the sympathetic study of the great works of Catholic genius. It took him years to become imbued with that religious sentiment which is the crowning beauty of his productions. Says Allan Cunningham in his "Life of Flaxman":—

"He saw that the mistress to whom the great artists of Italy had dedicated their genius was the church; that they were unto her as priests to interpret her tenets and legends to the world in a more brilliant language than that of relics and images. To her people the church addressed herself through the eye, and led their senses captive by the external magnificence with which she overwhelmed them. Flaxman conceived the idea of serving the Protestant Church after the same design."

But his Protestantism never permitted him to attain to that lofty and splendid ideal of beauty which is apparent in Catholic art.

This is true even of a great Protestant artist. How much more so of Mr. Cook! His creed, which is essentially prosaic, does not admit of "celestial ardors." The place of worship most appropriate is a bare meeting-house or the open field. "Protestantism," says Pugin, "is fatal to architecture." Sir Christopher Wren built a vast pile, a huge, gloomy temple, which gives a hollow echo to the footsteps of the worshippers, gathered only to hear a discourse or sing a hymn. The idea of the Gothic cathedral, which is really a sermon in stone, escapes even the fine artistic acumen of such a critic as John Ruskin. All the traditions of Protestantism are averse to the splendor and decoration of the house of God. Protestant travellers in Europe find fault with the lavish beauty of our churches. They think that money could be better invested than in clothing the temple of God with loveliness, as the Psalmist advises. The symbolism of the Catholic Church, its general cruciform shape, its eastern altar, its nave and transepts, the emblems of the Passion, the glorious imagery of the Queen of saints and the heavenly hierarchy are all lost upon the average Protestant. The critic is confused. He is forced to admire the perfection of detail, the finish of the work, the nobleness of design; but he misses the ideal beauty and the spiritual meaning which shapes and moulds the temple built with hands into a symbol of that other temple eternal in the heavens.

We need not then be surprised at Mr. Cook's failure to see anything soul-inspiring in the great cathedral of New York. He cannot grasp the essential idea, and so of course errs in detail. He is put out of his little circle of cut-and-dried criticism by not finding a doorway like that of the cathedral at Rheims, or tracery as delicate as that of Strasbourg. The whole spiritual meaning is completely hidden from him, as indeed it is from greater artists than he until, like Flaxman or Sir Joshua Reynolds, they sternly set aside their Protestant barbarism in art, and study the spirit of faith which makes even an unpretentious Catholic Church a gospel and revelation to her children.

The scientific reason for Mr. Cook's failure in his criticism is that his taste is not trained to that point which can

judge of the larger artistic lines of such a creation as a cathedral. Old Northcote always warned his pupils about the danger of letting any trick or *penchant* of theirs in art supersede the great canons of beauty. The masters themselves feared nothing so much as the narrowing effect of special study in a single direction. Now, Mr. Cook's taste is for the pretty, the delicate, the minute in art, and this is the very taste that finds fault with the bold and vigorous scale and magnificent outlines of a cathedral. His very delicacy and neatness of taste unfit him for such criticism. Hence there is no breadth of judgment, no comprehensive glances in his essay. Indeed, there is not even a solid basis for the criticism of the defects which he enumerates, which after all are only defects, and not irremediable faults or positive monstrosities

For instance, "the cathedral is constructed of *dirty* white limestone." Therefore, the housemaid cannot scour it as she could a china dog. "This limestone is not liked by architects." Here he should have qualified "limestone," of which there are several varieties. The stone of the cathedral is micaceous, and is a great favorite with builders, judging from its extensive use. "This stone does not lend itself to *delicate* carving, and, indeed, the carving is of the clumsiest." Here again is the taste for mere prettiness, which is out of place in a cathedral, just as it was out of place in Phidias' statue of Minerva, which surmounted the Acropolis of Athens in towering majesty, but which looked rough and unfinished when on the ground. The proportions of a cathedral do not exact delicate carving, except in such places as are within near range of the eye. "The building does not look as large as it is." This is childish. Why? This effect is the very evidence of architectural genius. The same impression is conveyed by St. Peter's, at Rome, by reason of the mathematical harmony of its proportions. Byron's noble lines explain the feeling of disappointment for the poetic reason that the mind has grown colossal. But this would be too much to expect of Mr. Cook. "The glass windows were made in France, and no richness can be got out of them except by dabbing them over with color on the outside." France unhappily is a Catholic, and therefore inartistic country; but still the defect of the windows is not irredeemable, so long as we can dab on color from outside.

Such is the petty fault-finding with a great and noble building, which has won the praise of the ablest critics on both sides of the ocean. Mr. Cook limits the admiration to the "uneducated" people of New York; but as we have shown that he does not clearly know what education means, we may let this slur, with others, pass. We have said enough to convince the candid reader that the essay is as crude in its art criticism as it is false and bigoted in its general spirit.

We have heard many people express surprise and a measure of regret at the rapid deterioration of the "Atlantic Monthly," of late years. It has certainly lost every shadow to the claim it once laid to the leadership of American letters. No doubt, the sound judgment of James Russell Lowell, who would not have suffered the third-rate literary and artistic criticism that now burdens its pages, did much in the beginning to keep the "Atlantic" up to its promises. We should hesitate now about classing it with magazines that never made any pretensions. It certainly is dead as a literary and artistic oracle, and it is time that people should cease to be haunted by the fretful ghost of its past reputation. Having become the vehicle of the twaddle of its "Contributors' Club," a mutual admiration society, and the labored jokes of Mark Twain, it should be allowed by the public to remain within that charmed circle, the spell of which is broken by the introduction of sound sense, genuine learning, or honest criticism.

WORK AND WANTS OF THE CHURCH IN ENGLAND.

Daily Dublin Freeman's Journal.

His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster has enriched the first number of the third series of the "Dublin Review" with an interesting article on "The Work and Wants of the Church in England." Sixteen years ago he contributed to the first number of the second series of the same review an article bearing precisely the same title, and dealing with the circumstances of the Catholic Church in England in the interval between that time and the restoration of the English Hierarchy in the year 1850. In that article of July, 1863, his Eminence looked back over the thirteen years that had passed from the re-erection of the hierarchal system in his country by virtue of the Apostolic Letters of Pope Pius IX., and after an able and dispassionate review of all the incidents, the turmoil, and the popular frenzy connected with the creation of the sees and titles of an episcopate, his Eminence expressed his conviction "that the Hierarchy was the greatest boon that the Vicar of Our Lord could have bestowed upon England." From 1850 to 1862 the number of churches and priests had nearly doubled, and there "had come an elevation and a deepening of the ecclesiastical and sacerdotal life, and an activity and a diffusion of Catholic devotion never known before." But with much that was full of promise and of encouragement in the development of Catholicity, his Eminence noted that there was much still needed in the way of work, and that there were urgent wants which it became an imperative duty to endeavor to supply with the utmost possible speed. These wants he grouped under five heads, and they consisted of, firstly, the want of diocesan seminaries, in accordance with the decrees of the Council of Trent; secondly, the want of schools for imparting education to the Catholic middle classes; thirdly, the want of higher and university studies for the laity; fourthly, the want of greater practical efficiency and larger public experience on the part of English Catholic laymen and politicians; and fifthly, the want of a college for foreign missions. The retrospect of the sixteen years is one which is far from disheartening. The record of work done and of efforts made to supply defects is admirably given by the Cardinal Archbishop, and is one that does unbounded honor to the energy, earnestness, and enterprise of the Catholic prelacy, priesthood, and people of England. With reference to the first of the five wants, Westminster has its diocesan seminary in the old Benedictine Convent at Hammersmith; the silver jubilee in the episcopacy of the distinguished Bishop of Birmingham was made the occasion of founding, as a gift from his priests to commemorate the event, a diocesan seminary at Olton; Salford has its diocesan seminary under the holy shadow and shelter of its fine cathedral; Clifton has its diocesan seminary at Prior Park; and Beverley has its own in Leeds. Shrewsbury, Liverpool, and Southwark will soon have theirs, and when present difficulties are overcome, the poorer and struggling sees of Hexham and Menevia and Plymouth and Nottingham and Northampton will not be neglectful of their duty. In the matter of schools for the middle-class Catholics, something has been done, though there have not been either the means or the opportunities of doing as much as could be wished. The imperative demands for education for the humbler classes of English Catholics were so many and so pressing that it took all the resources of the bishops and the priests to meet them even in the inadequate degree that has been reached. How splendidly they have worked in this direction is eloquently manifested by the fact that in 1847 there were scarcely three hundred Catholic poor schools in England, whereas at present they number over 1,400, and have an attendance of about 140,000 children. With the

growth of a middle-class population, and with a consciousness of the necessity of a better education than that hitherto obtainable by such a population, middle-class schools are certain to come, as they have already come, in several of the large towns in many of the English dioceses. The want of university education is a want still painfully existing, and the efforts hitherto made to meet it have not been successful. But under no possible circumstances will the Catholic prelates of England consent that Catholic young men shall be sent to the Protestant English universities, or that even a Catholic college should be constituted as a belonging or an adjunct of either Oxford or of Cambridge. These Protestant universities are the depositories of "an un-Catholic and unstable intellectual tradition," and, adds his Eminence, were English Catholics to avail themselves of their resources, "while France and Belgium and Germany and Ireland are forming Catholic universities, the Church in England, which has been revived by a miracle of grace, would remain by its own free choice a mendicant on the un-Catholic intellect of England for letters and for science. From such a humiliation may God preserve us!" His Eminence is hopeful of a better future in this great concern of university education, and promises that nothing will be left undone to make it a successful reality for the Catholics of England. Treating on the want of political status or influence amongst the English lay Catholics, his Eminence has to confess that the lapse of time is making little change for the better in the prejudices and jealousies of the English people. Sixteen years ago there was one Catholic member sitting in Parliament for an English constituency. In 1879 even this miserable unit has been blotted out from the list, and the millions of Catholics in England have not a single representative in the House of Commons. The want of a college for foreign missions is a want that exists no longer. The unconquerable zeal and enterprise of the Bishop of Salford have provided this blessing for the Church in England, and from out the noble institution erected by him at Mill Hill, near London, thirty-five ardent young missionaries have gone forth, with the sacred power of their priesthood and the fervor of their apostolicity, to bear the name, the cross, and the faith of Christ to the heathens and the savages of distant and desolate lands. Thus has it fared with the Church in England in its efforts to repair the deficiencies that grew up during the dark period of its proscription and its persecution. In a little more than a generation its priesthood has more than doubled and its churches have risen up in the same proportion, and there is no lull in the spirit of zeal and of enterprise. His Eminence does not think this manifold and marvellous development is attributable to any notable increase in the Catholic population in England, for he does not believe that there has been any such increase at all, but that rather, in some places, there has been a diminution. He recognizes its cause in the re-established life and symmetry of the old hierarchal system, defaced, dishonored, and for a while destroyed by the unholy agencies and influences of fanaticism and intolerance, and in "the lifting of the Catholic religion in England from the abnormal and mutilated state in which it had so long lain depressed and enfeebled, and its restoration to the normal and perfect order of its Divine organization."

A COMPOSITOR on an agricultural paper, whose girl's father had helped him down the front steps on the evening previous, had some copy, entitled "The Perforating Power of Roots," given him to set up. He composed it in sympathy with his own feelings, and the next day the article came out headed, "The Perforating Power of Boots."

ADVICE OF THE LATE CARDINAL CULLEN.

In the last pastoral issued by the great cardinal are the following good words of advice: "Many Christians employ the good things of this earth given them by God in riotousness, dissipation, unlawful pleasures, and other offences of His Divine Majesty. Here among us, when we are blessed with abundance and prosperity, it unfortunately sometimes happens that those who are thus favored turn the good gifts of God against Himself, and spend everything mercifully given to them in dissipation and drunkenness. By doing so they prove themselves guilty of the darkest ingratitude, and render themselves unworthy of future favors from heaven. The men who act in this way bring ruin on themselves; their excesses in drinking destroy their reason and render them like to brutes; the same excesses ruin their good name, and reduce them and their families to misery and poverty. And besides this, excessive and habitual drinking undermines the constitution and brings on sudden and unprovided deaths. Every day we read of unfortunate drunkards dying in the state of intoxication, being thus called to judgment while they are in the act of offending God and insulting him by the abuse of his good gifts. May God preserve our faithful people from this abominable vice!"

THE POET SHELLEY IN IRELAND.

In the year 1812 Percy Bysshe Shelley visited Dublin. Being in his nineteenth year at that time, his young heart throbbed for the emancipation of the Irish people, and, as a manifestation of that feeling, he wrote and published a pamphlet entitled "An Address to the Irish People." But few persons are aware of its publication, which took place in the early part of 1812, in favor of a repeal of a legislative union between Great Britain and Ireland. During his visit to Dublin, Shelley attended an aggregate meeting of the Catholics of Ireland at Fishamble Street Theatre, on the 28th of February. The Earl of Fingall was in the chair, and the chief speakers were O'Connell, Mr. Wyse, Lord Glentworth, and Mr. Shelley. Shelley delivered one of the most brilliant, the most telling, and most decisive speeches ever delivered against the Union, which was most enthusiastically received. He said he beheld beggary and famine in the country, — he never saw such in any country, — he walked through the streets and he saw the fane of liberty converted into a temple of mammon; and he could lay his hand on his heart and say that the cause of such sights was the union with Great Britain. It is asserted that the only literary man who has noticed this interesting and remarkable episode in the short and brilliant life of the great English poet is Denis Florence McCarthy.

"Your professor gave you some elementary notions on bodies?" asked one of the examiners in science. "Yes, sir." "Well, then, can you tell me what is a transparent body?" A long silence, and — "A transparent body is — a transparent body — Just give me a moment, sir, and I'll recollect it — it is —" "It is a body through which the light is seen," resumes the examiner, out of all patience. "Oh! yes, sir, that is what I was going to say." "Very well; and now, since we have the definition, give me an example of a transparent body." "A lock, sir," replied the candidate, with great alacrity. "A lock! how is that?" "Yes, sir, for one can see the light through the keyhole. I know it well, sir, for I was looking through the keyhole one day, of a lady's room, sir; and more betoken, she spit in my eye, sir." I have not heard if the intelligent young gentleman obtained his degree in science.

IRISH SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

R. O'K. in Dublin Illustrated Monitor.

THE heartiest little companion beside one is a book of songs. Turn to it in whatsoever mood we may be, glad or sorrowful, and we will still find a something that soothes the mind, a something sympathetic within its pages. This is particularly the case with a book of Irish songs. If we except the Scottish songs, the songs of no other nation can rival them in their power, in their beauty, in their tenderness or their morality. The Scotch and Irish songs have a strong resemblance. There is a boldness and a sublimity in the minstrelsy of Scotland which well become the grandeur and pride of its highlands and the heroism of its ancient people. It is not within the possibility of human nature that men who were so romantic and devoted, and who staked and dared so much in the cause of the Pretender (one instance out of many), should be devoid of gallant and enlivening airs and songs. Nor are they. The same history belongs to the Irish people, — the same fiery natures, the same remembrances of past deeds of bravery, the same historical vicissitudes, in consequence the same outcome, namely, the outpouring of the national feelings, the national joys, sorrows, and hopes, in ballad and in song.

This article pretends but to speak of the songs that are generally sung among the Irish people, among the peasantry of the present day, and of the men who wrote these songs; therefore it would be apart from its scope to speak in any detail about the bards of the old times. Very few of the Gaelic songs, we regret, are on the lips of our people now; and so we turn to those that are.

For many reasons, we mention the revered name of Moore first. The warblings of his muse ushered in, it might be said, the commencement of this century. His melodies were the first, with a few slender exceptions, that spoke the Irish feelings in the language of their oppressor. But his best right to priority is the fact that he has wedded our Irish music to poetry which is as sweet and as captivating as the music itself. Moore was a musician of great taste; the very metre of his poetry is proof positive of that fact, it is so smooth and sweet. Being gifted with such a talent, he set himself to translate our music into words, to tell to others the beautiful things that the warbling of these airs spoke inwardly to himself.

In Moore's melodies we have three chief things to admire, — first, the catching up the expression of the tune or air; second, the selection of a suitable subject for that air; and third, the extreme beauty and elegance of language in which he has embodied that thought We will take, for example, "Let Erin remember the Days of Old." The old name of that air was, "The Little Red Dog" (that is, Fox). The expression of that air is stately and majestic, tinged with the least shade of melancholy. Whatever were the words of the original song (I myself don't know them), it is evident that there could be nothing in them or in the subject which would fittingly bespeak the inner soul of the music. Moore, like a master, takes up his harp, and hark! the very first chord he strikes gives us an immediate insight into the whole piece. "Let Erin remember the Days of Old." What more noble or more stirring theme than the ancient glories of Erin? but alas! while the glow of pride lights up the cheek and fires the heart, the tear of sorrow steals to the eye, for we cannot separate the glory from the decay; so that pride and sorrow are mingled together — the very same as it is with the music. With regard to this piece, it is said that Robert Emmet (who had been a schoolfellow and an intimate friend of the poet) stood behind his chair as Moore sat playing that air, one day, on the piano, and that Emmet, overcome with the proud expression of the

piece, cried out, "Would to God I were leading an Irish brigade, and the band playing that before us!"

The words of that piece are particularly choice and beautiful, and I doubt if Moore himself excelled them in any other. I look upon the simile of the concluding stanza as the most perfect and the most poetic, perhaps, in the language: —

"On Lough Neagh's banks, as the fisherman strays,
In the clear, cold eve's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.
Thus doth memory oft, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over,
And, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover."

There is one thing most remarkable about Moore's poetry, and which I am sure will strike every reader of the melodies,—that his similes are the very acme of perfection. There is scarcely a single poem but is rich with them. For instance,

"I saw from the beach, when the morn was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on:
I came when the sun o'er that beach was declining,
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone."

In the next verse he reads his metaphor: —

"And such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known;
Each wave that we danced on at morning ebbs from us,
And leaves us at eve on the bleak shore alone."

Again, in that pathetic song, "When through life unblest we rove,"—

"Like the gale that sighs along
Beds of oriental flowers,
Is the grateful breath of song
That once was heard in happier hours.
Filled with balm, the gale sighs on,
Though the flowers have sunk in death;
So, when pleasure's dream is gone,
Its memory lives in music's breath."

What can be more touching than the whole of that tender piece blent together, half literal and half figurative? —

"Has sorrow thy young days shaded,
As clouds o'er the morning fleet?
Too fast have those young days faded,
That even in sorrow were sweet.
Doth Time with his cold wing wither
Each feeling that once was dear?
Then, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

Again, how beautiful the simile in the last verse of that charming song, "Bendemeer's Stream"! —

"No, the roses soon withered that hung o'er the wave,
But some blossoms were gathered while freshly they shone,
And a dew was distilled from their flowers, that gave
All the fragrance of summer when summer was gone.
Thus memory draws from delight, ere it dies,
An essence that breathes of it many a year;
Thus bright to my soul as 't was once to my eyes,
Is that bower on the banks of the calm Bendemeer."

This, to my mind, is the wonderful thing about Moore, his happy illustrations. I know of no song-writer in any language to equal him in the sweetness of his metre or in the beauty of his imaginations.

But, though Moore be undoubtedly the first of our Iriah poets, and in every sense *first*, still he is far from being the most popular. "Patrick's Day" was known to be our national air. To that he should have written a national anthem. Instead he wrote a flunky piece to that air, which, whether it be beautiful or not, was at least our national air (some don't think so highly of it as a piece of music), and that song, I believe, ten of our peasantry could not recite today. It strikes me now that I should have made "Patrick's Day" an exception, where I said above that Moore was remarkable for choosing a subject that would bespeak the expression of the music. Two more, I believe, might be added, — the song he wrote to the air of "The Exile of Erin" and the one to the air of "Garryowen." The "Exile of Erin" may well rest contented with poor Campbell's "There came to the beach a poor

exile of Erin"; but "Garryowen" is still a waif and a stray.

As a song-writer, Moore will never be popular among our peasantry, and perhaps it is well so, for the uneducated tongue would, I fear, mar much of the sweetness of his rhythm, and this, certainly, is one of Moore's attractions. But, on the other hand, wherever singing is heard in any choice society, there Moore will be heard, and heard to advantage; and it really is a pleasure to hear Moore in such society, where every justice is done to the music, to the words, and to the prevailing expression of the song. Though Moore did not give in his songs a voice to the advanced sentiments of the present day, yet his melodies were not without a political effect. The words of the music stole into the hearts of many, and a love was generated for Ireland, which, though it was little more than superficial and romantic, yet, for the time being, did service quite as much as if it were real and everlasting.

In point of time and in point of sweetness, Gerald Griffin comes next to Moore. There was no man among all the Irish poets so full of sweet, tender poetry as Gerald Griffin. His whole life was a poem. He had not transcendent powers like Moore; but more tears will be brought to the eye and more pity to the heart and more wise counsel tenderly and gently inculcated, by reading one of Griffin's shorter pieces, perhaps, than some of Moore's best. Griffin had the insight of a philosopher, the inspiration of a poet, and the heart of a woman. Though knowing the Irish character as few men knew it, and though desirous (as his biographer tells us) to write songs which should find a place among the peasantry of Ireland, he failed to do so. Griffin felt that a Burns was wanting for Ireland, and Burns's place he tried to fill, but did not succeed. His poetry, like his own sweet nature, was a shade too refined. His "*Shule, shule, shule agga*," one of his best attempts in that direction, was written to a wild and tender air prevalent in Munster. The very first verse of that song gives us an idea of his powers as a poet. A young couple are going to be wed. They are of the peasant's lot in life. The dawn of their bridal day is breaking in the east. The bridegroom addresses his betrothed,—

> "My Mary, of the curling hair
> The laughing teeth and bashful air."

What a picture! She is handsome, joyous, and, best of all, modest. That is a picture — in my opinion, a beautiful picture; finished and perfect in two lines. What a fine moral song he then goes on to weave for the guileless Irish peasant: —

> "Our bridal morn is dawning fair,
> With blushes in the skies."

Not an idea in that whole verse, but one of beauty or of innocence, — the curling hair, the laughing teeth, the bashful air; the bridal morn breaking in the east; the beautiful dawn, with blushes in the skies. Surely, that is poetry, and poetry worthy of Griffin. And yet, in the next verse, he seems almost to surpass that. The bridegroom still continues: —

> "Wake! linnet of the osier grove,
> Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove,
> Wake! nestling of a parent's love,
> Let Moran see thine eyes."

By everything that is gentie, endearing, and pure, he calls her. What an idea of modesty, which, thank God, is to be met with in thousands and thousands of homes throughout poor Ireland, that second line gives us! "Wake! trembling, stainless, virgin dove."

The man that believes that the poet's heart never throbs with the fervor of religion, or believes that while he weaves his moral lay, religion does not stand approvingly by, knows little, and very little, of the poet's inner life.

If I wished to illustrate, have I not an instance at hand? Poor Gerald Griffin, turning from the ways of the world, leaving name and fame and

ambition behind, for a while looking to the priestly state as the one most calculated to bring honor to God and comfort and sympathy to human souls; and then, thinking that ambition was in the thought, sacrificing all except the idea of doing good, and dying in the humble but holy garb of a Christian brother.

The song of Gerald Griffin's that will come oftenest to the lips of many of us is, perhaps, his —

"Old times! old times! the gay old times!
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Beneath the sally tree;
My Sunday palm beside me placed,
My cross within my hand,
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land.
Old times! old times!"

How truly he describes the fondness we have for the past, and the pain we feel that we never more can be as we were then, in this verse: —

"If I could cry away mine eyes,
My tears would flow in vain;
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They 'd never come again —
Old times! old times!"

In his

"*Gilla ma Chree*, sit down by me,
We now are joined, and ne'er shall sever;
This hearth 's our own, our hearts are one,
And peace is ours forever,"

he returns to the same attempt, that of writing peasant songs. He has, however, succeeded better in one that is not so well known.

"The mi-na-meala now is past,
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!
And I must leave my home at last,
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!"

The poor girl is newly married; the *mi-na-meala* (or honeymoon) is past, and she is going home with her husband. A presentiment of dread seems to take possession of her mind; she remembers what a happy, quiet life she had beneath her parents' roof. Still there is no thought of refusing to go, but her pleading adds to the beauty of her lonesome leave-taking, and the fear of impending cruelty increases the sadness and the virtue of her resignation; and yet, in the midst of all, her faithful heart cannot forget its plighted affections. She winds up with a blending of love, of pleading, and of sacrifice to duty, that is almost beyond refusal.

"Ah, love! ah, love! be kind to me,
For by this breaking heart you see
How dearly I have purchased thee.
Oh, wirra sthrue! oh, wirra sthrue!"

This song is introduced with great pathos in his "*Suil Dhuv*, the Coiner," where the neglected wife sings it as she rocks her first-born baby to sleep.

Gerald Griffin seldom attempted anything in an artistic light. There was about the man a candor and simplicity that made anything artistic look like affectation. Hence, in all his lyrics and songs, there is nothing like art; all is simplicity, joined with the sweetest melody, the tenderest thought, and the truest poetry. If any of his songs might be accounted fashionable, that is, departing from the most rigid simplicity, it might be his singularly chaste and classic lyric,—

"A place in thy memory, dearest,
Is all that I claim,
To pause and look back when thou hearest
The sound of my name.
Another may woo thee nearer,
Another may win and wear;
I care not though he be dearer,
If I am remembered there."

There is a name that comes to us from Cork, whose poetry, innocent, tender, and pastoral, very much reminds us of that of Griffin,— the name is J. J. Callanan,— a short, sorrowful young life, gone down, like Griffin's, at an early day. Callanan was studying for the Church, had entered Maynooth, and spent some time there. It does n't appear that his inclination was bent in the way of a religious life. Anyway, his health debarred him from entering upon it. He left the college, poor fellow! and as he passed through its gates, he coughed a sickly, consumptive cough. Doctors ordered him to a warmer climate. He chose Portugal. He went. His stay was not long; he returned, and as the ship drew nigh his native bay, his

struggling spirit fled. His best known piece is "Gougane Barra":—

"There is a green island in lone Gougane Barra,
Where Allua of songs rushes forth as an arrow."

His songs are not much on the lips of the peasantry, but how beautifully he could write is evidenced by his touching farewell to the scenes of his early haunts and rambles. How pathetic it reads, when we remember that he sang them this farewell!

"O Avondhu, I wish I were,
As once, upon that mountain bare,
Where thy young waters laugh and shine,
On the wild breast of Meanganine.
I wish I were by Cleada's hill,
Or by Glenruachra's rushy rill;
But, no, I never more shall view
Those scenes I loved by Avondhu.

"Farewell, ye soft and purple streaks
Of evening on the beauteous reeks;
Farewell, ye mists, that loved to ride
On Cahirbearna's stormy side;
Farewell, November's moaning breeze,
Wild minstrel of the dying trees!

"No more! but thou, O glorious hill,
Lift to the moon thy forehead still.
Flow on, flow on, thou dark, swift river,
Upon thy free, wild course forever.
But, wanderer, go; they're not for you;
Farewell, farewell, sweet Avondhu!"

The name of Banim is a name of power, awful, terrible power, in the realms of romance. Every novelist must be, to a certain extent, a poet. Imagination must be a fiery indweller in both. Each must form a just conception of the beautiful, the tender, the pathetic, the grand, the sublime; and also must possess a dramatic power to embody these idealisms, and clothe them with a personal appearance. Thus far, the powers run side by side. Some have been successful both as novelists and poets. I believe that Banim succeeded as a novelist, failed as a poet. It seems to me that the ideas were in Banim's mind, but that he wanted the special talent to set them out in an attractive shape. Nothing could be happier than the idea on which he built his "Soggarth Aroon," namely, the connection between the Irish priest and people, and yet one cannot but feel that he does not make as much out of it as he ought, or as might be made. His published pieces, at least the ones generally known, are not many. I think this one of his best,—his "Aileen":—

"'T is not for love of gold I go,
'T is not for love of fame;
Though Fortune should her smile bestow,
And I may win a name, Aileen,
And I may win a name.

"And yet it is for gold I go,
And yet it is for fame,
That they may deck another brow,
And bless another name, Aileen,
And bless another name.

"For this, but this, I go—for this
I lose thy love awhile,
And all the soft and quiet bliss
Of thy young, faithful smile, Aileen,
Of thy young, faithful smile.

"I go to brave a world I hate,
And woo it o'er and o'er;
And cross a wave, and tempt a fate
Upon a stranger shore, Aileen,
Upon a stranger shore.

"Oh! when the bays are all my own,
I know a heart will care;
And when the gold is wooed and won,
I know a brow shall wear, Aileen,
I know a brow shall wear.

"And when with both returned, again,
My native land to see,
I know a smile will meet me there,
And a hand will welcome me, Aileen,
And a hand will welcome me."

Though there are some lines that, in my opinion, stand in need of improvement, and some thoughts that would be the better of altering, yet, on the whole, the piece we have just transcribed is a choice little piece, and full of good, pure taste. He has written a song to the air of "*Ma Colleen Dhas Croithe na Mo*," which deserves praise. Here are two verses of it that are certainly well put together:—

"He said that the sword had enslaved us,
That still at its point we must kneel.
The liar! though often it braved us,
We crossed it with hardier steel.
This witness his Richard, our vassal,
His Essex, whose plumes we trod down,
And Willie, whose peerless sword-tassel
Was tarnished at Limerick town.

"No! falsehood and feud were our evils,
While force not a fetter could twine.
Come Northmen, came Normans, come devils,
We gave them our sprath to the chine.

And if once again he would try us,
To the music of trumpet and drum,
And no traitor among us or nigh us —
Let him come, the *baccàgh*, let him come!"

The names of Griffin, Banim, and Carleton, as a rule, go together, and, in our minds, are associated as the triumvirate of Ireland in the domain of fiction. I will not, then, separate them here.

Few men, to my thinking, had the gift of poetry more unmistakably than Carleton, and, except in his prose writings, gave less evidence of it. But his prose writings are full of poetry, and of that poetry that is peculiarly Irish. There may be some readers who think that to have poetry at all, it is necessary to have it encased in the stays of rhyme, or at least of blank verse. It is almost needless to say that such persons do not know a great deal about poetry. Flower-gardens are the place set aside for flowers, and if we want a bouquet of them, it is there we go to cull them.

Now, what flowers are in nature, thoughts are in poetry. Flowers may be found out in the country-side quite as well, and as lovely, too, as those that "sheltering woods and wa's maun shield." So, thoughts as poetical may be found in prose as in the most select metre. If the reader wants to know how will he recognize poetry in its prose disguise, let him say how would he recognize the scent or beauty of a flower in his country walk; just so will he recognize the hidden thoughts and gleamings of poetry. Whatever stirs the blood and gives nobility to the thought, whatever soothes the heart, and is tender and beautiful and pure, or is wild and passionate and wrathful, — all these are elements of poetry, and therefore the scenes which they describe may be poetic, though expressed in prose. Carleton's prose writings are full of such. From his "Party-fight and Funeral" we select: —

"When my brother and I entered the house, the body [of Kelly, who had died from the effects of a beating got at the party fight] had just been put into the coffin. It is usual after this takes place, and before the lid is nailed down, for the immediate relatives of the family to embrace the deceased, and take their last look and farewell of his remains. In the present instance, the children were brought over one by one, to perform that trying and melancholy ceremony. The first was an infant on the breast, whose little innocent mouth was held down to its dead father The babe smiled upon his still and solemn features, and would have played with his grave-clothes, but that the murmur of unfeigned sorrow, which burst from all present, occasioned it to be removed. The next was a fine little girl of three or four years, who inquired where they were going to bring her daddy, and asked if he would not soon come back to *her*.

"The rest of the children were sensible of their loss, and truly it was a distressing scene. His eldest son and daughter, the boy about fourteen, the girl about two years older, lay on the coffin, kissing his lips, and were with difficulty torn away from it. . . . .

"During all this time the heart-broken widow sat beyond the coffin, looking upon what passed with a stupid sense of bereavement; and when they had performed this last ceremony, it was found necessary to tell her that the time had come for the procession of the funeral, and that they only waited till she would take, as the rest had done, her last look and embrace of her husband. When she heard this it pierced her like an arrow. She became instantly collected, and her complexion assumed a dark shade of despairing anguish, which it was affliction even to look upon. She then stooped over the coffin, and kissed her dead husband several times, after which she ceased sobbing, and lay silently with her mouth to his.

"The character of a faithful wife sorrowing for a beloved husband has that in it which compels both respect and sympathy. There was not at this moment a dry eye in the house. She still lay silent on the coffin; but, as I observed that her bosom seemed not to heave as it did a little before, I was convinced that she had become insensible. I accordingly beckoned to Kelly's brother, to whom I mentioned what I had suspected; and, on his going over to ascertain the truth, he found her as I had said. She was then brought to the air, and, after some trouble, recovered; but I recommended them to put her to bed, and not to subject her to any unnecessary anguish. This, however, was, in her opinion, the violation of an old rite, sacred to her heart and affections. She would not hear of it for an instant. Again she was helped out between her brother and brother-in-law, and, after stooping down and doing as the others had done —

"'Now,' said she, 'I will sit here and keep him under my eye as long as I can. Surely, you won't blame me for it! You all know the kind husband he was to me, and the good right I have to be sorry for him. Oh,' she added, 'is it thrue at all? Is he, my own Denis, the young husband of my airly and my first love, in good airnest, dead, and going to lave me here — me, Denis, that you loved so tindherly, and our childer, that your brow was never clouded against? Can I believe myself, or is it a dhrame? Denis, *avic machree*, do you know the lips that 's spaking to you? Your young bride — your heart's light.

Oh! I remember the day you wor married to me like yestherday. Oh! avourneen, then and since was n't the heart of your own Honor bound up in you — yet not a word, even to me. Well, agrah, machree 't isn't your fault. It 's the first time you ever refused to spake to me. But you 're dead, avourneen, or it would n't be so — you 're dead before my eyes, husband of my heart, and all my hopes and happiness goes into the grave and the coffin along wid you, forever!'"

The first part of this extract, where he describes the woman sitting beside the coffin, and then kissing the lips of the corpse, is very beautiful writing, and reminds me of those tenderly descriptive passages of Washington Irving. For that part of the extract I am not claiming the honor or dignity of poetry. It is descriptive writing, touching and tender, and that 's all. But when he commences to give the words of the poor widow, then the descriptive and the prose fade away, and almost from beginning to end it is one wail of heart-rending poetry. When in Carleton's works we come across passages like this, one cannot help feeling sorrow that his writings, as a rule, are so overshadowed by bigotry and caricature that we cannot run along with that pleasant feeling of happiness that we would when going along the sunny fields; but here and there we are startled by some grotesque or some monstrous figure.

But it is not with his prose writings I am presently interested. However, the gleamings that we have had from these leave no doubt in our minds that the man had poetic faculties if he used them. His poetic fires are not numerous. He never introduces a song of his own into any of his works. In this he is like Banim, and unlike Griffin and Lover. His "Bonnie Green Woods of Killeavy" is an Irish legend very pathetically told. There is a short piece of his, "A Sigh for Knockmany," which will be a favorite with more than one. It will, at least, strike a chord in the hearts of those who have gone out into the world, and, like men, have battled there with heart and pluck and courage, but who, nevertheless, whether fame has shone on them or not, have moments when the heart reverts to early scenes, and is softened and saddened by the youthful reminiscences of long ago.

"Pure was the breeze that fanned my cheek
As o'er Knockmany's brow I went,
When every lonely dell could speak,
In airy music vision-sent.
False world, I hate thy cares and thee,
I hate the treacherous haunts of men;
Give back my early haunts to me,
Give back to me my mountain glen!

"How light my youthful vision shone,
When spanned by fancy's radiant form!
But now her glittering bow is gone,
And leaves me but the cloud and storm.
With wasted form and cheek all pale,
With heart long seared by grief and pain,
Dunroe, I 'll seek thy native dale,
I 'll tread my mountain glens again."

Poor Carleton! There were many things in him to admire, and, unfortunately, a great deal to lament.

How is it that this is the note they all strike? Listen to Griffin: —

"It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale.
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge care.
Old times! old times!"

Is this all? Can name and fame and glory bring only this, — to go out into the world, with eagerness and appetite, to struggle, and to fight long, and to win, and to deem it all worthless in the end? If this be so, how true is it, "Vanity of vanities, and all is vanity!" How true is it, "There is nothing true but heaven"! How true is it, "What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world"? And if it be so, with what depth of truth, as Dr. Newman (I think) somewhere remarks, do we not come across that last line of the holy hymn, "*Nobis donet in patria*," "Who gives us life without end in our own *true home*"

Concluded in our next.

An editor offers a reward of five dollars for the best treatise on "How to make outdoor life attractive to the mosquito."

WHAT WE EAT AND DRINK.

Geo. T. Angell, before the Boston American Social Science Association.

Mr. Angell said, in opening: This is a free country. In France I was assured that no medicine could be sold in Paris which had not been approved by a "board" composed of some of the best chemists of Paris. No physician could practise who had not been examined and approved by a "board" composed of some of the best physicians of Paris.

DEADLY POISONS

could only be sold by persons of good character, licensed by the police authorities to sell them. These, and a hundred other regulations to prevent the improper sale of poisonous, dangerous, and adulterated articles, and to protect public health, were, as I was informed, most vigorously and efficiently enforced.

Perhaps no stronger evidence of the comparative freedom in this country can be adduced than that millions of dollars' worth of quack medicines, which no respectable physician would prescribe, are widely sold; that most dangerous poisons can be bought at hundreds of places in any of our large cities, without restriction; and that it was shown to a committee of the Massachusetts Legislature in February, 1878, that more than three hundred ignorant and uneducated persons were practising medicine at that time in the city of Boston, and that the signs of thirty-four of them were on the doors or walls of houses of ill-repute. But these are only a few of the evidences that may be easily adduced to show the perfect freedom which prevails in this country. Take the

ADULTERATION OF FOODS,

for instance. One of the most eminent chemists of Massachusetts tells me that almost every class of articles now sold in this country for food is more or less adulterated, and that many of these adulterations are extremely poisonous. [Hayes, Bowditch.] For instance, cayenne pepper is adulterated with red lead, mustard with chromate of lead, curry powder with red lead, vinegar with sulphuric acid, arsenic, and corrosive sublimate. It is stated in the "Scientific American" that probably half the vinegar now sold in our cities is rank poison. One of our Boston chemists analyzed twelve packages of

PICKLES,

put up by twelve different wholesale dealers, and found copper in ten of them. Another chemist analyzed sixteen packages of pickles, and found copper in all of them. Many of our flavoring oils, syrups, jellies, and preserved fruits contain poisons. The adulterations of tea are too numerous to mention. Coffee is not only adulterated, but a patent has been taken out for moulding chiccory into the form of coffee berries, and I am told that clay is now moulded, and perhaps flavored with an essence, to represent coffee. Cocoa and chocolate are adulterated with various mineral substances.

Several mills in New England, and probably more elsewhere, are now engaged in grinding

WHITE STONE

into a fine powder for purposes of adulteration. At some of these mills they grind three grades: soda grade, sugar grade, and flour grade. [North Adams, C. W. Eliot, April "Galaxy," 1877.] I am told that thousands of tons of it have been ground in one town of Massachusetts. It sells for about half a cent a pound.

FLOUR

has been adulterated in England, and probably here, with plaster of Paris, bone-dust, sand, clay, chalk, and other articles. I am told that large quantities of damaged and unwholesome grain are ground in with flour, particularly with that kind called Graham flour. [To detect adulterations of flour, see "Sanitarian," November.

1877.] Certainly hundreds, and probably thousands of barrels of "terra alba," or white earth, are sold in our cities every year to be mixed with

SUGARS

in confectionery and other white substances. I am told by an eminent physician that this tends to produce stone, kidney complaints, and various diseases of the stomach. A Boston chemist tells me that he has found seventy-five per cent of "terra alba" in what was sold as cream of tartar used for cooking. A large New York house sells three grades of cream of tartar. A Boston chemist recently analyzed a sample of the best grade and found fifty per cent of "terra alba" in that. [Hayes, March 23, 1877.] Much of our confectionery contains thirty-three per cent or more of "terra alba." [Sheldon.] The coloring matter of

CONFECTIONERY

frequently contains lead, mercury, arsenic, and copper. [Massachusetts Board of Health Report, 1873.] Baking powders are widely sold which contain a large percentage of "terra alba" and alum. ["Baltimore News," Nov. 17, 1878, from "Scientific American."]

In 1874 a medical commission of five physicians, appointed by the Board of Health of Boston, reported that over a million and a half gallons of water were sold as

MILK

in that city in that year, for which nearly $500,000 in money was paid. They state further that this water is likely to be taken from impure streams and barnyard wells, and so to produce typhoid fever and other infectious diseases in those who drink it. In one instance thirty-four cases of typhoid fever were produced in twenty different families by drinking milk mixed with water taken from a well standing near a cesspool. ["English Sanitary Record." "Boston Journal," Feb. 25, 1876.] The high death-rate amongst infants in our cities is largely attributable to adulterated milk. In one year, for instance (1868), while there were four hundred and eighty-seven deaths of cholera-infantum in Suffolk County, in the same population outside the city there were less than one hundred. [Massachusetts Board of Health Report, 1873.]

It is not water alone that is mixed with milk. Thousands of gallons, and probably hundreds of thousands, are sold in our cities which have passed through large tins or vats, in which it has been mixed with various substances. I am told that after being drawn from these vats it tastes better and will keep longer than pure milk. Receipts for the mixture can be bought by new milkmen from old on payment of the required sum. I am assured, upon what I believe to be reliable authority, that thousands of gallons of so-called milk have been, and probably are, sold in this city, which do not contain one drop of the genuine article. Probably this kind is principally sold to the poor.

Large quantities of the

MEATS

of animals, more or less diseased, are sold in our markets. Cows, in neighborhood of our large cities, are fed upon material which produces a large flow of unwholesome milk. Poultry are fed upon material which produces unwholesome eggs. Meats and fish are made unwholesome, frequently poisonous, by careless and cruel methods of killing. [Lobsters, trawls, etc]

BUTTER

is not only manufactured in enormous quantities from animal fats, obtained probably in many instances from diseased animals, but this also is now still further adulterated with an article still cheaper. It is estimated that during 1877 there was manufactured in this country about 75,000,000 pounds of this butter. It is estimated

that in 1878 there was manufactured not less than 90,000,000 pounds. It is estimated that during 1877 more than 40,000,000 pounds of

CHEESE

were manufactured here from the same material. A large portion of these products are so disguised as to deceive the public, and are sold as the pure, unadulterated product of the milk of the cow. In these products have been found, by analysis, horse fat, fat from bones, and fat such as is principally used for making candles; and the whole prepared with a heat not sufficient to kill the parasites which enter and breed in human bodies. It would require a volume to explain the adulterations of foods sold in our markets, many of which endanger health and life, and they are constantly increasing. What is being done to stop these adulterations? So far as I am aware, nothing whatever. The San Francisco "News Letter" has been recently showing up some of the adulterations of foods in that city. Exhausted tea-leaves colored with Prussian blue or indigo.

COFFEE,

made of burnt flour flavored with essence of coffee. Bread largely composed of potatoes and alum. Cocoa, composed of a compound of filthy mixtures. Sugar, made heavy by the addition of iron sand. It declares that it is simply astonishing to what extent these frauds are carried on in that city.

Now take

WINES AND LIQUORS.

A California chemist recently analyzed many samples of whiskey, purchased at different places in San Francisco. He found them adulterated with creosote, salts of copper, alum, and other injurious substances. He states it, in his published report, as his opinion that there is hardly any pure whiskey sold in that city. A gentleman recently purchased from a prominent Boston firm a cask of pure sherry wine for his sick wife. His wife grew worse. He had the wine analyzed, and found there was not a drop of the juice of the grape in it. Large quantities of our so-called European wines and liquors are manufactured here, shipped to Europe, reshipped and sold here as the pure juice of the grape. A large portion of our

CALIFORNIA WINES

are made in Boston cellars. By the use of adulterations well known to the trade, forty gallons of compound is changed into brandy, whiskey, and other liquors at a cost of less than ten cents a gallon, and American and European labels are bought and pasted on the bottles. An eminent Massachusetts chemist, who has had a wide experience in the analysis of wines and liquors, tells me that of all the wines and liquors sold in eight places out of ten through the State of Massachusetts, it would be safe to say that more than ninety per cent are adulterated. The Louisville "Courier-Journal," published in a whiskey State, states that more than nine gallons out of every ten now sold as brandy and whiskey are made out of a vile compound of whiskey swill, distilled spirits, and chemical abominations, and adds, "If the world knew what villanous stuffs brandy, whiskey, and wines are now made of, the present crop of drunkards would be about the last." What is being done to stop these adulterations? So far as I am aware, nothing whatever. Now take our

DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

Here I cannot do better than quote the exact words of an eminent medical gentleman of Boston. He said to me, "The adulterations of drugs in this country are perfectly abominable. The physician orders a medicine for a patient in extreme danger. The medicine has only quarter the strength it should have, because of its adulteration, and the patient dies." A year ago last spring "marbleized ironware,"

so called, which had come into extensive use, even in our hospitals, in the form of coffee-pots, tea-pots, milk-cans, sauce-pans, and various other forms, was found to be, in the words of the Harvard University chemist who analyzed it, "alive with poison," the enamel being largely composed of oxide of lead in soluble form. Thousands of persons were more or less poisoned by it before the discovery was made. I am told by the secretary of the Michigan State Board of Health that a large portion of our

TINWARE

contains lead in soluble form. In Michigan several children have died from drinking milk which had been kept in tin pans of this kind. The same kind of tin is used for roofing eaves and troughs, and the water which runs through and over them becomes poisoned with lead. The Boston "Journal of Chemistry," of January, 1879, states that a Philadelphia physician, Dr. Emil Querner, has tested a large number of tin vessels, obtained at different places, and found lead in every case. He now uses in his family for cooking only vessels made of sheet iron. I am not aware of any reason why the tinware of Massachusetts should be less poisonous than the tinware of Michigan and Pennsylvania.

CLOTHING.

The use of arsenic, corrosive sublimate, and other poisons has become common in ladies' dresses, in veils, in sewing silks, in threads, in artificial flowers, in gentlemen's underclothing, in socks, in gloves, in hat linings, in linings of boots and shoes, in paper collars, in colored enamelled cloths, and doubtless in many other articles. These poisons are found in various colors. They are found in woollens, silks, cottons, and leather. Prof. Nichols (of our Massachusetts Institute of Technology) found eight grains of arsenic to each square foot of a green dress. Another chemist found ten grains of arsenic in a single artificial flower. A child in Troy, N. Y., recently died in convulsions by taking arsenic from a green veil thrown over its crib to keep off flies.

The Boston "Journal of Chemistry" (of this month, January, 1879) speaks of the use of arsenic in the coloring matter of dried grasses and artificial flowers, and refers to several cases of poisoning from wearing these flowers on bonnets; also to a case of arsenical poisoning from wearing a green silk eye-shade.

WALL PAPERS

containing arsenic are largely manufactured and sold; also poisonous papers used for curtains, lamp-shades, boxes, about confectionery, for the tickets, cards, and various other purposes. A friend of mine recently visited one of our New England factories where these papers are prepared. He found there about thirty barrels of arsenic. The employees were required to work only two days in the week. Many of them had been made sick by that, some had died. The proprietor kept away from it. In railroad lecture, and concert tickets there is frequently enough arsenic to kill a child. These arsenical wall papers are of various colors, — green, blue, red, yellow, pearl, and other colors. Some are cheap, some costly, some figured, some plain, some glazed, some unglazed. The amount of arsenic imported into this country during the year ending June 30, 1875, was two million three hundred and twenty-seven thousand seven hundred and forty-two pounds (2,327,742). Each pound contains a fatal dose for about 2,800 adult human beings. Yet it is sold in our markets almost as freely as wood and coal, at a wholesale price of from a cent and a half to two cents a pound. The editor of a leading Boston paper has recently stated in his editorial columns that it is estimated that about eighty-five per cent of our wall papers, now manufactured, contain arsenic. Recently they have commenced putting it into toilet pow-

ders used in nurseries, and by ladies, because cheaper than the starch of which those powders were previously made. It is largely used in "Paris green," which has caused many deaths. It is stated, on what seems to be reliable authority, that they are now putting it into candles. At a meeting of the United States Board of Trade, held in New York, Nov. 13, 1878, Mr. Fuller, a retired sugar dealer, declared that

SUGARS,

molasses, and honey are now so adulterated that, although very fond of those articles, he did not dare to use them except in small quantities. What is being done to stop these things? So far as I am aware, nothing whatever.

As also endangering human life, it is proper to add that the destruction of property by fire in the United States has grown in ten years from an annual loss in 1868 of about thirty-five millions to an annual loss of nearly one hundred millions. A Boston gentleman recently purchased in different parts of that city twenty samples of

KEROSENE OIL,

and submitted them to a skilful chemist. He found that eighteen of the twenty were dangerous, and sold in violation of law. It is said that the great Chicago fire of 1870 would never have occurred if the fluid in a single lamp which caused it had been of the proper legal standard. Saying nothing of the danger to human life in large fires, particularly to the sick and aged, it cannot be denied that millions of dollars' worth of property in the city of Boston alone is constantly placed in jeopardy by the illegal sale of these explosive and dangerous fluids.

IS THERE ANY REMEDY

for these things? They are increasing every year. They poison and cheat the consumer; affect, and in many cases destroy the health, not only of the rich, but of the poor, whose health is their only capital. They are little or no profit to the seller, who, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, would prefer to sell honest goods, and enrich only those manufacturers and adulterators, some of whom, regardless of the laws of God and man, are little, if any, better than the pirates that plunder our ships on the ocean, or the highwaymen who rob and murder on the land. I say that laws should be enacted and enforced, prohibiting the manufacture and sale of these poisonous and dangerous articles under severe penalties, and compelling the manufacturers and sellers of adulterated articles to tell buyers the precise character of the adulterations. I think the sale of deadly poisons should be restricted and carefully guarded here, as it is in other countries. I think that no medicine should be permitted to be sold unless approved by competent chemists, and that no criminal or ignorant person should be permitted to tamper with human life by pretending to be a physician. I have not a word of fault to find with our Boards of Health. They are doing great service; but this work is beyond their power. If they should earnestly undertake it, they would be opposed at once by combinations of capital and political influences, which would either secure their removal or paralyze their efforts. Under our form of government there is but one remedy, and that is in the formation of

PUBLIC HEALTH ASSOCIATIONS

in our cities, composed of influential citizens, supported by voluntary contributions, employing officers who cannot be bribed or removed by outside influence, and who would make it as dangerous to manufacture and illegally sell poisonous foods and other poisonous articles in our markets, as it is now to cruelly beat horses or starve cattle. There is not a man, woman, or child in this country who has not an interest in this subject, and the sooner it is taken hold of by our best and most influential citizens the better it will be, not only for those of us who can carefully discriminate in our pur-

chases and afford to be sick, but for the great masses who depend upon their daily labor for their daily bread, who are compelled to buy the cheapest articles in the markets, and who, when sick, must depend on private charity, or be supported at public expense. In a city, so distinguished as Boston for intelligence, public spirit, and broad philanthrophy, I cannot believe that the state of things which I have endeavored to describe will be permitted to continue.

THE FATHER BURKE OF FRANCE.

A WORK has lately appeared in England, giving the "inner life" of Very Rev. Père Lacordaire, O. P.

HIS BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

We already see in this young thinker and writer all the lineaments of that grand character which was soon to develop its magnificent proportions before God and man. He has lost his faith, it is true, but he is perplexed to know what shall replace it as the guide of his life; he measures at a glance the consequences of religious indifference for individuals as for nations with astonishing maturity of judgment, and he is already honestly seeking the truth. He might easily be drawn into the errors of a lively imagination, of an ardent temperament which spurns restraint, had he not felt himself held back by the earnest side of that same nature, by his love of work, and by a certain natural humility and distrust of self, which made him avoid the vortex where so many unripe minds are lost, the facility of their genius. He chooses his ordinary and exclusive society amongst studious young men; and though he is not insensible to their warm applause, he nevertheless prefers the charms of those generous friendships, many of which will survive through all the vicissitudes of his life, and be to him a living memory of those happy years at Dijon, on which he so loved to dwell. Who will not be touched at the affectionate homage which he rendered on his death-bed to the memory of his old master? Who will not there recognize the faithful evidence of a heart which forgot nothing but injuries, and was never able to understand that deformity of the soul which is called *ingratitude?* Paris was soon to develop all these germs of promise. Paris was to restore to him what it causes so many others to lose — his religious faith. It was to give him the vocation from on high, and was to point out to him his future path. For this great battle-field is the arena of the strong; and the fire which dissolves and decomposes all metal of baser alloy does but test and purify gold.

HIS CONVERSION.

"An unbeliever one day, a Christian the next — certain, with an invincible certitude, it was not the abnegation of my reason, suddenly brought into a state of incomprehensible slavery; it was rather, on the contrary, the expansion of reason, a view of all things under a broader horizon and a more penetrating light. Neither was it any sudden abasement of the will, under some strict and icy rule, but the development of all its energies by means of an act which came from a higher source than nature; and, finally, it was not the abnegation of the affections, but their plenitude and their exaltation. The whole man was left untouched, only there was added to him the God who created him. He who has not known such a moment in his life has hardly known life; its shadow only has passed into his veins with the blood of his fathers, but the real life-blood has not swelled and palpitated there."

There is a Man over whose tomb love still keeps guard; there is a Man whose sepulchre is not only glorious, as was predicted by the prophet, but even beloved. There *is* a Man whose ashes, after eighteen centuries, have not yet grown cold, who is every day

born anew in the memory of countless multitudes, who is visited in his tomb by shepherds and by kings, who vie one with another in offering him their homage. There *is* a Man whose steps are continually being tracked, and who, withdrawn as he is from our bodily eyes, is still discerned by those who unweariedly haunt the spots where once he sojourned, and who seek him on his mother's knees, by the borders of the lake, on the mountain-top, in the secret paths among the valleys, under the shadow of the olive-trees, or in the silence of the desert. There *is* a Man who has died and been buried, but whose sleeping and waking is still watched by us; whose every word still vibrates in our heart, producing there something more than love, for it gives life to those virtues of which love is the mother. There *is* a Man who long ages ago was fastened to a gibbet, and that Man is every day taken down from the throne of his passion by thousands of adorers, who prostrate themselves on the earth before him and kiss his bleeding feet with unspeakable emotion. There *is* a Man who was once scourged, slain, and crucified, but whom an ineffable passion has raised from death and infamy, and made the object of an unfailing love, which finds all in him — peace, honor, joy — nay, ecstasy. There *is* a Man, who, pursued to death in his own time with inextinguishable hate, has demanded apostles and martyrs from each successive generation, and has never failed to find them. There is *one Man*, and one alone, who has established his love on earth, and it is thou, O my Jesus! Thou who hast been pleased to anoint, to consecrate me in thy love, and whose very name at this moment suffices to move my whole being, and to tear from me these words in spite of myself.

"THE book trade is affected, I suppose, by the general depression. What kind of books feel it most?" "Pocket-books," was the laconic reply.

THE STORY OF THE LEAF.

I AM only a leaf. My home is one of the great trees that grow near the schoolhouse. All winter I was wrapped up in a little brown cradle, and rocked by the winds as they blew.

In the fall just break off a branch of a tree, and see if you cannot find a leaf-bud on it. It will look like a little brown knot.

Break it open, and inside you will see some soft white down; that is the blanket. The brown shell you break is the cradle.

Well, as I was telling you, I was rocked all winter in my cradle on the branch. When the warm days came, and the soft rains fell, then I grew very fast indeed. I soon pushed myself out of my cradle, dropped my blanket, and showed my pretty green dress to all who came by.

Oh, how glad every one was to see me! And I am so happy, with my little brothers and sisters about me! Every morning the birds come and sing to us, the great sun shines upon us, and the winds fan us.

Every day happy, laughing school-children pass under our tree. We are glad to see you, boys and girls, — glad to see your bright eyes and hear you say, "How beautiful the leaves are!"

"I USED to think I was a good economist," said Aunt Betsy, "but, la! these hard times have educated me all over again. Seems to me I can make a dollar go twice as far as it used to. Instead of painting my kitchen floor this summer I'm going to paper it with common wall-paper, something plaid, and varnish it. You can't tell them from oil-cloth. Miss Peters has got one on her entry that has been in wear seven years. She varnishes it every spring, and keeps a door-mat down. It doesn't cost as much as paint, and looks much better" Perhaps some of our economical readers would like to try one of these hard-times carpets.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT CONTINUED — TRALEE.

From Limerick to Tralee. — Description of Tralee — Whence its name. — Racing Plate offered by the Legal Profession of Kerry — Won by a Protestant clergyman. — Con Lyne at the Bar-mess — Harmony interrupted — Lysaght's impromptu. — High estimate of O'Connell amongst the Kerry people. — His marriage. — Extensive connection. — Slow travelling in former days. — Kerry members journeying to Parliament. — Old Inn. — The Inn at Millstreet. — Loose luggage. — A legal pun.

THE mode of travelling on the Munster Circuit, from one assize town to another, is delightfully varied. We preferred to go by the Shannon to Tarbert, and thence by coach to Tralee; but in O'Connell's early day steamboats were unknown on Irish waters, and posting was the order of the day.

Tralee, the assize town for the county of Kerry, is situated near the point where the river Leigh falls into the Atlantic, the name Tralee signifying the "*strand of the Leigh.*" From its low situation the town is sometimes flooded when spring tides meet the torrents flowing from its neighboring mountains. It is by no means a handsome town, consisting chiefly of the main street, over a mile long, with smaller streets branching from either side. The fact of its having been built at some distance from the sea interfered with its importance as a maritime port, for vessels exceeding fifty tons' burden could not formerly approach nearer than Bleunerville, a mile and a half distant; but a canal now enables large vessels to land their cargoes at the quay. The town has been latterly much improved in other respects. Denny Street contains several good houses, also the Chamber of Commerce and Club. The court-house is a handsome building, with a Grecian portico. Tralee being the assize town of O'Connell's native county, we can well suppose that here his services were in great demand.

It is not usually known he once drew up articles for a race. Some notion of the amount of litigation in Ireland may be formed from the following singular prospectus drawn up by O'Connell in 1805. The race was fixed for Thursday, 29th August: —

"Sixty pounds given by the gentlemen of the profession of the law of the county of Kerry, for all horses, &c., carrying nine stone. Four mile heats. Horses, &c., starting for this plate must be *bona fide* the property of a gentleman who shall have, prior to the first day of the meeting, actually expended in fair adverse litigation the sum of £200. Horses, &c., of all persons who have so expended £1,000, allowed 3 lbs. All horses, &c., to be qualified upon the honor of an attorney, if required by the stewards. As the plate is intended solely for amateurs, no practising professional gentleman will be allowed to start a horse."

The race thus announced actually took place at the time indicated. Three horses started; and after a well-contested race, the plate was won by a horse belonging to the Rev. Mr. Dennis, a Protestant clergyman of the county of Wicklow, who qualified for the allowance of 3 lbs. mentioned in the article by the fact of having expended considerably more than £1,000 in litigation.

At the Tralee assizes, Con Lyne was as usual a constant attendant, more for the sake of enjoying the society of the bar than from any expectation of obtaining briefs. The bar-mees was the court in which he held forth. His post-prandial oratory was varied by repartee, for Ned Lysaght and Jerry Keller kept up the fun. Con having been, on one occasion, called upon to sing, and selecting one of his stock songs from the "Beggars' Opera," was trolling "How happy could I be with either," when a tremendous row in the room beneath the apartment assigned to the bar-mess interfered with Con's harmony. The barristers started from their seats as blows and crashing of glasses, with words of furious import, told of men

engaged in dire conflict. A terrified waiter, within hail, was asked "Who are the obstreperous individuals making such terrific noise beneath?" "'T is the grand jury that have a fight afther dinner," was his answer. And, sure enough, so it was. Some altercation had arisen which proceeded to a general *melée*, in which the weaker party were obliged to vacate the premises.

When the tumult was over, the gentlemen of the bar resumed their seats, and as soon as Ned Lysaght could make himself heard he chanted the following *impromptu:* —

"Here we sit like merry lads,
Laughing at all silly asses,
While below the Kerry lads
Are breaking both their heads and glasses.

"What care we for uproar and riot?
What matter who 's right or who's wrong?
While we sip our claret in quiet,
Mr. Lyne won't you finish your song?"

Though a prophet is seldom valued in his own country, a sound lawyer is, and O'Connell had great practice at the Tralee assizes. Amongst the shrewd Kerrymen his attainments were held of the highest order. He was well versed in the learning of titles, and an admirable real property conveyances. His *nisi prius* practice was immense, and the fame he acquired was well merited. No one had more tact or ability for diving into the minds of the witnesses; and having sifted them to the bottom, he turned their evidence to the benefit of his client with a skill unapproachable by any other advocate of his time. His powers of sarcasm were inimitable; his eloquence entitled him to a very high place as a forensic orator; and though Curran reached a higher flight, and Erskine addressed more critical auditors, I do not think either of these eminent lawyers equalled him in the ingenuity of their defences or the boldness of their appeals.

When but four years called to the bar, and in the twenty-eighth year of his age, he married. His wife was his cousin, Miss O'Connell, daughter to a respected physician of Tralee. His connections were numerous and influential throughout the route in which the circuit winds. The Irish are an aristocratic people, and next to the peerage in social position stands the bar. In every circuit town, Ennis, Limerick, Tralee, and Cork, there resided the kith and kin of the young counsellor; and all the cousins of "Counsellor O'Connell" who claimed kindred were sure to have their claims allowed. No one admitted relationship more readily, and his large connection was a great prop to his growing importance. His practice soon was very extensive, and his previous training made him a most efficient advocate. He was a man of great readiness, immense powers of application, with a fine, imposing presence. He soon took an active part in politics; public dinners were got up during the assizes, and no one could make a speech like "the Counsellor" *par excellence*. He was always entertaining and never tiresome, while the joyous twinkle of his eye, added to his insinuating address and joval nature, won over even his political foes.

The route from Tralee to Cork lies through the picturesque region of Killarney, and who has once visited that combination of the sublime and beautiful without wishing to revisit fair Lochlene? The mode of locomotion when travelling in former days was very different from that now in vogue, and no one can foresee if other changes be not in store for our successors. O'Connell related that in 1780 the two members for the county of Kerry, when about attending Parliament, sent to Dublin for a conveyance called a "noddy," possibly from its jerking motion, being on springs, a luxury then very rare among vehicles. The "noddy" took eight days in reaching the kingdom of Kerry; and as the honorable knights of the shire were resolved not to fatigue themselves by too long journeys, they were seventeen days on the road to the Irish metropolis. As there was a paucity of inns, travellers often stopped at friends'

houses on the way, and indeed the state of the country, with roads little better than bridle-tracks, prevented much intercommunication. From twenty-five to thirty miles was a fair day's journey. The inns were few, and their comforts would be considered insufficient in our day, but there was enough for hungry travellers; and if the cookery was wretched, the eggs were undeniably fresh, the bacon well smoked, and the chickens well fed; in the cellar there was excellent claret, and the proverbial welcome of "mine host," like charity, covered a multitude of sins. Speaking of the inn at Millstreet, O'Connell said, "The improved roads have injured that inn. I well remember when it was the regular end of the first day's journey from Tralee. It was a comfortable thing for a social pair of fellow-travellers to get out of their chaise at nightfall, and to find at the inn, then kept by a cousin of mine, a Mrs. Cotter, a roaring fire in a clean, well-furnished parlor, the whitest table-linen, the best beef, the sweetest and tenderest mutton, the fattest fowl, the most excellent wine (claret and madeira were the high wines then, they knew nothing about champagne), and the most comfortable beds. In my early days it was the best inn in Munster; but the new roads enable travellers to get far beyond Millstreet in a day, and the inn being therefore less frequented than of old, is of course not so well looked after by its present proprietor."

On one occasion, while the bar were proceeding from Killarney to the Cork assizes, the luggage got loose on the road. Coachman and guard assisted in securing the portemanteaus and carpet-bags of the counsellors. During this operation, when the load was in danger of tumbling to the ground, the guard got a long strap and bade the coachman take a good *purchase* with it, meaning to strap it firmly. "If you don't secure it by *purchase*," said Mr. Lane, one of the bar, "you'll have it by *descent*."

To be continued.

IRISH MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Sir Robert Stewart.

LECTURE II.

THE second lecture was made up of a series of lively sketches of famous Dublin musicians, interspersed with racy anecdotes and its praises made good by the performance of the most charming morsels of the works of the musicians passed in review. The first referred to was the wandering and improvident Thomas Carter, the author of the exquisite ballad, "Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me?" A great number of frauds and blunders have been made in relation to this song and its authorship, and the lecturer remarked on it as a curious thing that Irish Tom Carter's song to English Bishop Percy's words should still pass with many for a genuine Scotch song. Carter died in 1804 in straitened circumstances. Dr. Philip Cogan was born in Cork, in 1750, and became a famous piano-forte *virtuoso* at the period when the piano-forte had superseded the harpsichord. The rondo and adagio of his Sonata in A major, which the lecturer said would not disgrace the author of "Don Giovanni," were charmingly rendered by way of illustration of his style. The sketch of the famous Michael Kelly was exceedingly crisp and interesting. He was the son of a wine merchant in Mary Street, and was born in 1775. While at Naples, a pupil of the Conservatoire, he was rebuked sharply for his want of punctuality by Sir William Hamilton The ambassador had invited him to breakfast, to which the musician had arrived long after the appointed hour. "You must really learn to *keep time*," said Sir William, "or you will never be a good musician." He was the first native of the British Isles who sang and succeeded as a public singer among foreigners. During his visit to Vienna he became a fast friend of Mozart, whose character had much in common with his own — who loved play, especially billiards, never could say "no" to

anybody who asked him for money, delighted in dancing, and loved a glass of punch. Kelly appeared in the original cast of his friend's famous "Marriage of Figaro," in Vienna. When he applied to the emperor for leave of absence to visit his mother, the emperor was astonished to learn that, though Kelly was an Irishman, he could not speak his own language. He produced in 1798, at Drury Lane, a burletta called "Bluebeard," which had a great success. A ludicrous scene occurred at its first representation. In the concluding scene a skeleton was to rise and immediately descend again, but owing to some fault in the machinery the skeleton when it rose stuck fast and refused to go down. The enraged musician had to rush forward and pommel the skeleton's head, crying, "Confound you, why don't you go down out of that?" [*Laughter.*] Kelly was very generally and very unjustly, like Balfe, accused of plagiarism. He had his wine shop in Mary Street, as well as his theatre in London. It was in allusion to the charge of plagiarism against him that his friend, Richard Brinsley Sheridan, once suggested to Kelly that a good inscription over his door would be, "Michael Kelly, composer of wines and importer of music." [*Much laughter.*] Kelly retorted, that in his dealings with wine he would take care to have nothing to do with "Old Sherry." He was at once manager of Drury Lane, Covent Garden, and the Haymarket, besides being manager of the Italian opera; yet he found time to set no less than sixty-two dramatic pieces to music. His old age was made comfortable by a pension from George IV. Mr. Lane sang magnificently one of his songs, "Oh! no, my love, no," and had to sing it again, amidst enthusiasm. The lecturer next spoke of Timothy Geary, born in Dublin in 1773, who composed a Te Deum at eleven years of age, and composed one of his best songs while a friend was leaving the room to fetch him paper to write it on. He fell into the river at the North-wall on his return through the unlighted quays from dining at Sir John Stevenson's, and was drowned. Mr. Lane sang his air, "The Death of Alice," which Geary had sung for the first time on the evening of his death, and the manuscript of which was found, stained with river-water, in his coat-pocket when his body was discovered next morning. Sir Robert Stewart next sketched the career of Tom Cooke, who appeared publicly as a violinist at seven years of age, and was his father's leader in the orchestra. He was known, in the slang of the time, as a "dust,"—a half-foolish, but not at all vicious, fellow. They presented him with a snuff-box, on the lid of which was the inscription, "Dust to Dust" [*laughter*], and it was said he never took a pinch of snuff that he did not put "a nail in his coffin." [*Laughter.*] Supping with a friend one night he helped himself to some oysters, and found one so bad that he had to kidnap it out of sight by the aid of his napkin. His host, perceiving that he was not taking any more, pressed him to some more oysters, assuring him "that they were all natives." "I don't know how that may be," cried Cooke; "but the last I got was a settler." [*Great laughter.*] Having glanced at the life of John Field, known as "Russian Field," who became a furious favorite in Moscow, where he died in 1837, and who was the creator of "nocturnes," in which he had never been excelled, Sir Robert Stewart concluded by an interesting notice of Sir John Stevenson, illustrated by several beautiful glees and airs, among which Mr. Hemsley's "Faithless Emma" was delicious. Speaking of Stevenson's connection with Moore in the production of the Irish Melodies, the lecturer said everybody knew that Moore's musical knowledge was of the slenderest sort, though his taste and feeling were indisputable. Stevenson was much blamed for mutilating the airs of the melodies, but the fault lay with Moore

himself, who altered the airs to suit his words. The lecture, musically and literarily, was a complete success.

THE GOLDEN AGE OF THE IRISH CHURCH.

Rev. T. H. Kinane.

THE Church of Ireland had her Golden Age. In the seventh century, hordes of barbarians like swarms inundated Europe, destroying in their course the seats of religion and learning, each wave of desolation plunging the nations over which it swept in social chaos and ruin. Whilst war devastated the countries of Europe, Erin was in peace, she was happy, — engaged in study and prayer; and whilst the lamp of learning, if not totally extinguished, hardly flickered in its socket on the Continent, the sun of religion, science, and literature shone in the fulness of its meridian brilliancy on the land of St. Patrick. In Ireland at that time all sciences and fine arts were cultivated, strangers from every country in Europe flocked to her far-famed universities, there to drink at the purest fountain human knowledge, as well as the "science of the saints"; holy missioners, burning with zeal for God's glory, every day embarked on the deep in their tiny vessels, and left the shores of their dear Erin to evangelize other nations sitting "in darkness and the shades of death." In every country of Europe were to be found the faithful sons of St. Patrick, — in one place founding schools or teaching in universities; in another place preaching redemption where the sweet name of Jesus was never heard, or building monasteries for holy souls of both sexes; here winning whole nations to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, there laying down their lives for the faith, fertilizing with their hearts' blood the vineyard of the Lord. This burning love for God, this consuming zeal for the salvation of souls, was nurtured in the monasteries of Erin, — in those monasteries which sprung up as if by magic in every part of the land at the preaching of St. Patrick, and in which thousands of the pure sons and daughters of Ireland consecrated their souls and their bodies to the service of Jesus Christ. In these holy houses, which studded the face of the country, the hills, the valleys, and the sea-coasts, and whose remains, even to-day, magnificent in their ivy-clad ruins, speak eloquently of the glory and holiness of bygone days, the praise of the Almighty ascended day and night to heaven, and like sweet odor shed its fragrance over the land. Ireland then indeed was the Island of Saints.

To narrate the glories of our ancient Irish Church, though ardently we may desire it, would be foreign to our subject; but the pious reader will excuse a few figures, which speak more eloquently than words of the sanctity of our forefathers. In one catalogue, the famous "Feliré," or Festology, written by St. Aengus, Ceilé Dé, or Culdée, and referred to by Ussher and Curry, and other learned Irish scholars, to the seventh century, we find no fewer than seven hundred and fifty Irish saints!

The invocation of this famous Festology is thus translated by the great scholar O'Curry: —

"Sanctify, O Christ! my words;
O Lord of the seven heavens,
Grant me the gift of wisdom.
O Sovereign of the bright sun!
The heavens with all thy holiness!
O King of the government of angels!
O Lord of the people!
O King, all-righteous and good,
May I receive the full benefit
Of praising Thy royal hosts —
Thy royal hosts I praise,
Because Thou art my Sovereign.
I have disposed my mind
To be constantly beseeching Thee.
I beseech a favor from Thee —
That I may be purified from my sins
Through the peaceful bright-shining flock
The royal host whom I celebrate."

St. Patrick is commemorated on the 17th of March in the following stanza: —

"The blaze of a splendid sun —
The apostle of stainless Erinn,
Patrick, with his countless thousands,
May he shelter our wretchedness"
(Maness. Mat., p. 366.)

In this catalogue, S. Tassach, who attended St. Patrick at his death, is thus commemorated: —

"Kingly Bishop, Tassach,
Who administered on his arrival
The Body of Christ, the truly powerful king,
And the Communion to Patrick."

According to this catalogue the Irish saints are divided into three classes. The first class, extending from 432 to 534, numbers three hundred and fifty saints, beginning with St Patrick, and they were all bishops and founders of churches, men eminently holy and full of the spirit of God. The saints in this class are called "most holy," and are compared to the *sun in its meridian splendor*. "They had one head — our Divine Redeemer; one leader — St. Patrick; one mass."

The second class, extending from 534 to 600, numbers three hundred saints, the greater number being simple priests. The saints in this class are called "very holy," and are compared to *the moon*.

The third class, extending from 600 to 664, reckons one hundred saints, comprising bishops, priests, and laymen. The saints in this class are called "holy," and their sanctity, "like *brilliant stars*." Thus in two hundred and thirty-two years, Ireland gave birth to seven hundred and fifty saints of the highest order of sanctity, — saints who prayed for poor Erin in the hours of her trials, in the days of her sorrow, and who, to-day, standing before the throne of Jesus, pray for the Irish race at home and abroad. May the Sacred Heart of Jesus make us worthy of our forefathers, and faithful till death to our dear Irish Church!

Irish scholars, full of love for faith and fatherland, have gloried, as well they ought, in writing the lives and in narrating the heroic deeds of our Irish missionaries. Eminent foreign writers, too, found no more worthy theme for their pen. In our own time, the genius of Count Montalembert, the celebrated academician, gave to the world the lives of Irish missionaries in all the charms and graceful eloquence of his native tongue.

The following figures, taken from authentic history, will give the reader some idea of the number and zeal of our holy missionaries. In Germany, we find one hundred and fifty Irish saints patrons of churches, and of these saints thirty-six poured out their hearts' blood for Jesus Christ. In Gaul, forty-five Irish saints, of whom six were martyrs. In Belgium, thirty of our saints are patrons of churches, and of these many laid down their lives for the Gospel. In England, we find forty-four Irish saints patrons of churches; in Italy, thirteen; in Norway, and even Iceland, eight. The exact number in Switzerland is not given, but doubtless there were many. A whole canton took its name, which it retains to this day, from the Irish missionary, St. Gall.

After a lapse of centuries, the apostolic labors and eminent sanctity of SS. Columbanus, Gall, Romuldus, Fursay, and his two brother-saints, Ultan and Foillan, Fridolan, Kilian, Cataldus, Caidoc, Fiacré, Virgilius, Rupertus, Livinus, etc., are yet remembered, and their memories are in benediction on the continent. This burning zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls was nurtured in the great Irish monasteries, which studded the face of the land at home, and which, year after year, sent out, like swarms, multitudes of holy, intrepid soldiers of Christ, to preach the saving name of Jesus, and to found houses of prayer and learning in other lands. We need only mention the hallowed names of Iona, Lindisfarne, St. Gall, Fiacré, Luxeuil, and Bobbio, monasteries founded by Irish saints.

Among the glories of our ancient Irish Church,* we cannot omit the

* It has been calculated that the ancient Irish monks founded thirteen monastic foundations in Scotland, twelve in England, seven in France, twelve in Armoric Gaul, seven in Lotharingia, twelve in Burgundy, ten in Alsatia, nine in Belgium, sixteen in Bavaria, six in Italy, and fifteen in Retia Helvetia, and Suevia, besides many in Thuringia.

names of her great schools of learning — schools of world-wide fame — at Emly, Lismore, Clonmacnoise, Clonard, Trim, Bangor, Armagh, etc. The halls of these great centres of learning were thronged by thousands of native students, and the fame of their learning attracted to our shores the lovers of knowledge, as we before remarked, from every country in Europe. These strangers, let it be said to the honor of Irish hospitality, were most cheerfully received, and supplied gratuitously with food, books, and instruction. "So zealous and disinterested a love of learning," remarks a modern author, "is unparalleled in the annals of the world." So many Greeks attended the Irish schools that they had a church of their own at Trim; and in the catalogue of Irish saints, we find many Greek names, — Greek saints who lived and died in their adopted country.

In the Feliré is invoked the intercession of many hundreds of saints, Romans, Italians, Egyptians, Gauls, Germans, Britons, Picts, Saxons, and natives of other countries, many of whom remained and died in Erin, where they had come to drink in literature as well as the science of the saints. The litany of St. Aengus begins thus: —

"The three times fifty Roman pilgrims who settled in Ui Welé, I invoke," etc.

"The three thousand father-confessors who congregated in Munster, to consider one question under Bishop Ibar, I invoke," etc.

"The other thrice thirty pilgrims, of the men of Rome and Latium, who went into Scotland, I invoke," etc. (O'Curry, p. 381.)

Conspicuous among the scholars who flourished in this age, and who were the ornaments of their dear Erin, were SS. Columbkill and Columbanus; St. Cummian, who exhibited such a wonderful knowledge of the sciences, both sacred and profane, in the famous controversy respecting the Paschal computation, and who was styled the *Gregory the Great* of the Irish Church; St. Aidan, and Clement, and Albinus, SS. Dungan and Adamnan. Of Adamnan's "Life of St. Columba," the distinguished Scotch critic, Pinkerton, has said that "it is the most complete piece of biography that all Europe can boast of." Passing over St. Donatus, the learned bishop of Fiesole in Italy; and the celebrated poet, Sedulius; the profound philosopher but unsound theologian, John Scotus, called Erigena; Claudius Clemens, or the *Irish* Claudius; St. Coleman, St. Aengus, the great hagiographer; Dun Scotus, the famous philosopher and still more famous scholastic theologian; St. Fridalin, "The Traveller"; St. Dicuil, who wrote a learned treatise, "De mensura orbis terræ," about the close of the eighth century, — we shall mention only one name more, that of St. Virgilius, called "The Geometer." Many centuries before the Polish priest, Copernicus, the immortal astronomer, who gave his name to the system of the world, St. Virgilius demonstrated the sphericity of the earth, and proved the sun to be the centre of the *system of the world.* For these new theories he was complained to Pope Zachary, who punished him by appointing him Bishop of Saltzburg, and in 1233 he was canonized by Pope Gregory IX. What a lie some Protestants write, and we hear it repeated every day, that, in the famous case of Galileo, or in any other case, the Holy See is opposed to the diffusion of true science and knowledge! The Church does not fear; she always encourages and promotes true science and learning. She knows that one and the same God is the author of nature and revelation, and as God cannot contradict himself, so the laws of nature and the principles of true science cannot be in opposition to, but rather in harmony with, the doctrines of revelation and religion. The profound philosopher, Bacon, says, "With regard to physical inquiries, I

affirm even this, that as a scanty stock of natural philosophy, and an advance to the threshold thereof inclines opinions toward atheism, so, on the other hand, a *large stock of* natural philosophy and an *intimate penetration* thereof, brings people's minds round to religion."

Reflecting on the glories of our ancient Irish Church, — her monasteries, her schools, her saints, her missionaries, — the heart of the Irishman will dilate, not in empty pride, but in praise and thanksgiving to the Almighty God for the faith, the sanctity, and the learning of our forefathers; and the child of St. Patrick will whisper to heaven a fervent prayer that Jesus may guard forever, pure and holy, the faith of our country, that the days of sanctity may return, and that Ireland may become again, as she once had been, the "Island of Saints."

In the early ages, the Irish Church needed not the martyrs' blood to fertilize the soil to produce the rich harvest of saints; but this sacrifice God reserved to a later age. Persecutions and sufferings are true tests of fidelity, for nations as well as for individuals. The tempter of holy Job said to Almighty God, "Skin for skin, and all that a man hath he will give for his life. Put forth thy hand and touch his bone and his flesh, and then thou shalt see that he will bless thee to thy face." (Job xi, 4.) The Israelites, exposed to the hardships of the desert, rebelled against Moses, and against their God. How often the intrepid confessor fainted under his chains, and quailed and lost courage at the sight of the axe and halter! For poor Ireland, the day of trial did come, and come with a vengeance; the foe, the stranger, the heretic, covered the land; the schools and monasteries from which, on hill and dale, prayer and sacrifice ascended like sweet incense before the Almighty, were razed to the ground, and the holy inmates either put to the sword or exiled to see no more the shores of their beloved Erin. Yes, *might* did conquer *right;* the holy altars were desecrated, the churches demolished, the abomination of desolation stood in the holy places; the sword, the rack, and the gibbet reeked in the blood of Ireland's bishops and priests. Driven from every home, the mountain fastnesses, the bog, and the forest protected the priest and his faithful flock from the axe and the halter; here each cave becomes a sanctuary, and each rude rock an altar, on which was offered, with the wide heavens as a canopy, the infinite sacrifice of redemption; and many a time, surprised in this lonely retreat, the good shepherd was torn from his loving and faithful flock, and martyred on the very rock on which before he immolated the Lamb of God! Jesus in the blessed sacrament had no material temple, no home; "He had not whereon to rest his head"; but persecution could not reach the soul, and each Irish heart became a tabernacle for the Lord of glory. All was lost, — property, country, life; but the jewel of heaven remained; the faith of Jesus, like the shamrock, indigenous to the soil, could not be rooted out. As in ancient Rome, under a Nero, a Domitian, a Decius, so, in Ireland, the tender virgin, the helpless mother, the gray-haired father, and dauntless youth met death in its fiercest shape with equal courage and constancy. Nor was the storm a passing one; for several centuries it swept over the land in unabated fury, and when the tempest appeared to lull, the danger became the greater; when the sword was blunted, when the scaffold appeared loth to shed more innocent blood, when brute force could not shake the Irish heart, now flowers were strewed along the path to apostasy, tempting rewards were held out, and the fatal poison was concealed in the honeyed cup of learning; but infinite thanks to the Almighty, and thanks to the "army" of Irish saints, with St. Patrick at their head, who before the throne of God prayed for

fidelity and perseverance for their suffering and dying countrymen, the sons of St. Patrick were true to the faith of Jesus; they disdained and rejected the proffered boon of apostasy, and with holy indignation cast from their lips the poisoned draughts of the heretic.

Persecution only purified the Irish Church; the faith, having passed through the crucible of every trial, only shone forth the more brilliantly, thereby showing to the world that God was its author and God its defender. If the wicked ingenuity of the statesman, if the sword of the warrior, if the axe, the gibbet, the halter of the executioner, if all the wealth and talent of a mighty nation, — in a word, if all the power of earth and hell leagued together could extinguish the faith of a nation, then, surely, the praises of Jesus and Mary must have long since died out in our country. Deep into the soil of the hearts of the Irish people, St. Patrick laid the foundations of the Church of Ireland; she has seen the snows of fifteen hundred winters, and centuries of unparalleled persecutions, both by the Danes, and still more by the English, assailed her in vain. To-day, in the lull of the storm, she stands forth one of the impregnable citadels of the Church of God, with the banner of the cross proudly floating from her battlements, and around are strewed the bleached bones of every enemy who dared to attack her; to-day, her virgin brow, wreathed with the laurels of victory, is without spot or wrinkle, as fair and lovely as when, fifteen centuries ago, our glorious apostle wedded her to the Church of Rome, "the mother and mistress of all churches." If perseverance in the faith under unheard-of persecutions of every kind be a test of a nation's fidelity, the *sixteenth* and *seventeenth*, as well as the *seventh* century, may be called the *Golden Age* of the *Irish Church*.

A TIGHT fit — delirium tremens.

CATHOLICITY WHERE THE SUN IS NOT SEEN FOR MONTHS.

HAMMERFEST is a place in the extreme north of Norway, and it forms the central resort of three distinct nationalities, viz., the Norse, the Finns, and the Lapps. Hitherto most of the people of the district had either remained heathens or else borne allegiance to that form of Protestantism which is called Lutheranism. Of late, however, Father Hagemann, a courageous German priest, has carried his missionary efforts into that hyperborean region, where the sun is oftentimes not to be seen for five months together. He has shed the light of the Catholic Church upon the natural darkness of that land, and on October 31 was inaugurated the first Catholic place of worship ever erected so far north. It is called St. Michael's Church, and, though built only out of rough timber, it forms a solid fabric capable of accommodating from three hundred and fifty to four hundred people. In this church Father Hagemann is now preaching Catholic truth in three languages, viz., Danish, Finnian, and Lapponian, at a temperature descending as far down as twenty degrees below zero. All honor to this brave champion of Catholicity, who has achieved single-handed what all the generations that lived in Norway prior to the so-called Reformation had not been able to accomplish!

WHEN, in composing, Haydn felt his imagination decline, or was stopped by some difficulty which then appeared insurmountable, he rose from the piano-forte and began to say his rosary, and he said he never found this method to fail. "When," said he, "I was employed upon the 'Creation,' I felt myself so penetrated with religious feeling, that before I sat down to the instrument, I prayed, through the intercession of His Holy Mother, that God would enable me to praise Him worthily." This masterpiece was the fruit of nine years' toil.

JULIA MARRON.

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER VI.

ELECTIONEERING, AND THE RIBBONMAN'S PART THEREIN.

"An! well, the good old days are gone!"

This is a saying that we believe the reader has not now heard for the first time. If we are to believe the old folk, there is no time now that could at all be compared with the good old times that are gone; the world is not half so pleasing, life is not near so enjoyable, and the people are not at all so innocent. Our youngsters are not half so gay, and our rural sports not half so enlivening or so pleasant; for the simple reason, perhaps, that the people are not there. "It is a cure for sore eyes" to see a real old piper, with his faded bag, "cross-barred and yellow," and his dull and monotonous yet, for all that, heart-stirring drones and chanters. It is always with a feeling of joy, mingled with veneration, that we salute such a one when we meet him. Perhaps the memory of old times, when they were to be met with more frequently than they are now, when they were oftener to be seen by the warm, blazing fire of a winter's night, or perched on the top of a settle-bed, out of the way from the bustle and fun at a rural wedding, — perhaps the memory of these things has something to do with the respect with which we hail him.

Even that grand old ceremony, the election of a squire for the county, that has come down to us, as lawyers say, from "time immemorial," or at least from the memorable day of the signing of *Magna Charta*, — even that grand old custom, that sport of sports, has lost all its merriment.

It happened in the good old times, *i. e.*, in the times of Bob Reeves and Anne, and Julia Marron and Andy M'Kenna, and the rest of them, — it happened in these good old times that two squires set up for the county in which was the district known as the Seven Hotels. The squires, as need hardly be mentioned, were of opposite hues. Scarcely are orange and green more opposed than Tory and Whig. One of the gentlemen, then, was a Tory and the other was a Whig.

At that time a gentleman paid decently and manly for being sent to Parliament. No one sought the honor in these good old times but one who had plenty of hard cash to spare. It was a pleasant place to live in; nice society, fashionable balls and dinners and parties;* no more gentlemanly club in the wide area of the world; and, as was natural, when a man was rendered so far happy and blissful in the world he put his hand in his pocket, and, with white and yellow *shiners*, strove to make others happy as well as he. Of course he was n't going into Parliament to look out for any very fine position for himself, nor, again, was he to ask places for any of his friends; and if he did, too (?), was n't it merely a little private matter of his own, — all in the strictest honor, — "all honorable men"?

We will wind up this abstract rambling by reminding the reader that the money was distributed; but of course then, as now, the candidate had no knowledge that it was expended on any but lawful, legal things, and in lawful, legal ways. The agents were the distributors, and they paid and distributed to whom and for what purpose they pleased. It need not be told that several thousands of pounds were in such cases flung broadcast over the county; in many instances, even in some of the smallest shires, reaching the respectable sum of £12,000; in very few less, in many more. It is no half-guessed thing that the agents paid themselves; then those who came nearest to them came in for the second-best share, and the farther away one was removed from the point of propulsion, the less lucrative was his position.

* See "Sibyl," by Disraeli.

The whole may not be inaptly compared to the irrigation of a meadow. In a full current it runs in the principal sluice, a little diminished in the next, somewhat less full in the next, and so on, "growing small by degrees and beautifully less."

It was Sunday evening; the gleaming sunset had faded, and twilight had darkened into night. Hour by hour the time wore away. It was near eleven o'clock. Two men were sitting over a cup of tea in a back room. Both were teetotalers, but only for the time. The men were the election agent and the county master of the Ribbonmen. We have not divulged the names of the candidates at this election, which we said was taking place, nor are we going now to give the names of the election agent or his companion, as they sat in the back room in the election agent's house.

Vain were the agent's attempts to induce his guest to have some brandy. The election agent was a shrewd, calculating man, as became his position. He knew that wine looses the tongue. He brought a decanter on the table; but the equally shrewd opponent was not to be tempted. It was growing late. The old-fashioned clock, that whirred and hummed like a woollen wheel before it struck, told them from its place in the small sitting parlor down stairs that it was eleven o'clock. The agent drew out his watch to compare time. It was correct, only that his watch pointed to two minutes past eleven. From his watch the eye of the election agent wandered cautiously to the face of the Ribbonman. There he was, with an unclouded eye and an unstimulated brain. It was a damper to the hope of the *magi ter domi*.

They had already talked over various topics, and even the coming election had been alluded to, but guardedly, however, on both sides. A lull had now taken place in the conversation, for the election agent saw he should broach the matter, and he was thinking how he could do so with the greatest advantage to his cause and with the least damage to the purse intrusted to him.

"It will be a tight contest," at length he said; "but after making allowance for every possible reverse, victory must still be ours."

"Glad to hear it," said the other, most imperturbably cool.

The election agent for a moment felt at a loss.

"But we should be sorry to leave any stone unturned. We know it is not the first time that you and your society have done good work for the Liberal party in the county."

He paused to calculate. The other knew but too well how "he and his society" were spoken of at other times by the gentlemen constituting the Liberal party, and his only response, therefore, was the single word "Ay."

The burden of the conversation was flung on the election agent. The Ribbonman knew well why he was invited, and he gave therefore no encouragement. He was not to be induced into a smile by flattery nor into bitterness by a momentary slight, if such should happen. Money was to come on yet, and until that came on the tapis no satisfactory answer was to be got from the county master. The election agent took out a sheet of foolscap on which were written the electoral divisions throughout the county, and on the back the names of those agents who were to induce, coerce, or *allow* their landlords' tenantry (though the agents in this regard, and others, too, are oftentimes more the landlords than the landlords themselves) to vote for the Liberal candidate. He took the divisions one by one, spoke of the success of their canvass through them, of the support they were to receive, of the promises made to them, and of the generally warm feeling of the county in their favor.

"Then, by your accounts," was the natural comment of the Ribbonman, "it will not be a tight contest, but a very loose one (if I may say so).

When all the odds are on one side, — namely, on yours, — why, it is merely a walk over."

"Oh, well, there are other things to take into account."

"Just so. I thought as much!"

"You see there is that d—d townland of —— packed to the craw with Orangemen."

"Just so. And I may remind you there is the colonel's uncle in the barony of ——; and his brother-in-law in the townland of ——; and his wife's brother's people-in-law in the division of ——; and, of course, the earl's property is against you to a man; and my lord's tenants will be guarded by the militia into town. If I am not mistaken, you called it a tight contest; but with your permission, sir, I will call it a *very* tight contest."

The election agent looked red and puzzled. He felt as a man who is beaten in his own figures. His mind told him he was beaten; but not for all that would he give in.

"What you say is very true; but the bulk of these will not go to the hustings at all. Many of them have leases, and they will surely vote for the Liberal candidate; and as to the rest —"

"Vote dead against you. Will not the agents be there at the booths? and will not they vote just as the agents direct? And don't think for a moment that all who have leases will vote for your candidate. Some will want bog; some will want slate and timber for a new house; some will want the smile and favor of the agent, — maybe their neighbor is nearly out of his patch of ground, and it is lying near their farm, and it is just what would make the right thing of it; some will want to be renewing their leases in a year or two; some will want compensation for a loss they came to: and where is the friend that will stand to them like the agent? You know the country well, sir, but take my word for it a daler in cattle, going from fair to fair, knows it pretty well too."

"There are only two or three estates, after all, that we are afraid of," said the election agent, adopting a conciliatory tone, "and my object in inviting you to call on me here this evening is —"

"You need n't mind; I know it."

"Well, what will your venture be?"

"One hundred pounds!" and the Ribbonman pronounced every word distinctly.

"We cannot give it. We will offer you thirty pounds if we don't succeed, and sixty pounds if we do. That, in my opinion, is a very, very liberal reward." He shook his head as he pronounced "*very*, *very* liberal reward."

"Bid again, Mr. ——."

"I must stick to what I have said"

"Really, now. Perhaps you think I will make a proposal, and then higgle with you?"

"What if we may do without your services altogether?"

"Did I come to offer my services to you? or was it not you that sent for me? And if you could do without me so easily, I wonder why on earth you sent for me?"

"You must sell yourself to us, for the very good reason that you dare n't sell yourself to the Tories; your men would n't follow you there."

"I have no notion of selling myself to them. I have never before done it, and I am not going to begin it now; nor am I going to sell myself to you or to your Whigs. I offer you my services. I demand one hundred pounds, but I promise you success; and furthermore, for your sneer, and to show you I am no higgler, I demand, over and above, that all my expenses be paid."

There was a tone of settled resolution in the voice of the Ribbonman. The election agent saw that it was or it was not to be. Success was doubtful. He knew the Liberal candidate would purchase victory at any cost. Should he, for a trifling hundred, — and what a trifle a hundred was where thousands were lavished, — should

he, then, for a trifling hundred, endanger the success of their cause? The man had said, "Give me a hundred pounds, and I will guarantee the success of your cause." He knew the man had power to keep his word. The whole train of thought ran through the mind of the election agent, and he was on the point of saying, "It is a bargain," when the old miserly grasp came in. He wanted to keep a certain amount for himself, and he began to compute in his mind whether it was possible to curtail other expenses so as to leave himself the sum he had originally intended, and to give one hundred pounds to the Ribbonman.

"I have no objection that you think the matter full over. I am quite at home here," said the county master, and he stood up, put his back to the chimney piece, and quietly hummed,

"Did you see my man, my man, my man?
Did you see my man looking for me?"

All this time he keenly eyed his host. Noticing that the latter was going to speak, he said, "I have told you I am not tired of this place; I am in no hurry to leave it. I am waiting for your answer; I give you plenty of time to consider it, but I require that that answer be but one single word, either ay or no, that you agree or that you do not."

And then he took up the old rhyme,

"Did you see my man, my man, my man?
Did you see my man looking for me?
He wore a blue jacket, a pair of white stockings,
A hump on his back, and he blind of one e'e."

As he finished the verse the election agent looked up; but the Ribbonman waved his hand, as if for silence, and then he curtly remarked, "One word — yes or no."

"Yes," was the answer.

"I will thank you, then, for one hundred pounds, or a check on the Bank of Ireland, before I leave this."

"Will not my word do you?"

"I'll have no bungling or higgling."

The election agent got up and placed two checks for two fifties in his hand. As he held the checks in his left hand he poured out half a tumbler of brandy, and apologized for his breach of the pledge, — "That he would be afraid to venture out in the cold without a little, and that a frost-nail was no harm against the road," and then putting his hat on his head, he wished the election agent good by.

How the hundred pounds were earned, and how the Liberal candidate was returned by a large majority, we are now going to tell.

The sun of May was gleaming in the heavens. The pleasant, cheery look of the year had returned, and man was not slow in taking advantage of the opening weather. There was, at some distance from where Julia Marron lived, a place known by the name of the Brown Bog. On a very bright sunny Monday in May, the Brown Bog was alive with men and women, busy cutting and spreading the peat that was to make their humble homes so pleasant and cheerful in the winter. Perhaps there was no place where one could find on a week day so many gathered together in the parish of the Seven Hotels as in that corner of land, the Brown Bog. There was the man "handy at the slane," busily cutting out with that instrument the turf, and fashioning them into their proper sizes. That slane of his was a cherished and well-guarded instrument. There was no treadle to it; for it needed not the force of the foot to put it into the mould. A cow's horn was on the top of it for a handle; the man's left hand rested on this, and by using the slightest impression upon it the implement ran into the turf almost before one was aware, so sharp was it at the point. A barrow stood on the level sward above him. A boy of about eighteen stood on the edge of the little precipice, and caught in his hands the turf as they were thrown from the slane, and laid them on the barrow. When his barrow was filled he moved away, and an old man came with an empty one and took his place

His aged straw hat stood on the back of his poll; his trousers were rolled up to his knees; one of his braces hung through the arm-hole of his waistcoat, and thus arrayed, with the bosom of his shirt thrown conveniently open to the breeze, he skipped along almost as light as he might have done some fifty summers before. When the boy had moved about twenty or thirty yards, he met a girl returning towards the scene of action with an empty barrow, the contents of which she had discharged in their allotted place. She was barefoot; her stuff gown was pinned rather gracefully in a bird's tail behind, a red jacket enveloped her bust, and a stainless white sun-bonnet shaded her face. She laid down the empty barrow and took the handles of the laden one. He went back with the empty one to the place he had come from; and she, as she moved slowly and rather stately away with the weight of the freighted barrow, did not present an unpicturesque appearance.

Such was one group, and the whole bog was full of similar, working lively and busily away. Here and there, amid the knots of laborers, was to be seen an old man stripped to vest and trousers, or a lad jumping in his lively pranks, or little children running about, who had come with the elder folks for a day's sport in the bog, or the white headdresses and variegated jackets of the maidens. Then as they met they chatted, or they laughed, or they sang. Taking it all in all, a person may not easily meet a scene so busy, so gay, so lively, so pleasant, or so picturesque.

Bees were not more actively engaged than were all these. Each had his allotted share of work to do, and, like the different parts of a machine, had to perform that work in proper time, or else the whole business was clogged. But it is not their activity that would attract the stranger so much as the chatter and noise and occasional laughter and snatches of songs, and the striking contrasts between the white dresses worn and the dark clay on which they stood.

And so that Monday in May — that sunshiny Monday in early May — went on. When the sun had risen to the meridian, then the activity and busy clamor ceased for a while, and the laborers took their homely repast.

For an hour or longer the midday rest continued. The seniors talked about the election that was commencing on the following day, and made guesses as to whether it was the Tory or the Liberal that would go in. It was noticed that there was a good deal of secret, earnest conversation among groups of the boys, and that on the approach of any one they looked round very suspiciously. The youngsters, however, whose animal spirits were a little livelier and less weighted with care than their elders, got up and enjoyed themselves "pegging turf." Many, indeed, joined in the sport whose ages might have warranted a little more sedateness; but not a bit angry are we to them for it. Amuse yourselves away, boys, while yet ye may; be children, if not in limbs and in years, at least in heart and innocence, as long as ye can!

The sun was declining behind one of the hills that bordered on the bog when Mithaun Duffy appeared on the road, accompanied by Andy M'Kenna and some few more. The moment this group was seen there was a general bustle and hurry.

One or two from one group of workmen, three or four from another, one from a third, all flung aside their implements of work, dragged on the garments they had cast aside while at their labor, and hastening out into the king's highway, formed into four deep, and moved forward at the word of command. The reader will at once guess that they had got orders previously, and that therefore they were in readiness in a moment.

As they were leaving their places even their uninitiated comrades knew well that something was up, and they were noway inclined to let it pass unno-

ticed. "Bravo, boys!" "On with yous, men!" "Give the word, Larry!" "Barney, there is luck for you!" and a square of turf saluted his poll. "Now, then, we'll give them a little courage!" and a cheer went up, which was more the gush of the moment than any commendation or applause for the errand they seemed to be on.

They travelled along the road leading to the country town at a regular march. It was night as they approached the borough. When about half a mile from the suburbs they turned into a field, and then Mithaun Duffy left them and advanced singly into town.

In a room up stairs, in a public house in the town, was a crowd of men gathered. At the door of this room a man was standing, and entrance was only gained after giving the proper sign and password. Mithaun Duffy gave the sign and password, and was admitted. He found about twenty men in the room. At the head of the table was seated a man whom we met before, — the same who had sat bargaining in the election agent's house, and who received one hundred pounds for his action in this matter, — an action that was to bring victory to the Liberal party.

The gentleman is going to speak.

"Are all here?" And his eyes scanned the congregated numbers narrowly. "In the earl's estate there are ten townlands, and ten men, with their forces, to these townlands."

Then he appointed to each of the ten parish masters a townland, or, rather, they drew them by lots. After that he appointed a guide to each one of these ten parish masters.

"In all there are three hundred voters; that would be thirty voters on an average; but some townlands contain more than thirty and some less. These are the names of the voters of each townland. I must remain here lest anything should happen; and if anything does turn up you know where to find me. I need not tell you how much depends on the secrecy and the despatch with which you do this business. I have perfect reliance on every man of you."

They then left the room. Each of the guides had cars ready, as many as they could get privately, and without causing much notice. These were required to take the men out and bring in any voters that would prove restive, or decline to make use of their own legs. Whiskey also was in abundance. Each master found his own men, supplied them with a cheering drop, and then they started for their appointed field of glory.

The morning, the May morning, early as it dawns, has not yet begun to show in the east. It is but an hour or two after midnight, and crowds of men are nevertheless making merry here and there through the chartered houses of the borough. These are the earl's three hundred. A privileged man might walk in and see them nicely and cosily sitting before tables laden with whiskey punch, or he might see them lying at full stretch upon the beds in an inner room, or rolling most innocently on the floor. He might walk in there that night two hours after midnight, — into these few chartered houses through the town he might enter, — and he would see them right gloriously enjoying themselves. The ambrosial nights of the gods were never such things. Happy and full were all, and there they drank and slept and sang; but all the while under lock and key and strict guard.

On the following day the polling commenced at an early hour, and agents on both sides were working more like horses than men. At noon came word that the earl's three hundred were not to be found. On every side groups were hurrying in and casting their votes for one side or the other. The Liberal candidate was far ahead; but the earl's three hundred would redeem the scale. Where were the earl's three hundred? They were to plump to a man for the Tory. Scouts were out on all sides, but not a trace was to be found. Messenger after

messenger came to the booths telling a tale of woe, — no man of the earl's three hundred was to be found. Numbers ahead, and the Liberals exulting at the Tories' disaster! Noon passed and evening came, and not a trace of the missing three hundred. The Tory candidate saw at last it was a lost game. He flung down his cap in anger, and gave up the contest in despair.

The county master had given his word that success should light on the Liberal banners: he gave his word and kept it.

To be continued.

NAZARETH.

Few towns in Palestine can rival Nazareth in picturesque charm of situation. Reclining on the western side of a deep and luxuriant valley, which nature seems to have adorned with all the loveliness of pastoral beauty, it lies sequestered among the hills in the bosom of fertile Galilee. But contemplating the exquisite beauty of this peaceful landscape, the pilgrim remembers that the ground upon which he treads is holy. What solemn emotions awaken in his soul at the thought of the hallowed mystery that has consecrated this secluded vale! Hither, descending from the realms of eternal light, Gabriel sped upon his exalted embassy to the predestined Mother of the long-promised Messiah, bearing to her his glorious message from the throne of the Most High

In the seclusion of her lowly dwelling, that humble virgin is absorbed in prayer, when suddenly the celestial envoy, in the radiant beauty of his eternal youth, appears to her, and the sweet words of his heavenly greeting, destined to be re-echoed by the myriad voices of her children to the end of time, fall in majestic harmony from his lips. Then dissipating the fear that for a moment had troubled the deep humility of her virgin soul, he proclaims his glorious mission, and announces to her that she is chosen by the Father Omnipotent to become the Virgin Mother of the Incarnate Word, — "Behold, thou shalt conceive in thy womb and shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus. He shall be great, and shall be called the Son of the Most High, and the Lord God shall give unto him the throne of David his father, and he shall reign in the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there shall be no end. . . . The Holy Ghost shall come upon thee, and the power of the Most High shall overshadow thee, and therefore the holy which shall be born of thee shall be called the Son of God." With all the powers of her soul Mary instantly bows in profound adoration before the will of the Most High, and utters that momentous fiat: — "Behold the handmaid of the Lord; be it done unto me according to his word." That same instant the mystery of incomprehensible love, long foretold by the prophets, was accomplished, — the Eternal Word was made flesh. The Son of God descended into the Virgin's womb, and became incarnate for the redemption of man.

Nazareth was then the first sanctuary consecrated by the hidden presence of our Divine Lord. Moreover, here He was pleased to dwell during by far the greater portion of his life in poverty and seclusion, in company with his holy mother and St. Joseph.

On the site of the habitation of the Holy Family there stands a beautiful church, under the care of the Franciscan fathers, and in the crypt beneath the nave is the Sanctuary of the Annunciation. The latter is richly decorated with precious marbles. Before the altar of the Chapel of the Annunciation a number of silver lamps are kept continually burning, and underneath is read the inscription, "*Hic Verbum Caro factum est.*"

Be honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end.

LIFE'S LABORS ENDED.

Alta California.

After upward of half a century in the cause of charity and mercy, a noble woman has passed to her long, last home. Sister Mary Frances McEnnis, a lady whose memory will be revered and beloved by thousands, is dead. Not only to Catholics, but to men and women of every creed in San Francisco, with whom her lifelong work of Christian love is familiar, will this announcement cause deep sorrow. The life of a Sister of Charity is one of the most self-denying and noble that can be espoused by or allotted to women. On the battle-fields, amid the terrors of heart-appalling carnage, in the fever-stricken, contagion-bearing homes of peace, quietly, honestly, and religiously they discharge their duties, and seem to be heaven-sent messengers to the wounded, sick, and dying. Fifty long years of service in this cause, — think of it and what it means, the sacrifice it entails, home ties broken up and the "world" ignored. They who live in the "world" can best appreciate the nobility of those who sacrifice its pleasures and gayeties for work, pure and simple, and work unremunerated save in the next world, and perchance by such a comparatively transient reward as that which Sister McEnnis received last summer, upon the fiftieth anniversary of her entrance into the sisterhood. The honors then paid to her, great though they were, were trivial in comparison with her merits. For twenty-five years the head of the Orphan Asylum founded under her auspices, at the ripe age of nearly sixty-four years she fell asleep under its roof. Hers was truly "a noble life," and one whose memory will ever be kept green; that life is too well known to be now republished. The historian will deal with it, as an incentive to action on the part of members of her order; but the general public will feel that in this hour of grief, while a sorrowing community weep around the body, the soul has won its long-aimed-at goal, and reached the home of peace and rest at last. Each day the prayer went up, "Nearer at home to-day," till at length that home has been reached, and the "Well done, thou good and faithful servant," pronounced.

THE FAITHFUL IRISH GIRL.

McGee's Illustrated Weekly.

James Parton, who, as far as the memory of the oldest inhabitant goes, has written in magazines and journals, has come at last to the conclusion that there may be some good in religion. This is the way he puts it. "In the kitchen, where Bridget slaves the week through, it is religion that rewards her, — it is father, mother, and friend to her, it is Ireland to her, it is the one thing that makes it worth while for her to go through another week of wash-tub and gridiron. These thoughts so possess me, that I would cheerfully work all Sunday morning rather than deprive Bridget of her mass; and I have often done it. There are in the United States, at this moment, 5,000,000 of people to whom religion is all that it is to Bridget, *i. e.*, the compensation for living." Mr. Parton is evidently beginning to see that life offers only one compensation for living, — religion. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom; let us hope that Mr. Parton's present vague feeling, that life is barren without faith, may lead him to "the fear of the Lord," and onward to that "peace which surpasseth all understanding." Intellectual pride and the finest culture are as Dead Sea apples, compared with Bridget's earnest belief. Life's burden may press heavily on her, but she does not murmur, for she knows that she is carrying her cross in the footsteps of Him who went before up to Calvary. How valueless is work for work's sake; how vain is study, compared with this Irish girl's daily drudgery! With the infidel, his work may be an intolerable burden, which he longs, yet dreads, to lay

down, or a narcotic burden which dulls thought; but with this faithful Irish girl it is a ladder which brings her every day nearer heaven.

A CURIOUS AND ANCIENT LEGEND OF PILATE.

Ave Maria.

It will not be amiss here to speak a word or two of Pilate. It is said that he was the natural son of a king named Tyrus, and a miller's daughter whose name was Pylus, whose father was called Atus, who from his mother Pylus and his grandfather Atus, was called Pylatus. At four years of age he was brought to his own father, King Tyrus, who by his own lawful wife had a prince just of the same age. These two brothers were brought up together in all noble exercises, in which the prince ever having the best, Pilate became jealous. The king therefore sent him to Rome for payment of certain tribute he was obliged to pay into the Roman treasury. Living there as a hostage, he associated himself familiarly with the son of the king of France. The Romans, finding him of an austere and bloody disposition, made him governor of the island called Pontus; the people were irregular and barbarous, whom by his severity he reduced to all civil obedience, for which good service he was removed to Jerusalem, bearing the name of Pontius Pilate from that island; there he gave sentence against the Saviour of the world.

Tiberius Cæsar, being then emperor, was sick of a grievous malady, who, hearing that in Jerusalem was a prophet who with a word healed all infirmities whatsoever, he sent one Volutianus to Herod to send him this man, but Christ had been condemned and executed before the Roman Emperor's messenger arrived. There Volutianus acquanited himself with one Veronica, a noble lady* of the Jews, who returned with him to Rome, and carried with her the linen which still bore the likeness and image of Christ's visage, upon which the emperor had no sooner looked than he was healed. The emperor then understanding the death of this holy and innocent man, caused Pilate to be brought to Rome, who being called before Cæsar the history saith, he had upon him at that time the seamless robe of Jesus which was called *Tunica Inconsutilis*, which, while it was about him, nothing could be objected against him to his least damage or disgrace: this fact was three times proved, and he still came off unsentenced, but when, by the advice of the noble Veronica, the garment was stripped from him, he was accused of causing a guiltless man to be slain; for erecting statues of strange nations in the Temple, against the ordinances of the Jews; that with money wrested and extorted from the holy treasures he had caused to be built a water-conduit to his own house; that he kept the vestments and sacred robes of the priests in his own house and would not deliver them for the service of the Temple without mercenary hire; of these and of other misdeeds he was convicted, and sent into exile in Gaul, where, it is said by some, he became a Christian and died a penitent.†

* It is a devout belief among Catholics that the noble Veronica being among the daughters of Jerusalem who followed Jesus to Calvary, wiped the sweat and blood from His divine face when He fell fainting under the heavy weight of the cross, and in return for her tender and charitable act He left the impression of His visage upon the linen napkin, where it is yet to be seen.

† The house of Pontius Pilate while in exile still remains standing. It is at a place called Credon, in France, about midway between Lyons and Vienne. The house is solidly built, of cut stone, and will probably endure for centuries to come. It is used as a presbyter and schoolhouse. The reputed burial-place of Pilate is distant about twenty miles from this, in Dauphine, and is marked by a heap of stones about five miles long, every passer-by having, according to an ancient custom, cast thereupon a stone. This practice was, after a time, forbidden by the law of the country, but without avail. Stones were, and probably still are, cast upon the mound by every passer-by, and the heap collected, as before mentioned, is about five miles long, and is called Mount Pilate.

CAPTAIN MOLLY PITCHER.

Pittsburg Commercial.

SOME two years since, a monument was placed over the grave of "Capt. Molly Pitcher," at Carlisle, Pa., the Irishwoman who displayed great bravery at the battle of Monmouth, on the 28th of June, 1778, and who in a well-known picture of the conflict, is represented as managing one of the cannon against the enemy. Monmouth, now the village of Freehold, in Monmouth County, New Jersey, is eighteen miles southeast of New Brunswick. The principal part of the battle was fought about a mile and a half northwest of the village, on the road to Englishtown. Captain Molly was buried at Meeting-house Springs, on the banks of the Connodogwinet Creek, a tributary of the Susquehanna, two miles northwest of Carlisle. Major André was at one time during the war a prisoner at Carlisle, and was, on his parole, permited to go three miles from the town, and on this very spot where Capt. Molly is buried was a favorite resort of his, and it is said he was fond of making sketches of the place. There is also a story told of his saving a young lady's life near this spot by seizing the reins of her runaway horse as the animal was about to dash over the bluff overhanging the creek.

The battle of Monmouth was one of the bloodiest fought during the Revolution. Twenty thousand men were engaged. Washington, Lafayette, Wayne, Greene, Morgan, Lee, and other distinguished American officers were present. The English were commanded by Sir Henry Clinton. The battle commenced before dawn and continued all day, ending in the defeat of the English. About two o'clock, P. M., a desperate struggle ensued between Greene's brigade and the Hessians and Grenadiers, commanded by Col. Moncton. It was at this juncture that an Irish girl, seeing her husband fall, rushed up to the gun, snatched the rammer from his dying grasp, charged and fired the piece right into the faces of the advancing English, and continued to do so until the battle was won. Lossing thus describes the occurrence in his "Pictorial Field Book of the Revolution," Vol. II. page 361:—

"It was during this part of the action that Molly, the wife of a cannoneer, displayed great courage and presence of mind. She was a sturdy young camp-follower, only twenty-two years old, and in devotion to her husband she illustrated the character of her countrywomen of the Emerald Isle. In the action in question, while her husband was managing one of the field-pieces, she constantly brought him water from a spring near by. A shot from the enemy killed him at his post; and the officer in command, having no one competent to fill his place, ordered the piece to be withdrawn. Molly saw her husband fall as she came from the spring, and also heard the order. She dropped her bucket, seized the rammer, and vowed she would fill the place of her husband at the gun and avenge his death. She performed the duty with a skill and courage which attracted the attention of all who saw her. On the following morning, covered with blood, Gen. Greene presented her to Washington, who, admiring her bravery, conferred upon her the commission of sergeant. By his recommendation her name was placed on the list of half-pay officers for life. After leaving the army she retired to Fort Montgomery, among the Hudson highlands, where she died. She usually went by the name of 'Captain.' The venerable widow of Gen. Hamilton, yet living (1852), told me that she had often seen Capt. Molly. She described her as a tall, fair-haired young Irishwoman, with a handsome, piercing eye. The French officers, charmed with the story of her bravery, made her many presents. She would sometimes pass along the French lines with her cocked hat, and almost get it filled with crowns."

LOST at sea — the sight of land.

AN AMAZING TRUTH.

Bishop Ullathorne.

It made a tremendous impression on the great mind of Edmund Burke when Bishop Gibson pointed out to him that "if all the sects separated from the Catholic Church were assembled in jury to judge one single Catholic, on each point there would be a majority to prove his faith. For where any Protestant sect raised a point, the majority derived from the Eastern sects and from other Protestant sects would be on the Catholic side; and where there is an error in an Eastern sect the other Eastern and higher Protestant sects would be on the Catholic side."

"But," said Burke to the bishop, "there is one thing you forget — the Pope."

"Not at all," replied the bishop. "The Easterners still recognize him as the head bishop of the church and the president of her councils and the final voice; only they say he is in error on some one point that they maintain, be it the procession of the Holy Ghost from the Son as well as the Father, or be it in the two natures in Christ, or be it in the two wills in Christ, and on each of these points the other sects of the East and the great Protestant communities of the West are with the Pope. And you must remember that whilst the adversaries of the church, all taken together, give a majority on each point of doctrine to the Catholic, that the Catholic is one of a body which alone constitutes the majority of Christians, which has possession from the beginning, and undisputed succession, and that all others who claim succession profess to have brought it from the Catholic Church."

Burke sunk his head between his hands and remained astounded. After a time he lifted up his face, full of awe, and exclaimed, "An amazing truth! an astounding argument! I will go and tell it to Fox, and I hope to see you again."

"But soon after," concludes Bishop Gibson, "he died."

HAS IRELAND A MILITARY HISTORY?

This question is replied to thus:

Did Sir Robert Stewart never hear of the terrible conflicts between the old races in Ireland? Did he never hear of Clontarf and Benburb and Athenry, of Ballinaboy, Rathmines, and the Boyne and Aughrim, etc.? Did he never hear of the sieges of Dunboy and Derry and Drogheda, and Cork and Limerick? Had not Fontenoy some relation to "Irish military history?" Does Sir Robert ignore the existence of Brian Boroihme, Sarsfield, Eyre Coote, Wellington, the Napiers, Pakenham, Marshal Beresford, Lord Gough, Garnet Wolseley, etc., etc.? Did Sir Robert never hear of the Irish Brigade, of the Connaught Rangers, the Faugh-a-ballaghs, the Enniskillen Dragoons, or of the Irish regiment which led the Light Division through Wellington's mountain march of victory?

Mr. Luke Pike, who resides at Chatham, New Brunswick, at the age of eighty-six years, was in the English frigate "Shannon" at the time of her contest with the "Chesapeake" in Massachusetts Bay, during the war of 1812, and is believed to be the only survivor of that engagement. He is a native of Ireland, and while on a vessel in which she was coming to Newfoundland, he was captured by an American privateer. Subsequently the privateer was captured by a British cruiser, and he and twenty-two others, released prisoners, were impressed on board the "Shannon," to make up the deficiency in the number of her crew caused by drafting men to be placed on board of prizes. Four of these impressed men were killed in the engagement. Mr. Pike, who is hale and hearty, has a vivid recollection of this memorable fight.

DESTRUCTION OF WEALTH IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

UNDER the somewhat sensational heading of "The Prevailing Distress," the English newspapers have now for a long time devoted a daily column to harrowing accounts of sufferings endured by the working classes in various parts of Great Britain. In too many places it is the case that the working classes either have no work to do or refuse to work for the reduced wages offered to them. In too many families, again, it is the lamentable truth that nothing has been saved from the superfluities of the good times now passed away, and that want of work, whether voluntary or enforced, soon drags them down to the horrors of want and beggary. Countries are knit together as individuals are, and the present miseries of Great Britain must of necessity produce depression here. Nevertheless we may be allowed to take an Irish view of the situation, and to find such consolation as may be possible in the circumstances of the times. First, then, we may remark that the commercial depression, felt more acutely in England and Scotland than in Ireland, tends directly to bring the three countries to a level, and thus, comparatively, to raise Ireland in the scale of wealth. The poverty of Ireland may not be absolutely less than it was in 1873, but relatively to Great Britain, Ireland is assuredly richer now than then. We agree with Prof. Bonami Price in holding that the distress is caused by the excessive destruction of commodities preponderating vastly over reproduction, and having its source in some measure in the waste of war and military preparations, but far more extensively in the profligate, unrestrained expenditure of all classes of society. Now this waste and destruction of wealth in Great Britain have enormously exceeded any corresponding losses in Ireland. As capital is produced by abstinence, so it is destroyed by riotous living and wasteful consumption. It has been argued that the bankruptcy of banks and commercial firms is only a matter of accounts and bookkeeping, which does not lessen the wealth of a country, and that Scotland possessed as much wealth on the morrow of the failure of the City of Glasgow Bank as upon the eve of that disastrous event. The bare statement may be allowed to be true, but we must go further back, and inquire what produced the bankruptcy. Undoubtedly the answer to this inquiry must be that the bankruptcy was caused by loss of wealth; and if we further inquire into the occasion of the loss, we shall find it to have been caused by barren investments in foreign countries, and by distribution of unearned dividends, to be unproductively consumed upon the enjoyment of luxuries. Hence, though the bankruptcy of the City Bank destroyed no wealth, £5,000,000 worth of wealth was destroyed by the directors and shareholders of the bank previous to the failure. The City of Glasgow Bank is but one example out of a multitude. In all directions the destruction of wealth in Great Britain during the last ten years defies computation. It is said that £200,000,000 have been put into foreign bonds now yielding no return, and it is certain that British capital has been very seriously diminished. In this way Great Britain has parted with much of that superiority of capital which placed Ireland at her feet. In the other constituents of wealth Ireland holds her own. She has land and labor enough, and if the drain of rent from Ireland to absentee landlords could be stanched, and security given for the enterprise and labor of the cultivators of the soil, the three countries might start fair on a fresh race for prosperity.

A LITERARY correspondent wants to know if there is much brain food in codfish balls. Not enough to hurt, but onions are powerful for the breath.

THE LATE MOST REV. DR. DIXON.

Sister Mary Francis Clare.

In the old Irish martyrologies we find a special mention made of the "mothers of the Saints of Ireland," and truly if in our time such records were kept, we might have our special mention of the mothers of the priests of Ireland. Those women, of whom so little is ever said by the world, who are unknown, unnoticed, disregarded, and yet who have done a work for God and for his Church which is recorded in the annals of heaven, and which shall be proclaimed to an amazed world at the great day of revelation.

These mothers, what have they not done? They have nourished and brought up a holy army of men — we might indeed almost say of martyrs, for surely a priest's life is at least a "white martyrdom." Day by day, hour by hour, they have instilled these divine precepts, that disregard of the world, that desire of sacrifice, that love of God's Church, these noblest ambitions which have formed the character of the future priest. They have not counted the cost to themselves in the nobility of their sacrifice; they have not withheld the nearest and the dearest. While other mothers tremble lest their offspring should be taken from them, these mothers only tremble lest their children should be unworthy of the sacrifice.

They form those sinless souls, they develop these vocations, not with many words, for they are mostly silent women, but with many tears and many prayers. They deem no sacrifice too great, temporal or spiritual, for the end to be accomplished is to the eyes of their faith so vast as to be incalculable. How these mothers of priests must atone to God for the miserable ambition, the worldly schemes, the selfish love of those other mothers who have neither their faith nor their generosity!

Joseph Dixon was born on the Vigil of the Purification, July 1, 1806, at Coalisland, near Dungannon, Co. Tyrone.* His father belonged to the respectable middle class, which, in every part of the world, but above all in Ireland, has been the great support of the holy Catholic Church. His mother, Jane Casey, was a woman of more than ordinary piety. Her one desire was that she might live to hear her son say Mass, and her desire was granted. She heard his Mass in the parish church where he was baptized, and soon after she said her *nunc dimittis* and went to her eternal rest.

We have already said sufficient on the subject of such incidents in the life of this holy bishop as bear an apparently supernatural character; and we find such an incident at his birth. A person who was present when Joseph Dixon was born has told my informant, a very near relative of the subject of this biography, that just before his birth his mother was left alone for a time, all the lights in the room having been extinguished, hoping that she might sleep. After a little while she called for assistance, and it was noticed that one candle was found lighting, a circumstance that was looked upon as not being occasioned by natural causes. Be this as it may, there is no doubt that the child was destined in the designs of God to be one of the most distinguished and shining lights of the holy Catholic Church in Ireland.

His name was the subject of a little family discussion. His good father, James Dixon, was very anxious that the child should be baptized by a family name, but his mother was so urgent in her entreaties that her boy should be called Joseph, that her request was granted. In after life the saintly bishop often spoke of this, expressed the most lively gratitude, thanking his mother for securing him

* Dr. Dixon was born in the parish of Donaghenry. The Irish form is *Domnoi Fainre*. Here was one of the seven churches built by St. Patrick in *Hy-Finitre*, hence the name.

the name and patronage of this great saint.

Of his childhood we can obtain but few incidents. He spoke very freely to the clergy who lived with him, but it is quite certain that he would tell nothing to his own advantage. One priest, who had a most intimate acquaintance with his spiritual life in later years, has expressed his firm belief that Dr. Dixon took his baptismal robe unstained to God.

From the very few facts that we have learned about his childhood, it is evident that both his parents were persons of very pure and holy life, and that, like many saintly souls, Dr. Dixon was singularly fond of animals, especially of birds and sheep. Indeed, he used to tell himself, even after he was made bishop, how he tried to catch birds to play with, and that he actually believed the traditional child's tale, of the possibility of effecting a capture by putting salt on their tails. His efforts to carry out this experiment were not so successful as to induce a repetition of the attempt. The village smith, who took an interest in his amusements, he considered a most wonderful man, and long after he came to know differently, his gratitude, the unvarying characteristic of saints, used to lead him to visit the good man whenever he came home. At one time he had a pet lamb, and his attachment to the little animal was very strong. It was lost one day, and he was quite inconsolable. Bedtime came, and no lamb was to be seen or heard of. But little Joe Dixon was a general favorite with every one, and a number of the neighbors had set out to look for the truant. His mother wanted him to go to bed; they told him his lamb was surely lost, and that he would never see it again. But soon he turned round joyfully and said, "It is found, and they are bringing it over the bridge now." This actually proved to be true; at the very moment at which the child said these words the neighbors were coming over the very bridge he mentioned, and bringing his lamb home to him.

In after life, and even when weighed down with all the cares of the primatial see of Ireland, he kept his heart young, and had a special interest in the pleasures and innocent amusements of children.

One day, at a bazaar in Drogheda, he saw two little girls in close conversation, and casting longing and admiring looks at a beautiful doll. He went over to them, and soon they were all in high chat. He asked what they wished for, and they told him, not the least suspecting his identity, that the doll was the object of their desires, but they had no hope of obtaining it, for they had no money. They seemed, however, quite content. The primate bought the doll, and presented it to them, perhaps giving himself even more pleasure than he gave them. One of the little girls, after thanking him rapturously for the gift, bethought herself of asking who the kind gentleman was, and she said she would tell her mamma who had given her the doll. The primate replied, "Say it was Joe Dixon, my dears," and moved away. The children did not recognize him under this title, but it was not so with their parents.

Those who know him best say that he was naturally hasty, but he must have commenced his career of self-conquest at a very early age. It will be remembered that we are writing of the beginning of the present century, when party feuds ran high.

The present generation having no personal knowledge of this state of affairs, are too ready to avoid the wholesome recollections of their elders, and those who are unacquainted with Irish history are unhappily ignorant — we say unhappily, because, while the bitterness of party differences cannot be too deeply deplored or too soon forgiven, we believe it is far from wise to forget past history, for history repeats itself, and they are most prudent who learn from the past how to act in the future.

One day Joseph Dixon was walking home quietly from school with a young companion, now also gone to his reward, but who was destined to take a prominent place in the church. As they passed along the road, they were met by a lad of their own age, who began to taunt them for their religion, and to use the most abusive language.

Joseph Dixon passed on quietly, but his companion seized the offender and only released him after a sound thrashing, which probably a majority of our readers will consider was only his due

It would appear certain that Dr. Dixon never entertained for a moment the idea of any other state of life except that of consecrating himself to the service of the altar; but we can well imagine the joy of his pious mother when the happy day came on which he took the first decided step by entering as a student at Maynooth.

Dr. Dixon had a keen sense of quiet humor, which made him a very agreeable companion, and he had that charm of self-forgetfulness which enhances the pleasure of social intercourse. His extraordinary charity would never permit the utterance of a word that could wound; his happy spirit, at peace with itself, diffused peace on all around; and his natural wit thus sanctified, made his companionship most desirable to all.

Dr. Dixon had a fund of amusing stories and recollections, and he was never less ready to repeat them when called on if they somewhat reflected on himself, or placed his own actions in a ridiculous light. When a child, he learned a great many absurd rhymes from a village poet and wit, who rejoiced in the doubtful distinction of being called *Wrangle Awee*. He belonged by excellence to the *genus irritabile*, and it is to be hoped, if all that tradition avers of him be true, that his mind was better than his manner.

Wrangle Awee was a genuine northern Papist, a growth of the times happily almost past, when it took very little to raise a party cry, when the poor Catholic, being in the minority in Ulster, was fain to make up for the desire to use physical force by consoling himself with the shafts of well-barbed satire.

Wrangle Awee was the village poet laureate, and in an unlucky moment the opposite party asked him to compose an epitaph for the sexton of the Protestant church.

Wrangle Awee was not long in producing the desired effusion. If he did not "lisp in numbers," he was certainly born to rhyme. There was great approbation expressed at his opening lines, but how the last part of the epitaph was received by his audience the reader may judge for himself.

ON JOHN THE SEXTON.

Here lies honest John the sexton,
Who gave the dogs their due correction.
Morning and evening it was his care
To keep the wild tikes out of the house of prayer.
He often looked over his books and Bible,
And never gave ear to popish libel.
The Pope he held for a horned beast,
And never bent his knee to popish priest.
When he came at length to Charon's bark,
His groat unpaid, he was turned back;
But when he came to hell's open door,
He heard a loud proclamation roar,
"You 're welcome, John, from Donaghmore!"

THE character of the young men of a community depends much on that of the young women. If the latter are cultivated, intelligent, and accomplished, the young men will feel that they themselves should be upright, gentlemanly, and refined; but if their female friends are frivolous and silly, the young men will be found dissipated and worthless. But remember always that the sister is the guardian of the brother's integrity. She is the surest inculcator of faith in female purity and worth. As a daughter, she is the light of home. The pride of the father often centres in his son, but his affection is expended on his daughter. She should, therefore, be the sun and centre of all.

THE Jesuits first arrived in Canada in 1625.

PERSONNEL OF CARDINAL MANNING.

He is a tall, thin personage, some sixty-eight years of age. The outlines of the face are handsome and dignified. There is much of courtly grace and refinement about the bearing and gestures of this pale, weak, and wasted man. He wears a long robe of violet silk, with some kind of dark cape or collar, and has a massive gold chain round his neck, holding attached to it a massive gold cross. His voice is thin, but wonderfully clear and penetrating. The words fall with a slow, quiet force, like drops of water. Whatever your opinion may be, you cannot choose but listen; and, indeed, you want only to listen and see, for this is the foremost man in the Catholic Church in England. This is the Cardinal Grandison of Disraeli's "Lothair," Cardinal Manning, Catholic Archbishop of Westminster, successor in that office to the late Cardinal Wiseman. An Englishman of Englishmen, with no drop of Irish blood in his veins, he is more Hibernian than the Hibernians themselves in his sympathies with Ireland. A man of social position, of old family, of the highest education and most refined instincts, he would leave the Catholic noblemen at any time, to go down to his Irish teetotallers at the east end of London. He firmly believes that the salvation of England is yet to be accomplished through the influence of that religious devotion which is at the bottom of the Irish nature, and which some call "superstition." He loves his own country dearly, but turns away from her present condition of industrial prosperity to the days before the Reformation, when yet saints trod the English soil. "In England there have been no saints since the Reformation," he once said, in sad, sweet tones, to one of wholly different opinions, who listened with a mingling of amazement and reverence. No views that I have ever heard put into living words embodied anything like to the same extent the full claims and pretensions of Ultramontanism. It is quite wonderful to sit and listen. One cannot but be impressed with the sweetness, the thoughtfulness, the dignity, I had almost said the sanctity of the man who thus pours forth, with a manner full of the most tranquil convictions, opinions which proclaim all modern progress a failure, and glorify the Roman priest or the Irish peasant as the true herald and repository of light, liberty, and regeneration to a sinking and degraded world.

Wait. — Wait, husband, before you wonder audibly why your wife don't get along with the household responsibilities "as your mother did." She is doing her best, and no woman can endure that best to be slighted. Remember the love and care she bestowed upon you during that long fit of illness. Do you think she is made of cast-iron? Wait, wait in silence and forbearance, and the light will come back to her eyes — the old light of the old days.

Wait, wife, before you speak reproachfully to your husband when he comes home late and weary and "out of sorts." He has worked hard for you all day, perhaps far into the night. He has wrestled, hand to hand, with care and selfishness and greed and all the demons that follow the train of money-making. Let home be another atmosphere entirely. Let him feel that there is no other place in the world where he can find peace and quiet and perfect love.

A Protestant vicar was standing, on a Monday morning, at his gate, when one of his parishioners arrived with a basket of potatoes. "What's this?" said the vicar. "Please, sir," replied the man, "it's some of our taturs, a very rare kind, sir. My wife said you should have some of them, as she heard you say in your sermon that the *common taturs* did n't agree with you."

LITTLE CHARLIE McKENZIE.

Christine Faber.

Poor little Charlie! The teacher said that he had been dull and inattentive all day, and for that reason it became her duty to detain him in the musty school-room long after his classmates were out and at play.

"Look at your book, sir!" she said, with that piercing voice which always made the boys start, and then she frowned, and "made eyes," as Charlie used to call it in describing the stern expression of her great, black, glittering orbs, to his mother.

He looked at his book, but his poor, tired head made a sad jumble of the letters, and his gaze would wander to rigid Miss Boxer, when, absorbed in her reports, she seemed to forget all about the little, quiet figure away up on the uppermost form. He queried within himself how she made the ribbon stand out so stiffly from her neck, and what she did to her hair to make it stay down in that smooth fashion: his hair would n't stay down so, no matter how his mother brushed or oiled it. He wondered why she did n't wear curls like his own darling mother wore; and then he began to picture his mother in just such a pretty dress as Miss Boxer had on. When he became a man he meant to buy her such dresses, and make her leave off the shabby, rusty black she wore now. But the time of his manhood was so far off, his poor little heart sunk at the thought of all the years that must pass before the arrival of that period.

"Look at your book, sir!" again thundered the teacher, and poor little Charlie with a start recalled his thoughts, and turned his eyes to the page. But his mother's face had taken the place of the letters, — his mother's face as it had been with him all day, careworn, and inexpressibly sad. It made his heart ache to think of her look, — it had made it ache all day long, and when the teacher had called him dull and inattentive, he had been thinking of what *he* could do to help his toiling and feeble mother. Those same thoughts were haunting him now, but he was so little, he had such tiny hands — what *could* he do?

"Come down here, sir!" screamed the teacher; and poor little Charlie tremblingly obeyed.

"Do you intend to learn that lesson or not?" accompanying the question with a little fierce shake of the head incidental to the profession.

"Yes, ma'am; but I can't, for I'm thinking of my mother." The floodgates of the little fellow's soul were opened, and it was vain to attempt to stop them. He covered his face with his hands, and sobbed in a way that touched rigid Miss Boxer's heart. She had a heart, but it was so topped and covered and crusted with the trials of a quarter of a century's teaching that it was rarely it could struggle to the surface; but it did in this instance, and Charlie was told to dry his tears and go home.

It was so pleasant out doors, after the close, fetid school-room, that the little boy fain would have lingered on his way home, but that his mother's face so haunted him.

She was sitting in her accustomed place, an old stuffed chair, with a shawl about her, even though she was in the sunshine, and from her white and wasted fingers depended the work which was making her so ill. She smiled on Charlie's entrance, and returned his passionate kiss; then he was obliged to receive the extravagant welcome of Pincher, — faithful old Pincher, who almost spoke, so full of intelligence were his dumb signs.

His mother did not reproach him for his tardiness — she could not in the face of the affection he displayed for her. He had so many loving questions to ask: —

Had her head ached awful bad, all day, was n't she "just awful tired" sewing on that "nasty old work" was she sure that she had her dinner? but there he found his mouth stopped with a kiss.

His mother had *not* had her dinner

for the reason that the portion which remained from breakfast was too small, when Charlie's lunch had been taken from it, to serve any purpose than that of being put away for Charlie's own dinner; but the little fellow was not to know that, for if he did it would take his appetite right away, and boys kept in school after hours are frightfully hungry, you know. So the meal, and a scanty enough one it was, was set out, and Charlie's chair placed for him. But for all his mother's manœuvring, the little boy was too cunning to be caught in that way; he had not kept his eyes closed that morning, when the small, the very small joint was restored to the closet, and now he was not blind to the fact that its dimensions were precisely the same. Thus it was with the bread; a half-loaf had accompanied the meat in the latter's departure from the table in the morning, and that identical half-loaf, not having lost a grain of its substance, was before him now. Oh, no! if he was a little boy he was not going to be deceived in that manner, and even his hungry little stomach protested against such huge deception; it closed itself right away, and valiantly declared that it did n't want a bit. But his mother's eyes, keen from very love, were watching him,— it would be no use to declare lack of appetite to her; she knew little boys too well; so Charlie had to manœuvre in his own way. He drew the things to him as if he meant to eat — as if he were voraciously hungry and meant to do desperate work. His mother was undeceived, and in the full belief that her son was doing his usual execution she again bent unsuspectingly to her toil. But he was in such a hurry to put the dishes away, his wonted afternoon task, that he almost betrayed himself, and it was only by a very dexterous movement indeed that he prevented the plate on which he had stored that which should have gone into his brave little stomach, from being seen. He succeeded, however, and his mother, knowing that little boys need play as much as food, sent him out for a frolic in the fields. Charlie did not care much about frolicking that afternoon; somehow, he did n't feel like a *little boy* any more; it seemed as if he had grown awful old and awful big, and that maybe he 'd never be merry any more. He did not even respond in his usual way to Pincher's caresses, so that the dog at last ceased to bestow them, and walked by Charlie's side as sober as was Charlie himself.

The sun shone so brightly, and the grass was so green, and the sky was so blue, and the air was so soft, that even the sad little boy could not long remain indifferent to all the charming influences. By degrees the lovely afternoon was dissipating the shadows which lay so heavily on his little heart. A swarm of butterflies went by, their hues glistening like gems in the sun, and Pincher looked wistfully into his master's face, as if beseeching the latter to have their wonted game. It seemed, too, as if something was whispering in his ear, "Have a run! Maybe something good 'll happen."

He could no longer resist, and in a moment he was after the butterflies, hat in hand, and his face glowing in such a manner that it made one feel bright only to look at him. Pincher was also in full pursuit, and with bark and bound attested his complete satisfaction at the turn which affairs had taken.

That little enjoyment, however, was soon over, and Charlie was returning to his home. The race had done him good, but, alas! it had made him voraciously hungry. However, he was not going to betray that fact to his mother, — not, at least, till he had made her partake of the dinner of which he had deprived himself. But what a sight, what a joyful sight greeted his eyes when he entered his home, — a table spread with the good things which are the delight of a boy's, and especially a hungry boy's heart, and his mother was still swelling the abundance from a basket which

she held. Of course she was as eager to tell as he was to hear whence such unexpected cheer came; and how his eyes opened and his cheeks flushed when he learned that it was all due to his cross and rigid teacher, Miss Boxer

Touched by little Charlie's remark about his mother, and having some previous knowledge of the sick and destitute condition of the latter, Miss Boxer had hastened with a generous meed of charity to the poor, sick woman, and further, she had obtained a promise of remunerative work for Charlie's mother, — work from the ladies at the hall, who paid so liberally, and who were so kind to everybody.

So little Charlie's sorrow was turned to joy, and little Charlie's mother was so happy that she seemed to be almost quite well, and she threw her arms around Charlie's neck, and said that it was his affection for her which did it all, and that she had a dear, good little son. Pincher, too, seemed to understand as well as anybody else, and he wagged his tail, and barked, and frisked about to show his joy.

Little Charlie McKenzie became a man, and one of the very brightest and noblest qualities of his manhood was that same affection for his mother, who lived to see him reap, in the love and respect of those who knew him, the reward of his virtues. He became a virtuous, wealthy man, and among the stories which he sometimes told of his youth was the little foregoing incident.

An Ohio paper publishes the following item: "A deaf man, named Taff, was run down by a passenger train and killed, on Wednesday morning, half a mile north of Greenwich Station, near Cleveland. He was injured in a similar way about a year ago."

The money question — "How much is he worth?"

"BABY PATRICK."

Richard Oulahan, in Irish American.

"So they 've christened the baby '*Patrick*'!
What a name to give their boy! —
To be laughed at on the playground,
And wither their rosebud's joy.
It sounds so all over *Irish*
That I 'd rather have called him 'Ike,'
Or 'Jonathan,' 'Seth,' or 'Nathan' —
But 'Patrick' I dislike!"

Thus flippantly spoke a maiden,
Of the upstart, shoddy style,
Who had never read the story
Of her father's peerless isle,
Nor had heard of Patrick Sarsfield,
Hibernia's lightning "lance,"
Nor of Duke Magenta, Patrick
McMahon, chief of France,

Nor of Patrick Cleburne, — "rebel"
We called him in the war, —
Whose charging cheer was music
Away on the front, afar;
Nor of countless other soldiers,
And of statesmen, great and good,
Who deemed it a badge of honor,
The name she would have taboo'd.

Ah, simple and weakly maiden!
Afraid of the thoughtless jeer,
And the harmless fling at folly —
At the mask of sham you wear.
For shame on the child of Erin
Who fancies it not polite
To speak of the land of Grattan,
Or mentions it but to slight.

I love the old name of Patrick,
And none, in adopted land,
Would wear it to-day more proudly,
If stamp'd by the *sagart's* hand.
For the true American honors
The *man*, not the *name*, I ween,
And he values not less the *colleen*
Who sings of the shamrock green.

So, maiden, tell "baby Patrick"
To hold up his head at school;
That they are not of the genuine Irish
Who, cowardly, play the fool;
Let him do but his duty, bravely,
To God and his country dear,
And his beautiful patronymic
Shall always sound pleasant here

When Pope Leo XIII. was nuncio at Brussels, a certain marquis showed him one night at dinner a snuff-box, on the cover being a very lovely Venus. The men who were present thought the joke rather a good one, and as for the marquis, he was choking with laughter, until the priest-diplomatist, having carefully examined the unadorned grace of the figure, returned it to the nobleman with the remark. "*Très jolie! Est-ce le portrait de Madame la Marquise?*"

ENCYCLICAL LETTER OF OUR MOST HOLY LORD LEO XIII.,

BY DIVINE PROVIDENCE,

POPE,

To all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World,

In the Grace and Communion of the Apostolic See.

To our Venerable Brethren, all the Patriarchs, Primates, Archbishops, and Bishops of the Catholic World, in the Grace and Communion of the Apostolic See.

LEO PP. XIII.

VENERABLE BRETHREN,
HEALTH AND THE APOSTOLIC BENEDICTION.

As the nature of Our Apostolic office required of Us, from the very beginning of our Pontificate, in an Encyclical letter addressed to you, Venerable Brethren, We did not neglect to advert to the deadly pestilence which is creeping through the innermost frame of human society, and brings it into the extremity of danger, and We at the same time pointed out the most efficacious remedies by which it may be restored to health and may escape the very grave dangers which threaten it. But those evils which We then deplored have in a short time increased to such a degree that We are constrained to address you again, the voice of the prophet, as it were, ringing in Our ears: *Cry aloud and cease not, lift up thy voice like a trumpet.* (1.) You will easily understand, Venerable Brethren, that We speak of that sect of men who are called by different and almost barbarous names, Socialists, Communists, or Nihilists, and who, scattered through the whole world, and most closely bound together by unholy ties, no longer seek safety in the shades of secret assemblies, but, boldly coming forward into the light of day, strive to accomplish the design which they have formed long since of overthrowing the foundations of every civil society. These are they who, as the divine oracles testify, *defile the flesh, despise dominion, and blaspheme majesty.* (2.) Nothing which has been wisely enacted by human and divine laws for the security and adornment of life is left by them intact or entire. They refuse obedience to the higher powers, to which, according to the admonition of the Apostle, every soul ought to be subject, and which derive their right of governing from God, and they preach the perfect equality of all men in rights and offices. They dishonor the natural union of the man and woman, which even barbarous nations hold sacred, and weaken or even sacrifice to lust the bond of that union, by which principally domestic society is held together. Allured, moreover, by the desire of present goods, which is the *root of all evils and which some coveting have erred from the faith* (3), they impugn the right of property, sanctioned by the law of nature, and by a monstrous crime, while they appear to meet the wants and satisfy the desires of all men, they aim at seizing and holding in common whatever has been acquired by the title of lawful inheritance or by the intellect or the labor of the hands or by frugal living. And these portentous opinions they publish in their meetings, inculcate in pamphlets, and scatter among the lower orders in a cloud of journals. From this it results that the revered majesty and rule of kings has so incurred the hatred of a seditious populace, that nefarious traitors, impatient of every restraint, have more than once within a short space of time, in impious daring, turned their arms against the princes of the realm themselves.

But this audacity of perfidious men, which threatens greater ruin to civil society, and strikes the minds of all with anxious fear, derives its cause and origin from those poisonous doctrines which, scattered in former times like corrupt seed among the peoples, have borne such pestilential fruit in their season. For you, Venerable Brethren, very well know that the object of the war which ever since the sixteenth century has been waged by innovators against the Catholic Faith, and which has every day increased in intensity down to the present time,

has been that, by the setting aside of all revelation, and the subversion of every kind of supernatural order, an entrance might be cleared for the discoveries, or rather the delirious imaginations of mere reason. This kind of error, which wrongly usurps the name of reason, as it entices and sharpens the desire of superiority naturally implanted in man, and gives a loose rein to desires of every kind, has spontaneously penetrated to the widest extent, not only very many minds, but civil society itself. Hence it has come to pass that, by a novel impiety, unheard of even among the heathen nations, states have been constituted without taking any account of God and of the order established by Him; it has been, moreover, declared that public authority derives neither its principle nor its majesty nor its power of command from God, but rather from the multitude of the people — which, thinking itself absolved from all Divine sanction, has determined to acknowledge only those laws which itself has framed according to its own good pleasure. The supernatural verities of faith having been impugned and rejected as if they were inimical to reason, the Author and Redeemer Himself of the human race has been, insensibly and little by little, forcibly banished from the Universities, the Lyceums, the Gymnasiums, and from every public institution connected with the life of man. Finally, the rewards and punishments of the future and eternal life being relegated to oblivion, the ardent desire of happiness has been confined within the span of this present life. These doctrines having been disseminated far and wide, this so great license of thought and action being everywhere introduced, it is no wonder that men of the lowest class, weary of a poor home or workshop, should desire to invade the palaces and fortunes of the rich; it is no wonder that there now exists no tranquillity in public or private life, and that the human race has nearly reached its lowest depth.

But the Supreme Pastors of the Church, on whom is laid the burden of guarding the Lord's flock from the attacks of the enemy, have applied themselves in time to avert the danger and to provide for the salvation of the faithful. For as soon as secret societies began to be formed, in whose bosom the germs of the errors which We have enumerated were already being developed, the Roman Pontiffs, Clement XII. and Benedict XIV., failed not to expose the impious designs of the sects, and to warn the faithful of the whole world of the destruction which would be widely wrought by them. Moreover, subsequently, when those who boasted of the title of philosophers attributed to man a sort of unbridled liberty, and began to fashion and sanction a new right, as they term it, contrary to the natural as well as the Divine law, Pope Pius VI., of happy memory, immediately exposed in his public teachings the iniquitous character and the falsehood of those doctrines, and at the same time predicted, with Apostolic prevision, the ruin into which the miserably deceived people would be dragged. Nevertheless, as no efficacious measure was taken to prevent these depraved doctrines from spreading more and more among the people, and from penetrating the public acts of states, Popes Pius VII. and Leo XII. condemned, by an anathema, secret associations, and again warned society of the danger which was impending from that source. Lastly, it is well known to all with what weighty words and with what great firmness of mind and constancy Our glorious Predecessor, Pius IX., of happy memory, both in his Allocutions and in his Encyclical Letters, addressed to the Bishops of the whole world, combated, at one time, the wicked designs of the sects, and, at another time, by name, the pest of Socialism, which was already bursting forth from them.

But it is to be lamented that those to whom has been committed the care of the public good, deceived by the

machinations of impious men, and terrified by their threats, have harbored suspicions and even hostile dispositions towards the Church, not perceiving that the attempts of the sects would be powerless if the teachings of the Catholic Church and the authority of the Roman Pontiffs, both among princes and among peoples, had ever remained duly honored. For *the Church of the living God, which is the pillar and ground of the truth* (4), hands down those doctrines and precepts, the first object of which is to provide for the safety and tranquillity of society, and by which the fatal plant of Socialism is torn up by the root.

For although the Socialists, misusing the Gospel itself in order the more easily to deceive the unwary, are in the habit of distorting its meaning to suit their purpose, there is still so vast a difference between their depraved teachings and the most pure doctrine of Christ, that there cannot be a greater; *for what participation hath justice with injustice? or what fellowship hath light with darkness?* (5.) They indeed are constantly asserting, as we have implied, that all men are by nature equal, and they therefore maintain that no honor or respect is due to authority, nor any obedience to laws, unless to those enacted by themselves at their own pleasure. But, on the contrary, according to the teaching of the Gospel, men are equal in the sense that having all inherited the same nature, they are all called to the same exalted dignity of sons of God, and that as one and the same end is set before all of them, each and all are to be judged by the same law, and will receive punishment or reward according to their deserts. But an inequality of rights and power proceeds from the very Author of nature Himself, *from whom all paternity in heaven and earth is named.* (6.) And, according to Catholic doctrine and precepts, the dispositions of princes and subjects are so bound to each other by mutual duties and rights, that the lust of arbitrary rule is restrained, and obedience is rendered easy, stable, and most honorable.

It is plain that the Church does wisely in impressing upon the many subject to authority the Apostolic precept, *There is no power but from God; and those that are, are ordained of God. Therefore he that resisteth the power, resisteth the ordinance of God. And they that resist purchase to themselves damnation.* And again he admonishes those *subject by necessity* to be so *not only for wrath but also for conscience' sake*, and to render *to all men their dues; tribute where tribute is due, custom to whom custom, fear to whom fear, honor to whom honor.* (7.) For He who created and governs all things, has in His wise Providence ordained that all should occupy their proper places, the lower beneath the middle, the middle below the highest. As, therefore, in the heavenly kingdom itself He has decreed that there should be distinct orders of angels, some subject to others; and as in the Church He has instituted various orders, and diversity of offices, not all being apostles, or doctors, or pastors (8), so also has He appointed that there should be in civil society many orders, distinguished by their rank, privileges, and power; so that the State, like the Church, should be one body, comprising many members, some more noble than others, but all mutually necessary, and all concerned for the common good.

But that the rulers of nations may use the power confided to them to save and not to destroy, the Church of Christ seasonably recalls to the minds of princes the severity of the Supreme Judge; and using the words of Divine Wisdom calls upon all in the name of God: *Give ear, you that rule the people, and that please yourselves in multitudes of nations; for power is given you from the Lord, and strength by the Most High, who will examine your works and search out your thoughts. . . . For a most severe judgment shall be for them that bear rule. . . . For God will not ex-*

cept any man's person, neither will He stand in awe of any man's greatness, for He hath made the little and the great, and He hath equally care of all. But a greater punishment is ready for the more mighty. (9.) And if it sometimes happens that the power of the state is unwisely and unduly exercised by princes, still the teaching of the Catholic Church does not authorize rebellion against them, lest public tranquillity be still more disturbed, and society be exposed to still greater calamities. And when no other ray of hope appears, she teaches that a remedy is to be found through the virtue of Christian patience and earnest prayer to God. But if the mandates of legislators and princes sanction or order aught repugnant to the divine or natural law, the dignity and the duty of a Christian, as well as the precept of the Apostle, teach that *God is to be obeyed rather than man.* (10.) Even that domestic relation which is the foundation of all society and government necessarily feels and experiences the salutary influence of the Church in the orderly regulation and preservation of civil society. For you know, Venerable Brethren, that the true principle of this society is to be found in the first instance in the indissoluble union of husband and wife according to the necessity of natural law, and is perfected in the mutual relations and obligations of parents and children, masters and servants. You know also that this principle is almost destroyed by the doctrines of Socialism; for when that stability which is imparted to it by religious marriage is lost, it necessarily follows that the authority of fathers over their children and the duty of children to their parents are greatly relaxed. But the Church, on the contrary, teaches that *marriage, honorable in all* (11), which God in the very commencement of the world ordained and decreed to be indissoluble for the propagation and preservation of the human race, was made still more binding and holy by Christ, who gave it the dignity of a sacrament, and willed that it should be a type of His own union with His Church. Wherefore, as the Apostle teaches (12), as Christ is the head of the Church, so the man is the head of the woman; and as the Church is subject to Christ, who embraces her with a chaste and perpetual love, so also should wives be subject to their husbands, and be loved by them with faithful and constant affection. So likewise does the Church enjoin the moderate exercise of paternal and domestic authority, that, without exceeding due bounds, it may control children and servants in the discharge of their duty. For, according to Catholic teaching, the authority of the heavenly Father and Master is deputed to earthly fathers and masters; which, therefore, not only derives its origin and force from Him, but acquires another nature and character. Hence the Apostle exhorts children to *obey their parents in the Lord, and honor their father and mother, which is the first commandment with promise* (13), and he admonishes parents, *And you, fathers, provoke not your children to anger, but bring them up in the discipline and correction of the Lord.* (14.) Again the Apostle lays down to servants and masters the divine precept, exhorting the former to be *obedient to their lords according to the flesh as to Christ, with a good will serving, as to the Lord:* and the latter, to *forbear threatenings, knowing that the Lord of all is in heaven, and there is no respect of persons with God.* (15.) And if these things were diligently performed in accordance with the Divine will by all to whom they are commanded, the family would present as it were an image of the heavenly home, and the blessings flowing therefrom would not be confined within the walls of private dwellings, but would spread with the greatest abundance throughout the nations.

And the wisdom of the Catholic Church, resting on the precepts of natural and Divine law, is most careful for the preservation of public and

domestic peace in the doctrine and principles which she lays down on the subject of government and the division of the possessions which are provided for the necessities and conveniences of life. For while the Socialists falsely hold the right of property to be merely a human invention, repugnant to the natural equality of men, and, claiming a community of goods, contend that poverty should not be borne with patience, and that the rights and possessions of the wealthy may be violated with impunity, the Church, with far greater justice and utility, acknowledges that the inequality among men, which is seen in the natural distribution of mental and bodily gifts, exists also in the possession of property, and enjoins the inviolability of the right of property and ownership, which has a natural foundation; for she knows that theft and rapine have been so strictly prohibited by the Divine author and upholder of all right, that He has forbidden us even to covet the goods of our neighbor, and that thieves and spoilers, no less than adulterers and idolaters, are excluded from the kingdom of heaven. Nor does she on this account neglect the care of the poor, for whose necessities she provides as a tender mother, embracing them with maternal affection, and, seeing in them the person of Christ Himself, who considers that what is done for the poorest is done for Him, holds them in great honor; she relieves them by every means in her power; she causes homes and hospitals to be raised in every part of the world to shelter, nourish, and support them, and extends her protection over them. She earnestly admonishes the rich to obey the command to give of their superfluity to the poor; and she holds up to them the terrors of divine justice which will punish them eternally if they do not relieve the wants of the needy. And she ever seeks to cheer and solace the hearts of the poor, either placing before them the example of Christ, *who being rich became poor for our sake* (16), or recalling the words in which He declared the poor to be blessed, and bade them hope for the reward of eternal happiness. Is it not evident that this is the best mode of composing the difference which has ever existed between the rich and poor? For, as the evidence of actual facts demonstrates, if this principle is rejected and set aside, it will necessarily follow, either that the greatest part of mankind must relapse into a condition of the most abject slavery, such as long existed among the heathen; or human society must be agitated by never-ending commotions and afflicted by violence and rapine, such as we have witnessed with grief even in recent times.

And therefore, Venerable Brethren, We, upon whom the government of the whole Church rests, as at the commencement of our Pontificate We pointed out to the nations and princes exposed to the fury of the tempest the place of refuge where they might best seek for safety, now again, moved by the extremity of the impending peril, raise to them once more Our Apostolic voice, and entreat them, for the sake of their own and their people's welfare, to hearken to and obey the Church, which has done so much to maintain the prosperity of kingdoms, reminding them that the principles of religion and of government are so identified, that anything that injures religion must needs injuriously affect the loyalty of the subject and the majesty of government. And inasmuch as they must well know that there is in the Church of Christ a power to avert the plague of Socialism, which is not to be found either in human laws, or in the rigor of magistrates, or in the force of arms, We exhort them to restore that Church to that position of liberty, in which she may best exercise her saving influence for the benefit of all human society.

And you, Venerable Brethren, who daily see the origin and nature of the evils pressing upon Us, strive with all the power of your souls to imbue the minds of all deeply with the Catholic

doctrine. Labor that all men from their tenderest years may accustom themselves to embrace God with filial love, and honor His name, render due obedience to the power of princes and of the laws, moderate their desires, and diligently uphold the order established by God in civil and domestic society. It behooves you, moreover, also, to exert yourselves to the end that the children of the Catholic Church venture neither to lend their name nor give their countenance in any way to this abominable sect; nay, more, that they may show, by noble deeds and an honorable mode of acting under all circumstances, how well and happily human society would hold together if each of its members shone forth aright in deeds and in virtues. Lastly, since the followers of Socialism are sought more especially from among that class of men who are artisans or who work for hire, and who, wearied with their toilsome lot, are most easily allured by the hope of riches and the promise of wealth, it seems fit to encourage societies of artisans and workmen, which, founded under the guardianship of religion, may render all their associates contented with their lot and patient of toil, and may induce them to lead a quiet and tranquil life.

May He, Venerable Brethren, assist Our undertakings and yours, to Whom we are obliged to refer the beginning and the end of every good thing. The very consideration of these days in which the anniversary of the Nativity of the Lord is observed, with its annual celebration, encourages us to hope for very present help. For Christ commands us also to hope for that salvation which at His birth He brought in afresh, when the world was already growing old and fallen wellnigh into the extremity of evil; and He has promised to give to us also the peace which He then announced by angels to mankind. For the Lord's hand *is not shortened that He cannot save, neither is His ear heavy that it cannot hear.* (17.) Therefore in these most auspicious days, Venerable Brethren, wishing every prosperity and joy to you and the faithful of your Churches, We earnestly pray the Giver of all good things that again *there may appear unto men the goodness and kindness of God our Saviour* (18), Who has delivered us from the power of the most deadly enemy, and translated into the most noble dignity of sons. And in order that We may be the more quickly and fully possessed of that which We desire, address, Venerable Brethren, with Us, fervent prayers to God, and interpose the patronage of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Immaculate from her origin, and of her Spouse Joseph, and of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, in whose prayers We have the greatest confidence. And in the mean time We impart to you, with the inmost affection of the heart, Venerable Brethren, and to your Clergy and to all faithful people in the Lord, the Apostolic Benediction as an augury of divine gifts.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, on the 28th day of December, 1878. In the first year of Our Pontificate.

LEO PP. XIII.

IT WILL HURT MY FATHER. — Two little boys were at play in a garden where there was a tree full of ripe cherries. "O Frank," said one of them, "let us pick some of the red cherries; look how fine they are!" "No. Willie," said the other, "we must not touch them. You know we were told not to pick one of them." "But, Frank, there is no one here to see us; you need not be afraid. And if your father should find out that we took them, he is so kind that he would not hurt you." "That is why I will not touch them," said Frank to Willie. "I know my father would not hurt me; yet for me to disobey would hurt my father, and I would not wish to grieve him." Did not that little boy know what it was to obey? We think he must have loved his father.

THE LATE PRESIDENT MacMAHON.

THE resignation of the Duke of Magenta and Marshal of France, as president of the French Republic, calls up the grand deeds and noble family relations of Marie-Edme-Patrice-Maurice de MacMahon. He is, perhaps, the most noted of the many illustrious men, either of Irish birth or descent, who have added in a great degree to the civil and military glory of the French nation. His ancestors, exiled from their native land after the battle of the Boyne, went to France, where, on the thirteenth of June, 1808, the future president of the French Republic was born, the sixteenth of a family of seventeen children. Graduating with high honors from the military school of St. Cyr, in 1827, he entered at once upon the active duties of war, and his great natural ability, combined with the excellent training he had received, soon gained for him a high rank in his chosen profession. He was not a strategist, but by his great personal bravery, his firm demeanor, and the love his soldiers bore him he rose higher and higher, until he received from the late emperor the highest military distinction, the baton of a Field Marshal of France. After the overthrow of the empire he devoted himself to the reorganization of the army and declined all political preferment until the Assembly, after the resignation of Thiers, elected him president of France. His election was perhaps fortunate for the Republic. His well-known character gave other governments confidence in his administration, and his ability and firmness carried the nation safely through the impending crisis. Politically he was too much a Royalist to support the Bonapartist faction and too sagacious not to see the necessity of continuing the Republic. He served his country to the best of his ability; and that his efforts were appreciated by the people was shown by the enthusiasm with which he was received on his tour through the provinces in 1876. He always did what he considered his duty, and when he could not conscientiously acquiesce in the acts of his ministers and of the chosen representatives of the people, he honestly resigned. He has retired to private life, but the French nation will never forget the man who did so much to advance its welfare during the fifty years of his public life.

THE FAMILY.

The gallant Marshal is of the Clare MacMahons; there course in his veins the best blood of Munsters, the O'Briens, O'Sullivans, Fitzgeralds, of Desmonds and Knights of Glyn, the MacNamars, O'Nolans, McSheebys, and others of the old martial clans of Mononia, whose invincible courage has been proved on many a fiercely contested battle-field. These Clare MacMahons differ in descent from the Ulster or Monaghan MacMahons. The latter are the race of Clan Colla, of the line of Heremon, while the former are descendants of the O'Briens, Kings of Munster, of the race of Heber.

Patrick MacMahon, of Torredillo, in the County Limerick, was married to Margaret, daughter of John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, in the county Cork, of the house of O'Sullivan Beare. Honorably identified with the cause of the last of the Stuarts, he sheathed his good sword at the Treaty of Limerick, and retired, with his noble-hearted wife, "a lady," says the records, "of the rarest beauty and virtue," to the friendly shores of France. Here his son, John MacMahon, of Autun, married an heiress, and was created Count d'Equilly. On the twenty-eighth of September, 1749, the Count applied to the Irish government of that day, accompanying his application with the necessary fees, etc., for the officers of "Ulster King-at-arms," to have the genealogy, together with the records, of his family duly authenticated, collected, and reorded with all necessary verification, in order that his children and their

posterity in France might have all sufficient proof of the proud fact that they were Irish. All this was accordingly done, as may be seen in the records at Birmingham Tower, Dublin Castle, countersigned by the then Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and the various other requisite signatures. In those records he is described as of "the noble family paternally of MacMahon of Clondernalla (in Clare), and maternally of the noble family of the O'Sullivan Beare." He was the grandfather of the Marshal Duke of Magenta.

HIS GENEALOGY

The Count's genealogy commences in the middle of the fifteenth century, and traces him though eight generations as follows: Terence MacMahon, proprietor of Clondenalla, married Helen, daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Earl of Kildare, died 1472, and was interred in the Monastery of Ashelin in Munster. He was succeeded by his son, Donatus MacMahon, who married Honora O'Brien, of the noble family of Thomond; and his son Terence MacMahon, Esq., married Joanna, daughter of John MacNamara, Esq., of Donaghtin, commonly styled "MacNamara Reagh," and had a son, Bernard MacMahon, Esq., whose wife was Margarita, daughter of Donatus O'Brien, of Daugh. Mortagh McMahon, son of Bernard, married Eleonora, daughter of Wm. O'Nelan, of Emri, colonel of a regiment of horse, in the army of Charles I., and was father of Maurice MacMahon, Esq., whose wife, Helen, was the daughter of Maurice Fitzgerald, Esq., Willinoe, Knight of Glyn. Mortagh MacMahon, son of Maurice, married Helena, daughter of Emanuel Sheehy, Esq., of Ballylinan, and was father of the above-named Patrick MacMahon, who married Margarita, daughter of John O'Sullivan, Esq., mother of John, first Count d'Equilly.

The descent of the Count MacMahon, maternally, through the O'Sullivan, is as follows: Mortagh O'Sullivan Beare, of Bantry, in the county of Cork, married Maryann, daughter of James, Lord Desmond, and dying was interred, 1541, in the Convent of Friars Minors, Cork. His son, John O'Sullivan of Bantry, married Joanna, daughter of Gerald de Courcey, Baron of Kinsale, and died 1578, leaving Daniel O'Sullivan, Esq., his son, who married Anna, daughter of Christopher O'Driscoll, of Baltimore, in the county Cork, and died at Madrid, leaving his son John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, who married Margaret, daughter of James O'Donovan, of Roscarberry. Bartholomew O'Sullivan, son of John, was colonel in the army of James II., at the siege of Limerick, and married Helena, daughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, Baron of Kerry, by whom he had Major John O'Sullivan, of Bantry, who married Honora, daughter of Robert MacCarthy, of Castro Leonini, in the county of Cork, grandson of Daniel MacCarthy, Lord of Gloucare, and Margaret, his wife, daughter of Donogh, Lord Desmond, and died 1731. Their daughter was Margarita, who married Patrick MacMahon, Esq., of Torredillo.

FORET, THE FAVORITE RESIDENCE OF THE MARSHAL-DUKE OF MAGENTA.

Now that the Marshal-President of France is about to resume the life of the Marshal-Duke of Magenta, a glance at the private relations, home, and ways of this great figure in the annals of our time will doubtless interest our readers, and we are fortunately able to lay before them some notes of a visit paid to Laforet, the favorite residence of the Marshal-Duke, in the month of September last.

The town nearest to Laforet is Montargis, the ancient capital of the Gatinais, sixty-five miles south of Paris. In the twelfth century Montargis lay in the "mouvance" or dependence of the famous house of Courtenay, originally seated in the small town of that name. In 1150 Adelaide de Courtenay, the heiress of the house, married Pierre de France, the seventh son of

King Louis le Gros and Adelaide of Savoy, who took the name and arms of Courtenay. Their son, Pierre de Courtenay, in 1188 alienated Montargis to Philip Augustus, in order to raise the necessary funds for accompanying that monarch to the Crusades. This Pierre de Courtenay married Yolande, sister of Baldwin of Flanders and Henry, the first Frankish emperors of Constantinople, and he was himself elected to succeed Henry in 1206. His two sons, Robert and Baldwin, successively mounted the imperial throne, and in this way originated the pretensions of the Courtenays, French and English, to the precedence of princes of the blood imperial and royal.

Montargis became a favorite abode of the French princes, as it lay but a day's journey south of Fontainebleau. There was a grand castle here, which used to be called "the cradle of the children of France," and in one of the six vast halls of this castle a painting over the chimney-place commemorated the fabled duel of the dog of Montargis with Richard Macaire, the murderer of his master, Aubrey de Montdidier, in the presence of King Charles. The castle was dismantled at the Revolution, and demolished by a purchaser who bought it in 1809 for 60,000 francs. The fable has shared the same fate at the hands of M. Guessard. Montargis town is threaded with canals, which give it a pleasing and almost picturesque appearance. It has a charming old church of the twelfth and fifteenth centuries, which saw some strange things during the religious wars, when the Huguenots were strong hereabouts. An hour from Montargis on the high road brings you to Montcresson, and there branches off the road to Laforet. The country is tame, almost flat, but after crossing the Canal de Briare, which unites the Loire with the Seine and the Loing, the road winds under vineyards on rising ground and is shaded by fine poplars. About a mile from Montcresson you enter the domain of Laforet, though neither gate-post nor sign-board warns you that you are on private grounds. You pass a few small farm-buildings, an apple orchard, and a plantation of young pine-trees and acacias, which is almost a wood, before you reach an iron gate, newly put up, with a porter's lodge as new.

Now come a nicely laid road, a lawn, choice plants, and the château itself in the distance. You pass a pretty cottage in which the gamekeeper lives and where bachelor visitors are "colonized," a miniature lake overhung with trees, a mass of rich foliage and shrubbery hiding the stables, and find yourself in front of a simple portico, the entrance to a gentleman's house as simple. It is built of stone, in no particular style of architecture, is neither large nor small, low nor lofty, and would indeed have as little character as any other comfortable residence but for a *tourelle* in which the Marshal's private rooms are situated.

Laforet belonged to the Count de Castries, the father of the Marshal who built it half a century ago to be near the home at Saint Eusoge of his wife's family, the Harcourts. Family arrangements brought it into the possession of the present owner, who has modernized it much, laid on water everywhere, and in short made it a pleasant residence. He loves the estate for the shooting. Game abounds here, and he is an inveterate sportsman. The hall is spacious, with a fine stairway on the left and on the right a large billiard-room, back of which is the Marshal's study, full of books and especially of maps, and looking out on a pretty view of flowers and foliage, with the steeple of Montcresson in the distance. Both of these rooms open into a spacious, delightful, oak-panelled drawing room, which contains a fine full-length portrait of Mme. de MacMahon, painted by Cot. This opens again into the flower garden, and on one side communicates by glass doors with a *fumoir* or smoking-room, soberly furnished in an

Oriental style. Thence you pass into the park, where cleverly designed *allées* lead in all directions under noble, outspreading oaks. The most interesting place in the house after the study is the dining-room, a cheerful, gallery-like room looking out on the park and adorned with the full-length portraits of no fewer than four marshals of France. One of these is Henri I., Duke of Harcourt, Marshal of France under Louis XIV. Another is his third son Anne-Pierre, who became third Duke of Harcourt, and was made a Marshal of France by Louis XV. Both of these were ancestors on the mother's side of Mme. de MacMahon. With them hang the portraits of her husband and of her father's grandfather, Charles Eugene, Marquis de la Croix de Castries, born in 1727, and made a Marshal of France by Louis XVI., in 1783, who died in exile at Wolfenbuttel in 1801. Her grandfather, the first Duke de Castries, was a famous person in his way. In 1789 the mob sacked his hotel to punish him for wounding in a duel the popular Count Charles de Lameth.

Nothing can be quieter than the life led at Laforet. Except when a minister or some notable foreigner came down to see him there, the Marshal throughout his presidency made Laforet his city of refuge and repose. On the occasion now recalled the visitors found the Duchess of Magenta, her mother, the Countess de Castries, and her young daughter, a young lady of sixteen, chatting and embroidering in the drawing-room. Soon after the Marshal-President came in, clad in a light fishing-jacket and with his rod in his hand, laughing over his ill-luck in a little stroll along the stream. His manner was most amiable and unassuming, without any tinge either of the camp or of the cabinet. He conducted his visitors about the grounds, pointing out the improvements and discussing questions of horticulture as if he had nothing else whatever on his mind. He spoke naturally and warmly about the fidelity shown by M. Waddington at Berlin to the interests of France, and earnestly as to the improved prospects of that general peace which all Europe needed, and which was "vital to France." When the visit was ended he strolled out, bareheaded as he was, to the carriage, and handed in the ladies.

The Marshal was a younger son, — his elder brother, who is dead, but has left descendants, having been the Marquis de MacMahon. His wife has a brother, the Duc de Castries (the ducal title was inherited from an uncle), and a sister, the Comtesse Roger de Beaumont. The Marshal has three sons — the eldest, Patrice, is a sub-lieutenant in the army; the second, Eugene, is in feeble health; the third, Emmanuel, has just been received at St. Cyr, the military school — and an only daughter. Mme. de MacMahon's mother is a Protestant, but the Marechale herself is a strict Catholic. In personal intercourse with the Marshal he strikes one as a thoroughly honest man, not of great intellect, but of unusually good common sense, well meaning, not over-ambitious, and with the air almost of one who feels that he is forced to do work he was not made for. But it is also clear that he is a man born and bred to do his duty as he sees it as well as he possibly can. The task has not been an easy one, and now that he and France have separated, though perhaps she may have occasion to regret the day she lost his services, the Marshal himself can only be congratulated on having recovered a freedom which he obviously prizes as the best of earthly goods.

THE other day the Butler (Pa.) "Eagle," in a brilliant report of a tony wedding that occurred in that town, announced that "the bride's trousers were the loveliest we ever saw." He wrote it "trousseau," but the intelligent compositor made the fatal *faux pas* and went West.

MONSEIGNEUR DARBOY;

OR, THE VICTIMS OF THE COMMUNE.

PART I.

Grace Ramsey.

I AM not going to preface the history of his death by a sketch of his life, — merely by an incident in it which he related to me himself, one morning that I went to see him with two friends, at his palace in the Rue de Grenelle, about three years ago.

The conversation turned at first, and dwelt for some time, on the topics of the day, political and otherwise; and then fell upon a question which had been warmly discussed of late amongst a small circle of earnest and suffering spirits, namely, whether or not we should recognize in heaven those whom we had known and loved on earth. One of the company expressed, half doubtingly, a hope that we would. I can recall, as vividly as if he were before me now, the bright expression of the Archbishop's face, and the sudden vivacity of his manner as he turned to the speaker, who had appealed to him for a solution; he had been leaning back in his arm-chair, that great tabernacle of a fauteuil that made the spare, ascetic figure look even smaller than it was; and suddenly sitting up, and raising his hand with a quick, emphatic gesture, he exclaimed: —

"*Comment donc!* It is not alone that we shall know each other, but we shall know each other far better than we did on earth; we shall read the secrets of one another's hearts, those that we had here, for *là haut*," pointing to the sky, "there will be no more secrets. And what sweet and wonderful revelations await us! We shall discover miracles without number that have landed many souls in heaven, but never been chronicled on earth; we shall learn how such a crime that we were on the point of committing, and did not — such an act of virtue that we were about to forego for lack of strength, and did not — were all owing to the prayer of some one who loved us, who was pleading and suffering for us, and saving our soul while we were losing it; we did some trifling service to a humble friend, a servant, a beggar perhaps, to whom we dropt an alms on a winter's day, and they paid us back in a blessing; we did not hear it perhaps, or, if we did, we took little heed of it, yet it shot up arrow-like to heaven, and did a great work for us! We shall see, when we get there, what a power that blessing was, what it bought us, how supernaturally availing it has been to us; and we shall be much astonished. There will be recognitions more joyful than the joyfullest meeting of a mother with her long-lost child on earth; *il se fera alors des filiations éternelles, des liens d'un amour immortel entre les sauveurs et les suavés.*"

The Archbishop went on in this strain, saying many beautiful and touching things, which unfortunately I cannot recall; even this much I should not have remembered accurately, but that, on my return home, I dotted down some of the remarks which had struck me most forcibly.

From speaking of the power of prayer in heaven, we came to talk of its efficacy on earth; I happened to remark how discouraging it was to our weak faith to see so many fervent prayers remain unanswered, notwithstanding our Divine Lord's pledge that whatever we asked in his name should be granted. The Archbishop denounced as false and unfilial the assertion that any fervent prayer ever did remain unanswered; and entered into a dissertation on prayer in itself, its nature, its office, its difficulties, and its privileges, the conditions essential to its acceptableness, speaking with great unction, and that persuasive eloquence that comes only from the heart.

"It is of faith," he continued, "that no prayer made in these dispositions can be unavailing; one very common impediment to our petitions being answered is, that we are always in a violent hurry, whereas God is

slow in his ways. We turn off and say, "He has n't answered us," when literally we have not given him time to answer. No, no, we have got a Father in heaven; and not a word is spoken, not a sigh is breathed from the hearts of one of his children on earth, but it straightway reaches him; and nothing can reach him and be sterile. The doctrine of the Communion of Saints teaches us that no particle of merit is ever lost in the treasury of the Church; the grace that is rejected by one, is offered to and accepted by another, like the seed that falls upon the rock, and is then wafted by the wind to some fertile spot, so the prayers that remain unproductive for the soul in whose immediate behalf they were sent up, are made over to another, where the soil is prepared by good desires, and whom they sanctify and save. Shall I tell you a little anecdote, apropos of this reversible action of prayer, which occurred to myself, and contributed more than any incident in my own experience to strengthen my faith in intercession?"

We assented, of course, with delight, and his Grace continued as follows: —

Soon after I had left the See of Nancy, which I had filled since 1859, I had occasion to revisit the diocese. During the one day that I spent there, many old friends flocked to see me. When I took my departure the next morning, Monsieur le Sénateur —— insisted on driving me in his gala carriage to the station, several of the notabilities followed after us in theirs, so that we made quite a little procession. At the station we found a crowd of good people waiting to wish their old shepherd "bon voyage," and to get his blessing. They opened a passage for me when I alighted, and I walked through their midst, blessing on either side of me uninterruptedly, when my attention was arrested by a little child struggling to push its way out to the front. I am fond of children, and make a point of going out of my way to bless them; this was a tiny little maid, and she held out her hands, and looked up in my face with a timid, eager expression, that drew my heart at once; I stooped down, and laying my hand on her head, I blessed her, saying, *Que ma bénédiction vous porte bonheur, mon enfant, à vous et aux votres!* While I was pronouncing the words, and before I had withdrawn my hand, I saw an elderly lady, who was standing close behind the child, start, and utter what sounded like a suppressed cry of pain. My first thought was either that she had been suddenly seized with an acute physical pain, or that she was the mother of the little one, and laboring under some mental suffering to which the invocation, which I had spoken rather tenderly, adapted itself with peculiar fitness. I looked at her fixedly for a moment; and laying my hand again on the fair little head that was still turned up at me, I repeated more emphatically than the first time, *Que ma bénédiction vous porte bonheur, mon enfant, à vous et aux votres!* The same suppressed exclamation broke from the lady, while the movement that accompanied it was more distinct and startling than before; her features contracted, and her whole body seemed convulsed by a sharp spasm of pain. There was no time to ask a question or even to express a word of sympathy; for the bell was ringing, and I had just time to seat myself in the train when it moved on. The face and expression of that woman pursued me all the way to Paris; next day, however, after making a memento for her during the holy sacrifice, I dismissed her from my mind, and I thought no more of her. About a month later I again visited Nancy. On the evening of my arrival I was sitting with the Bishop, talking over matters concerning the administration of the diocese, when he said suddenly, "Oh, I must not forget to mention something rather strange that has occurred lately, and which I connect with your last visit here."

He then told me that, the day after I had left Nancy, a lady called at the Evêché and asked if I was expected there soon again; on being told that I was not, she seemed distressed, so much so that the porter suggested her seeing the Bishop, saying that he might be able to give her some information as to the probable time of my coming to the diocese, or else put her in communication with me, if madame's business could be done by letter, etc., etc. She hesitated for a moment, but then shook her head, and walked away quickly, her countenance and manner betraying the greatest agitation. The porter was accustomed to see the door besieged by all classes and characters of visitors every day; but there was something so odd about this one, so unlike the generality, that he took note of her, and mentioned the circumstance to the Bishop; the lady, however, had left no clew as to who she was or what she wanted, and monseigneur could throw no light on the mystery. A week or so elapsed, and she again presented herself at the palace, renewed her inquiries, and received the same answer as before. The porter again invited her to walk into the parlor. The Bishop was just then at home, and would be happy to see madame, and would inform her more satisfactorily, and so on. This time she allowed herself to be persuaded. She had not waited many minutes when the Bishop came in. From him she learned that there was just a chance of my running up to Nancy in the course of the month, but I might not come till the end of the year. Her delight on hearing the first probability, and her despair when she came to the second, induced the Bishop to offer his services to her if it were in his power to replace me.

"Thank you," she said, "but you can do nothing for me. *Cet homme m'a troublée.* I wish I had never seen him! Perhaps it is better I should never see him again."

She said this vehemently, but in an absent sort of a way, as if she were thinking out some struggle going on in her own mind; and her manner was altogether so excited that the Bishop, moved to compassion, urged her gently to confide in him, and unburden her heart of whatever was oppressing it. She thanked him, less coldly than before, but replied that there was no use in her speaking to any one but Monseigneur Darboy; and repeated again, "*Il m'a troublée cet homme, il m'a troublée.*" The Bishop fancied he saw in this eagerness on the one side and obstinate reserve on the other the work of divine grace goading on her soul to some merciful result, in which either her own caprice, or some power that was controlling her mysteriously, had chosen me to be instrumental, so he suggested her coming to Paris to see me; but she rejected that proposition in a tone that left no room for argument.

"It would be a fool's errand to go from Nancy to Paris to say nothing," she replied, "car en définitif je n'ai rien à lui dire!"

"May I venture to put one question to you, madame? Are you a Christian?" demanded the Bishop.

She looked at him defiantly.

"Well, and what if I be not? All the more reason, perhaps, for my seeing Monseigneur Darboy!"

"Take my advice, madame," said the Bishop, "don't wait for the visit of the Archbishop of Paris, go *tout bonnement* and pay a visit to the *curé* of your parish; if you want consolation he is a holy man, and well fitted to administer it; if you are in need of instruction, he is a learned man, and competent to answer all your doubts and queries."

She met this piece of advice with undisguised contempt; but finally, after a good deal of persuasion, she agreed to go and see Monsieur le Curé, on the express condition that, as soon as ever I arrived at Nancy, she was to be sent for. She had kept her word, it seemed, but nothing came of it beyond a certain loss of time and trial of patience to the *curé*, as the worthy man

himself admitted to the Bishop, when the latter met him and made some inquiries as to his singular parishioner. Monseigneur now wished to make good his part of the bargain, and having put me in possession of the case, was about to despatch a messenger to the lady, when I cried, Hold! My time was short, and I had a great deal to do; if I saw this good lady I should, no doubt, have to hear her confession; and this would take up more time than I could at all spare; moreover, my multifarious episcopal duties had obliged me, for some time past, to give up confessing women altogether; and there was nothing in this particular instance that I could see to justify my breaking through the rule. I could not take the Bishop's view of the case; it appeared to be nothing more than an eccentric caprice, which I was neither bound nor inclined to encourage; he, however, was so eager, that I allowed myself to be overruled; and a messenger was sent to inform Madame X—— that I would receive her at eleven o'clock the next morning.

The moment she entered the room, I recognized her as the stranger whose singular demeanor in the crowd had attracted my attention a month before. She was nervous and embarrassed, and evidently at a loss what to say to me. I broke the ice at once by alluding to our last meeting.

"When we met before, madame," I said, "you were suffering either in mind or body; are you still in need of any help or comfort that I can give?"

She tried to speak, but could not articulate a word, and after a vain effort to control her emotion, she hid her face in her hands and completely broke down. I waited till she had recovered herself, and then asked her again to tell me the cause of her distress, and in what way I could serve her.

"Monseigneur," she said, "I hardly know myself what it is, or what I want of you, or what brought me here at all; ever since that day when you passed me on the platform I have been haunted day and night by the desire to see you again, and now that I am satisfied I know not what to say to you. When I went with the crowd to see you pass, it was out of mere idle curiosity. I had no idea of asking for your blessing, I don't believe in such things, and when I saw the people fall on their knees before you, I thought what superstitious folly it was, and I knew there was a sneer of contempt on my face; I was afraid if you noticed me you would fancy I was there to get your blessing, and when you came near me and raised your hand I resented it as a mockery and an indignity, and I drew myself up as stiffly as I could that you might see it; you did not see me at first, but when you blessed that little child I felt as if some one had struck me with a violent blow; the words you said went through me like a knife. I cannot describe the effect they produced in me, but it was one of acute physical pain, my whole body shook; this was repeated when you repeated the blessing, and the pain ceased when you ceased speaking; but the impression was so vivid that I had, as it were, a sense of it for days; in fact, it has never left me; I have longed to see you and to speak to you, that you might give me back the peace which you took away from me, unconsciously no doubt. Before that day I was calm and content, at peace with myself and with the world, but since then I have been tormented by a vague feeling of unrest; I cannot sleep; I cannot enjoy the things that have hitherto made life most interesting to me; I cannot say what has gone wrong in myself, but the world altogether seems to have gone wrong. What can you do to set it right for me?"

Her manner, which was at the outset timid and deprecating, grew more emphatic as she proceeded, and she flung out the last sentence at me in a tone of defiance. The world had gone wrong with her, poor woman! and she challenged me to set it right. God

was striving hard to do it for her, and she was kicking against him with all her might. I was considering this, and turning it up and down in my mind how I should answer her, when she broke out with, —

"I ought perhaps to tell you, monseigneur, that I am a free thinker; I have read the gospel in the most impartial spirit, but all I could see in it is a beautiful legend, full of poetry and morality; it does not approve itself to me philosophically as divine, as being the impress of divine essential truth; in a word, I concluded that Chrisianity is a fable."

She evidently expected this climax to elicit a cry of horror from me; I was malicious enough to disappoint her, however, and remarked very coolly, —

"Après, madame?"

"Après, monseigneur," she continued, "I turned to the religion of nature and pure reason, and in it I found what I had vainly sought for elsewhere — peace and certainty. Voltaire, with his superhuman insight into the human heart, opened out to me — "

In fact the wonders that Voltaire and his friends performed for the good lady were too wonderful to be credited, if I could remember them all. She had read every book, it seemed to me, that had been written since Voltaire against religion and morality. Her childhood had had the blessings of a Christian home, but her parents both died when she was very young; her mind, restless and inquisitive, had been poisoned by bad books, and her principles corrupted by the companionship of sceptics and infidels; she had been married to an infidel before she was eighteen, and had been twenty years a widow; her husband's death had embittered her, and closed her heart resentfully against God and all good influences; she led me to understand, with a sort of defiant fearlessness, that since his death she had lived up to the standard of her miserable creed, worshipping pure nature, and seeking in her bereavement all the palliatives that nature, unrestrained and unregenerated by grace, holds out to suffering mortals. I let her go on till she had said all that was necessary to enlighten me on the state of her mind, and guide me as to how I should deal with it, but then I stopped her; I had no notion of losing my time in a discussion on M. de Voltaire and pure reason, and I said so. She was very angry at this, for it was what she had been leading up to all along; the information she had volunteered about her antecedents and the history of her mind was simply a preliminary process towards clearing the ground for a fencing match, and when I peremptorily declined the performance altogether, she could not conceal her vexation and surprise. She was begining a protest, but I interrupted her.

"Madame," I said, "you must excuse me; I have not the time for a controversy this morning, and if I had I would still decline it; it would be too unequal a match; you could not cope with me. Do not fancy I mean the least disrespect; but you overrate your knowledge; no doubt you are a very clever woman, and you have read more than most women, but you have read bad books, and read them in a bad spirit; of good books you have read very little, and too superficially to have profited even by that; of theology you know nothing whatever, whereas my life from my boyhood up has been a sustained pursuit of that study. You see it would be taking a shabby advantage of you if I engaged with you in a theological argument? No, I will not argue with you, but if you wish it, I will instruct you; but not here. I will go down to the church and wait for you in the confessional; there I can speak to you as one having authority, and with God's grace I will help you to a better peace than the false one you have lost."

I stood up, and was moving towards the door, when she rose too, and cried out contemptuously, —

"The confessional! I kneel down like a child, or a doating old *dévoté*, in

the confessional! I tell you I don't believe in the gospel, and you ask me to go to confession! *Vous vous moquez de moi, monseigneur!*"

She tried to laugh, but her voice shook, and her mouth quivered, and told her of the struggle that was going on within.

"Madame," I said, — and I tried to put into my tone and looks some of the pity that my heart was full of, — "it is you who are mocking God by resisting his grace; you are not quite so unbelieving as you say, or else you would not be here now; God is very merciful, but take heed that you trifle not with His mercy! Do as he commands you by the voice of his minister: follow me to the church."

"I will never demean myself by such an act! I will never kneel down at the feet of a man!" she exclaimed passionately, and sat down again, as much as to say, "Go your way without me; I will not stir!"

"I am going to church," I said, looking up at the clock, "and I will wait there one hour."

I went straight to the sacristy, where I put on a surplice and stole, and then entering the church I knelt down before the altar and prayed with my whole heart for the poor soul over which God and the devil were, as it were, fighting hand to hand. I waited a long time, — my eager watch made it seem much longer; the clock chimed the half-hour, and still I waited, and it must soon strike the hour, but no one came; my heart began to sink. God was being worsted in the duel. But just as I had given up all hope, I heard a door open softly at the other end of the church. I stood up at once, and without turning to see whether it was the person I expected, walked straight to the confessional. I had hardly closed the door when a quick step crossed the pavement, and the penitent was on her knees beside me. God had won the day!

. . . . . .

Before I left Nancy I had the happiness of giving her Holy Communion, which she received in floods of tears, and in a spirit of joyful penitence that it has seldom been my privilege to witness. Her conversion was not the result of any passing emotion or overwrought feeling; it proved as solid as it had been prompt. Madame X—— has persevered faithfully; her life is one of exemplary piety and active goodness; she works indefatigably for the *curé* of her parish, and with the docility of a child. It was a very happy visit of mine to Nancy, that one; and in recalling the many merciful episodes that have marked my ministry amongst souls, there is not one that I look back on with greater consolation.

Monseigneur ceased speaking, and for some moments we remained all under the spell of his suppressed emotion, no one caring to break the silence. At last he said, brightening up, with that merry twinkle in his eye that sometimes gave a sort of quizzical expression to his face: —

"So you see what may come even of a blessing that one catches in the bustle of a railway station!"

This is all my story; but while the memory of Monseigneur Darboy's sufferings and death is still a green wound in our hearts, every little incident connected with his life is invested with that kind of sacred interest which we attach to the details of a saint's or a martyr's life, and it will not be out of place here to record some conversation which I had with him on the occasion of our last meeting on earth. It was on the 17th of August. Paris was seething with excitement. After alternating from mad jubilee to black despair, she had so far sobered down as to come to facts, and try to look at them and comprehend them. She began to see that she had been bamboozled and blindfolded; that the *soi-disantes* battles which France had won had never been fought; that the victories for which she had illuminated had never been won; that her arms, instead of being anywhere triumphant,

were everywhere beaten; that she was reeling and staggering under the most appalling series of disasters history had yet chronicled; that it was no longer a question of "kicking back the Vandals across the Rhine," but of saving themselves from utter annihilation; that the enemy was marching on the capital, would soon be at its very gates: this was the reality to which poor, foolish, infatuated Paris was at last awaking. Still, even at this crisis, the general impression was that a siege was impossible; that it would take a million and a half of men to invest the city; that the Prussians were too exhausted in numbers to attempt such a gigantic enterprise; and that, admitting the nation, by a supreme effort, could muster the necessary forces, Bismarck would never dare, in the face of Europe and of history, commit his country to such a demoniacal act of vandalism as the bombardment of the noblest city in the world. Some who believed the unifier of Germany capable of bombarding heaven itself if his aims required it and his artillery could range so high, consoled themselves by declaring that, if the Prussians were mad enough to thrust themselves under the walls of Paris, every man of them, from first to last, should find his grave there; not a solitary woman's son of the million and a half should go back to tell the Vaterland how his brethren had perished! Vain vaunt of folly and blindness and ignorance, unparalleled in the history of men! But I did not mean to dwell on this, merely to glance at it on my way to the Archbishop, whom we went to consult, on this 17th of August, as to the prudence of remaining in Paris or flying to England. Most of our countrymen had already adopted the latter alternative, and the few who still lingered on, had packed their trunks, and got their passports *visés*, and were ready to start at an hour's warning. His Grace unhesitatingly advised us to follow their example.

"But, monseigneur," I said, "you don't believe in the city being besieged? Surely, in the nineteenth century, such a thing is beyond the pale of possibility?" And the idea seemed so magnificently absurd that I laughed as I spoke.

But the Archbishop looked very grave.

"We may hope it will not come to that," he said; "but we must act as if we were certain it would."

"And you, monseigneur," I ventured to ask, "what will you do?"

"Stay where I am, of course!" he answered gayly. "Thank God, I have not to puzzle over my duty; it is ready marked out for me, and I shall have plenty of work to do."

"It is a fearful day of judgment that has overtaken the world," I said, "and one dares not think how it will end. What will become of France, for instance, if the Emperor is killed? Who is there to take his place?"

"Ah, voilà!" he exclaimed, lifting his arm and letting it fall again heavily on the arm of his fauteuil, "that is the terrible consequence of having all depend on the life of one; we can forecast nothing; we are at the mercy of the first adventurer who may start up and seize the helm; *quel sera cet homme de courage ou de crime?*"

He said a good deal on the same subject, speaking with a calm foreboding that had much prophetic instinct in it; but the mighty questions which the coming shadows of events evolved in all thinking minds during those momentous days have been in some measure answered since, and there is no need to ponder now in the retrospect on Monseigneur Darboy's previsions. That those previsions did not date from the crisis of to-day is evident enough, from the Pastorals in which, of late years, the Archbishop had daringly denounced the vices and follies of the Empire, and foretold their inevitable culmination. Again and again he had raised his voice in solemn warning to the leaders and the people. In his Pastoral of 1865 occurs the following passage, which we cannot read now without being struck

by the clear-sighted intelligence of the statesman and the far-sighted wisdom of the prophet stamped on every line: "Yes, when immoral and irreligious doctrines have warped the intellect and corrupted the heart of the nation, when license and luxury have overrun society, when all manner of fictitious wants have been introduced into every class, when all this has been accomplished, there will come the day of reckoning; then we shall see the intelligence of the great disturbed, the prudence of the wise will grow short, their strength will be hindered, and it will need but one of those thousand accidents that swarm in the existence of peoples to precipitate *all* into the abyss, and so make established institutions collapse *dans un suprême écroulement*."

Some remark on the convulsed state of France, and the European complications likely to ensue, led to the mention of Rome. A great deal of gossip, written and spoken, had been circulated all over the world, concerning the light in which the Archbishop of Paris stood towards the Holy See, and the attitude he had maintained during the Council; rumor had been very busy, and, as usual, very inaccurate in her appreciation of both; a great deal of scandal had been given and taken on the score of his supposed opposition to the dogma of infallibility, and I felt a strong desire to hear from his own lips the truth on this vexed point. The confidence with which he had always encouraged me to speak to him, and the simplicity with which he condescended to explain his own views on other subjects, prompted me to ask him for a few words of explanation on this one. I felt, too, that we were likely to adopt his advice and leave Paris in a day or two, and that another such a favorable opportunity of putting the request might not occur again. This would probably be our last interview for a long time; I little guessed how long! I therefore asked him boldly if he would give us his version of the controversy, which had engaged many holy and learned men, with regard to papal infallibility.

"*Très volontiers!*" he replied, with alacrity; "my own share of it can be stated *en deux mots;* we went to Rome to consult together, not on the promulgation of a dogma, as so many people both inside and outside the church were ignorant enough to suppose, but on the definition of a dogma which has always existed; I, with some others, considered this definition inadequately framed, and as I had been summoned to give my opinion, I gave it without fear or reticence. The definition stood thus: The Pope is infallible when, inspired by God, he pronounces on any question of theology or morality. I was for inserting the clause: *et appuyé par les moyens d'inspiration reconnus dans l'église.* This was rejected on the grounds that it was so palpably self-evident to Catholics, having been taught and understood by all generations from St. Peter down, that to insert it would be idle tautology and a pandering to the indocile spirit of the age. The Holy Father took this view of the case. The Council adopted it, and we all of us, *moi le premier*, accepted its decision, and made an end of controversy. We know that the voice of the Church is the voice of God; that her decrees are infallibly dictated by the spirit of God; and all we have to do, as good sons, is to obey her and to uphold her teaching to our utmost by word and deed."

It is with heartfelt pleasure and deep gratitude that I record these words, but the accent of earnest conviction with which they were spoken, I cannot record; there was that in the tone and look of the Archbishop as he uttered them, that made you feel he was speaking from the abundance of the heart, not from any compulsory sense of duty, as one would who, *nolens volens*, succumbs to a fiat imposed by his conscience but resented by his reason. I remembered the story told somewhere of an infidel who, on coming out from a sermon of Monseigneur Darboy's, exclaimed, "I am not a Christian;

but if I were to hear that man often, I would soon be one in spite of myself."

There was some further conversation about the Council, and the state of feeling in Rome while it lasted; the ladies, it was remarked, had contributed in no small degree to keep up the thermometer of theological excitement in society, holding "salons faillibilistes" and "salons infaillibilistes," arguing and discussing and criticising the Fathers, their speeches, their merits, demeanor, etc., and altogether expending their energies, better employed elsewhere, on what they knew nothing at all about. Apropos of this, some one repeated a mot of Monseigneur P——'s. One of these crinoline theologians met the Bishop one evening at a sister "faillibiliste's," and told him that some one had named her and her co-doctoresses "*les mères de Concile.*" "*Les commères*,* madame," replied monseigneur, with a profound bow, and passed on. Monseigneur Darboy laughed heartily at the story, and said it was a great pity people had not prayed more and talked less on the subject, as they might thereby have done some good and avoided much evil.

I cannot close this reminiscence better than by quoting the opening lines of his own will, dated Sept. 16th, 1870, the eve of the investment of Paris: "*I die in the faith of the Holy Church Catholic, Apostolic and Roman, believing all that she believes, condemning all that she condemns.*"

He blessed us all when we took leave of him, and prayed that we might meet in happier times. When that prayer is granted, it must be in the sunshine of the Father's house, where the martyr is resting now; and we may find that the blessing which he called down on us that day will have helped us to rejoin him there.

Martyr! But is he a martyr? I hear you exclaim, — not enviously, perhaps; not grudging God the glory or George Darboy the joy of having added one more victor to the ranks of those who have shed their blood for Christ, and now stand before the throne "clad in crimson," and holding in their hand the palm-branch; you are afraid only of bestowing the title where it is not due. You need not be afraid. It was fairly and nobly won. The Archbishop of Paris was no mere political victim, as many would make him out; he was not persecuted to death because he was Cæsar's friend, and because he represented a name and a system odious to the Commune, but because he symbolized Him whose name was more odious and far more formidable to those mad fanatics than all the kings and powers of this world combined; because he was the minister of God, — "*le serviteur d'un nommé Dieu*," as they blasphemously put it elsewhere, — the first representative of religion in Paris.

Conclusion in our next.

* Gossips.

A REPORTER called at the store of Mr. Abraham Eppenstein to make some inquiries about the health of the three cherubims that his wife had presented him the night before. "Well, how's everything?" asked the reporter, smiling broadly. "Vell, I feels pooty good all the while. Beesness was pickin' up pooty kvick. I half der largest assordment of goods vat vas ever brought — " "The children — the babies!" interrupted the reporter, "I want to know something about the babies." "Vat babies? Oh! dose dree leetle fellers vat come to seen me last night? I vish you vould said in your paper to-morrow dot Mr. Eppenstein's babies are like his goods — der best der market affords. Und see here," called the happy father after the vanishing reporter, "poot in a line at der bottom, und said, of you please, dot our popular merchant, Mr. Eppenstein, haf just returned from Ni Yorick mit a large stock of goods vich he is almost givin' away on ackound of der hard times." — *Oil City Derrick.*

STRIKES.

Delivered before the Workingmen's Club, Dublin, by Rev. John Beahan.

THE Rev. J. Beahan, C. C., who was warmly received, defined a strike roughly as a cessation of work by a body of workmen because of their employers' unwillingness to give the wages they require. The first question was, Was a strike lawful in itself? To that he said a strike in the abstract might be lawful, but they never had to deal with a strike in the abstract. They had a number of workmen refusing to work, but they seldom stopped there. They generally went further. But can a workman demand what he likes for his work? Under ordinary circumstances a man may put what value he likes on his labor, but in many circumstances he ought to be bound to accept the market value of it. Voluntary cessation from work is a bad thing, and likely to lead to serious evils. A strike is like going to law or war, it is pretty sure to be a loss all round. It is such a desperate remedy that it should scarcely ever be used. A strike is an attempt to establish a monopoly; but the only legitimate monopoly was that enjoyed by the government, because the government used that monopoly for the common good. All other monopolies are against the general interests. But they would say, Is a workman to be refused the only means of compelling his employer to give fair wages? That that was the only means that he had for getting fair wages he (the reverend lecturer) utterly denied. Not that he thought that the workman was not entitled to fair wages. But competition, the state of the markets, and the power of the people to pay the demand of labor, must always settle the wages. If labor is in demand no combination of employers can keep down the price of it; and if it is not in demand no amount of combination on the part of workmen can keep it up. He thought that the employer and his workmen should be able to settle among themselves any dispute that may arise about wages, or, if they liked, a body of employers and a body of workmen. Even if the trade rules were unyielding, and more against than for the workmen, then they must endeavor and stretch the rules as far as they could. But it was not necessary that they should bind themselves by trade rules. He could not agree with the workman who said lately at a meeting, in relation to the organization of a club, that every man that would not join his trade was a robber. That language was too strong. (Hear, hear!) He could not believe that it was the workman who was making money for the capitalist. Whilst he believed the interest of the employer and employed was one, he thought the capitalist did more for the workman than the workman did for the capitalist. It was not the workman who ever made the money for the capitalist. The capitalist out of his savings builds a factory where he employs workmen. He provides the machinery and implements to work with. If they reflected a little they would see what a monstrous thing it was to say that the workman was the sole source, or the source at all, of the capitalist's good fortune. The workman was an integral part of the concern, but he was very far from being the exclusive part of its wealth. The reverend gentleman then exposed the fallacy of the dictum frequently put forward, that all the members of a trade should receive the same amount of wages and no more. It was so manifestly absurd that it had hardly ever been insisted on in its full application. In every well-ordered service there was a well-ordered gradation of pay; and in the same way, in every well-ordered trade there ought to be a practical recognition of superior trade ability and cleverness. (Hear, hear!) He read in the "Freeman" that day what showed that the workingman was sometimes as wise as any other, namely, that at Kinghorn, Shipbuilding Yard, Kirkcaldy, Scotland, the men submitted to a reduction of five per cent in their wages; and

the strange thing about this was, that there was more work in the yard at present than there had been for many years. The reverend lecturer next pointed out that it was more production was wanted and not less. (Hear, hear!) He found that in almost every strike the workmen were not only defeated, but utterly routed. There were between two hundred and three hundred strikes in England last year, and in ninety-nine out of one hundred the men were completely defeated, and in the one single case they gained such a trifling advantage that it was scarcely worth talking about. (Hear, hear!) The one thing that the history of strikes proved most distinctly was that there ought to be no more of them. First, the employers of labor had a wider field of observation. Considering the position and the intelligence of the masters, they should be cleverer men. They had really more to lose by strikes than workmen. They looked further into the future than the workmen, and if they refused the wages demanded, it was much more probable that they could not afford it than that they could. They never heard of strikes among the learned professions. If the members of the learned professions were dissatisfied with their position they might either continue on or resign. They settled the matter according to some principle sounder than that of strikes. What, then, was the workman to do if he wanted to advance his position and increase his wages? First, he would say, depend a little more on self. (Hear, hear!) He recommended sobriety and economy. These were within the reach of most workmen, and were the first step on the road to prosperity. (Hear, hear!) He would conclude by saying that his sympathies were with the workman and not with the master, and if he believed a strike was a good thing for him he would tell him to strike. (Hear, hear!) But it was because he believed that it was not a good thing for him that he told him not to strike. He said, "Don't strike," because he believed a strike was a suicidal proceeding, which resembled the destructive deed of the mighty Samson. (Applause.)

SECRET SOCIETIES.

Bishop Chatard.

All Catholics who belong to secret societies are excommunicated, have no part in the prayers of the church or in the merits of Jesus Christ. With regard to members of these societies who are not Catholics there is good reason to doubt whether they incur these censures of the church; for in order to fall under this excommunication one must be guilty of mortal sin in the act of joining and remaining in them. This is the case with the Catholic; it is generally not so with the non-Catholic, whose education has taught him to look on the church as having no rights with respect to him. He is therefore in good faith, and good faith excuses from sin. The Catholic Freemason is, on the other hand, in bad faith, and is certainly excommunicated.

How quickly one generation of men follows another to the grave! We come like ocean waves to the shore, and scarcely strike the strand before we roll back into forgetfulness whence we came. "There is a skeleton in every house." Ay, in some, many. We can stand upon the corner of any street, and looking back, we shall see that all the houses have changed occupants in a few years. The old men have gone, and a generation that knew them has taken their places. Yes, while we look, we ourselves grow old and pass on to join the great caravan whose tents are almost in sight of the other side. In youth the other world seems a great way off; but later we feel and realize that it is closer, and what is better, nature does the preparatory work for passing into it, so that easily we grow into it, are born into it.

DUTY OF PARENTS TOWARD THEIR CHILDREN.

In these days parents seem almost afraid of their children, and instead of bringing them into proper subjection, and implanting in them a spirit of obedience, they allow the corrupted will of their children to have its way, and to be strengthened in its corruptions by a want of training and wholesome discipline. In fact, how frequently do we see the children ruling their parents, rather than the parents guiding, directing, and forming the habits and character of the children. The fault of parents begins very frequently during the earliest years of their children. Scarcely have they become able to show a wilfulness and signs of temper, when a false indulgence commences. The child has but to manifest its displeasure, it has but to cry, and its wishes must be at once gratified; its pettishness and its little fretfulness must be allowed full play; it must be indulged in its every want, and its tears, which frequently are but the result of passion, must prevail over the better judgment of the parent, and achieve a success which will soon put forth fresh demands and claim still further indulgence. Parents should remember that the training of their children should begin from their earliest infancy. The opening of the passions should be watched and corrected, and the exercise of obedience enforced at a very early period. When a sound and really Christian discipline has been thus established, the work of later training becomes comparatively easy. What the Scriptures says of a latter period may be applied with almost equal truth to the manner in which the mind and character of the child is trained. "A young man according to his way, even when he is old he will not depart from it." (Prov. xxii, 6.)

But, beloved brethren, when we speak of the obedience which parents should enforce, and the control which they should exercise over their children, we are far from recommending sternness or harshness or painful severity. Correction may be needed, and will be needed, but correction does not mean the use of violent language, much less the having recourse to rude and cruel treatment. The great elements of correction are prudence, firmness, and prayer. The duty of the parent is especially a sacred duty, and one in which the grace of God is particularly required. Hence we have put prayer among the requisites for correction.

Nutmegs grow on trees which look like pear-trees and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are much like the lily of the valley. They are pale yellow and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and mace is the thin covering over this seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia and in tropical America. They bear fruit seventy and eighty years, having ripe fruit upon them at all seasons. A fine tree in Jamaica has over 4,000 nutmegs on it yearly. The Dutch used to have all the nutmeg trade, as they owned the Banda Islands and conquered all the other traders and destroyed the trees. To keep the price up they once burned three piles of nutmegs, each of which was as large as a church. Nature did not sympathize with such meanness. The nutmeg pigeon, found in all the Indian islands, did for the world what the Dutch had determined should not be done — carried these nuts, which are their food, into all the surrounding countries, and trees grew again, and the world has the benefit.

The triumph of a woman lies not in the admiration of her lover, but in the respect of her husband, and that can only be gained by a constant cultivation of those qualities which she knows he most values.

MAURICE PATRICK MACMAHON.

Dublin Daily Freeman.

THE Marshal-President has fallen, and his successor has been elected. Maurice Patrick MacMahon, Jan. 30, resigned into the hands of the Assembly the great post of President of the French Republic, — a post which he had held for five eventful years with such honor to himself and such advantage to his country. Never was there a blow so sudden as this new crisis, which has filled all France and Europe with alarm and driven the Marshal into resignation. The Marshal-President loves France with an almost antique devotion, but his passion has an undertone of the feeling to which the old cavalier gave utterance —

> "I could not love thee, dear, so much,
> Loved I not honor more."

Honor is the compass by which the Marshal has steered his course throughout a long and illustrious career, and upon the altar of honor he has now voluntarily laid down the sceptre of a French sovereign. Honor has called and her son obeys, and without a sigh the old soldier turns his back upon the splendid palaces and royal state and munificent income of the President of the French Republic, because again, as once before in history, "the post of honor is a private station." The history of the crisis has already been told. M. Dufaure, the prime minister, was bullied by Gambetta into a reluctant compliance with the military policy of the Genoese demagogue. He laid before Marshal MacMahon a list of generals who were to be removed from their posts, which were to be given to "sincere Republicans." The list included Bourbaki, Montauban, Du Barail, fine old warriors, who have covered the French flag with glory, who have served France under Louis Philippe, under the Emperor, under the Republic, who have always served her loyally and well, who are plotting no treason, who are guilty of no crime save that they have refused to enter the *salons* or court the smiles of Leon Gambetta. The instant Dufaure showed the Marshal the list, the fine old soldier blazed into indignant wrath. Never, he told the premier, would he be a party to the cruel wrong of disgracing without cause the gallant comrades whose tents he shared in Algiers, by whose side he fought in the Crimea, whose laurels he divided on the Lombard plains, whose perils he shared in the disastrous battle-fields of the Rhine. A semi-official account of the interview is published in which the very words of the Marshal are given. "I cannot," he said, "sign a decree superseding brave generals, my own friends and companions. There is no danger in my refusal. I cannot consent to stay at such a cost. I blush at the thought of it. I assure you, on my honor, I will not do it; my children would not forgive me." All attempts to shake the Marshal from the determination he believed honor imposed were in vain; and he formally resigned the Presidency of the French Republic, over which he had ruled for five eventful years. Since the body of the great Henry was borne to the grave, France has had no such ruler as her Marshal-President. He gave her for five years peace abroad and prosperity at home. For once France saw in her ruler a man in whose person were united every manly and every civic virtue. His pure and simple court was a much-needed model in a land which has suffered too much from evil example in high places. A soldier who had seen a hundred fights, he loved peace with a passionate love; and while he made France respected in the councils of Christendom, he curbed that fiery spirit of knight-errantry which has brought on her so many trials and miseries. He bowed with implicit obedience to the laws, even when he disliked them, and he shrank with horror from even the idea of violating the Constitution. He respected liberty, though he loved order; free from bigotry, he was the champion of religion. It has not been given to

MacMahon to succeed, but he has sprung from a race which accounts honor first and triumph second; and the old land of his sires may well be proud of the high-hearted soldier who till yesterday was President of the French Republic. The resignation of the Marshal has been followed by the instant election of his successor. The two Houses of the National Assembly met in congress to receive the resignation of the President, and to elect a successor. To the two Houses, sitting and voting in one Chamber, the resignation of the Marshal was read, and then the election of his successor instantly followed. There were only two candidates — both of them belonged to the Left. For Gen. Chanzy, the celebrated soldier, who distinguished himself in the recent war, only 99 votes were cast; and M. Jules Grevy, the other candidate, was elected by the enormous majority of 536. M. Jules Grevy, the new President of the French Republic, has long been one of the most famous of French politicians. He was born in the year 1813, and in 1830, when a lad of seventeen, he made his *début* in public life by fighting desperately at the barricades in the Revolution of July. Called to the bar a few years afterwards, he soon became famous as an advocate, and was retained for the defence in nearly all the famous political trials of the Louis Philippe *régime*. In 1848 he was elected member of the Assembly for the Department of the Jura, and he has ever since been a prominent leader of the French Republicans. He was a bitter foe of the Napoleonic *régime*, and his great victory in the Jura over the official candidate at the election of 1868 was the first disaster the Empire met with in a purely agricultural district, and one of the blows which hastened its fall. M. Grevy, while pursuing politics with eagerness, was also up to recent retirement a prominent member of the bar, and acquired a large fortune by his profession. His eloquence and experience pointed him out to the late and present Chamber as a proper person to preside over its debates, and he was for several years what we would call Speaker of the House of Commons. He has filled his important place with considerable fairness, and has the reputation of being a moderate man, of pleasant, social manners, and one of the best shots and keenest sportsmen in France. He is a clever and experienced politician, but a small man to succeed Thiers and MacMahon.

DANGER TO FRANCE.

We have alluded to the calm with which the present revolution — for it is a revolution — has been effected. The stillness in which the abdication of the second President of the Republic has been received is contrasted with the tumult of the time when on May 24th, 1873, M. Thiers resigned the same exalted but uneasy seat. But a calm in France is sometimes more ominous than a storm. No one will say that the present quietude is the passiveness of indifference, still fewer will assert that it is the peacefulness of confidence, and he is a sanguine Republican that would proclaim his certainty that an attempt under the new *régime* to remove the veteran generals at the head of the departments, and replace them by men comparatively untried in war, and whose principal recommendation is their Republicanism, will be submitted to without a murmur in military circles. M. Grevy may prove as incapable of such an act — though for a different reason — as his illustrious predecessor; and M. Gambetta, in the unpartisan position of Speaker of the French House of Commons, may find it discreet to exercise his influence in toning down rather than, as heretofore, in exciting the animosity of his friends against all those who wish to serve the state under other colors than the Red. The danger of a knot of the best generals in France ostracized from high commands because they had won their spurs under a Napoleon must present itself to the thoughtful. A policy

with such a tendency would soon recoil upon its projectors. France would become as Spain had been. She would be covered with a network of military cabals. She would have her Espartero and Narvaez, her O'Donnell and her Prim. The highest hope of the Cadet at Chiselhurst would be raised by so determined an effort at suicide by the Republic, and an eagle would soon perch upon the palace of the Elysée. Without underestimating the trained steadiness of the third President, or the popular resources of the French Warwick, it is not too much to say that involuntarily the eyes of the civilized world are turning towards the French army. It has recovered from its demoralization, it is full of *esprit de corps*. One day or another not far distant it will inevitably be used for vengeance and for victory. France will not in that day turn to a lawyer,—neither to a Gambetta nor a Grevy. The former plays a deep and skilful game, but

"The best-laid schemes of mice and men
Gang aft aglee,"

and the darling of the Republic may after all be only the unconscious instrument of an inscrutable Providence in paving the way for a fourth empire.

THE BABYLON OF THE WORLD.

Cornhill Magazine, London.

EVERY four minutes a birth takes place in the metropolis, and every six minutes a death. Within the circle named there are added to the population two hundred and five persons every day, and 75,000 annually. London has 7,000 miles of streets, and on an average twenty-eight miles of new streets are opened and 9,000 new houses built every year; 1,000 vessels and 9,000 sailors are in port every day. Its crime is also in proportion to its extent. 73,000 persons are annually taken into custody by the police, and more than one third of all the crime in the country is committed within its borders; 38,000 persons are annualy committed for drunkenness by its magistrates. The metropolis comprises considerably upwards of 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe. It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Belfast, more Scotchmen than Aberdeen, and more Welshmen than Cardiff. Its beer-shops and gin-palaces are so numerous that their frontages, if placed side by side, would stretch from Charing-cross to Chichester, a distance of sixty-two miles. If all the dwellings in London could thus have their frontages placed side by side they would extend beyond the city of York. London has sufficient paupers to occupy every house in Brighton. The society which advocates the cessation of Sunday labor will he astonished to learn that sixty miles of shops are open every Sunday. With regard to churches and chapels, the Bishop of London, examined before a committee of the House of Lords in the year 1840, says: "If you proceed a mile or two eastward of St. Paul's, you will find yourself in the midst of a population the most wretched and destitute of mankind, consisting of artificers, laborers, beggars, and thieves, to the amount of 300,000 to 400,000 souls. Throughout this entire quarter there is not more than one church for every 10,000 inhabitants, and in two districts there is but one church for 45,000 souls."

"PAPA," asked a little six-year-old daughter of an up-town physician, "was n't Job a doctor?" "I never heard that he was. Why?" "Because mamma said, the other day, that she did n't think you had any of the patience of Job."

THE great advantage about a lean wife is that you don't have to call in a carpenter every time she falls down stairs.

FREEDOM IN THE CHURCH.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Becker.

Conscience and truth are the only chains which bind us to the Church. Is not every Catholic man and woman, are not all, cleric and lay, perfectly free to follow their own passions, even, if they please? Who hinders any, or can hinder them from acting as they please? Can a government be rightly called a despotism in any true sense, because it urges the necessity of the observance of law? Is the judge who pronounces sentence upon a criminal convicted of transgressing laws binding the conscience, as they do, a despot? Or is the sheriff, who, in discharge of his painful duty, is oblige to hurl a fellow-being into eternity, in vindication of the majesty of the law, to be called a soul-blighting and soul-crushing despot? And, for a much higher and stronger reason, was it not allowable for St. Paul, acting in his high capacity of executive officer of the Church, to anathematize and deliver over to Satan the incestuous Corinthian? (1 Corinthians, chap. v, 5.) Was he a despot, or did he crush right-minded Christians when he said, "Though even we, or an angel from heaven, should teach another doctrine than that which you have received, let him be anathema"? (Galatians i, 8.) Have we lost the use and the sense of words in such a fearful manner that "the baby-like utterances of complicated thoughts and views" should be substituted for the divine, authoritative teaching of Him who promised to be with His Church all days, even to the consummation of the world? Or do the words of Christ, "He who hears you hears me, and he who hears me hears Him who sent me" (Luke x, 17), convey the idea of despotism? Was Christ a despot, in the odious sense in which a naturally good word has been employed — despot meaning only a ruler with supreme authority — when he said, "Unless he hear the Church, let him be to you as a heathen"? (St. Matthew xviii, 13.) But the only Church which ever did declare, clearly and unwaveringly, and indisputably teach what men are to believe, is simply that Church against which our zealous friend (Bishop Lee) raises his feeble voice, and pronounces her a "soul-crushing and soul-blighting despotism."

Or, to make the matter still clearer, and use a comparison, inadequate, indeed, can the State of Delaware, in any true sense, be called despotic, because she allows no man within her borders to violate her laws with impunity? Can the government of the United States, as now constituted, be called despotic, because it allows no insurrection against law and order? Those who wish to rebel may rise and go away whither they please, but they cannot remain within her jurisdiction in rebellion. The charge of despotism against the Church is as thoroughly gratuitous as any slander can be, and proves that he who made the charge knew not of what he spoke.

Don't Do It. — Mothers, *don't* tell your little children (as we have heard mothers do) that they won't mind, that you never saw such bad children, or that it is useless to speak to them. This is the certain way to make them disobedient and reckless, as any one can see. Once let a little child understand that you do not *expect* it to obey you, and you may look for insubordination as a matter of course. A little loving faith in the child's good impulses will be far more effectual than an announcement that you expect it to do wrong. The very stubbornness and disobedience of a child are oftentimes caused by nervousness and excitement as much and more than by wickedness, and should be treated accordingly.

"Who steals my purse steals trash; 't is something, nothing;
'T was mine, 't is his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name
Robs me of that which not enriches him
And makes me poor indeed."

ENCOUNTER WITH A SHARK.

Nautical Novel, by Henry Collingwood.

Suddenly a dark shadow fell upon the spot on which I was at work. I glanced upward, and, to my unspeakable horror, saw an enormous shark floating motionless within a fathom of, and directly above me. Why he did not attack me at once I could not imagine; but I conjecture that it was because, lying flat on the ground as I was, he had not room to turn, as sharks invariably do when seizing their prey. My blood seemed fairly to congeal in my veins as I realized my appalling position. I *must* rise to the surface in a very few seconds, or drown where I was, and I felt convinced that the moment I was far enough from the bottom to permit of the monster making his rush, he would do so. Suddenly the remembrance of my sheath-knife flashed across my brain. There was no time to hesitate; my powers of endurance were almost utterly exhausted, and I felt that I could hold my breath but a second or two longer; so I quickly drew the knife, and darting suddenly upwards, succeeded in grasping the shark with my left hand by his starboard fin, whilst with my right I plunged my weapon to the hilt in his gleaming white belly, extending my arm to its full length as I did so, and thus inflicting a wound nearly or quite two feet in length. Remembering the wonderful vitality of the shark, I did not content myself with this; but thrusting my armed hand into the gaping wound, I drew the knife two or three times rapidly across his interior arrangements, inflicting such severe injuries that in less than a minute after I rose to the surface, blood-stained from head to foot, and speechless with exhaustion; the shark also appeared, floating dead within a dozen yards of the cutter. Bob's strong and ready hand was promptly extended to assist me in over the cutter's low gunwale; but so thoroughly exhausted was I that I felt utterly unable to make the slightest effort in aid of my shipmate's exertions, and he was obliged to drag me bodily inboard, where, after an unavailing effort to stand, I sank upon the deck, gasping for breath and utterly unable to utter a word.

In the United States during the past year, 96 murderers (all men) were hanged, — an increase of 13 over the record for the previous year. Of this number 41 were white, 52 colored, 2 Indians, and 1 Chinaman. Five were hanged for outrage, 4 for wife murder, and 1 for filicide. There were 7 double executions, 4 triple, and 2 quadruple. Friday retains the reputation of hangman's day, 70 executions having taken place on that day. The largest number in any one month was in March, 25 executions having then occurred. Seventy per cent of the hangings were in the Southern States, and nearly two thirds of the victims were negroes. In Texas there were 10; Louisiana, 9; Alabama, 8; South Carolina, 8; North Carolina, 8; Pennsylvania, 6; Missouri, 5; Georgia, 5; Tennessee, 4; Arkansas, 4; California, 4; New York, 3; Kentucky, Virginia, Montana, Delaware, Ohio, Mississippi, and Maryland, each 2; Massachusetts, Arizona, Florida, New Hampshire, Indiana, and Nevada, each 1.

How to go to Sleep. — Sit down in an easy position, relaxing all the muscles of the body, and let the head drop forward upon the breast, as low as it will fall without forcing it. Sit quietly this way for a few minutes, freeing all the will power of the body, and a restful, drowsy feeling will ensue, which will, if not disturbed, lead to refreshing sleep. If the sleepless fit comes on in the night, one can simply sit up in the position described. Stiffness of any part of the body must be avoided, and it is well to bend the body forward after lying down, rather than to keep it straight or thrown back upon the pillow.

PARDON YOUR ENEMIES.

To say to God, *Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us*, and at the same time remain angry with any one and refuse to forgive him, is to change this prayer into a judgment of condemnation against ourselves. It is to say to God, I will not pardon, then pardon thou not me; I will not forget the offences of my enemies, then do not thou forget mine; revenge yourself on me, for I will revenge myself on my enemies on the first opportunity. Leo, Bishop of Cyprus, who lived in the same century with St. John the Almoner, whose life he wrote, records that this holy patriarch of Alexandria used excellent means to oblige one of the great lords of that city to be reconciled with his enemy. He had exhorted him many times, but in vain, to a reconciliation with his enemy. Finding him always inflexible, he asked him to visit him, and brought him into the chapel, where he celebrated the holy sacrifice of the Mass. After the consecration, when he had commenced to say the Lord's Prayer, which he, the server and the lord recited together, as was the custom at that time, the holy patriarch made a sign to the server to remain silent at the words "forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those who trespass against us," and he remained silent himself, so that the lord was the only one who pronounced them. The saint, turning towards the lord, said to him with great sweetness, "Reflect, I pray you, on what you are about to ask of God, and on what you are about to declare to him in this awful moment of the holy mysteries; when, to induce him to pardon your offences, you protest that you pardon those who have offended you." The lord, struck by these words as by a stroke of lightning, threw himself at the feet of the saint and replied, "Your servant is prepared to do all you require of him," and without delay he went and reconciled himself to his enemy.

To Young Men. — Be careful not to overestimate your own abilities. It is very natural to feel quite convinced of your skill, and to be aggrieved that your efforts are not more specially recognized by employers; but rest assured that in the end employers will recognize any capability you may possess at its proper value, and are at all times eager to avail themselves of any elements you may possess that are advantageous to the pursuit of their business. If, on the other hand, your ability is recognized, bear in mind that you are fairly established upon the right path, and be careful not to succumb to the inducements offered elsewhere by a slight advance of remuneration. This is indeed the rock upon which the hopes of thousands of young men have foundered.

To Avoid Wrinkles. — Lovely woman, if thou wouldst always be lovely, listen to the counsel of the Comtesse de Basanville in the *Almanach du Savoir Vivre*. "When you are past twenty-five," she says, "never let more than five or six hours pass without closing your eyes for a short time — say ten minutes; not necessarily to sleep, but to repose the muscles of the eye." Every movement and play of the face necessarily tends to fatigue these muscles, whether it be a smile or the expression of surprise or of fixed action. The closing of the eyelids at intervals is therefore recommended as a "beauty rest." The muscles, reposed, lose their tendency to that nervous contraction which translates itself into wrinkles.

St. Nilus relates that St. John Chrysostom was wont to see, when the priest began the holy sacrifice, "many of the blessed ones coming down from heaven in shining garments, and with bare feet, eyes intent, and bowed heads, in utter stillness and silence, assisting at the consummation of the tremendous mystery."

Useful Knowledge.

A New Cure for Rheumatism. — Judging from his article in a recent German periodical, it would seem that Dr. Franz Zeller is an enthusiast in the administration of caustic ammonia in rheumatism. For several years he had been a sufferer from severe muscular rheumatism in the right shoulder; he thought liquid ammonia, on account of its rapid volatilization, would be the remedy most readily absorbed and the most prompt in action. In almost the same moment in which he took the drop diluted with water he felt a great relief from the pain, which had lasted for ten hours. The remedy, he claims, has proved a positive cure in all recent cases of muscular rheumatism which have fallen under his observation.

Look out for the Drain. — In every house there is of refuse material a large amount. On washing days many gallons, often barrels, of water in which our clothing has been washed, and which contains the filth which the skin has thrown off during the week, must be disposed of. All through the week more or less dish-water, and dirty water from various sources, accumulates. As a rule, it is thrown into a drain, which is, perhaps, covered only with a board, and carried only a few feet away, when it soaks into the soil or spreads out on the ground and evaporates into the air. If the soil is pervious, it may soak into it, and some of it eventually finds its way into the well.

In the course of a short time these slops fill the soil full, and a sort of fermentation takes place, and as the air is more or less excluded, most poisonous gases are generated. It is now positively known that many diseases have their origin in breathing these gases. It does not follow that they always cause disease, because the germs may not always be present, but they frequently do. Diphtheria, that scourge of both city and country, has been traced time and again in the city to sewer gas passing into the house. In the country, where less attention is given to the causes of disease, the drain for slops is not always recognized as a source of diphtheria; but in very many cases it has been proved to be so beyond the slightest doubt. — *Herald of Health.*

How to eat to live. — I have already stated that most of us eat most unreasonably. The greatest fault is in the quantity of food we partake of. Every one despises and looks down on the drunkard and the sot, and very naturally, too, but what shall we say of the glutton? Gluttony, indeed, is such an ugly word that I hardly like to use it and shall substitute the term inordinate eating. This is a vice that rides rampant in our midst. It is a vice that annually carries off its tens of thousands of victims. It is a vice that, in conjunction with intemperance in drinking, bad air, and impure water, tends to degenerate the age in which we live. It not only shortens our lives by producing, ultimately, dyspepsia, that forerunner to many scores of painful and deadly ailments, but it affects deleteriously the existence of our offspring, for the progeny of the glutton can only be puny, feeble in mind, and inactive in body. The wise man, then, will ever eat and drink in moderation, nor suffer the gratification of his appetite to become the means of damaging his health, and I might add, intellect, for the intellect of your inordinate eater is always gross. The food we eat ought to be as fresh and pure as possible, else it cannot but be detrimental to the system. Fish, in particular, cannot be cooked too soon, and even vegetables, I always think, are more sweet and wholesome if cooked almost as soon as they are culled. — *Cassell's Family Magazine.*

The Humorist.

"THE nearest I ever came to cannibalism," said Lord Bentinck, "was when I swallowed a little London porter."

EDUCATION is progressing. A new nurse-girl the other day was asked if she was really fond of children. She answered that she "perfectly analyzed them."

IN the coldest day in winter, such is the magic of the gentler sex, a woman can make the house so hot that you will rush into the street to get a breath of fresh air.

FOR a rich man to make a will that will please all his heirs is about as difficult a task as for an editor to undertake to print a paper to please all his readers.

IT makes a stuttering man awful mad to be drawn into a discussion about the "remonetization of the dollars of our fathers" and the "necessity of an incontrovertible bi-metallic currency."

AT a Western dinner it was announced that all the dishes were over a hundred years old, at which the guests rose and said they'd had enough of that sort of thing in boarding-house chickens.

SAM STEENBURG, the Fonda, New York, murderer, says, "If I had read more newspaper poetry, I should not be where I am now." He probably means that he would have been dead. — *Free Press.*

"WHY didn't you put on a clean collar before you left home?" called out an impertinent young fop to an omnibus driver. "'Cause your mother hadn't sent home my washing," was the extinguishing reply.

"TOMMY, do you know that your Uncle Robert has found a beautiful little boy baby on his doorstep, and is going to adopt him?" "Yes, mamma, and he'll be Uncle Bob's stepson, won't he?"

"A PASSIVE verb," said a teacher, "is expressive of the nature of receiving an action, as, 'Peter is beaten.' Now, what did Peter do?" "Well, I don't know," said the scholar, deliberating, "unless he hollered."

AN Englishman was boasting to an American that they had a book in the British Museum once owned by Cicero. "Oh, that ain't nothin'," retorted the American; "in the museum in Boston they've got the lead pencil that Noah used to check off the animals that went into the ark."

A YOUNG lady, hesitating for a word in describing the character of a rejected suitor said, "He is not a tyrant, not exactly domineering, but — " "Dogmatic," suggested her friend. "No, he has not dignity enough for that; I think pupmatic would convey my meaning admirably."

A LADY at a crowded concert wishing a seat, her husband, with great difficulty, procured a chair, and seated her in it. "My dear," said she, "you're a jewel." "Oh, no," said the husband, "I'm a jeweller; I've just set the jewel." The bystanders would not believe they were married people.

AN absent-minded man in Monroe, Conn., went to church the other morning with his overcoat, as he supposed, on his arm; but the laughing of the people in the church directed his attention to the fact that he had taken his everyday pantaloons, and that the suspenders attached to them were dangling about his feet.

"SAMBO, is your master a good farmer?" "Oh, yes, massa fus-rate farmer — he makes two crops each year." "How is that, Sambo?" "Why, he sells all his hay in de fall, and makes money once; den in de spring he sells de hides ob de cattle dat die for the want ob the hay, and makes money twice."

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE replenishment of family linen is one of the duties systematic women take up at this season, and a few hints on the subject may not be out of place.

Nothing so truly marks the refined woman as the possession of a generous supply of underclothing, neatly made and properly trimmed. Where close managing is necessary, most ladies would prefer limiting themselves to fewer dresses and plainer wraps, than to economize in underwear. The prices of materials for underclothing has not been as low in many years. The same observation will apply to everything classed as family linen. Materials best to be employed in the manufacture of muslin underwear for every day are Lonsdale, Pride of the West, Fruit of the Loom, Wamsutta, etc. For finer garments, Jones's cottons, long cloth, cambric, and percale. Fine long cloths and percales are as expensive as linen, and considered more wholesome; linen is so cold when moistened by perspiration.

Fifteen yards of muslin will make half a dozen chemises either in the old-fashioned gored shape or the fashionable French sacque. The present improved cut does away with all superfluous fulness about the waist and shoulders, the arm-holes are large, the sleeve portion deep at the armpit, but short on the shoulder. The bosom is sometimes left plain, but most usually trimmed, either by a pointed piece set in, composed of diagonal strips of needlework or lace insertion, and the material, a frill of needlework or lace edging being all around this pointed piece, and also around the neck and sleeves. Another style has a pompadour square described by bands of insertion, and a frill passing up over the shoulders, the back gathered into a band of insertion. The frill extends around the neck and sleeves. Still another style has the pompadour square cut out, and a hand-worked band around the neck and sleeves. Sacque chemises usually have drawing strings at the neck. Torchon lace and Hamburg embroidery are the trimmings most used, and both are at present very cheap. Puffings are used in chemise trimmings, but are less desirable than flat bands and insertions. Three or more fine cords, stitched in the upper edge of a narrow band, is a neat, serviceable finish.

Drawers should be trimmed to match the chemise with which they are worn. Twelve yards of muslin will make half a dozen pairs, and both for the sake of comfort and durability they should be cut wide. In length, most ladies prefer them not to extend below the knee. When gathered into bands in Turkish style, the band buttons just below the knee. A pretty style of trimming is an insertion of Torchon between two clusters of tiny tucks, and a deep side-plaiting of lace; others have Hamburg frills, and insertion, or hand-worked points. A new style of combined chemise and drawers has the drawers gathered scantily on to a plain waist, embroidered or tucked like a chemise: this is approved as cool and healthy, having buttons about the belt on to which the underskirts may be fastened.

For night-dresses the long sacque pattern is popular, the trimming sometimes simulating a yoke, and occasionally there is a yoke at the back only. A pretty style has tucks and bands of embroidery alternating down the front, and an embroidered collar and cuffs. Another design has the surplice or open pointed neck, and an embroidered frill, the sleeve gathered into a similar frill. Simulated yokes are in pompadour shape. Watteau

plaits are used in the back of sacque night-dresses, and are easily laundered.

High-necked corset-covers are coming into general use, as they preserve the dress linings; these have short sleeves. Tight-fitting, pompadour-shaped under-waists, to be worn with thin summer dresses, are made to fit the form closely, and are trimmed with needlework or lace. The material most used is cambric. All the seams of corset-covers should be felled.

Muslin walking skirts are cut with one front gored width, two small side gores, and one plain back breadth. Stout ladies dispose of all the bulk of gathers, at the waist, by means of a deep yoke-piece extending below the hips.

Skirts are trimmed in every possible way, from a cluster of tucks above a broad hem, to the most elaborate lace frillings and insertions. A pretty skirt has a flounce, edged with Hamburg, a row of insertion set in below five small tucks. Torchon lace substituted for the Hamburg would be still handsomer. Lonsdale muslin, and cambric of firm body, and most suitable for skirts.

Dressing sacques are made somewhat longer than formerly, and are about half fitting. The materials used are cambric, nansook, and lawn; tucks with insertions between, and frills of lace or embroidery, have a pretty effect; the neck is either cut surplice or high.

INFANTS' CLOTHING.

Warmth and lightness are the chief requisites in a baby's clothing; the greater portion should be of flannel, and all should be comfortably loose, and have strings to tie whenever possible, instead of pinning. Although delicate, lace-trimmed skirts are very pretty to look at, they are not near as wholesome or comfortable as fine flannel or knit wool. Babies' necks and arms are so pretty that mothers are tempted not to put them out of sight, but high necks and long sleeves are safest.

In the matter of indoor clothing for the first six months, all that is necessary is a flannel band, a knitted shirt, a napkin, a flannel pin-blanket and skirt, a cambric slip and a little flannel or merino blanket to keep the hands warm and protect the head and shoulders from a draught. The more simple the clothing, the more changes can be afforded, and one of the main secrets of a baby's health is its frequent change of garments, for if every article is not kept sweet and fresh the tender skin will become irritated. In laundering infants' garments, great pains should be taken to thoroughly rinse out all the soap; and it is better not to starch them.

The high-neck and long-sleeve day slip, with yoke, is the most popular pattern. The yoke is sometimes untrimmed, but it is more usually formed of lengthwise tucks, and frequently has lace or needlework insertion alternating with tucks. The sleeve is coat-shape and trimmed to match the yoke. Sharp, jagged points should not be put around the neck and sleeves, where they will irritate the child's delicate flesh. Night slips are in sacque; the neck drawn up by means of a running string is more comfortable than when finished with a cord or band. Sheer muslin, cambric, or dimity are used for night slips, and but little trimming is put upon them. A few tucks above the hem of the skirt, and in the sleeves; at the waist, perhaps, a little edge of lace or needlework is added. These little, plain night slips are frequently retained for day wear the few first weeks. Day dresses are made of nansook or fine sheer cambric. It is entirely a matter of taste whether the skirt be trimmed or plain; they can be made elaborate with rows of needlework or lace insertion between tucks, and edging to match, either sewn or plain or in ruffles. The best dress, or christening robe, is in princess shape, the waist and skirt in one, and shaped by long side-forms that fit the garment nicely at the waist, yet dispense with all gathers. The waist at

the back is cut separate from the skirt, which is gathered at the top and sewed to it. The front of such dresses is made elaborate by rows of lace or embroidery, alternating with tucked strips; a border is then put around the entire garment of clusters of tucks, separated by insertion of lace or needlework, and edged with deep lace or embroidery. Narrow edging is carried down the seams of the side gores, and finishes the neck and sleeves. The muslin petticoats should be a trifle shorter than the dresses; the usual length for flannel petticoats and pin-blankets is three fourths of a yard; the latter are usually made with a sl ped-out waistband. The bib is a pretty shield for the dress-waist, and may be made of thin nansook, lightly wadded and quilted, with needlework scallops or lace on the edge, or of fine piqué, worked about the edge or all over.

Infants' cloaks are at present more generally liked made with a yoke and sleeves, than the double capes that have been used. In some summer wraps, the sleeves are omitted. For warm weather, repped piqué or small-figured Marseilles is used for cloaks, and sometimes fine, thickly woven cambric is chosen. The trimmings are embroidered ruffles, headed by either Hamburg insertion or embroidery done on the garment, or the edges are wrought in scallops, and the ruffle omitted. Sometimes bands of insertion are inserted in short lengths near the edge, and an embroidered ruffle is added, or else merely an edging of needlework. For cold weather, cashmere of nice quality is chosen for cloaks, either white, gray, or pale or dark blue. The entire garment is lined with thin silk, and the yoke, sleeves, and f r some distance below the waist is wadded. The upper cape is embroidered or trimmed with lace; the lower part is trimmed or not according to fancy. Quilted silk or plush in wide bands is also used for trimming. Dark gray, or else blue and white plaid flannel makes serviceable wraps; they are merely hemmed, or else piped with silk.

Infants' caps, called skull-caps, are again in fashion to wear in the house, and indeed all the time. They are of very fine muslin, either plain and tucked by hand, or sprigged and gathered. A ruche of lace edges these caps. The strings are hemmed nansook or else narrow white ribbon. Larger infants wear caps of close cottage shape, low about the ears, and with small crown. They are made of fine nansook, simply tucked or else slightly shirred, or clusters of tiny tucks alternate with Swiss or Valenciennes insertion. Very expensive caps are entirely of lace and the finest needlework. For cold weather, a quilted silk lining, either white or colored, is used, and in summer a plain lining of thin silk is sometimes used to give a touch of color. Bows of ribbons are the only trimming permitted.

Doctors of the Church. — The Eastern Church has four principal doctors, namely, Saints Athanasius, Basil, Gregory Nazianzen, and John Chrysostom. The Latin Church had five great doctors, Saints Ambrose, Jerome, Augustine, Gregory the Great, and St. Bonaventure. The following are also venerated as doctors: St. Leo I. the Great, St. Isidore, St. Anslem, St. Peter Chrysologus, St. Bernard, and St. Peter Damian. Pius IX. has added three to the catalogue of doctors of the Church. The first was St. Hilary, of Poitiers. Cardinals Mai and Pitra discovered many precious homilies and commentaries by St. Hilary, and the Provincial Council of Bordeaux, meeting at Rochelle, supplicated Pius IX. to proclaim St. Hilary a doctor. The bishops of the Catholic Church made similar petitions in favor of St. Alphonsus Liguori and St. Francis of Sales.

Cleanliness is the deadly enemy of vice and crime.

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch;* if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y* ; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

TA GAEDHILGE 'NA TEANGA AOSDA.

'Sɪ baramhuil na n-daoine is foghlamtha 'san domhan go bh-fuil an Ghaedhilig na teanga is sinne de theangaibh a labharthar fós air an talamh; go bh-fuil si nios sinne na Greigis, Laidion no Sanscrit; agus go bh-fuil se riachtanach fios a bheith ag na h-ollamhainibh a g-caint-eolas, uirre, ma's mian leo thuigsin go ceart an modh ann a cumadh úrlabhradh daona ar d-tús; uime sin tá morán de dhaoinibh foghlumtha d'a airighiughadh anois ar feadh an domhain. Is doigh linn go m-beidh Gaedhilig d'a teagasg go goirid a sgoilibh éigin ann Ameriċa. Má fhiafruigheann muintir na h-Eireann a d-teanga do bheith múinte annsna h-aitibh ann a bh-fhuil morán Eirionnach, mar atá Boston agus aite eile, ni diultfar iad, sé sin le rádh, má fhiafruigheann go dian ó chroidhe. Tá na teangtha Gearmanacha agus Francacha air na d-teagasg is an tir seo; tá nios mó Eirionach ann America iona de Ghearmanaibh no Francaibh, agus is ceart a d-teanga do bheith múinte mar a g-ceudna a sgoilibh tioramhaile.

Cionnos bh-fuil fhios aca an Ghaedhilig do bheith nios sinne na Greigis no Ladion agus i gan leabhair innte cho aosda le na leabharaibh atá sgriobhtha a nGreigis agus a Ladion? Tá iomad modh le aithnighthear so.

Literal Translation.

THE IRISH IS AN ANCIENT LANGUAGE.

It is the opinion of the most learned men in the world that Irish is the most ancient language that is yet spoken on the earth; that it is older than Greek, Latin, or Sanscrit, and that it is necessary for professors in philology to have a knowledge of it, if they desire to understand rightly the manner in which human speech was first formed; there are, therefore, many learned men throughout the world paying attention to it now. It is to be hoped that Irish will soon be taught in some schools in America. If the people of Ireland ask to have it taught in those places where there are numbers of Irish, such as Boston and other places, they will not be refused, that is to say, if they ask it seriously and from their hearts. The German and French languages are being taught in this country. There are more Irish in America than there are of Germans or French, and it is right that their language should also be taught in the public schools.

How do they know that Gaelic is more ancient than Greek or Latin, and it not having books in it as old as the books that are written in Greek and Latin? There are many ways by which this can be known. It is

Aithnighthear e ó anmannaibh ait, tir, aibhne, sliabh, cathair, etc., air feadh criocha na h-Eorpa agus Asia, de bhrigh go bh-fuil morán aca gan minughadh acht tré theanga na h Eireann. Tuille eile, aithnighthear e le na daoinibh dheanas a ngno na teangtha eagsamhla an domhain do bheachtughadh mar aon le na riaghalaibh leis a riaghaltar iad. Ni fhéidir linn do dhul asteach go domhain is an g-cuis seo de bhrigh nach bh-fuil leor d'ait againn d'a dheanadh is an g-comhrádh beg seo; acht cuirffimid sios aon mhodh amháin leis a d-tuigthear cia de dhá theanga is sinne; foillsighthear e a m-briatharaibh thosuigheas le'n litir *s* a nGaedhilig agus le'n litir *h* a d-teangthaibh eile. Tá fhios ag na daoine glice seo dá labhoramoid go bh-fuil gach teanga a choimheadas *s* mar thionsgnamh, nios sinne na 'n teanga ann a malartar *s* do *h*. Tá morán d'fhocailibh a nGreigis agus a Ladion a thosuigheas le *h* dá d-tosuigheann le *s* a nGaedhilig. Deir na saoithe a g-caint-eolas go bh-fuil an litir *h* 'na h-inghean litire *s*. Measann na Bráinigh a d-teanga do bheith aosda, acht is eigean di bheith nios oige na'n Ghaedhilig de bhrigh go bh-fuil morán focal a m-Branach thosuigheas le *h*, agus le *s* a nGaedhilig, mar ata *hen* do *sean*, mar aon le morán eile.

Is an g-comhradh a leanfas déarfamoid b' agán timchioll na sean leabhar Gaedhilig atá fós ann Eirinn, agus a d-tiribh eile, agus beagán timchioll na leabhar atá cailte.

known by the names of places, countries, rivers, mountains and cities, etc., throughout the limits of Europe and Asia, because many of them can only be translated through Irish. Moreover, it is known by the men who make it their business to study the various languages of the world, together with the laws by which they are governed. We cannot go deeply into this matter, because we have not enough of space to do so in this little discourse; but we will put down only one way by which it can be known which of two languages is the older; it is shown in words beginning with the letter *s* in Gaelic and the letter *h* in other languages. The learned men of whom we spoke know that the language which retains the letter *s* as an initial is older than the language in which *s* is changed to *h*. There are many words in Greek and Latin which begin with *h*, that begin with *s* in Gaelic. The learned men in philology say that the letter *h* is the daughter of the letter *s*. The Welsh think their language ancient, but it must be younger than Gaelic, because there are many words which begin with *h* in Welsh and with *s* in Gaelic, as *hen* for *sean*, together with many others.

In the article which will follow, we will say a little about the old Irish books that are yet in Ireland, and in other countries, and a little also about the books that have been lost.

[NOTE. Through press of business the proofs of the Gaelic in the number for March were not read by the author; it contains unfortunately a few typographical errors.]

Summary of Recent Events.

IN some circles in London, the sad animosity against converts to Catholicism still stands at fever heat. I have heard an instance which, but for the undoubted authority upon which it rests, would appear absolutely incredible. A gentleman of mature years and considerable acquaintance with the world, with landed property and a seat on the Bench, has a daughter of twenty years and happy skill in the management of his household. This young lady, after much anxious inquiry, resolved to follow the convictions she could no longer resist, and to seek admission to the true Church. She communicated her resolve to her father. He was furious, and after heaping upon his own child every term of reproach and abuse, finally told her that he "had rather she passed a night at Cremorne." Our readers are sufficiently acquainted with the character of Cremorne Gardens to render unnecessary any explanation of this horrible and unnatural sentiment. I am glad to add that the lady in question has had the grace to enter a convent.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

24.

I am composed of eleven letters.
My 1, 9, 8, 5, 3, 11 is to unite;
My 6, 2, 4 is an adverb;
My 7, 5, 10 is a number.
Without my whole there is no real happiness.

P. G.

25.

SQUARE WORD.

A mineral; an animal; praise; to annul.

26.

BEHEADINGS.

Behead a pronoun, and leave a covering for the head.
Behead a stream, and leave a bird.
Behead a kind of grain, and leave a sense of warmth.

27.

My second down in earth lies deep;
My first is you and I together;
My whole oft made a fair queen weep,
A queen of Scottish hill and heather.

28.

SQUARE WORD.

A small bird; serious; a bird; incident; a tithe.

29.

ANAGRAMS.

Female Names.

Am a lie; oh! I leap; nor am I; all be as I; I tar her; I drew F. in.

30.

I am composed of ten letters.
My 1, 3, 5, 9 is pussy's song;
My 7, 2, 4, 6 is low land between hills;
My 8, 10, 4 is a slippery fish.
My whole was the hero of a famous ride.

31.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole, I am a church dignitary; behead, and you'll see how I tell; again behead, and I'm to gladden; again, and I'm behind; once more, and you have done it to-day thrice; curtail, and I am a preposition.

32.

I am composed of twelve letters.
My 6, 10, 4 is a small, sharp-pointed article;
My 8, 7, 11, 12 is a small nail;
My 11, 2, 5 is a domestic animal;
My 1, 3, 9 is the title of a baronet;
My whole is a great Irish saint.

33.

A famous poem was my first,
By famous poet penned,
Its hero raved and swore and cursed,
From warlocks us defend!
No use it was, no amulet
'Gainst witches may prevail;
And so my first was quite upset,
His gray mare lost her tail.
My second is indefinite,
Yet of a host the head
A band of five and twenty, quite
Subservient to its lead.
My third you all must pare away,
E'er you the fruit can reach;
It guards — pray mark you what I say —
The apple, pear, or peach.
My whole is bitter and is sweet,
It comes from foreign clime;
With it you in West Indies meet,
And so concludes my rhyme.

34.

DIAMOND PUZZLE.

A consonant; a metal; a part of the body; an author; a town in Austria; a great traveller; a flower; a noise; a mineral; an insect; a vowel.

35.

My first behead and it will be
What poets sing of "by the sea";
Behead my second and transpose,
It will a Christian name disclose;
No country my whole surpasses
For "honest men and bonny lasses."

36.

My first is useful to the earth, my second is worn by ladies and was also used in war, and my whole is seen in the sky.

37.

My first is found all over the globe, and without it all living creatures would die; my second is a girl's name familiarly expressed; my whole is a famous battle fought by Napoleon.

38.

My first is a preposition; my second is a tree; my third is a female's name; my whole is a lodging for the sick.

Complete, I denote delight; behead me, I am a contract; behead me again, I am tranquillity.

39.

My first is a personal pronoun; my second is a large covered wagon; my third is an article of husbandry; my whole is a famous novel.

Of the March puzzles Aloysius answers 13; Lizzie Dundon, 9; B. D., 12; Donie, 19.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MARCH NUMBER.

1, Madagascar. 2, Westmoreland. 3, Cat, are, ten. 4, Gate, hate, pate, late, mate, date, Kate. 5, China, Spain, Siam, Eton, Ayre. 6, Robert Burns, Thomas Moore, — RooT, OstricH, BusacO, ElM, RosA, TareS, BrooM,

UniO (n), RoO (k), NectaR, SeinE. 7, Llewellyn. 8, Adonis, Apollo, AmericA, DeveloP, OrinocO, NominaL, IlL, St. DomingO. 9, Mr Dashwood being at the point of death, sent for his friends and relatives. They sent for Dr. Young who sent to Dr Barns and implored (imp-lo-red) his assistance, but before he arrived the invalid died, and the undertaker was sent for. 10, Alone, lone, one, n. 11, Love 12, Camellia. 13, Much Ado about Nothing 14, Hair, air. 15, Burns. 16, Here stop and spend a social hour, In harmless mirth and fun; Let friendship reign, be just and kind, And evil speak of none. 17. After tea you see company. 18, Vivid. 19, Cromwell. 20, Blue-bell. 21, Black-smith. 22, The Lady of the Lake. 23, Life. 24, Female, male.

Letters for this department are to be addressed to MISS PUZZLER, DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, Boston, Mass.

Summary of Recent Events.

IN Belfast, Ireland, with all the prevalence of adverse trade, we are able to publish at the commencement of the New Year such statistics as these of progress: During 1878 there were erected 1,453 new houses. In seventeen years — viz., from 1861 to 1878 — there were 20,718 new buildings erected, and in that period the valuation was almost doubled. I find that the revenue returns show a similar result, — the amount received during the past year to be £1,519,223, while in 1875 it was £1,286,768, being an increase in three years of £283,455.

LORD BEACONSFIELD entered on his seventy-fourth year on the 30th of December. He was born in December, 1805, and in 1837 he made his maiden speech in Parliament, and in December, 1878, he had the privilege as Premier of calling Parliament together for a winter session to sanction the war against Afghanistan. His first speech, strange to say, was on an Irish subject. It was on this occasion that, the Tories laughing at him, he turned angrily and exclaimed, as recorded in Hansard, "I shall sit down now, but the time will come when you shall hear me." In 1867 he could boast that in the previous seven years he had been "educating" his party, — the said Tories.

FROM the "English Catholic Directory" for 1879, we learn that there are now in England and Wales fifteen archbishops and bishops (including auxiliary and coadjutor bishops), and one archbishop and two bishops retired. The number of priests is 1,903, against 1,874 last year; and there are 1,122 churches and chapels, against 1,095 last year. In Scotland there are six archbishops and bishops, against three vicars apostolic last year; 272 priests, against 262 last year; and 264 churches, chapels, and stations, against 253 last year. The total number of clergy in Great Britain, including the twenty-four archbishops and bishops and the invalided, retired, or unattached priests, is 2,199.

STATISTICS have been published in Germany of the parishes and vicarages left vacant by the death or proscription of their former occupants. In seven hundred and eighty-eight parishes all Catholic religious services has ceased, and those professing that religion are often obliged to travel several leagues before they can attend mass, and in addition the places of two hundred and seventy-five vicars remain vacant. The Archbishops of Posen and Cologne, and the Bishops of Paderborn, Munster, Lombourg, and Breslau are deposed and in exile, and the Sees of Fulda, Treves, and Osnabruck are without bishops, on account of the refusal of the Pope to appeal to the German government for a nomination. As for the Sisters of Mercy, their convents are doomed to extinction, for no novices are allowed to be admitted, and seven hundred and sixty-four other religious communities were closed yesterday, the end of the old year being the date fixed for their suppression.

GREAT CHRISTIAN ENTERPRISE. — After a series of negotiations, the purchase of St. Bartholomew's old church, New York City, with the property attached, was completed by the Rev. Father Drumgoole on Friday week. It was bought in trust for the Mission of the Immaculate Virgin for the Protection of Homeless and Destitute Children. The property consists of four city lots, and is admirably situated in a most respectable neighborhood; and Father Drumgoole, having obtained valid deeds and paid cash, proceeded to take formal possession. The whole cost, including mortgages, taxes and interest, amounted to $68,987-.20. The purchase money has been furnished from the treasury of St. Joseph's Union, an organization established by Father Drumgoole in March last, to create a fund for this purpose. The Union now includes over 300,000 members, of all grades of society, residing in the United States, Canada, Europe, West Indies, and Australia. We understand it is the intention of Father Drumgoole to take down the old church forthwith, and proceed to the erection of an edifice with modern improvements, suited for the purposes of the mission. We congratulate Father Drumgoole on the very great success which has attended his efforts, and which will no doubt be highly gratifying to the members of the Union here and elsewhere. Indeed, the importance of this transaction, in securing a legal and valid title to valuable property, can hardly be over-estimated, and it remains to be seen whether a discerning public will enable him speedily to carry out the great object to which he has devoted his life, — the salvation of the homeless child.

HONEST DAN MCCARTHY, late Alderman of Kilkenny, Ireland, died at his country residence on the 13th of February.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, APRIL 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

We can furnish the back numbers of our magazine to all new subscribers. Six numbers make a very beautiful volume.

Will some friend loan us a copy of the "Irish Pictorial," which was published in Boston some twenty years ago?

The nuns of the Ursuline Convent, burned near Columbia, S. C., by the Federal forces, are getting everybody in the State to sign a petition to Congress for an appropriation of $100,000 to reimburse them. In addition to the destruction of property, four or five nuns perished from exposure.

Cardinal McCloskey has invited our Right Rev. Bishop to deliver the dedication sermon at the great cathedral in New York, next May, and the probabilities are that the people of the Empire City will have the gratification of listening to the bishop of the Mound City on that great occasion. — *Western Watchman, St. Louis.*

Donahoe's Magazine, Vol. I., No. 1.—The patriarch of Catholic literature in America, having lost a large fortune by repeated calamities, has started a cheap monthly in Boston, devoted to the Irish race. The first number is a decided success. The venturesome proprietor adds to his large experience all the spirit of youth. The price is but $2.00 a year for nearly twelve hundred pages. — *The Christian Register, Unitarian.*

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 29, 1879.

Editor I. C. B. U. Journal:

Dear Sir, — I send you for review, by mail, the revised edition of the Immigration Pamphlet, issued by the Catholic Colonization Bureau, of Minnesota. By it you will see that we have now four colonies in this State, over a thousand settlers, brought in within eighteen months, and have disposed of 172,500 acres of land. We have about 90.000 acres still to be disposed of, but I do not think that there will be one acre left undisposed of by the 1st of July. We are receiving a number of letters daily asking for the pamphlet, which can be had — as set forth in our advertisement in your paper — by writing for it to the Catholic Colonization Bureau, St. Paul, Minn.

Respectfully yours,

Dillon O'Brien.

Hastings, Minn., Feb. 10, 1879.

My Dear Mr. Donahoe, — Please find enclosed $2.00, my subscription to your magazine for one year. I am delighted with specimen copy. It supplies a literature furnished by no other periodical in this country. May God bless you and your labors! May it be crowned with success, is the wish of

Yours sincerely,

Rev. J. B. Holton.

Rev. M. M. McDonnell, of Batavia, N. Y., has selected five thousand acres of land in Bishop Ireland's Avoca Colony, in Minnesota, on which to establish the House of the Sacred Heart of Jesus for destitute boys, an institution which he expects to make self-supporting. He appeals for help to buy the ground and get the children to it.

We trust that Father McDonnell, and all engaged in the glorious work of saving our children, will meet with success. Reader, send a dollar to Father McDonnell.

Death of a Half-Century Editress. — The Irish papers announce the death of Mrs. Maxwell, of Kilkenny, in the eighty-fifth year of her age. Mrs. Maxwell was for over half a century proprietress of the "Kilkenny Journal," and was justly esteemed in her native city for her many virtues and excellent qualities. The deceased lady was the widow of the late Alderman Cornelius Maxwell, a stanch O'Connellite, and since his death Mrs. Maxwell has carried on the journal.

Encyclical Letter of the Pope. — We give elsewhere this very important document. Its object is to condemn the doctrines and designs of Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism, and to call on governments and peoples not to abandon that religious authority which is the basis of all respect for law and all moral and social order. It has produced no little impression everywhere, and has been favorably and respectfully noticed even by the Italian Liberal press. It has not only appeared in all the Catholic papers, but has been published in many of the daily secular papers of the United States. We have taken the translation from the "London Tablet."

On the 28th of May, 1779, Thomas Moore was born in Dublin.

Will some friend furnish us with a copy of a little book entitled "The Old God"?

Among the many orders received from schools, colleges, academies, etc., is one from Rev. P. J. Garrigan, pastor of Fitchburg, Mass., for thirty copies.

Rev. Theobald Mathews was born on the 10th of October, 1790, at Thomastown, not far from Clonmel. "Gallant Tipperary" bore him, Cork witnessed his rise, the world gratefully acknowledges his labors.

The "Weekly Visitor," of Providence, R. I., has changed its form from a quarto to a folio sheet. We don't see but it was just as interesting in the old form. In any form, it deserves patronage and generous support.

Patrick Donahoe, the veteran journalist of Boston, has begun the editing of an Irish monthly, which contains much excellent reading for the Catholic readers and others. Mr. Donahoe was the founder of the most successful Irish newspaper in this country, and is eminently fitted to manage such a magazine. — *People's Advocate, Stockton, Cal.*

An order has been recently received by Mr. Martin Milmore, of Boston, to execute marble busts of Lord Lorne and Princess Louise. The marble statue of Lord Dufferin, placed in Montreal, Canada, from the Milmore studio, has given such satisfaction that an order has been received for a duplicate in bronze, to be mounted in Hyde Park, London.

Bishop Janot, of Northern Canada, has a diocese where the Catholics are sparsely settled, and over which he travels on horseback to carry the consolations of religion to his flock. Recently he celebrated mass in a lumber shanty at four o'clock in the morning, administered confirmation and gave communion to twenty-two, and then started off to another remote settlement. His health is excellent, a correspondent writes, and it requires a strong constitution to do the work the bishop is accomplishing.

Donahoe's Magazine, Boston: Patrick Donahoe. — The February number of this new acquisition to Irish literature has been received. It is replete with choice and appropriate selections, all of which must prove highly interesting to every lover of Irish literature. Mr. Donahoe's name has been long associated with the Irish Catholic press of the United States, and we have no doubt his magazine will soon be as powerful an instrument of good, in its way, as that great Irish Catholic organ, the "Pilot," which he so long and so ably conducted. We say, God speed this new effort of the man who has done so much in the past for Catholic and national literature. — *Catholic Record, London, Ont.*

If you like our magazine, just ask your neighbor to take it. In doing so, you will do a charitable work. For there is no greater charity than in providing good food for the mind as well as the body.

The editor of the "Catholic Sentinel," Portland, Oregon, says: —

Your magazine looks well and reads well, and we hope you will again find yourself the pilot of a literary craft which, on every monthly voyage, will return laden with financial fruits to reward your enterprise and industry.

Rev. A. J. Ryan, the Poet-Priest of the South, lectured in New Orleans on the evening of Sunday the 26th ult. "Tears, Temples, and Tombs" was the subject. Of all the grand and beautiful and tender thoughts to which the lecturer gave eloquent utterance, we think there is none to surpass this: "Christ drank the chalice of human suffering to the bitter dregs, but upon its rim he left the sweetness of his lips, and since that day every earthly chalice has traces of this divine sweetness mingled with its gall."

Mr. Philip Corcoran, who gave very valuable assistance in the starting of this paper, and who was for some years connected with it, is at present editing the "Indianapolis Greenbacker," in Indiana. Few men know more than Mr. Corcoran about the practical workings of a newspaper establishment. Although this is the first time he has formally assumed the duties of editor, it is not by any means the first time he has had experience in filling that position. We wish himself and his paper, independent of its politics, the greatest prosperity. — *Catholic Union, Buffalo, N. Y.*

St. Ignatius College,
San Francisco, Jan. 25, 1879.

Enclosed, please find check on Kelly, Donahoe & Co., for $25.00 gold coin, and please send receipt soon by a postal card.

Mr. Donahoe, I am not an Irishman, yet my soul and body is for Ireland, but always *cum grano salis*. I have read both January and February, and I try to hear the opinions of others. I hear that perhaps there is too much of Ireland in the magazine. Also boys complain that there are no stories for them. I told them that this magazine is not for babies who like pictures, but for boys who study grammar and history. Mr. Donahoe, I am not as old as you, but only fifty years old, and I have spent thirty-four years in my religious order with boys all the time, and I see that we must *sicut in quantum* become a boy with them. If there are small and interesting stories, I am sure the magazine will find its way in their houses.

Wishing again on you and your family God's blessing, I remain,

Yours in Christ,
Francis Ignatius Prelate, S. S.

Patrick Donahoe, Esq., Boston, Mass.

OUR magazine will make two handsome volumes in the year. We will give a title-page and table of contents for each volume, at the end of every six months.

A LETTER from Bloomington, Ill., says:—

Please find enclosed $6.00, for three subscribers for your good magazine. We all wish you long life in its publication. It is just what we Irish Catholics need.

IN reply to many inquiries, we state that W. E. Robinson is now working hard on his new book,—"The Irish Element in the United States." We think it will be ready early in summer.

OUR old friend, the "St. John's Freeman," speaks of our February number: "Donahoe's Magazine" for February contains a rich and very varied assortment of Irish literature, etc. The table of contents has no less than twenty-two items, and every paper of them all is interesting. A brief sketch of the life and struggles of the great Hugh O'Neill; what Cardinal Manning says of Intemperance; the second part of the Bar Life of O'Connell; an address entitled "The Future Church of America"; a paper on Cavan Superstitions, etc., etc., will all be largely read.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE, FEBRUARY, 1879, No. 2.—This is chock-full of good things for readers of Irish sentiments and of Catholic feeling. To republish the title of its contents would give but a feeble idea of the variety, number, and character of the articles. It is certainly a wonderful talent that Mr. Donahoe has of aptly selecting choice writings of others that are sure to please all his readers. The magazine is certainly a very valuable addition to Irish-American and Catholic literature. Its price is $2.00 a year. Any of our readers wishing it, by ordering from us will be supplied with this journal and the magazine for $2.00 — the price of the magazine alone.—*C. B. A. Journal.*

"THE CATHOLIC," Pittsburgh, Pa.—This able journal has entered upon its thirty-sixth year. We well remember when its first number appeared, and if we remember right, we hailed its appearance at the time. The last issue says:—

"But if we are getting old, we are not getting feeble. The strong currents of life rush with more than old-time fervor through all the veins and arteries of our journalistic body, and the aspirations and actions of our present condition of existence, instead of being chilled with the frosts of the many winters through which we have passed, gather strength and warmth under the fostering influences of the summer of our prosperity."

Long may our venerable friend live to combat the errors of the day!

OUR Holy Father, Pope Leo XIII., has proclaimed a general jubilee, to extend from March 2 to Pentecost (June 1), inclusive.

DEAN STANLEY, of whose treatment by us the "New York Daily Graphic" complained, is the subject of Fr. Connor's caustic pen in "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" for March. The article will be found in our columns.—*Home Journal, Detroit, Mich.*

ASK FOR "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE," at every newspaper stand throughout the country. We ask our friends to do this. There are many newsdealers who take no interest in the circulation of the magazine, but if asked for it will keep it on sale.

A FRIEND writes from Omaha:—

I have taken the liberty of obtaining a few subscribers to your highly interesting and spicy magazine. Having purchased the second number, I was so well pleased with it that my desire was to see it in as many Irish Catholic families in Omaha as I could possibly reach. Will send more soon.

THE Pope on the 23d of February received the representatives of 1302 Catholic publications, issued in Europe and America, and addressed them on the influence and mission of the press. He incidentally stated that temporal powers were indispensable to the Holy See.

WE have departed from the course laid out by us at the commencement of our magazine, by replying to attacks made upon our race and creed by some magazines. For instance, we replied to Dean Stanley in our last, and to the "Atlantic Monthly" in our present issue. Whenever magazine literature attacks our race or creed on this side the water, they will find us true to our antecedents.

MARSHAL MACMAHON, at the Cabinet Council the 30th of January, formally gave in his resignation of the chief magistracy of the Republic, in a letter addressed to the Presidents of the Senate and the Chamber of Deputies. In this communication the Marshal said that, being at issue with the Ministry, and having no hope of forming another Cabinet, and moreover not wishing to give his assent to measures which he regards as contrary to the dignity and the good organization of the army, he withdrew from power.

On the 346th page of this issue of the magazine we give some account of his resignation, a history of the grand old Marshal, and a description of his future residence. It is stated that the Marshal intends to visit the land of his ancestors.

NOTE. — Since our review of Mr. Cook's criticism on the New York Cathedral was written, that gentleman has condescended to make a very meagre apology for his mistatement regarding Archbishop Hughes's "jockeying" the cathedral ground out of the New York municipality for a dollar. He admits that there is no evidence whatever for this assertion. Mr. John R. G. Hassard, in a letter to him, published in the March "Atlantic," traces the title of the property, clearly and exactly; and he conclusively shows that the trustees of the cathedral obtained the land by open purchase at fair valuation. He also explains the origin of the "one-dollar" story from the circumstance that anciently the land was chargeable with a quit-rent of four bushels of wheat, which was commuted at the time of the transfer to the cathedral trustees, by the payment of $83.32. The Catholics did not obtain the cathedral ground from the city, either for a dollar or for any other price.

Mr. Hassard's clear and candid explanation obliges Mr. Cook to make a reluctant confession of his error. A thoroughly ingenuous writer would do this amply and without demur. Not so the great art critic. He writes a long, rambling letter, in which he tells Mr. Hassard, who evidently speaks by the card and with the fullest knowledge of every detail of the transaction, that he (Mr. H.) does not fully explain the dollar story. Mr. Cook is loath to give up this darling falsehood. Everybody for years, he says, has believed and repeated it. There *must* be something in it. It cannot be all pure lie. Mr. Cook should be the last person in the world to doubt the latter possibility. He proposes the following explanation, which shows quite a genius for inventing wrong motives. The cathedral plot of ground was not fenced and separated from the adjacent orphan asylum, which latter was leased to the Catholics for public charitable uses by the comptroller, at the yearly rent of a dollar. The public eye could not distinguish between the cathedral and the orphan asylum. What could the public help thinking? Mr. Cook here impersonates the public. Of course the transaction was open to the gravest doubts. Again, the city officials gave away thirty-six city lots for the sum of a dollar. Who could blame the public (*i. e.*, Mr. Cook) for suspecting that the Roman Church came in for a slice? And thus he writes and palters and hems and haws even when the very title-deeds of the cathedral and the orphan asylum are thrust under his nose, and he is forced to admit his "mistake." When no longer able to defend any position, he slinks out of the matter with this parting shot at Mr. Hassard: "I am much mistaken in your character, if you do not agree with me that it was a time (1829–1869) in the history of the Catholic Church [in New York], which its best friends must prefer not to have dragged into the light." In view of his discomfiture, we may apply the closing sentence to Mr. Cook himself. Certainly *his* best friends must prefer not to have seen *him* thus dragged into the light.

I. V. O'C.

THE "New York Tablet" transferred to its columns from our magazine the criticism on Dean Stanley.

"DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" for February is on our table and contains a mass of matter particularly interesting to Irish-American Catholics. The reading is generally of a light order, but strictly moral and thoroughly Catholic in tone. — *Catholic Sentinel, Portland, Oregon.*

THE "Catholic Citizen," Springfield, Ill., says: —

The March number of "DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE" supports the high standard of the two previous numbers, and is just what it is represented to be, "a monthly devoted to the Irish race at home and abroad."

EDWARD O'KELLY, the last of the Fenian prisoners, has been discharged from Spike Island Prison, Queenstown Harbor, on condition that he leave the British Isles. Edward O'Kelly was arrested in Dublin in 1871, charged with shooting at and wounding a man who was supposed to be a secret agent of the government. Strenuous efforts have been made, both in Ireland and in England, to obtain his unconditional pardon, as he was the only support of an aged mother, but without result. He died in New York on the 27th of February.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH,
PITTSBURGH, S. S. PENN.

MR. P. DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — I acknowledge the receipt of the February and March numbers of your MAGAZINE. Thanks for the favor. I have run over their pages with much pleasure indeed. They seem to combine, with much judgment, the *jucundum et utile*, to furnish matter of pleasure and profit for Catholic readers generally, but especially for the young. Please forward three copies for our school library, commencing with the first number of this year, and with sincere wishes for the success of your enterprise, I remain,

Yours faithfully,

WM. POLLARD, *Pastor.*

It is stated that Marshal McMahon contemplates a visit to Ireland.

The Holy Father has conferred the doctor's cap on the Rev. J. F. O'Callaghan, associate editor of the "Catholic Telegraph."

Agents Wanted in every city and town in the country, to whom good inducements will be given. Active men and women can do well. Address Donahoe's Magazine, Boston, Mass.

We do not advise people in New England, who are comfortably situated, to pull up stakes and go West. In the providence of God, New England will be the future garden of the Church.

The Pope has very cordially received Marquis de Gobriac, French Ambassador, who presented an official notification of M. Grevy's election to the presidency of France. The interview was mutually satisfactory.

The Most Rev. Archbishop Henny, of Milwaukee, Wis., celebrated the golden jubilee of his elevation to the priesthood on Thursday, Feb. 6. One archbishop, eight bishops, and two hundred priests were present at the celebration.

Donahoe's Magazine is before us. Its hundred pages are loaded with good things, selected from many sources with that rare tact and happy taste with which its editor is gifted. Better still, there is A Talk with his readers from him who has had thousands to listen to his words, thousands who will rejoice that he still lives, and who will be glad to hear from him often, and to know that he is prospering. In accord with them we say, Success and long life to Donahoe's Magazine. — *Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

The editor of the "Freeman's Journal" (New York) is the most original genius this side of New York. Although we have read him for more than a quarter of a century, yet he is as fresh and versatile as ever. He is a dangerous fellow to have a "bout" with. Just see how he treats his friends. Here is a specimen: —

A General Notice. — The "Freeman's Journal" is not a "literary," nor a "litter" paper. All documents of the sort, in prose or verse, are thrown, unread, into the waste-basket. This is a general answer to the multitude who have learned to write, to their misfortune! We will not whip the devil round the bush, as some editors did, by saying, "Darn your stockings, and *darn* your poetry!" but say, right out, *Damn* your nonsense! The world is full of it, and cursed by it. Stop it, and *go to work!*

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF THE BRITISH IN AFRICA.

On the 21st of January, on the banks of the Tugela, in South Africa, the arms of England suffered the most terrible disaster which she has ever met with at the hands of a savage foe. The British force at the camp consisted of detachments of the Royal Artillery and Royal Engineers, with two guns and two rocket tubes, six companies of the Twenty-fourth Regiment, numbering about, we presume, six hundred officers and men, one hundred and four mounted Colonial Volunteers, and eight hundred natives, led by English officers. On the 21st of January a great Zulu army, collected with singular rapidity and led with consummate skill, surprised the English camp. By some clever but inexplicable stroke of strategy the Zulus enticed the English out of their entrenched camp into the open country, and then fell upon them with terrible ferocity and daring. That the Englishmen and Irishmen and Scotchmen thus assailed fought gallantly goes without saying; valor is a common characteristic of the people of the three kingdoms. But the dusky warriors who, with a ring of fire, surrounded the English force, also showed that splended courage which has ever made the Kaffir the most dangerous of foes. The British force was simply annihilated. In Lord Chelmsford's confession of ruin and calamity he acknowledges that the "Imperial troops" engaged, that is to say, the Royal Artillery, Royal Engineers, and Twenty-fourth Regiment, lost thirty officers and five hundred men, and the colonial volunteers seventy men. He says nothing of the native contingent, but the other accounts leave little doubt that this body of eight hundred men was also annihilated. The native troops were led by twenty-one white officers, and putting all these facts together, it is probable that the English loss is understated at fifty officers and 1,200 or 1,300 men, all killed of course, for it is not pretended that the Zulus have reached the refinement of making prisoners. The number of English troops, black and white, killed in this dreadful disaster was more than twice the total Franco-English loss in killed at the battle of the Alma, and three times the English loss in killed at the hard-fought field of Inkerman. But the loss in killed was not the only loss. The Zulus took as a prey, the prize of victory, an amount of plunder which reminds us of the triumph of Arminius over Varus. The entire English camp fell into the hands of the conquerors, and the booty included two cannons, two rocket-tubes, one hundred wagons, 1,000 oxen, 1,000 rifles, 250,000 rounds of ammunition, and 60,000 pounds weight of commissariat stores. Even the colors of the Twenty-fourth Regiment — those colors which were borne in triumph through so many campaigns, those colors which waved in the bloody fight of Talavera and above the battle-field of Salamanca, and in the hardest struggles of the great Sikh war — now grace the tent of some Zulu chief.

Rev. Luke F. Bartley, Pastor, Houlton, Me., died in that town on the 15th of February. *Requiescat in pace.*

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Father Lynch died in Ithaca, diocese of Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 19.

Rev. John A. Cook, of the Covington Diocese, died at his mother's residence, Newport, Ky., lately.

Rev. Bernard McCool, of the diocese of Rochester, N. Y., and late pastor of Seneca Falls, died in that village Feb. 11, after a short sickness.

Rev. James Mulligan, a priest of the diocese of Philadelphia, died on Sunday, Jan. 26. Father Mulligan was born in the parish of Clontibret, County Monaghan, Ireland, in 1848.

The Rev. Alphonsus P. Pelletier, one of the Jesuit fathers attached to St. Francis Xavier's Church, New York, dropped dead while performing the marriage ceremony, Wednesday evening, Jan. 29.

The Very Rev. Cornelius Moynihan, a native of County Cork, Ireland, for thirty years pastor of St. Peter's Church, New Orleans, and one of the best known and most distinguished priests of the South, died on Tuesday, Feb. 11.

The Rev. Thomas M'Cormick, the respected and estimable pastor of the Donnybrook parish, died on the 23d of January, having attained to about the fifty-fifth year of his age. Father M'Cormick was, we believe, a native of the diocese of Dublin.

Rev. B. John Hutchins, a venerable Kentucky priest, has gone to his rest. He died at Loretto Convent, Marion County, on the morning of Feb. 7, after a brief illness, caused by exposure during the recent severe weather. His age was about seventy-six years.

Rev. Eugene Cullen, O. C. C., died on the 6th of February, at the Carmelite Friary, Aungier Street, Dublin. The reverend deceased was far advanced in years, having been born towards the end of the last century. He was a native of the parish of Kilquade, Wicklow.

Rev. Miles J. Loughlin, D. D., died at Rochester, N. Y., Feb. 7. Father Loughlin was a clergyman of rare natural gifts, developed and improved by diligent and profound study. He was a brother of Rev. Dr. Loughlin, of St. Matthew's Church, Conshohocken, Pa.

The death of the Very Rev. Canon M'Keon, P. P., Termonfeckin, county Louth, Ireland, which occurred on the 17th of January. The deceased was upwards of thirty-four years in the pastoral charge of Termonfeckin, having been translated to that place from Dundalk, in 1854.

We deeply regret to announce the death of the venerable parish priest of Athenry, Very Rev. J. Canon O'Grady, P. P., V. F. He passed peacefully away Feb. 21. As midnight tolled, the good old pastor yielded up his soul to God. Respect for his priestly virtues was conjoined, in those who knew him, and amongst whom he ministered, with admiration for him as a fine old gentleman. If not the senior of all, he was certainly amongst the seniors of the Archdiocese of Tuam.

SISTERS.

Dec. 24, died Sister Mary of the Nativity, Superioress of the Little Sisters of the Poor in Cincinnati, Ohio. May she rest in peace. Amen.

Died on Sunday, 19th of January, at the Convent of Mercy, Tralee, in the forty-eighth year of her age, and twenty-fifth of her conventual life, Sister Mary Baptist Williams, a most efficiently active member of the Order here since Tralee was blessed with a Convent of Mercy.

Jan. 22, just as the Angelus bell summoned the faithful to praise and thank God for the ineffable mystery of the Incarnation, the pure soul of Sister Margaret Mary Alacoque, of the Sisters of St. Joseph, departed this life at the mother-house of the order at Flushing, L. I., in the twenty-fourth year of her age.

The Rev. Mother Mary Aloysius, an esteemed member of the Order of the Sisters of Mercy, died at the convent of the community, Peter's Cell, Limerick. The deceased was a native of Galway city, and a daughter of the late Mr. Winter of that town, being in the forty-second year of her age at the time of her demise.

LAYMEN.

The death of James W. Sullivan, Esq., Kilkenny, occurred at his residence, Parliament Street, Kilkenny, fortified by the rites of the Catholic Church. The deceased gentleman had attained the age of seventy-six years, and was brother of the late Richard Sullivan, Esq. formerly M. P. for Kilkenny, and of Michael Sullivan, Esq., M. P., whose death was recently recorded.

In Limerick, Major Thomas P. Vandeleur breathed his last, in the eightieth year of his age. He joined the army in 1815, and served as ensign in the 85th Regiment of Foot, and attained the rank of Brevet Major in the 21st Fusiliers; elected county treasurer in 1854, and shortly after the death of Archdeacon Maunsell, he was appointed agent over the Wray estates. He held both offices till his decease. He will be succeeded by his son, Cecil Vandeleur. He was an amiable, courteous, and kind-hearted gentleman.

Mr. John Murphy, of Thomas Street, Williamstown, County Dublin, died on the

morning of the 4th of February, at his suburban residence in Williamstown, having attained to the good old age of nearly fourscore of years. Mr. Murphy had acquired a large and a wide celebrity as one of the most eminent and successful bell founders of our age, and had sent his name in the tuneful productions of his foundry to the most distant parts of the world. His melodious bells may be heard in nearly every corner of our own land, and in Dublin their tones are as familiar as they are sweet and welcome. He was one of the oldest of the citizens of Dublin, and he loved the city of his birth and of his work with a truly intense affection.

LAYWOMEN.

On the 2d inst., Mrs. A. Tully, who was for a long time proprietress of the "Roscommon Journal," breathed her last, at the residence of her son, Wm. Tully, Esq., Main Street, Roscommon. Deceased was the relict of Charles Tully, who established the journal in 1827. Dying in 1850, his widow successfully carried on the paper to within a short period before her death. Her attainments were of a high order. Her sterling qualities of head and heart cause her death to be universally regretted by all with whom she ever came in contact.

DEATH OF RT. REV. BISHOP FOLEY.

The Diocese of Chicago is again in tears, for the loss of another of her bishops, Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley, D. D., who expired in that city, on the 19th of February, after a brief illness. After his preparation for death, the only expression of regret he was heard to utter was in reference to his aged mother, to whom he felt his death would be a severe affliction. As his speech began to fail he turned to Rev. Dr. McMullen and said, "I appoint you administrator. I have tried to do my duty. I bow to the will of Almighty God." These were his last words.

Although fifty-seven years of age at the time of his decease, Bishop Foley was still a young-looking man, and had a commanding presence, which at once inspired reverence and affection in all who came in contact with him.

The Rt. Rev. Thomas Foley was born March 6, 1822, in Baltimore, Md. He was the son of Mathew Foley, of the County Wexford, Ireland, his mother being a native of the same locality, the two emigrating to the United States early in 1821. When ten years of age he entered the preparatory school of St. Mary's College, and after pursuing the prescribed course of study, matriculated at the college itself. He enjoyed there the best educational advantages the institution afforded, graduating in 1840, at the age of eighteen, with the degree of A. B. Having determined to devote his life to the service of the Church, he entered the Theological Seminary attached to St. Mary's, where he studied divinity, and passed six years in preparing himself. He was ordained to the priesthood Aug. 16, 1846, at the cathedral in Baltimore, by the Most Rev. Dr. Eccleston, Archbishop and Metropolitan, by whom he was subsequently appointed to take charge of the Catholic Missions in Montgomery County. In November, 1869, he was appointed Bishop of Pergamus *in partibus infidelium*, Coadjutor and Administrator of the Diocese of Chicago, *cum jure successionis*, and was consecrated Feb. 21, 1870, in Baltimore, by Archbishop McCloskey, who was assisted by Bishop Rosecranz, of Columbus, and Bishop Becker, of Washington. On March 10, the same year, he was duly installed in his new office.

The body lay in state in the cathedral of Chicago until the Friday following, when a grand funeral service took place, after which the remains were conveyed to Baltimore, where they arrived on Sunday, Feb. 23. A large throng assembled at the depot, but in respect to the wishes of the family of the deceased, there was no processional display. The body was removed to the residence of the mother of the deceased, on Mulberry Street, near the cathedral, where it was placed on a catafalque in the parlor. Only intimate friends were permitted to view it during the day. The funeral took place on the 24th, from the cathedral, and the remains were interred in Bonnie Brae Cemetery. Bishop Beeker, of Wilmington, officiated, and Archbishop Gibbons, of Baltimore, preached the funeral oration. The ceremonies were attended by a large number of the clergy and laity, and among those present were Bishops Goss, of Savannah, Kaine, of Wheeling, Kane, of Richmond, Lynch, of Charleston, Wadham, of Ogdensburg, N. Y., McNierney, of Albany, and Shanahan, of Harrisburg.

Events of the Month.

In January, 1878, there were bringing up in the different establishments of the Holy Childhood in China, 61,615 children. The number baptized in danger of death during the preceding year was 414,611.

Gratitude to the Blessed Virgin. — The shipwrecked crew of the late ship of war "Pizarro" celebrated a solemn thanksgiving for their preservation which they had vowed to Our Lady of Mount Carmel, at Havana, on the 13th inst. Not one of the crew, which numbered one hundred and fifty-three, was lost. They were rescued by an Italian bark in a terrible storm on the 9th and 11th of September, and conveyed to the United States. All attributed their safety to the Blessed Virgin, whose aid they had invoked in their peril. The solemnity was most imposing. The admiral of the station, with his full staff, was present, and each of the sailors wore conspicuously the Scapular of Mount Carmel. The mass was sung by the chaplain of the ship, who also preached a most impressive sermon, which drew tears from many eyes.

THE young Prince Napoleon will take his second baptism of fire with the staff of the Royal Artillery in Africa. If the Zulus get hold of him, what will the future France do without a Napoleon?

THE beautiful ceremony of the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the profession of Rev. Mother Bernard, Sister M. Stanislaus, Sister M. Francis Borgia, and Sister M. Patricia, took place in St. Francis Xavier's Convent, Providence, R. I., on Saturday, Feb 15. The venerable Rev. Mother Xavier Warde, of Manchester, N. H., was present on this interesting occasion.

A VALUABLE STOCKING.—A rather singular discovery has been made by some professional gentlemen at Larkfield, near Maidstone. They were engaged at the house lately occupied by Miss Wise, deceased, better known as "Becky Wise," and they there discovered an old stocking which contained about five hundred sovereigns and twenty-three spade guineas, together with the deeds of some freehold house property at Brompton, and a quantity of small silver.

MR. LUKE PIKE, who resides at Chatham, New Brunswick, at the age of eighty-six years, was in the English frigate "Shannon" at the time of her contest with the "Chesapeake" in Massachusetts Bay, during the war of 1812, and is believed to be the only survivor of that engagement. He is a native of Ireland, and while on a vessel in which he was coming to Newfoundland, he was captured by an American privateer. Subsequently the privateer was captured by a British cruiser, and he and twenty-two other released prisoners were impressed on board the "Shannon" to make up the deficiency in the number of her crew caused by drafting men to be placed on board of prizes. Four of these impressed men were killed in the engagement. Mr. Pike, who is hale and hearty, has a vivid recollection of this memorable fight.

THREE of the Popes died within a few days after their election and before they were consecrated. Eleven Popes reigned less than one month each; forty-four less than one year; twenty-one less than two years; twenty-two less than three years; nineteen less than four years; sixteen less than five years; seventeen less than six years; nine less than seven years; seven less than eight years; fifteen less than nine years; twelve less than ten years; fourteen less than eleven years; eleven less than twelve years; nine less than thirteen years; six less than fourteen years; seven less than fifteen years; ten less than sixteen years; one less than seventeen years; one less than eighteen years; six less than nineteen years; three less than twenty-one years; three less than twenty-two years; two less than twenty-four years; one less than twenty-five years; and two, St. Peter and Pius IX., more than twenty-five years.

Notices of Recent Publications.

WE notice that *Messrs. D. & J. Sadlier & Co* offer liberal inducements to authors in publishing their new books.

Messrs. Benziger Brothers inform us that they have ordered a supply of Sister Mary Francis Care's "LIFE OF THE LATE MOST REV. DR. DIXON." We are glad to hear this, as it is a most delightful biography. The reader will find a chapter from the book in this issue of our magazine.

HEREAFTER the "Dublin Review," now under the management of Bishop Hedley, will be published simultaneously in London and Baltimore. The American edition will be the work of Kelly, Piet & Co., and will cost $5.50 per annum. This will bring this first of Catholic Quarterlies within the reach of thousands who heretofore regarded it as a too costly luxury.

"THE FAITH OF OUR FATHERS," published by *Messrs. John Murphy & Co.*, Baltimore, and which has had a very large sale, has been published in German, under the title of "*Der Glaube unser Vater*," by Bishop Gibbons. No English-speaking family should be without the English edition, and every German-speaking family should have the German translation.

"THE CATHOLIC WORLD."—The March number is in character and harmony with the solid reputation of this grand Catholic publication. Anything coming from the brain of Father Hecker will always receive due consideration from the Catholics of America. He it was who gave tone and character to Catholic literature in the United States, in the establishment of the Catholic Publication Society, and in directing the publications issued from that house. Long life to our old friend Father Hecker and "The Catholic World!"

Messrs. Benziger Brothers, New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis, are publishing in parts the "LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER." Translated and adapted from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M., author of "A Popular Life of Pope Pius IX." This is the first fully illustrated Life of Christ ever published in English. It contains nearly six hundred choice engravings, embodied in the text, together with a beautiful illuminated titlepage, a presentation-plate, and a family record printed in colors, six exquisite chromo lithographs, and thirty-one fine full-page plates. In addition, a superb steel engraving of the Resurrection of our Lord (size 20½ × 27½ inches) is presented free to each subscriber. The book, a large quarto, is printed on fine paper, from handsome, bold type, and is issued in thirty-eight parts, at the low price of twenty-five cents each. Each part contains, besides its other engravings, either a chromo-lithograph or a fine plate, well worth, in itself, the price of the part. The book is sold only by subscription. It is approved and recommended by His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of New York, and by nearly all the archbishops and bishops of the United States, New Dominion, etc.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, MAY, 1879. No. 5

THERE is not a man who wags his tongue against the Catholic Church, but who owes it to the Catholic Church that he is able to wag his tongue at all.

"PROVIDENCE seems to have given, in our days, a special mission to the Catholic press. It is for it to preserve the principles of order and of the faith, where they still prevail, and to propagate them where impiety and cold indifference have caused them to be forgotten."—LETTER OF POPE PIUS IX., IN 1821.

THE PRESS: ITS USE AND ABUSE.—"Of such a powerful instrument of good and evil, we should all be anxious to extend the beneficent and check the baneful influence. If, therefore, you wish to have an honest press, you ought honestly and generously support it."—ARCHBISHOP MACHALE.

"MAY God bless and direct, through the intercession of St. Francis de Sales, to whom they wish to commend themselves, the writers of Catholic periodicals, who defend the cause of religion, its rights, and those of this Apostolic See, obediently and faithfully abiding by its teaching and counsels."—PIUS P. P. IX.

"WHO ARE THE PERSECUTORS?"

By Rev. Joseph Vincent O'Conor.

THIS is the question put to the Catholic Church by the astonished "Boston Traveller" (Feb. 28), in an editorial commenting upon a recent declaration of Pope Leo XIII. regarding "his desire to reconcile princes and peoples to the Church, his readiness to extend his hand to all who repent and cease persecutions, and his unflinching intention to combat, in defence of the rights and independence of the Church, those who make war against her." What does the Pope mean? asks the innocent "Traveller." "We are at a loss to know who are the men or the governments that are required 'to repent and cease persecution,' in order to forgiveness from the Vatican." This charming unacquaintance with the recent history of the persecuted church betokens a meekness of spirit and a generous refusal to believe that there are such horrid men as the Pope insinuates, which reflect high credit upon the "Traveller," in a philanthropic point of view; though some might think that he attaches but little significance to his name, as his travels appear to be confined to a rather limited circuit.

The "Traveller" declines believing that this is a persecuting time. No one, not even the Pope, "can accuse the age of intolerance in religious affairs, or of a disposition to persecute for opinion's sake." Would that all were of the conviction of the mild Bostonian editor! "This age is not like the ages of faith, when to doubt was to die," and fire and fagots were the great weapons of religious controversy. We fear that the "Traveller's" reading of history must have stopped at the ages of faith. "No government now meddles with the conscience of men." Indeed! "Catholics can do what they please in Protestant countries," but Protestants have not the same liberty in Catholic coun-

tries. If we believed in Spiritism, we should feel certain that it was old Peter Parley who had written thus. It is the very echo of the antiquated historical school, which Boston first taught the country to laugh at.

The "Traveller" makes too hasty a trip around the world. M. Jules Verne allows eighty days for a bird's-eye view of the planet; but our Boston tourist leaves him far behind. He is the O'Leary of rapid historical travelling. He skips from one land to another, without the slightest pause for calm investigation, and though much out of breath, manages at the close to gasp out, "I — have — been — all — over — the world — and—and I can't — find — anybody — or any government — persecuting the Catholic — Church — or — the P—p—pope —— ah!" —— He suggests to our mind a remark made by Sydney Smith to a gentleman who showed him, with great interest and self-felicitation, a walking-stick, "which," said he, "has travelled all around the world." "And yet," said Sydney, "it remains only a stick after all."

Let us prevail upon the "Traveller" to make another little journey. This time, we shall take a few guide-books along, and put a history or two in our trunks. We shall not be in such a hurry. Besides, we must guard against the sickness which assails the historical traveller. A few antidotes against the fever of hurried criticism, the bile of bigotry, and the jaundice of anti-popery will accompany us. The "Traveller," too, must lay aside that tremendous overcoat of self-conceit, and, if possible, those Bostonian eye-glasses, or at least change their color from green.

"Where are we to look for these persecutions of which the visible head of the Catholic Church speaks?" asks our "Traveller."

"Everywhere."

"Oh, pshaw! Not in this country, in which Catholicism is no more persecuted than is science."

Dear "Traveller," were you really sincere when you wrote that line? Do not escape from the issue by limiting persecution to the fire and fagot. *We suffered that kind of persecution too.* But there is a subtler, though none the less powerful method of persecution than that of fire and sword. There is a quiet but effective opposition kept up to the Church in this country. Persecution need not be positive; it need not be intelligent. The clown who ostracized Aristides was tired of hearing him called The Just. The persecution which the Church suffers here is of a negative kind. The secular press, down to within a comparatively recent date, felt secure of praise when it attacked, ridiculed, and denounced popery. The Protestant pulpit rang with anathemas against the faith of nearly all Christendom. Political parties made capital out of anti-papal hate. To this day, no Catholic could be elected President of the United States, or, in many quarters, even chosen as policeman. Look at your own New Hampshire, whose petty religious bigotry is the scorn of the country, and of that limited portion of the great world that has heard of that State, which, by an anomaly, is situated in freedom-loving New England. The argument of the Church on the school question has been shamefully misrepresented. We are "spotted" and singled out from our

fellow-countrymen as enemies of those free institutions which we thank God for day by day, and have ever poured out our blood and treasure to uphold. No one can deny that the fact of his religion is generally a fatal drawback to a Catholic's success in the political and sometimes in the business world. When the name of James P. Barr, of Pittsburg, was proposed in a Pennsylvania convention for an office which his genius and virtues would adorn, the sense of the convention was expressed by one who frankly declared that Mr. Barr's religious connections would insure his defeat. If Mr. Barr were a Mohammedan, an infidel, or idolater, he might have ridden into office triumphantly; but he is a Catholic, and that was sufficient to render him practically ineligible.

Now, we have not the wish nor the justification to say that the Catholic faith is persecuted in this land. We only say that, other things being equal, a Catholic has fewer chances for getting along in the world here, and this on precisely religious grounds. We challenge denial or refutation of this statement. We do not blame the people for this, we blame the Protestant pulpit, the secular press, and the public-school system, which have united in blackening the Church in the sight of the nation. Most Americans are brought up to look upon our holy faith as a soul-brutalizing idolatry, or at the very best, a corrupt form of Christianity; the Pope is either antichrist or an ambitious and blasphemous prelate, claiming to be impeccable, infallible in every sense and way, and filled with the bitterest animosity against all non-Catholics; our priests and sisters are regarded as immoral men and women, who extort money from a deluded people, and laugh at the simple ignorance which pays for unlocking the gates of purgatory, and the confirmed wickedness which bargains in advance for license to commit sin, at a regularly graded rate of taxation. The spirit of the Catholic persecution in the United States is the spirit of malevolent or, at least, of ignorant misrepresentation, and, dear "Traveller," this persecution is quite as effective as that of fire and fagot. It is a very grave thing for the Church in this country to be held up to the people as a tyrannical, liberty-hating system of spiritual and intellectual darkness. Yet is not this the usual picture?

"H'm!" says the "Traveller," "I never took exactly that view of persecution before. But surely you cannot say that your Church is persecuted in England or in Ireland, at least since 1829. Besides, look at the disestablishment of the Church in Ireland, which deprives the Irish of any just cause of complaint."

Well! well! The "Traveller" certainly *must* be Peter Parley, the founder of the Mother Goose school of interpreting history. Does anybody believe that the Catholic Church has recovered from her fearful wounds in England and in Ireland? Is persecution so slight a trial that its ravages are healable in a day or even in a century? What is the English Protestant Church but a huge usurpation? It robbed, defamed, and almost exterminated the ancient religion, and set up itself as a horrid mockery of the Catholic Church. The king was nominally and his mistresses practically the head of the church. The panderers to

his lust or his avarice became his archbishops and bishops. Nothing but the undying protest of Ireland against these outrages before heaven and earth maintained and diffused the spirit of Christianity, which recognizes no secular power as supreme in religion, — and this is the corner-stone of our American liberty of conscience.

The whole world knows the systematic persecution of the Church in England, and above all in Ireland A fiercer fire blazed in the latter unhappy country. Does the "Traveller" suppose, because England no longer hangs, draws, and quarters a popish priest, that he is any the less detestable in her eyes? Did not that buffoon statesman, Russell, move heaven and earth to prevent the re-establishment of a simple religious dignity and title in Great Britain? Was not Gladstone's pamphlet on the Vatican decrees, in which that "sophisticated rhetorican," as Beaconsfield calls him, argues that the Pope can release any bond of allegiance whenever he pleases, circulated by government to the uttermost bounds of the British Empire, for the purpose of rekindling the never extinct hatred to the Church? The "Traveller" talks like a child. He should thank God that he knows nothing about the violence of English hate against the Church. Byron talks about "the loud cry of trampled Hindostan," but Warren Hastings's rule of India was merciful compared to the English domination in Ireland. We know that there are some Protestant writers, who, ashamed of their country's bigotry, would fain have us believe that religion did not enter into the question at all; but Macaulay rightly says that this was precisely the element that added a fiercer ferocity to the struggle. The "Traveller" turns from such a picture. We admire his gentle-heartedness, but he must not hastily jump to the conclusion, that because the Irish Church is disestablished — the tardiest act of justice in the annals of history — the Catholic persecution in Ireland or in England is not worth talking about.

"Nor are Catholics persecuted in Germany," says the "Traveller." "The New Empire is not a persecuting state, though it insists upon having obedience from its subjects. So far from being hostile to Catholicism, it is ready to help bear the expense of religious instruction. William I. and Bismarck may have their faults, but religious fanaticism or persecution is not one of them."

If Bismarck read this we think he would apply to our "Traveller" a remark of his, which Herr Bursch, his latest biographer, chronicles with great glee, though we do not see anything in it except extreme vulgarity: "What a d—d fool Thiers is (*verdammt Narr*) for troubling himself about the newspapers! These jumping jacks (*hanswürsts*) of the press I can pull, so; up go their legs — so — I pull the string." No doubt the prince would be pleased to bestow his kind attention upon our "Traveller," especially as, like the "Cologne Gazette" or the "Allgemeine Zeitung," he evidently regards the German chancellor as a great man. We can imagine the burly statesman reading the "Traveller," and sputtering out: —

"There are no Catholics persecuted here! Ho! ho! my brave American 'Traveller'! It is well you are not a

bishop, cardinal, priest, seminarian, nun, or a *verdammt* Jesuit. We have scattered, exiled, and imprisoned over thirty-five hundred priests and prelates and religious; we have kept up the Old Catholics in the face of a jeering world; we have defied the Vatican Council, and my declaration that I will not go to Canossa is become historical. We must push the Pope to the wall. Before long we shall have confiscated every scrap of church property in the empire. '*Ohne hast, ohne rast*,' as the great apostle of culture, Goethe, says. I'll never rest until there is not a shred of the Catholic religion left in Germany,—unless a socialistic bullet wings me before I have succeeded, and then I'll say it was done by a Jesuit's hand," etc.

This disgusting, drunken, shameless man, whose moral hideousness is unconsciously revealed in the book of the admiring Herr Bursch, to which we have adverted, grins like a satyr at the heroic and devoted men whom he has jailed, robbed, and exiled. How the "Traveller" fails to see the Catholic persecution in Germany, when it is a frequent subject of comment among Protestants, is simply unintelligible. Still, even "Travellers" sometimes nod.

The persecution of the Church in Italy and in Spain has been of the shabbiest and meanest description. The Church in Spain was robbed in 1839 of $78,000,000; in Italy in 1867, of $116,000,000, which being official figures, very likely fall short of the true sums. In France, the Church was despoiled of all her possessions absolutely, the State guaranteeing to pay a stipend to all clergymen, Jews, Mohammedan, Protestant, or atheist. The pay of a French *curé* is about fifty dollars a year. In Italy, the wretched bankrupt government has not only confiscated the Church property, but it is mean enough to tax the alms of the faithful. A priest must give part of the *honorarium* he receives for celebrating mass. The government fulfils the saying of St. Paul regarding the priesthood, "It lives by the altar." Not content with robbing and dethroning the Pope, it meanly lives on him. The "Traveller" is no true Yankee, if it does not admit that this is about the lowest and vilest species of persecution it ever heard of.

But the Catholic Church takes a view of persecution different from that usually entertained. She regards it as her normal condition, and regrets it, not for the worldly inconveniences to which it subjects her, but for its spiritual hampering. There has been no age in which she did not bear the burden. She constantly fulfils Christ's saying that the world should hate her. But let us admit that she *is* the persecuted church. If there is any merit in it (and so the gospel proclaims), let her have it. It is a burden from which every false sect and religion is free. There is no parallel between the systematic persecution of the Church and that petty annoyance and inconvenience to which sects have at times been subjected, principally from themselves. The Puritans pierced the ears of Quaker preachers, but they put popish priests to death. The persecution of Protestants was to be deplored, but it was a recognized state measure. Hallam admits that the Albigenses, Waldenses, Cathari and other sects to which Protestantism, with singular

fatuity, appeals, as if to primitive Christianity, were unworthy of the human name and advocated tenets, which, if generally accepted, would put an end to the race. If they were treated as wild boars, it was because they effectually imitated them. A gentler and wiser criticism has redeemed the name of Queen Mary of England from that harsh epithet which she never deserved.

It is no doubt a subject of congratulation to Protestantism that its short period of persecution passed so quickly as to leave little or no trace in history. No one who values his reputation as a historian accepts Fox's "Book of Martyrs," or the current versions of the Massacre of St. Bartholemew, or the staple history of the Spanish Inquisition. But the Catholic Church glories in her martyr's palm. From the gloom of the Catacombs to the prison of the Vatican, the papacy has never ceased being the object of hatred and persecution. The fierce light that beats upon that throne is the lurid blaze of demoniac hate. The first thirty Popes passed from the chair of St. Peter to the blood-dyed sand of the amphitheatre — "butchered to make a Roman holiday." The Popes of the Middle Ages found in the dying declaration of Gregory VII. a summary of their pontificate: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile." After building up modern civilization, the Pope has received as a reward expulsion from his lordly place at its head, and bitter and contemptuous hostility or indifference. Does this conduct pain him? It must as a man, as a Pope, as the vicar of Christ. What nations need his forgiveness? What nation does not? There is, indeed, one land that has stood to him "among the faithless, faithful only she,"— Ireland, the Island of Saints, drawn by sympathy to the persecuted Head of the Church, because she is the martyr nation. Would to heaven that the peoples *would* listen to the gentle invitation of the Vicar of Christ, and, in the language of the poet, exclaim, —

"Father of our religion, whom the wide
Nations have knelt to for the keys of heaven,
Europe, repentant of her parricide,
Shall yet redeem thee; and, all backward driven,
Roll the barbarian tide, and sue to be forgiven." *Childe Harold*, 4, xlvii.

The Church regards as a persecuting agent everything that interferes with her action upon her people. This idea grows out of the very constitution of the faith. According to this, her children stand in need of her constant and unfettered ministrations. A Catholic belongs to the Church from the very moment when the waters of baptism wash his brow. The salvation of his soul depends upon his reception of the sacraments, and this implies the unimpeded access of the Church to him in all the various conjunctures of life. To grow in grace, he must feed upon the body of Christ, and to be reconverted to his offended Creator, he must approach the Sacrament of Penance. This divine obligation calls for the perpetual assistance of the priesthood of Christ, and is the reason why the clergy must be upheld in the perfectly free exercise of their duties, as ministers of Christ and dispensers of the mysteries of God. A Protestant, who believes that faith alone saves, does not understand this, and may,

perhaps, be excused for supposing that no spiritual injury is done the faithful by the imprisonment or expatriation of priests; but the Catholic knows that these men have received from the Lord his sublime commission to teach and to save the human family: — "Go, teach all nations."

The teaching power of the Church, being an essential characteristic, is one which she most jealously guards. Now, this is the very power denied to her by modern governments. She has been driven out of the schools of Germany, of France (to a certain extent), and of Italy. Her children are taught to hate the mother that brought them forth unto Christ. Germany has filled all her schools and universities with professors openly antagonistic to the faith. This is a blow levelled directly at the life of the Church, and is more terrible than the torch of the incendiary or the knife of the assassin. We could rebuild our material temples, but what power can restore the ruined temple of God, set up in the human heart by the teaching, prayers, and sacramental action of the Church? The man who is stricken down for the Church, dies a martyr; but if the spiritual life of the soul is taken away, who shall bring about its resurrection?

This is the persecution to which the Pope refers, and which the "Traveller" cannot understand. It is not only that our Church is robbed of material wealth, but her living jewels are tarnished and her spiritual treasures are locked up from their beneficent outflow upon her people. There are scores upon scores of parishes in Germany in which the sound of the mass-bell has not been heard since the close of the French war. Throughout Italy, the people are famishing for the bread of life, and there is no one to break it for them. The religious orders have been scattered abroad over the whole earth, broken in spirit, bankrupt in purse, and generally numbering very many holy men unfit to cope with the rough experiences of a world which hates and despises them as it did the Master before them.

The late lamented pontiff was betrayed by the very man — Napoleon — whom he trusted most implicitly. When the news of the Emperor's treachery was communicated to Pius IX., the venerable Head of the Church burst into a flood of bitter tears. "Those tears," exclaimed one of his cardinals, "shall yet cause France to weep tears of blood!" He fought the great cause of the Church long and well, and though to earthly eyes he seemed to fail, the memory of his heroism abides forever in the Church, and nerves his glorious successor "to carry on the same warfare for her rights and independence."

What nation is friendly to the Papacy? What people has kept its loyalty to the see unstained? These questions, alas! are easy to answer. The curse of God has fallen upon his Israel, because it has deserted the Ark of his promises and the tables of his law. What strenuous effort did the Catholics of Italy or of Germany make to second the endeavors of the Church to preserve them from spiritual ruin? Perhaps we expect too much from them. A military despotism, like Germany, would make short work of such a questioner; and Italy shows her disgust and discontent with her government by her flight

from her native fields. Since 1871 nearly a million Italians have emigrated.

The Church may seem to the "Traveller" to be fighting only for an idea; but in that idea is enshrined the spiritual hope of humanity. "In fifty years Europe will be either Republican or Cossack," Napoleon the First would say. In fifty years, unless God stretches forth his hand, Europe will have gone back to the pagan darkness and horror out of which the Church lifted her. Even now Protestantism has ceased to exert any appreciable influence upon modern morality or thought. The day of science is hailed as the ushering-in of the Age of Gold. Germany, England, and America worship "culture" as the latest-born and mightiest of the gods, — the new Zeus, who has dethroned and chained old Time. A mighty struggle is in progress, and on its issue depend all the temporal and eternal hopes of man. Which shall be victor? The spirit of the age, the "Zeitgeist," as it is called in the language of culture, advances confidently against the Catholic Church. Everything promises an easy triumph. The Pope is virtually dead and buried; education is in the hands of the State; a powerful military system sways nations as one man, reducing them to machines, and scoffing at the idea of any higher duty than blind adherence to the secular authority; Protestantism is too weak to excite the slightest fear, and of course must perish with the church which supports its parasitic life.

It must be the prayer of all good men that this impious design should come to naught. Never since the day of Julian the Apostate did cold and determined scepticism so assault the faith and Church of Jesus Christ Of course, we know that He, who is King of kings and Lord of lords, will conquer. "Far off his coming shines." What is this shining? It is the radiance of the Spirit of God that forever fills the Church, illuminating the minds of both the teaching and the instructed Church. Before this glorious light, the wandering and fitful gleams of science, culture, and reason are seen to pale. The Church will triumph, because her mission as the teacher and illuminator of the human race shall never fail, her voice shall never be silenced, and the world, though dreading and hating her, will ever be forced to hear it. The throne of the Pope is upheld by a power which only smiles at the vain efforts of man. The perpetuity and triumphant life of the Church are promised by One whose word shall not pass away until earth beholds him coming as her judge, and the wide heavens are rolled up as a scroll.

A Sad Sign. — The saddest sign of the degeneracy of anti-Catholics and infidels is their want of faith in female virtue. Their mockery and derision of chastity is descriptive of their own lives and habits. The contempt which they feign for the angelic virtue of purity is but a confession of their vice. Experience shows that the best test of the virtues of man is the respect which he feels for the virtues of woman. He is and must be, in a great measure, what he wishes the companions of his domestic hours to be, noble if he wishes them dignified; frivolous, if he wishes them trifiers; religious, if he desires to see them working out their salvation; fools, if, like him, they say in their heart, "There is no God."

REMINISCENCES OF A MEDICAL STUDENT.

Sir Dominick Corrigan, Bart., Dublin.

I BEGAN my Medical University Lecture prior to 1832. In that year was passed Warburton's Anatomy Act. I purpose giving here some reminiscences of the prosecution of anatomy previously to the passing of that act. The difficulties of procuring subjects, as they were called, on which anatomy was to be taught, and the expense were so great that at last, incredible as it may appear, men were found who frequented the haunts of misery, and, worse than ghouls, strangled the victims and then sold their bodies. As the darkness of the night covered alike the deed and the transport of the dead, the crime was undetected for a time; but the suspicion of Dr. Knox, a celebrated anatomist in Edinburgh, to whose anatomical theatre these bodies were conveyed, was awakened, the police were put on the track, and the murderers were arrested. The men, Burke and Hare, were tried and found guilty at Edinburgh of the revolting crime of murdering the poor and the helpless for the sake of the money to be obtained by the sale of the dead bodies. Burke was hanged; Hare saved his neck and life by turning king's evidence. Then, when abhorrence rose to its utmost height and rung through the land, and timid women peered around corners after dark in affright, and nurses terrified children with "bogies" of "Sack-em-Up is coming," Warburton's Anatomy Act was passed in one session, 1832; and from that period there has been uninterrupted quietness and absence of crime. The state of things previously to 1832, in Dublin at least, when I commenced my anatomical studies, was the following: There was no provision for supplying the anatomy house of Trinity College or College of Surgeons, except the scaffold. The bodies of those executed were sent by law to either the one or the other. I well remember — what a horrid aggravation on capital punishment! — the bodies of two young men, executed for a trades' union murder, carried in an open cart from the prison, Newgate, where they were hanged, to the College of Surgeons, followed by a crowd of howling and yelling relatives and friends. There was then this extraordinary state of things, that while universities and colleges, and army and navy authorities required a knowledge of anatomy from those practising medicine and surgery, both in civil life and placed in charge of our soldiers and sailors, the law not only did not in any way provide for their having opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of anatomy, but absolutely punished them for attempting to acquire the means of studying it. Churchyards were the only available source, but the law declared that any one caught in a churchyard was liable to be indicted for trespass, and any one detected removing a shroud was liable to be indicted for robbery.

During the Peninsula War, which ended in 1815, the cry for help from our wounded and sick soldiers and sailors was incessant. The most inefficient and ill-informed men were necessarily accepted as medical officers, for it was thought better to have the worst-informed than none at all. Were it not for the gravity of the stake at issue — human life — some of the incidents that occurred would have been indeed ridiculous. I heard, years afterwards, a chairman of an examining board saying, "You are wanted immediately for a transport to go with troops to Spain. I will sign the certificate for you, but only on condition that you will now take your oath on the Bible that, whether an accident occur or a man get sick, you will order nothing more than a poultice or a dose of salts between this and landing."

On another occasion, a very celebrated surgeon, the late Sir Astley Cooper, was examining a candidate

for surgeoncy, and, wishing to comply as far as he conscientiously could with the tone of the time, put what was a very simple question to facilitate the passing of the candidate. "What is a simple and what is a compound fracture?" Reply, "A simple fracture is when a bone's broke, and a compound fracture is when it's all broke." "I asked," said Sir Astley, "what he meant by 'all broke.'" "I mean," he replied, "broke into smithereens, to be sure." I ventured to ask him what was "smithereens." He turned upon me with an intense expression of sympathy on his countenance. "You don't know what is smithereens? Then I give you up." Such was passing a surgical examination in those days, and to such were consigned the best blood of our country, and our best bone and sinews.

In one of the suburbs of Dublin was a drinking-house. It was called "The Grinding Young," and attracted drinkers to its gardens by a huge, gaudy painting over the front entrance, of a miller who turned the wheel of a coffee-mill, down which, on one side, old men and women on crutches tumbled in head downwards, and came out of the hopper on to the other side as young boys and girls, by the effect of the wonderful beverage administered within. A celebrated surgeon, Kirby, set up a grinding school to manufacture young surgeons for the navy within six months, and there soon appeared a caricature in which Surgeon Kirby was the miller grinding away. At one side, numbers of country boys, with hay ropes for stockings, stood waiting for their turn of admission to the hopper, while at the other side they came out of the hopper from the grind as full-blown army and navy surgeons. This caricature had immense sale in Ireland and England, and much helped to turn attention to the sad state of medical education. Three months, or at most six, were considered sufficient for the grind. Other circumstances occurred to awaken attention to preparatory studies, and above all to anatomy, the foundation of all. The absurdity still existed, that, while the law punished any one found procuring a dead body for dissection, the educational laws required that every candidate should possess a practical knowledge of it. There was no resource but the churchyard, and I shall briefly describe the manner in which it was carried on.

At this time resurrection-men, as we called them, were not engaged, or only under our superintendence. Our principal resort for supply was "Bully's Acre," as it was called, from the class of men buried in it. This was a free burying-ground, still existing on one side of the avenue of elms leading to the Royal Hospital, the residence of the Commander of the Forces in Ireland, but long closed as a cemetery. We employed our dissecting-room porters to accompany funerals, and mark the recent graves which appeared to suit our purpose, and we had in our pay the old pensioner who kept the gatehouse, and used a lighted candle in the window as a signal. Night fell, and our operations commenced. We removed with our hands the recently deposited clay and stones which covered the head and shoulders of the coffin — no more was uncovered; then a rope about three or four feet long was let down, and the grapple, an iron hook with the end flattened out, attached to the rope, was inserted under the edge of the coffin-lid. The student then pulled on the rope until the lid of the coffin cracked across. The other end of the rope was now inserted round the neck of the dead, and the whole body was then drawn upwards and carried across the churchyard to some convenient situation, until four or six were gathered together awaiting the arrival of the car that was to convey them to some dissecting theatre. What added to the ghostly and ghastly character of the moonlight scene was, that the bodies were stripped stark naked, for the posses-

sion of a shroud subjected to prosecution. "Bully's Acre" was our principal resort; but as demand increased, we visited other churchyards, among them the "Cabbage Garden," as it was called, in almost the middle of the city, formerly known as the Carmelites' Garden, from its having been the garden of the Carmelites, a religious order, but at last corrupted to the name it bore in our time, — the Cabbage Garden.

On the first occasion of my joining our night excursion, an incident occurred sufficient to awaken in me at least momentary alarm. My lot fell to opening a grave in which the interment of a poor woman had taken place. I worked vigorously, and on reaching the frail coffin had no difficulty in breaking back its upper third; but on stooping down in the usual way, with my head downwards and my feet slanting upwards, I had to support myself by resting my hands on the chest of the dead; when what was my horror to hear a loud, prolonged groan from the corpse. I suddenly drew myself upwards, but there was no repetition until I again supported myself on my hands resting on the chest, when another prolonged groan was audible. The cause, on a little examination, became then explicable. The body was an impoverished, weakly skeleton, and the pressure of my weight forced the air in the chest up through the trachea and larynx, and produced the sounds which had momentarily terrified me.

The other incident arose from our observing, on another occasion, soon after our entrance into a churchyard on a hazy night, a white, floating object or shroud, apparently waved by an unseen hand from one of our marked graves. We had little fear of friends watching after midnight, for between terror and cold and whiskey their watches were terminated; so two of us approached to examine the object, when we found it was the white skirt of a poor woman's dress, who was rocking herself to and fro over the grave. She was the widow of the poor man buried beneath, who had died on his way home from working the harvest in England, and the poor woman had remained to watch over his remains. It need scarcely be added that we pledged ourselves to respect the remains for her sake, that we kept our word, and that we made up a small collection to afford her some aid.

The removal to the theatre of anatomy was sometimes, although not often, a task of some peril. We travelled on our way home safely, sometimes with as many as six subjects in an inside car, until we neared our journey's end, which was either at the College of Surgeons, the dissecting-room of Trinity College, or Mr. Kirby's lecture-rooms in Peter Street; and then occasionally some meddlesome young watchman, not fairly bribed, or busy passer-by, raised a warning shout, and we had to fight our way for half the length of a street. We generally, indeed I may say always, succeeded, for we were young, active, and armed with stout sticks, and the gate was ready open for us, and closed on our entrance. But there grew up a new danger. The resurrection-men formed themselves into partnerships, and, not satisfied with our payments, took up the labor for themselves, and sold the subjects to the lecturers. Now came another complication; the resurrection-men, or "body-snatchers," as they were sometimes called, fell out among themselves, fought for their spoil in the neighborhood of the churchyards, and stole from one another. All these circumstances culminated in the systematic murders committed by Burke and Hare in Edinburgh, until their trial and execution for the horrid, cold-blooded murder perpetrated by them for the sake of the money to be obtained by the sale of the dead brought them, at least one of them, to the gallows in 1832.

The legislature at last, horrified by the revelations that took place, be-

stirred itself, and Warburton's Anatomy Act was passed, which has put an end to the revolting scenes that previously existed, and has provided the students of anatomy with the means of prosecuting the most necessary of sciences without outraging the feelings of the living, or brutalizing themselves by churchyard desecration.

These observations may not be out of place now, when a most kind but ill-advised movement is attempted to be put on foot to interfere with the appropriation of the unclaimed bodies of paupers, and the like unclaimed bodies of those dying in lunatic asylums, on the ground that the bodies of such should have immediate Christian burial. I think that those who advocate such interference with the Anatomy Act have not thought that such a proposal, if successful, would not only interfere materially with medical education, but would probably tend to a renewal of those horrible crimes, culminating in the atrocities of which Burke and Hare were guilty; and that they, in their anxiety to give Christian burial to unclaimed paupers and lunatics, would become accessories to the murder of their fellow-creatures.

THE VOICE OF TIME.

Rt. Rev. Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis.

I AM Time, the conqueror of strength. I am Time, that bringeth boastings down to the dust. I am Time, that strikes the conqueror in the day of his strength. I lay waste his possessions. I make the streets of the city but Appian Ways of tombs. I conquer the fortresses that withstand the assaults of man, and I bind the bands of ivy, the trophies of my power, over them. I only look in the face of beauty, and it withers at my breath. I come like the thief in the night, and rob the miser of his wealth, stealing it from beneath his pillow, and I leave him poor and desolate. I am Time, the conqueror of man and of power. I dissipate the illusions of life. I dissipate these castles in the air, speculations and thoughts, vain hopes and vain loves. They stand not my test. I take power from the powerful, and behold! as I advance men wither before me. I prove all things. Unless they have the impress of my seal upon them, the actions of men soon become valueless. And not only do I destroy, but I build up. I build up lost reputations. I build up lost fortunes. I build up throughout the world, for behold! my achievements are not alone for the fall, but for the resurrection of many. But I shall remain until God's angels shall descend and swear that Time shall be no more, my influence shall not end, for I shall bequeath my children to eternity. They shall be in happiness or woe, according as they have served me. They shall be punished or rewarded, according to the things they have done in time. Therefore, behold my influence for eternity. Behold, in one moment the greatest sinner can return to God. A few moments, and one wild cry from the cross, on the part of the penitent thief, brought him from sin to sweet forgiveness and happiness for all eternity.

A GOOD story is told of a certain tea-pedler, who lives not a hundred miles from Napanee, and who was pushing his vocation in the back country. Having called on a poor woman and asked her to purchase a box of tea, she told him she was not able to pay for it, whereupon he proposed to take the baby that lay in the cradle in exchange for it, and she at once consenting, he took the baby and left the tea, thinking the woman would soon follow. When he came to the next house he told what he had done, and was informed that the baby did not belong to the woman, but had only been left with her the night before. He then concluded to return the child, but had to give the woman another box of tea to get her to take it back. He says he 'll not buy any more babies.

DE PROFUNDIS.

Rev. A. J. Ryan, in Mobile Register.

We lay before our readers a rare treat, — a rich, weird strain, fresh from a poet's pen, a sad refrain from a master hand,

"which sweeps along
The grandest octaves of the heart."

The poet-priest sings best the songs of sorrow, he interprets best the hearts of his people "in their woe." When the "conquered banner" was furled in glory, he embalmed it in a song which will keep fresh its immortelles; and now, when the pestilence comes, and spreads over the land its raven wings, from the dark shadows he chants a lamentation which points us all to prayer. But he wants

"no name, no other fame
Than this, — a priest of God."

DE PROFUNDIS.

Ah! days so dark with Death's eclipse!
Woe are we! woe are we!
And the nights are ages long.
From breaking hearts, thro' pallid lips, —
O my God, woe are we! —
Trembleth the mourners' song.
A blight is falling on the fair,
And Hope is dying in despair,
And Terror walketh everywhere.

All the hours are full of tears, —
O my God, woe are we!
Grief keeps watch in brightest eyes,
Every heart is strung with fears.
Woe are we! woe are we!
All the light hath left the skies,
And the living, awe-struck crowds
See above them only clouds,
And around them only shrouds.

Ah! the terrible Farewells!
Woe are they! woe are they!
When last words sink into moans,
While life's trembling vesper bells —
O my God, woe are we! —
Ring the awful undertones!
Not a sun in any day,
In the night-time not a ray, —
And the dying pass away!

Dark, so dark! above — below —
O my God, woe are we!
Cowereth every human life, —
Wild the wailing, to and fro —
Woe are all! woe are we!
Death is victor in the strife.
In the hut and in the hall
He is writing on the wall
Dooms for many, fears for all.

Thro' the cities burns a breath,
Woe are they! woe are we!
Hot with dread and deadly wrath,
Life and Love lock arms in death.
Woe are they! woe are all!
Victims strew the spectre's path;
Shy-eyed children softly creep
Where their mothers wail and weep —
In the grave their fathers sleep.

Mothers waft their prayers on high, —
O my God, woe are we!
With the dead child on their breast.
And their altars ask the sky, —
O my Christ, woe are we! —
"Give the dead, O Father, rest!
Spare Thy people! Mercy! spare!"
Answer will not come to prayer —
Horror moveth everywhere!

And the temples miss the priest —
O my God, woe are we! —
And the cradle mourns the child.
Husband, at your bridal feast —
Woe are you! woe are you! —
Think how those poor dead eyes smiled, —
They will never smile again.
Every tie is cut in twain,
All the strength of love is vain.

Weep? but tears are weak as foam —
Woe are ye! woe are we! —
They but break upon the shore
Winding between Here and Home —
Woe are you! woe are we! —
Wailing never, nevermore!
Ah, the dead! they are so lone,
Just a grave, and just a stone,
And the memory of a moan.

Pray? yes, pray; for God is sweet —
O my God, woe are we! —
Tears will trickle into prayers
When we kneel down at His feet —
Woe are we! woe are we! —
With our crosses and our cares.
He will calm the tortured breast,
He will give the troubled rest —
And the dead He watcheth best.

Don't Argue. — Would you know the secret of domestic peace and tranquillity, the charm which can harmonize the most dissimilar natures or the most conflicting prejudices, when they are gathered under one roof? It may be summed up in two words — "Don't argue!" To argue is seldom to convince, but it is often to excite. Besides, the defeat of an argument leads to a loss of temper, and sometimes the victor and the vanquished are equal sufferers in the end. And how few things are worth argument, after all!

PROGRESS OF CATHOLICISM IN THE UNITED STATES.

By the late Bishop Foley.

An evidence of the growth of the Church was seen in the fact that, whereas the first priest in this country was ordained at Baltimore in 1793, at the present time there were fifty-six bishops, eleven archbishops, one cardinal, and nearly six thousand priests. The principal causes for this growth, slow at first, but steady and continual, were emigration, and the natural increase of the Catholic population of the country. Coming down to matters nearer home, the bishop stated that the See of Chicago was established fifty-six years after the See of Baltimore, Bishop Quartier, its first bishop, being appointed in 1844, when the see included the whole State of Illinois. His journey from New York to Chicago in that day required as much time as it now took to go from here to Rome. The first priest ordained by Bishop Carroll in the United States had visited Chicago in 1831, when the total Catholic population of the city was just twenty, including men, women, and children, and when there was just one church, at the corner of Lake and State Streets, which was afterwards transferred to Saint Mary's. During Bishop Quartier's time were established Saint Mary's, Saint Patrick's, a German church on Lake Street, and a small parish on the north side, the beginning of the Church of the Holy name. Now there were nearly thirteen more Catholics churches here than in Baltimore, and nearly five times as many priests as then were in the whole country. Steadily the star which hung over Bethlehem had progressed towards the West, and, it might be said, now seemed to stand almost over Chicago. All this success has not been accomplished without great labor, long suffering, and secret and painful trials on the part of those who were called to the work, and if blood had not been shed, certainly great quantities of tears had poured out. The Church was now enjoying the fruits of the labors of men who had carried their lives in their hands, and who thought no sacrifice too great in their devotion to the work. Let it not lose what had been bequeathed to it, for many a prosperous nation, many a victorious empire, had lost in the day of its prosperity, by the indolence and indifference of its sons, the great gains and the great empire which the blood of their fathers had been poured out to obtain. The same thing might happen with regard to the Church, for, looking back to the course of that star, to the place over which it first stood, to indicate to the wise men of the East the home of the Hoped-for of nations, we should see its line crossing countries that were filled with noble churches, crowded with large and enthusiastic congregations, cities that were ruled over by kings and governed by bishops, peoples whose names cover many of the noblest pages of history, now shrouded in darkness, having lost the faith, and now under the heel of persecution. Why? Because they knew not how to value the good things which God had given them. Unless we now acted with more generous intentions, with more unyielding perseverance, and with the same high motives with which men acted and lived who laid the foundations of the Church in this country, God might take from us our inheritance and give it to others more worthy of its acceptance. The prospects of the Church at the present time are certainly most promising, for we have achieved our present condition without any of those ordinary assistances which are considered requisite for success in this life. First of all, we have had nothing to do with the government. We have had nothing to ask from it, we have received nothing from it but its protection and goodwill, and we are independent of it, only that we owe it our deepest loyalty, our sincerest admiration, and our most earnest intention and good-will to support it against all gainsayers

and opponents. But we have not been endowed by it, and not only have we not been endowed by it, but perhaps we have not received our share of fair treatment in this country. Whilst we were limited in numbers, and very poor, and good working people, we were little troubled; but as soon as the Church began to lift up its head, shortly after the first council of Baltimore, when the first appearance of the Church, publicly, was made, shortly after that the bitter spirit of persecution was invoked in this country, which soon showed itself in violence. Not many of you, perhaps, remember the occurrence, but in 1834 the hatred of the Catholic Church was carried to such an excess, and the violence manifested towards it in public speech and political circulars was so great, the people could not satisfy their bad feelings in any other way without tearing down something. And, therefore, on the eleventh of August, 1834, they commenced operations by the destruction at midnight of the beautiful convent of Charlestown, near Boston. Without any cause, but just their innate bigotry, a mob of men, I do not say they were the representatives of Boston, far from that, I say, but still they were permitted, within sight of the spot where Bunker Hill Monument now raises its lofty head, to attack the most defenceless ladies and children, who were driven out at midnight, the furniture destroyed, the chapel desecrated, and the house set on fire and reduced to ruins; and it stood to a late day, as a monument of the feeling of the people of Charlestown in 1834 towards the Catholic Church. Every ten years since there has been a sort of eruption of some kind. In 1844 churches were destroyed in Philadelphia, together with a large library, the third church was set on fire, and for several Sundays the churches had to be closed because it was not safe for Catholics to venture out of doors. In 1854 came the Know-Nothing excitement, which ran like a polar wave all over the country, creating distrust, bad blood, and frequently causing riots, destruction of property, and the loss of life in various cities. In 1864 we were pushed by other things. The war was just coming to a close, and people were tired, and again people saw that, after all, the Catholics did not make such bad citizens, for the first who flocked to the support of the flag were Catholics, in large numbers and proportionately in much larger numbers than persons of other denominations. This allayed, in 1864, the eruption which we must expect in this country, and which I sometimes think, our Lord permits as a kind of rubbing down every ten years, when he permits our foes to rise up in chastisement of us. In 1874 all things were well, and then our President began to create that excitement which is still lingering in certain classes of politics in this country, by first referring to the school question. He unnecessarily spoke of it in Iowa, and then in his Message, and then about the taxation of church property, and he knew well when he uttered these words that he meant by the taxation of church property, chiefly Catholic church property. So that the ebullition or bad feeling, this violence and hostility, is growing less every ten years. It does not culminate in this trouble I have spoken of. It is taking a different form. The day of persecution has passed, and will not be tolerated any longer. The day of oppression has gone, and people will not submit to it. But there is another system of persecution, just as Bismarck has established one in Germany, which is instilled into the law until the government is permeated with a certain sort of hostility to religion, and religion is beaten down and trampled upon, and injured and wronged under the pretence of supporting the authorities of the State and maintaining right and law. This is what we have to fear most in this country. It is when people who dare not come up boldly and attack us with the club, knife, or pistol, but who,

under the semblance of the law, and in order to establish, as they say, the perfect separation of Church and State, and to give to the State its full rights, and impose upon every class of persons, without regard to religion, their whole duty and their entire burden, it is under feelings of this kind that the new persecution is coming. We shall meet it as we met the persecutions that have gone before. If we are taxed we shall pay our taxes; if we are compelled to send our children to school, we shall send them to our own schools, not to schools of infidels. And we shall triumph and advance and prosper and grow under a persecution of that kind, as we have thriven under persecutions of another kind. In speaking of these persecutions which have taken place in this country, it is to be remarked that they have only been directed against the Catholic Church, and against no other, as a body. There is not one man in the country that can lay his hand upon a single good Catholic who has ever done one act of violence against the laws of the country or the rights of his fellow-citizens. Bad Catholics, who have rendered themselves subject to the law and its penalty, are another thing. But I am speaking of persons actuated by political motives, who have an intention of subverting the government. On the contrary, Catholics have always been true and loyal, and they intend to continue so. They have not done it for pay, for Catholics have not been called to the higher offices of the land. In the present day we form one sixth of the population of the country, and yet in Congress you can count the number of Catholics upon your fingers. In the Senate we have two Catholic members; in the higher offices not a single known Catholic. In former times we had Chief Justice Taney, who was the only Catholic of eminence that ever obtained a high political office in this country. One of the secretaries of the navy was a Catholic, under the last President, a short time, though he was like a good many other Catholics, who carry their religion where they carry their pocket handkerchiefs. Our loyalty to the government, our attachment to it, our love of its principles, our determination to live and die by them, has been given not for pay. It has been given with our sincerest, perfect freedom, and because of the love we have for it. A saying was attributed to the late Pope, which, if he did not say it, was a very true one. He says, "This was the happiest country in the world, where the government had nothing to fear from the Catholic Church, and the Catholic Church had nothing to fear from the government." I have referred to these unpleasant difficulties in the history of the Church, and to these repeated decennial prosecutions, not to create any bad feelings or to revive any of the painful sentiments which existed at those various times. I know well that these acts of violence are not to be charged to the people at large. Generally the violence was not to be charged to Americans at all, but to those traditional bad feelings which were sent to us from our mother country, England, as many a generous soul is filled with these prejudices solely because they have been inherited by blood. There is no other way of accounting for them. We have to meet these things with patience and charity. We shall have nothing to stand like the wrongs and injustice and hardships which our fathers stood, and certainly for the sake of the enjoyment we had, for the rights we enjoy, the prosperity which we have, the glory and blessings which heaven has bestowed upon us, we ought to be willing to endure and suffer a great deal. We have something more to do. The Church of the present day is in our hands. It matters not what office we fill. Each and every one of us has a duty devolving upon him, upon which depends the continuity and the perpetuation of the Church in this country. Nothing can harm it but indifference and indolence. Whatever forms in

or out of the law may be inflicted upon us will do us no injury. No one can undo us but ourselves. Let us, then, be true to the principles of our faith, open in their expression and in their maintenance, and, above all, let our lives be an exhibition and exemplification of the true spirit of those men who were the pioneers of religion in this country, and who achieved more by their work, example, and prayers, than they did by their sermons and by their personal efforts; and so with our prayers, with our good example, with our holy Christian lives. Great and wonderful has been the growth and prosperity of our religion in this country. And if you and your children die, you will see millions multiplied by other millions, and the churches and the schools of our Holy Church filling every city, guarding every roadway in the country, and bringing down the dews of heaven upon every Christian heart.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS AND HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Archbishop Cuibert has addressed to "M. Hyacinthe Loyson" a reply to a letter signed "Hyacinthe Loyson *prêtre*." He declares the letter a breach of the commonest decorum, and that as long as Father Hyacinthe persists in his melancholy apostasy no relation is possible between him and those whom he has plunged in grief after they had overwhelmed him with marks of good-will. The archbishop feels mingled terror and compassion, and regards his correspondent as a dreadful example of divine chastisement for the most culpable infidelity. A blind pride and admission into his cell of the pictures of enjoyments prohibited by sacred vows have deranged his reason and triumphed over his weak courage. After dragging about in various places for several years the misery of his fall without finding peace, he has ended by asking the peace which God alone can give from those who have themselves lost it by a similar fault in breaking the unity of the Church. Curiosity may draw round his schismatic tribune a few creedless persons, but not disciples; and he will not even have the fortune of Chatel's "Eglise Française," which, after a few meetings resembling theatrical performances, disappeared in indifference and contempt. The Church has excommunicated him, whatever title he may choose to assume, and its true children know that they are not allowed to listen to his heretical teaching. The salvation of a soul, however, must never be despaired of, and bitter experience may, perhaps, lead him to repentance, and to the path he has had the misfortune to quit. The archbishop hopes God will give him time to show penitence before summoning him to his bar. Such is the pith of the archbishop's reply.

Seeing Stars. — If a man falls so as to strike his head violently on the ice or on the pavement, or if he gets a blow over his eye, he is said to "see stars." The cause of this curious phenomenon is found in a peculiarity of the optic nerve. The function of that nerve is to convey to the brain the impression of light. It is susceptible to no other impression, or if acted upon by any other agent, it communicates to the brain the intelligence of the presence of that agent by sending along its fibres flashes of light only. Irritate this nerve with a probe or other instrument, and it conveys no sensation of pain, but simply that of luminous sparks. The pain of the blow on the eye, or the head, is realized through the nerves of general sensation; but, unsusceptible to pain or any other feeling, the optic nerve sends to the brain its report of the shock by flashes, sparks, "stars." A young doctor who died recently, after falling upon his umbrella and puncturing his eye and brain with one of its steel ribs, complained of intense light in the eye forever darkened.

IRISH SONGS AND SONG-WRITERS.

Part II.

Samuel Lover, novelist and poet, has dealt more largely in our fairy literature than any of our popular poets.

"A mother came when stars were paling,
Wailing round a lonely spring;
Thus she cried while tears were falling,
Calling on the fairy king:
'Why with spells my child caressing,
Courting him with fairy joy;
Why destroy a mother's blessing,
Wherefore steal my baby-boy?

"'O'er the mountains, thro' the wildwood,
Where his childhood loved to play,
Where the flowers are gayly springing,
There I wander day by day;
There I wander, growing fonder
Of the child that made my joy;
On the echoes wildly calling
To restore my baby-boy.'"

Here is another of his fairy legends, — "The Haunted Spring": —

"Gayly through the mountain glen
The hunter's horn did ring,
As the milk-white doe
Escaped his bow
Down by the haunted spring.
In vain his silver horn he wound —
'T was echo answered back;
For neither groom nor baying hound
Were on the hunter's track.
In vain he sought the milk-white doe
That made him stray, and 'scaped his bow;
For, save himself, no living thing
Was by the silent, haunted spring.

"The purple heath-bells, blooming fair,
Their fragrance round did fling,
As the hunter lay,
At close of day,
Down by the haunted spring.
A lady fair, in robe of white,
To greet the hunter came;
She kissed a cup with jewels bright,
And pledged him by his name.
'O lady fair,' the hunter cried,
'Be thou my love, my blooming bride;
A bride that well might grace a king,
Fair lady of the haunted spring.'

"In the fountain clear she stooped,
And forth she drew a ring;
And that loved knight
His faith did plight
Down by the haunted spring.
But since that day his chase did stray
The hunter ne'er was seen,
And legends tell he now doth dwell
Within the hills so green.
But still at eve the doe appears,
And wakes the wandering peasant's fears;
While distant bugles faintly ring
Around the lonely, haunted spring."

How pathetic and beautiful is his well-known song, —

"A baby was sleeping;
Its mother was weeping,
For Dermot was far on the wide, raging sea;
And the tempest was swelling
Round the fisherman's dwelling,
And she cried, 'Dermot, darling, oh, come back to me!'"

If Sam Lover did no more than gather the Irish songs and pieces, by different authors, in the work edited and published by him, he would have done us good service. Many of the pieces given in that volume are, from a poetic point of view, of very little worth; but as representative of feelings, and tastes, and habits that are past and gone, they are to us of more worth than far higher productions could be. This little piece of his own, which I here give, would more fittingly have commenced this paper: —

"Oh! native music, beyond comparing,
The sweetest far on the ear that falls,
Thy gentle numbers the heart remembers,
Thy strains enchain us in friendship's thralls;
Thy tones endearing, or sad or cheering,
The absent soothe on a foreign strand;
Oh! who can tell what a holy spell
Lies in the songs of our native land?

"The poor, the lowly, the pilgrim holy,
The lover kneeling at Beauty's shrine,
The bard that dreams by the haunted streams, —
All, all are touched by thy power divine;
The soldier fearless, the captive cheerless;
The mother, taught by Nature's hand,
Her child when weeping doth lull to sleeping
With some sweet song of our native land."

The remembrance of Sam Lover's compilation, above alluded to, reminds me that I omitted to make mention (as I should have done earlier) of Lady Dufferin's "Irish Emigrant": —

"I 'm sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning long ago,
When first you were my bride."

It would be impossible to overpraise, or almost to duly praise, that song. It is homely, it is natural, it is touching. It is the gush of honest peasant affection, speaking in a lan-

guage that is its own, free from vulgarity or coarseness on the one hand, and free from conceit or affectation on the other. And such is real, true, homely affection or grief always. If true, it never need put on airs; if sincere, it will not look for admiration. Its abode is the heart, and its hour and place of utterance is a retired nook in the old neighborhood, when others are enjoying themselves or at their repose. I may be mistaken; but I know few songs or ballads, if any, that bear a resemblance to it It is almost unique. Ballads or songs written by unlettered persons come nearest to it, but that they want the good taste of this. There is a song by Ellen Forrester, which seems to come very near it. It is this, "The Widow's Message to her Son in America." (Denis is leaving the old house at home; he is the widow's son, and he is going out to his brother in America; and then the poor widow gives this message to her son, to carry to her exiled child.)

"Remember, Denis, all I bade you say:
Tell him we 're well and happy, thank the Lord;
But of our troubles since he went away,
You 'll mind, avic, and never say a word.
Of cares and troubles, sure, we 've all our share —
The finest summer is n't always fair."

What thoughtful delicacy on the part of the mother, to tell him not to mention a word of the troubles they 've had to her absent child, for fear it would grieve him; and then how she waives that matter by saying that everybody has his share of troubles, for "the finest summer is n't always fair!" She continues: —

"Tell him the spotted heifer calved in May;
She died, poor thing! but that you need n't mind;
Nor how the constant rain destroyed the hay;
But tell him God to us was ever kind,
And when the fever spread the country o'er,
His mercy kept 'the sickness' from our door.*

"Tell him old Pincher fretted many a day,
And moped, poor dog! 't was well he did n't die;
Crouched by the roadside, how he watched the way,
And sniffed the travellers as they passed him by!
Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 't was all the same;
He listened for the foot that never came.

"Tell him the house is lonesome-like and cold;
The fire itself seems robbed of half its light;
But, maybe, 't is my eyes are growing old,
And things look dim before my failing sight.
For all that, tell him 't was myself that spun
The shirts you bring, and stitched them, every one.

"Give him my blessing, morning, noon, and night;
Tell him my prayers are offered for his good,
That he may keep his Maker still in sight,
And firmly stand, as his brave father stood,
True to his name, his country, and his God,
Faithful at home, and steadfast still abroad."

Nothing could be more natural or more touching than the verse describing the poor old dog — moping about, and sniffing every traveller that passed by the way; and the disappointment and bitterness of heart both of the poor dog and of all at home could not be better summed up than in these two lines, —

"Hail, rain, or sunshine, sure 't was all the same;
He listened for the foot that never came."

The poem is rightly wound up by the mother's prayers; but it is not the same person that speaks the last verse who has spoken all the rest. We easily recognize the poor mother in the whole of it up to that. At the last stanza, the poetess steps in. It is not derogating from it to say that it is not as good as the rest; because parts of the rest could not be excelled. It appears that the poetess endeavored to strain all that could be said into one small compass; she wanted to put into it a mother's love for her child; and that love of the mother's was tinctured by the remembrance of the dead husband, and the best she can pray for her child is that he be

*These two lines are very beautiful; the term "sickness" in that sense is especially Irish.

like to him. All these thoughts (I would presume) were struggling for a place. The poetess did her best, and did not succeed. See the conclusion of Lady Dufferin's ballad, — natural, and therefore beautiful, to the very end : —

" They say there 's bread and work for all, and the sun shines always there;
But I 'll not forget ould Ireland, were it fifty times as fair.

" And often in those grand old woods I 'll sit and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again to the spot where Mary lies,
And I 'll think I see the little stile where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and the bright May morn when first you were my bride."

There is something also in one of Mr. Charles Kickham's, which seems to me somewhat of this cast. This verse in particular seems like them: the dying girl asks those about her, —

" ' Write word to my dear mother,
Say we 'll meet with God above,
And tell my little brothers
I send them all my love;
May the angels ever guard them,
Is their dying sister's prayer ';
And folded in the letter
Was a braid of nut-brown hair."

It is worth noticing that each of the three poems here spoken of has the fortunes of a poor emigrant for its theme. Each of them might have been headed, " The Irish Emigrant," and that appropriately; and the singular thing is, how a different cast of circumstances is reflected in each. There is yet another, " The Exile of Erin." God help us! we must be a race that has been very cruelly dealt with at home, when our departure and absence from the land of our birth have become the theme of so many pens. The proudest era of our country's poetic literature was the time when Repeal was agitated, when O'Connell thundered, and the *Nation* and its host of writers shone forth. To mention only their names would show an array such as, perhaps, no other country within the same limit of time could boast of. There was Thomas Davis, Charles Gavan Duffy, Thomas D'Arcy M'Gee, Denis Florence M'Carthy, James Clarence Mangan, Richard Dalton Williams, John Savage, the two Walshes (John and Edward), Lady Wilde, J. F. O'Donnell, Francis Davis, Samuel Ferguson, Joseph Brennan, Michael Joseph Barry, Dr. Campion, Michael Doheny, Barthomew Dowling, Dr. Drennan, Martin M'Dermott, Mrs. Downing, and poor, blind Frances Brown, and " Mary " and " Eva," and a number of others.

Thomas Davis is the really national poet of Ireland. He seemed in his poetry to give a living voice to the genius and history of his country. No man worked so hard for her; few loved her better; and certainly, while the Irish nation exists, the writings of no other poet will have such an effect, whether we speak of the people that were his contemporaries, or of those who are to succeed him. The one great object for which the national party struggled at that time was not attained; but their struggling was not without effect. The hopes then awakened and the dreams then indulged in were not realized; but they were not all in vain. The heart and soul of the nation was wound up to a tension far beyond its ordinary mood; and in those throes of dazzling hope, in those paroxysms of proud ambition, the ancient *clearseach* was struck by bards that might fitly have mingled with the chiefs and minstrels of ages past. A literature was awakened, proud, brilliant, and courageous. The noblest soul in that gathering of noble men was Thomas Davis. There was no flashiness about him, — no false glitter and tinsel. Yet, with all that majesty and power which belonged to him, as to every man of transcendent talent and genius, his soul was guileless and innocent. The collector and editor of his poems has done a kind turn in classifying them so particularly, and thus showing us how the poet identified himself with every phase of Ireland's history.

In the history of the Brigades alone

there is a splendid field for patriotic poetry. That field Davis entered; and if the events took place beneath our eyes we could scarcely see them more vividly than the gifted bard has pictured them: —

"The mess-tent is full and the glasses are set,
And the gallant Count Thomond is president yet;
The vet'ran arose like an uplifted lance,
Crying, 'Comrades, a health to the monarch of France!'
With bumpers and cheers they have done as he bade,
For King Louis is loved by the Irish Brigade.

"'A health to King James!' and they bent as they quaffed;
'Here 's to George the Elector!' and fiercely they laughed;
'Good luck to the girls we wooed long ago,
Where Shannon and Barrow and Blackwater flow';
'God prosper Old Ireland!' you 'd think them afraid,
So pale grew the chiefs of the Irish Brigade.

"'But surely that light cannot come from our lamp?
And that noise — are they all getting drunk in the camp?'
'Hurrah, boys! the morning of battle is come,
And the *generale's* beating on many a drum.'
So they rush from the revel to join the parade,
For the van is the right of the Irish Brigade.

"They fought as they revelled, fast, fiery, and true,
And, though victors, they left on the field not a few;
And they who survived fought and drank as of yore,
But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more;
For in far foreign fields, from Dunkirk to Belgrade,
Lie the soldiers and chiefs of the Irish Brigade."

How gentlemen of the alliteration school, with "long, lingering look," would admire "far foreign fields from," besides the sweet, soft sound it gives the line! What a beautiful line, in every sense, is the third last, —

"But the land of their heart's hope they never saw more."

Then the sweetness of the metre, and the correct Saxonic words all through, so short and telling. We have but space to refer to another very popular song of his, viz., "Clare's Dragoons": —

"When on Ramillies' bloody field
The baffled French were forced to yield,
The victor Saxons backward reeled
Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.
The flags we conquered in that fray
Look lone in Ypres' choir, they say;
We 'll win them company to-day,
Or bravely die like Clare's Dragoons.

"There 's not a man in squadron here
Was ever known to flinch or fear,
Though first in charge and last in rear
Have ever been Lord Clare's Dragoons.
But see, we 'll soon have work to do,
To shame our boasts or prove them true;
For hither comes the English crew
To sweep away Lord Clare's Dragoons.

"Oh! comrades, think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines;
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons.
Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock-high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

I confess this last verse has always appeared to me, in its way, one of the very best war-songs I have ever read. The words of Burns's song, "Scots wha ha'e wi' Wallace bled," will at once recur to the reader. Perhaps it is because I am an Irishman that Davis's song seems to go to my heart more than that of Burns. It has more pathos, it seems to me; though, to be sure, nothing can be dearer to the father's heart, and at the same time nothing more exasperating, than the idea of a son in servile chains. Rightly, then, does Burns charge his last verse with that stimulant. But still there is something very touching in Davis's —

"Oh comrades, think how Ireland pines,
Her exiled lords, her rifled shrines;
Her dearest hope the ordered lines
And bursting charge of Clare's Dragoons."

And then, when he has pointed out to them the eyes of unhappy Ireland as strained upon themselves, how noble is the outburst, —

"Then fling your green flag to the sky,
Be Limerick your battle-cry,
And charge till blood runs fetlock-high
Around the track of Clare's Dragoons."

Musical instruments are a great help to preserve the old airs, and to

promote a taste for singing. The piano is only meant for the drawing-room. No doubt, this instrument is not so uncommon that I would be justified in saying that it is rarely found in the homes of our peasantry; but this I may assert, — its influence in the promotion of our native songs or our native music is scarcely perceptible. Instead of the piano we have the fiddle, the flute, and, more rarely, the poor, old bagpipe, — remembrance of many a happy day long ago. The use of the fiddle and flute argues a refined taste for music. The piano is no doubt an excellent instrument; but the merry strains of the Irish fiddle are a pastime, a recreation, a delight, — in fact, the breathing and soul of music itself.

I have kept the poor pipers for last. There is something sorrowful in the sight of a poor old piper. The merrymakings of many a past day, — the drones and chanters, and their not over-splendid music, that we then thought the grandest thing in the world, — all these, how sadly they come up to the memory now! Recollection pictures an old hay-seated chair, perched on a settle-bed; a man sitting on it; a greasy, gray cap dragged down on his head; a flap of black leather overhanging and protecting his right eye, which was blind, — a poor picture of a man; but there he sat, revelling in glorious music, working it out of his bellows, and chanters, and pipes; no thought of raggedness or poverty; no thought of hunger, or cold, or want; listening only to the inspirations of the genius of music. And all around the room were gay parties tripping it toe and heel, filliping their fingers, laughing and chaffing out of joyful throats and happy bosoms, and ever and anon cheering the poor old piper with "Bravo, Patsy!" "Success, *ma bouchal!*" "Long life to yourself, Patsy *asthore;* and not forgetting the bags!"

REAL estate conveyances — dirt carts.

CLERICAL VOCATIONS IN FRANCE.

London Tablet.

CANON PELLETIER, of Orleans Cathedral, wrote in October last a letter, which was published in "L'Univers," and in which he controverted by official statistics, with reference to the diocese of Orleans, the statement that the supply of priestly vocations was diminishing. This statement has been made in some authoritative quarters in France, and has especially been maintained in a work recently published in France, and entitled *Le Grand Péril de l'Eglise.* M. Pelletier's letter, it seems, attracted notice at Rome, and a cardinal of high position in the papal court wrote as follows in reference to it: "Your friend, the Canon of Orleans, would be well inspired if he would extend to all dioceses of France the very interesting statistics which he has given as to the most miserable of them all. To do so would be to take to pieces *Le Grand Péril* and also the famous *Crise*, and would be very opportune and useful." The canon, in consequence, has drawn up an elaborate statement, showing the variations that have occurred during the last sixty years in the numerical strength of the working clergy of France. We copy some of the totals: In 1817 the number of parish priests and *vicaires* receiving stipends from the state was 30,022; in 1826 it had risen to 30,709; and in 1835 to 33,977. The period last named Canon Pelletier remarks, includes a period of revolution, in spite of which the numbers of the French clergy still went on increasing. In 1846 the number was 36,928, and in 1856, 39,355, being at the rate of more than 6½ per cent. After the lapse of another ten years, in 1866, the aggregate of the French parochial clergy known to the government was 42,452, showing an increase of nearly 8 per cent; but this extraordinary augmentation was partly due to the annexation of Nice and Savoy. The last of the official returns

at present accessible to inquiry is that for 1873, and stands as follows: Incumbents of parish churches (*curés inamovibles*), 3,425; incumbents of district churches (*curés succursalists*), 29,902; assistant clergy (*vicaires*), 8,232; total, 41,559. Here indeed is an apparent diminution, in respect of the total of 1866, of 893 priests; but it is only apparent, not real; for it is due, not to any falling off of vocations, but to the loss by France of the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and the great cathedral cities of Metz and Strasbourg, the clergy of these localities, of course, ceasing to appear in the official enumerations of the French government. Canon Pelletier proposes to add to the total last mentioned 1,500 as a *minimum* estimate of the number of preists lost to France by the German annexations. Thus, then, we have a general total of 43,059, showing an increase on the seven years since 1866 of 1.42 per cent. We have hitherto spoken only of the parochial clergy, but to conclude the inquiry here would be to leave the reader with a very imperfect view of the subject. In the first place, it need hardly be mentioned that there are in France large numbers of priests not employed in parochial work, but engaged as tutors and professors in schools and colleges, and ecclesiastical seminaries. The author of *Le Grand Péril* himself gives figures on this head which allow us to conclude that the priests so engaged may be taken to average, over the 84 dioceses of France, at least 60 for each diocese. This furnishes a total of 5,040 such priests. Secondly, there are the regular clergy belonging to the religious orders in France. A return of these lately made to the Legislative Chambers gives the aggregate at 9,946. The monks and friars are not, of course, all priests; but let it be taken as certainly within the mark, that 8,000 of them are so. Thus we arrive at a general estimate of the French clergy as known to the French government: Parochial clergy, 43,059; clergy in colleges, 5,040; religious orders, 8,000; grand total, 65,099. And it is also to be observed that these figures do not include vicars-general, the canons of cathedrals, chaplains, private chaplains, and retired or superannuated priests; nor, lastly, the very numerous assistant clergy or *vicaires* in towns and cities, who are supported by the congregations for whom they officiate, and, receiving no pay from the government, do not figure in any official returns. There existed, therefore, in 1873, as compared with the totals of 1816–1817, an augmentation in the strength of the working clergy of 26,077, which is equivalent to an increase at the rate of 85.18 per cent. Such, he maintains, is the truth, by no means exaggerated, but rather, if anything, understated. The state of things, argues the canon, is by no means disquieting; it is, on the contrary, eminently encouraging and satisfactory, "though it ought not to lead us to relax our efforts to sustain this progress by encouraging and promoting priestly vocations to the utmost of our power and opportunities."

A LEARNED author says, "I suppose a materialist would declare that this passion for doing good results from a particular idiosyncrasy, and can be looked upon as an *idée fixe*, a sort of monomania. Well, a Latin proverb says, '*Quem vult perdere, Jupiter dementat.*' All we can say is, May that God who has ordered men to love one another drive kings and people mad in this line. It is a good moment for such an insanity, and the world might yet be saved by it."

A MEDDLESOME old woman was sneering at a young mother's awkardness with her infant, and said, "I declare, a woman never ought to have a baby unless she knows how to hold it." "Nor a tongue either," quietly responded the young mother.

IRISH MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

Sir Robert Stewart.

LECTURE III.

THE last of Sir Robert Stewart's lectures on Irish music and musicians, for the benefit of the Balfe Memorial, was delivered in the Antient Concert Rooms. Sir Robert commenced by tendering his acknowledgments to those who had aided so materially the success of his lectures. But now he fancied he heard the Irish public, like the Jews eighteen hundred years ago on the banks of the Jordan, asking, "What shall we do?" Let them see that it should be no longer said of them that they cared not for their great men born in their city. To preserve their memory green was a duty they owed their country. What other heritage had Ireland? She had no military history, no naval history, no manufactories to speak of, no trade, no aristocracy. She had only the memory of her great men, like Swift, Moore, Wallace, and Michael Balfe. Let them see, then, that they did not lose their gratitude, and let it be no longer said that in London Balfe's statue adorned Drury Lane, and his name was perpetuated by a musical scholarship, while they in Ireland went about mooning of their patriotism and calling themselves a musical people, and they had not a scholarship, a statue, a tablet, nor even a brass plate in one of their churches to show that Balfe was an Irishman born within five minutes' walk of this hall. (Applause.) The lecturer then passed to the consideration of the decay of art in Dublin at the beginning of this century. The removal of the Irish Legislature in 1801 soon brought about the desertion of the Lords and Commons, many of whom had manifested much practical interest in art. The nobility, one by one, sold their Dublin palaces, which became poorhouses, receptacles for dead butterflies, convent schools, and so forth. The trade of the country also began to languish, and the theatres, of which Dublin had once supported seven, now began to decline. The last of all, the Crow Street house, was closed in 1819. The lecturer gave several instances of the license of the theatrical audiences of the last century. If they disliked the piece, young bloods found their way on to the stage, the actors were pelted with oranges, the musicians called on to play different tunes, and when they played one air were pelted with oranges, bottles, and stones by the partisans of the other. In 1821 the fine arts in Dublin were in a state of sad decay, owing to the absence of rank and wealth; music, like painting, was on the decline, and concerts were given with only one rehearsal, and finally abandoned for glee-singing. The piano-forte manufacturers, of whom there had been ten or twelve in Dublin, at the end of the last century, had dwindled down to one in Mecklenburgh Street, who only sent out four instruments that year, while one thousand were imported from England. Agreeable sketches were given of Blewitt, Rooke, and Logier, who redeemed the barrenness of the time; and some delightful specimens of their works were given, as, for instance, a famous jig of Blewitt's, by the orchestra, and Rooke's pretty song, "Meet me by Moonlight." He came next to William Vincent Wallace, who was born in 1814 in Waterford, and whose career read like a romance He was so musically precocious that he became organist at the Thurles Cathedral at the age of fifteen, and at the age of sixteen was violinist and leader of the orchestra at the Hawkins Street theatre, dressed still in his boy's clothes. In 1835, growing weary of the stagnation of Ireland, he went to Australia, and buried himself for a time deep in the bush, but was induced to give concerts at Sydney, with enormous success. The governor of the colony paid his admission fee in the shape of a hundred sheep. Wallace wandered to Tasmania, and falling into the hands

of the natives was once saved in the most romantic way by the chief's daughter, who loved him. He went to the East Indies and played before the Queen of Oude, who made him magnificent presents. He sailed thence to South America, and his concerts in Chili were attended with enormous success. The musical folk of Santiago tendered their favorite gamecocks for payment at the door. He netted £600 by this gamecock concert. In Lima one concert brought him the enormous sum of £1,000. The lecturer wished he had been interested for the Balfe Memorial. (Laughter.) He visited Mexico, where his grand mass was written and produced with great success; and passed thence into the Southern States, where his romantic and dreamy style made him a huge favorite. Returning to London in 1845, he asked Hayward St. Leger, "Could I compose an opera?" "To be sure you could, twenty," was the reply. "But what will I do for a libretto?" St. Leger carried him on the moment to the house of Fitzball, who had, as it happened, at the moment completed the libretto of "Maritani." All the world knew what a splendid success it turned out. He went to Germany and France, making friends and enjoying himself. He was commissioned to write an opera for the Grand Opera at Paris, but became nearly blind, and had to abandon his pen for the time. After another season of adventure in America he returned to London, and in 1860 produced "Lurline," his best work, the overture of which was accepted all over the world as a perfect classic. He died in his fiftieth year. Sir R. Stewart next came to Michael W. Balfe himself, who was born at 10 Pitt Street, Dublin, on the 15th of May, 1808. The lecturer believed his father was a Protestant, but his mother, Kate Ryan, a very handsome woman, was a Catholic. As usually happened in the case of mixed marriages, the boys went with the father and the girls with the mother. Michael was baptized a Protestant, in St. Anne's Church, Dorset Street; but the lecturer thought he subsequently became a Catholic. He was a pupil of Rooke, or O'Rorke, and when only nine years old composed a pretty ballad, "Oh! Fanny, the beautiful maid." His father died when he was only thirteen years old, and young Balfe was taken to London, where he was fortunate enough to recommend himself to a Roman noble, Count Mazzara, who carried him to Rome, where he was petted by his countess, and where he one day disguised himself as his patroness, and sat at her window ogling passing ecclesiastics, to the great scandal of all who knew the virtuous countess. During the time he was learning to be a singer, his genial manners procured him many patrons. He married a Hungarian lady, and the union was most happy. The lady to this day worshipped the memory of her talented husband, and sympathized heartily with the effort to perpetuate his memory. After singing as a barytone himself, he came to London in 1835, and produced "The Siege of Rochelle," which had an immense success, and was played for three months together. One of the airs in it, "Vive le Roi" (which was magnificently rendered by orchestra and chorus), was adopted as the hymn of William IV. The "Maid of Artois," which was written for Malibran, came out in 1836. It contained one of the most popular ballads ever composed,—"The Light of Other Days." The lecturer gave an interesting account of his successes abroad, where he was known all over Europe as "M. Balfe de l'Air," from an air of his which was popular in every court in Europe. "Les Puits d'Amour" was produced by him in 1839, in Paris, to the delight of the critical Parisians. He returned to London to bring out "The Bohemian Girl," which was first performed in 1843, and which had been translated into French, German, and Italian, and which had become immensely popular in America. The

lecturer intimated his own opinion of the superiority of Balfe's other operas, — "Les Puits d'Amour" and "Les Quatre Fils d'Aymon,"—but passed a cordial encomium on the melody-haunting "Bohemian Girl." Balfe thenceforward ceased to appear as a singer. The success of the "Bohemian Girl" put an end forever to the carping of the London critics, who had never ceased to censure him where censure was possible, and to damn him with faint praise where they were forced to praise. The "Quatre Fils d'Aymon" was his first great success in Germany. After enumerating his other operas, and speaking of his management of Her Majesty's Opera and of the National Concerts, the lecturer referred to Balfe's beautiful music to six of Longfellow's songs, and then spoke of his rare visits to Dublin, the circumstances of three of which he related. In one case he sought out an old woman in Hamilton road, to whom he had been indebted some eight shillings for lollipops, and gladdened her with £1. On another occasion he burst in on Mr. Levey while he was teaching his "Power of Love" to a college gentleman. Probably it was the rarity of his visits to Dublin that made him so little known here; but when he did come he was as genial and unconceited as it was possible for a talented man to be. Sir Robert Stewart glanced rapidly at the closing years of Balfe's life, and this part of the lecture was illustrated by a delightful series of solos and orchestral bits, including "The Rose Song," from his last opera, "Il Talismano." At the close, the "Corsairs' Chorus," from "Mazeppa," was magnificently given.

HAS IRELAND NO MILITARY HISTORY?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

Sir, — Our distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir Robert Stewart, in the last of his most interesting lectures in aid of the Balfe memorial, told a large audience Ireland has "no military history." If this was a mere chronological mistake, it might be passed by as a slip of memory. Or if the statement were made by an unimportant man, no harm might come of such an error. But Sir Robert Stewart is no ordinary person, and an erroneous statement made by him might cause strangers to come to a mistaken conclusion about Ireland, and (what is of infinitely greater importance) might cause "Young Ireland" of 1878 to neglect national history, as being without — what youthful minds love to dwell upon — military glory.

No military history? Does our distinguished fellow-countryman, Sir Robert Stewart, forget Clontarf, the "Marathon of Ireland," where the Danes were gallantly repulsed by the army of Brian Boroihme, and received a blow from which, in Ireland, they never recovered; though about the same time the Danes held, by successful invasion, the throne of England? Does Sir Robert forget Beal-an-atha-Buie (the famous "Yellow Ford"), where glorious Red Hugh O'Neill overthrew Elizabeth's best general? Does Sir Robert forget magnificent Benburb, where the truly historic Owen Roe O'Neill shivered to splinters the army of Munro? Does Sir Robert forget the Boyne, where Irish valor was well proved on both sides? and Derry,— for, like my political master O'Connell, whose praises of George Walker often I heard (I write in no party or sectarian spirit), — and Athlone, and Aughrim, and last (and greatest of all) Limerick, from whose historic walls the brave men of that famous city (and brave women, too) hurled the myrmidons of the Dutch usurpers?

Some of these battles were, I freely admit, Irish defeats. But even the defeat of a brave army is "military history." Greece honored the memory of Leonidas, though Thermopylæ was, after a gallant struggle, a defeat, as much as she honored those who conquered at Marathon and Salamis. Rome paid public honors to the man

who, after hard fighting, lost Cannæ, because "he did not despair of the republic." The Saxons, of England, treasured the memory of those who were beaten at Hastings. Scotland honors those who were defeated at Flodden, Killiecrankie, and Culloden, as much as she does those who drove the "Sassenach" before them at Bannockburn and at Preston Pans; and she has erected a statue at Stirling to Wallace, who (though a prisoner of war) was brutally murdered in cold blood in London by an English king, whom Scott kindly called a "felon."

But Sir Robert Stewart was right in one thing. We ought to honor the memory of our great men more than we do. It is no excuse that England has not honored her greatest men. There is not in any street in all London a statue to Shakespeare, Milton, Newton, Dryden, Pope, or Byron. Scotland gives us a better example. Stand on the Calton Hill and you can survey memorials of Burns, Scott, Wilson, and a glorious array of intellectual giants. We have improved, it is true. Grattan, Burke, Goldsmith, Moore (in a sort of a way), O'Brien, O'Connell (Royal Exchange and Glasnevin), are before us. But where is that great Dublin man, the most brilliant genius that Ireland, or perhaps any other country, ever produced, — Richard Brinsley Sheridan?

"The orator, dramatist, minstrel, who ran
Through each mode of the lyre, and was master of all!"

I shall not occupy your space by dwelling on the military history of Irishmen abroad, though that is part of the military history of every nation. I shall not take you to Sarsfield at Landen, to Montgomery at Quebec, to Fontenoy, to Wellington at the Peninsula and Waterloo, or to the countless fields in every quarter of the globe where Ireland has written splendid chapters of military history.

I make no apology for asking to say something. I do apologize if I have occupied too much space. What I have said might have perhaps come more appropriately from one of our gallant friends, the bronzed veterans at the United Service Club (many of whom know how well Ireland has written "military history" in India, the Crimea, and elsewhere), than from the Four Courts. You cannot shut out foreign service from the military history of any nation. Englishmen (I write not of civil wars) never won a great national battle in England. They fell before Romans, Danes, and Normans, and to be saved from Picts they invited the Saxons. France (except when Joan of Arc overthrew the English power) never won a great national battle in France. Crecy, Agincourt, Poictiers, and (later) Toulouse were French defeats. Napoleon's victories were all in foreign countries. As I write from memory, far away from any library, I must spare you the trouble of printing further illustrations. Those who wish to read more of Irish military history will find abundance of valuable matter in the eloquent volumes of O'Callaghan, Haverty, Mitchel, the gifted and patriotic "Nun of Kenmare," and many other writers.

In conclusion, let me express the hope that Sir Robert Stewart's lectures will be published in full. They were brimful of delightful anecdote, thoroughly anti-union (Grattan and even Tone were not forgotten), and they have eloquently proved that (notwithstanding Balfe's beautiful song) the "Light of Other Days" has not passed away. I remain, sir, your obedient servant,

JAMES BURKE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE FREEMAN.

Dear Sir, — I have read your leader, and also the polite and temperate letter of Mr. Burke, in to-day's "Freeman." I beg to say that the few remarks to which you both refer were made solely with a view to arouse Irishmen to a sense of their duty towards the memory of their great musicians; for to suppose I meant to deny their bravery

or military talents would be absurd. But Ireland, having no subsisting military organization, like that of Britain or France, for example, — to which traditions of past glory might cling, — is not generally credited on the Continent, or in England at least, with any military history. At home, of course, most of us are tolerably familiar with the sad history of those devastating wars which (as the eloquent Father Burke remarks) were incessant on the Irish soil for seven hundred years. Now we are (chiefly through the successes of Wallace and Balfe and Rooke) recognized as a musical nation all over the globe. It seems to me, therefore, a singular state of things, that while Englishmen, with that great commercial, naval, and military history, which, as a French writer now before my eyes remarks, "renders them delirious with pride," if they can devote attention to and find means to commemorate our Irish musician with a statue in Drury Lane, and a scholarship in the English Academy of Music, it is most discreditable to us that we have here nothing tangible to recall the fact that Michael Balfe was born in Dublin. To arouse my hearers, to make them if possible ashamed of this apathy, I used the strongest language I could, and I was quite prepared to find some exception taken to it. I also said we had no trade, no manufactures, to speak of, no aristocracy, and so on. Of course, strictly speaking, we have trade, we have manufactures, we have an aristocracy to encourage art; but are Irishmen satisfied with any of these? I am quite sure your reply will be in the negative. If, then, my somewhat sweeping assertion be interpreted with the proverbial "grain of salt," I think it will be found that I am not very far astray upon any of these matters to which your article refers, and that honeyed words about our military glory as a nation, however soothing to our pride, are better withheld until we deserve them. And now, thanking you for your generous and consistent aid in my humble efforts in the cause of Balfe, I am, yours faithfully and obliged,

ROBERT STEWART.

FRENCH SERVING GIRLS.

THE French servant girl is generally much better off than her American or British sister. She carries three fourths of her earnings to the savings bank, and is never content until she is the possessor of at least $100 with which to buy a debenture bond of the city of Paris, entitling her to the chance of winning $30,000 of the quarterly drawings. Grenville Murray further observed that they have too much taste to disfigure themselves as certain English, and he might have added American, housemaids do, by tricking themselves out in cheap finery. Their universal costume is a white linen cap and a gown of printed cotton or calico, with perhaps a silk kerchief of a gay color to wear on Sundays. Merino is sometimes worn, but not often. While she is not indifferent to the attractions of dress, she is imbued with a native good sense which teaches her the propriety of attiring herself according to her station. She is too thrifty to spend more on dress than she can afford, and would think herself ludicrous if, affecting to array herself like a lady, she dressed otherwise than in the height of fashion, and wore gloves or boots that were not of the best quality and the most perfect fit. When a Frenchwoman rises into the class where it is incumbent on her to wear a bonnet instead of a cap, she must have everything to match, and the bills of her milliner and dressmaker become serious items in her expenditures.

"DID you do nothing to resuscitate the body?" was recently asked of a witness at a coroner's inquest. "Yes, sir, we searched the pockets," was the reply.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER V.

THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT CONCLUDED. — CORK.

Cork. — Its situation. — Name; why so called. — Early history. — Sarah Curran. — The town of Passage. — The "Blarney Stone." — Old Court House. — Local Bar. — Memoir of Professor Frank Walsh. — O'Connell and the witness. — The cap of good-humor. — The Assize Court. — All but the pewter. — How to choose a fat cow in the dark. — The ancient coins. — An attorney nicknamed. — The Lax Weir. — The case of the calf. — O'Connell's admirable reply to Jackson.

THE first view of Cork, as we arrived thither from Kerry, was very beautiful. We beheld the capital of Munster filling the hollow of a picturesque valley, formed by undulating hills, studded over with tasteful villas. Beside the road, for a considerable distance, rolled the river Lee, which separates into two branches about a mile at the western side of Cork, and on the space of ground encompassed by both arms of the river the city is built. Spenser, the author of the "Faërie Queen," was a shrewd observer of natural scenery, and this caught his eye; he writes,

"The spreading Lee, that like an island fayre
Encloseth Corke with his divided flood."

From the low, marshy nature of the ground the city derives its name, — *Corcagh* signifying a marsh. The origin of the city dates as far back as the seventh century, when, according to Archdall, St. Finbar built a monastery and opened a school of such magnitude that the students numbered seven hundred. This school soon attracted settlers and residents, and the town rose around the *Antru Sancti Fion Barrie*, or Gill Abbey, as it was also called. It soon grew into considerable importance; it had wealthy inhabitants who traded as merchants, and during the ninth and tenth centuries it was repeatedly ravaged by the piratical Danes. These adventurous navigators liked the country; they ultimately effected a settlement, and their enterprises opened the future trade of the city. By degrees a number of small islands were drained and built upon, connected together by bridges, until Cork, in its infancy, resembled Venice; certainly not the "sea Cybele" we read of in "Childe Harold," or which is traversed in our gondolas at the present day. These Cork canals ran through the principal thoroughfares; but they have now been covered in, and form spacious streets. In 1805, when O'Connell commenced going circuit regularly, the state of the city was far different from the present. A traveller through its streets by day ran many risks; his eyes were blinded by lime, which was screened in the public highways; the sewerage was so defective that great pools rendered walking difficult; rubbish accumulated in heaps, and horses and carts were driven along with a rapidity that endangered life and limb. At night these dangers were increased by the want of proper lights in the streets; and as the quays were unfenced, to survive a night walk was a matter for prayerful thanksgiving. The fact of the city having been built in a valley, many of the darkened thoroughfares leading up the steep ascent of the hills by which Cork is surrounded must have added considerably to the difficulty of locomotion.

The work of improvement soon commenced; and the Rev. Charles Gibson's "History of Cork" gives a very faithful account of the progress from this state of neglect to the present creditable management of the municipality. We have not space to dilate upon all that is worth seeing in "the beautiful city." The environs have likewise much to interest the visitor. Close to the city, on the north bank of the Lee, is Woodhill, the seat of the Penrose family. Here Sarah Curran, the adored of Robert Emmet, resided after his life paid the forfeit of his loving Ireland "not wisely, but too well." And here Captain Henry Sturgeon, of the Royal Engineers, received her hand, — for she feelingly told him "she had no heart to give."

Glanmire and Blackrock are worth seeing; nor must we forget that fashionable Irish watering-place celebrated in song — "the town of Passage."

"Oh! the town of Passage
Is both large and spacious,
And situated upon the say;
It 's nate and dacent,
And quite adjacent
To come from Cork
On a summer day.
There you may s ip in,
And take a dipping
Fornint the shipping
That at anchor ride;
Or in a wherry
Cross over the ferry
To Carrigaloe
On the other side."

To the west of Cork is the far-famed Castle of Blarney, built by Cormac MacCarthy *Laider* about the year 1449. The principal tower is upwards of one hundred feet high, and in the northeast angle of the battlement is imbedded the famous "Blarney Stone." Some of its virtues are thus described by Father Prout: —

"There is a stone there,
That whoever kisses,
Oh! he never misses
To grow eloquent;
'T is he may clamber
To a lady's chamber,
Or become a member
Of parliament;
A clever spouter
He 'll soon turn out, or
An out-an-outer,
'To be let alone.'
Don't hope to hinder him,
Or to bewilder him,
Sure he 's a pilgrim
From the Blarney Stone!"

But 'tis time we should turn from the sweet scenery of the river Lee to find our way to the old court-house, situated in former days where the great warehouses and mart of the late Mr. Fitzgibbon now stand. This court-house has been replaced by the spacious pile of buildings at the end of Great George's Street, but the old house was the theatre of O'Connell's early performances.

Here we find the ranks of the bar augmented by the Cork local bar, — gentlemen inferior in ability to none, either in England or Ireland; but finding in this great mercantile city ample employment, reside here instead of the capital, and form the "Cork Local Bar."

We have already mentioned Mr. Waggett, the recorder; to him we have given our meed of approbation. Others equally merit mention, and Mr. Frank M'Carthy claims first place. He had great legal knowledge and considerable talents as a public speaker; his language was always select and appropriate. He was descended from one of the most ancient and respectable Munster families, and some one of the name always worthily sustained its credit among the Cork local bar. Thus Mr. Michael M'Carthy survived Mr. Frank M'Carthy. He, too, was a very well-read lawyer, but not much known out of Cork; while Mr. Justin M'Carthy, of the Carrignavar branch, is in high repute for his great professional skill and personal worth. Mr. Bennett, who was recorder subsequent to Mr. Waggett, was also an excellent lawyer. He had considerable poetical talents, as the lines I have quoted, "On Mr. Waggett's Bar Wig," testify. Mr. Scannell, also a barrister, was in good local practice, and attended the quarter sessions, courts of the county, where he was in high favor.

The present recorder, Mr. Forsayth, called in Hilary, 1824, is an excellent lawyer and an amiable gentleman. The doubt respecting "a man being as wise as Lord Thurlow looked," could not have arisen had Mr. Forsayth's name been substituted for the sapient-visaged chancellor. He looks every inch a black-letter lawyer, and really is as wise as he looks. The Cork attorneys place great confidence in him, nor is their confidence misplaced. Everything that skill can do to insure success for his clients is done — quietly, without the least parade or show; and if the verdict does not follow, the fault does not rest with Thomas Forsayth.

As one of the dearest friends of the author, and amongst the chief ornaments of the Cork local bar, we sub-

join a short sketch of Francis Andrew Walsh, late Professor of Law in the Queen's College of Cork. Mr. Walsh's father had been a physician practising in the city of Cork. Some members of the family, in remote times, had borne high judicial honors in the south, and perhaps this fact first induced the son to direct his thoughts to law. The young student soon "lisped in numbers." He became the laureate of his circle, and many who were his schoolfellows at the celebrated academy of the late erudite Martin John Farrell well remember the brilliant displays of his poetical genius.

Now, thoughts which in youth bud forth in poetry, in maturer years are often cultivated into flowers of rhetoric, and there was no lack of occasions in the capital of the south to call forth Mr. Walsh's oratorical powers His efforts were rapidly successful, and the public judgment stamped approval on his youthful brow. In Michaelmas Term, 1836, he was called to the bar, settled himself in Cork, and thus became one of the local counsel. His speeches, delivered with an earnestness of voice and gesture that riveted eye and ear, were capable of producing powerful effects; and judges going the Munster Circuit for the first time, having no previous opportunity of estimating Mr. Walsh's abilities, could hardly fail in being surprised and gratified. "I well remember," said Baron Richards, "the impression he made on me when I heard him for the first time. I was trying a case of great importance in Cork. There was a very able bar on both sides. Mr. Walsh was junior for the plaintiff, but though in court during the progress of the case, did not do much beyond examining some witnesses. The case for the defendant closed earlier than was perhaps anticipated, for both the plaintiff's senior counsel were absent, and one of them was to have replied. Mr. Walsh asked for a postponement on this ground, which I would have been glad to concede, as I felt the difficulty of a junior under such circumstances, and I really was reluctant, in a case of such magnitude, to have a risk incurred from inexperience; but the assizes had been already much protracted, and jurors were impatient, and the defendant's counsel would not hear of delay; so I felt reluctantly compelled to ask Mr. Walsh to proceed. He had not spoken two sentences before I felt quite relieved. He was perfect master of his case in all its bearings; facts and law were placed in most luminous order, and his observations to the jury distinguished by beauty and force of language, such as I seldom heard equalled. I need not say I had frequent opportunities of hearing him after that."

Mr. Walsh was the life and soul of the social circle. His intelligent features, lit up by kindly beaming eyes, his expressive mouth, bounded by thin and rather compressed lips, on which a smile ever hovered; while the flashes of humor and sallies of wit that incessantly burst from him seemed the habitual emanations of his nature rather than the efforts of one anxious to gain the character of a wit. His wealth of anecdote, stores of jests, the whimsical light in which he put the most commonplace subjects, his songs, sung with dramatic humor, soon made him a general favorite; indeed, as certainly as a fire creates warmth, so his genial temperament acted on all who came in contact with him.

Next to Father Matthew, "Counsellor Walsh," as he was then called, was the most powerful speaker at the temperance meetings. Convulsing his audience with laughter by some amusing anecdote, told with comical humor; then drawing tears from eyes unused to the melting mood, by painting, in vivid colors, the ruined husband, the heartbroken wife, the neglected children, the desolate home, where the vice of intemperance found access. His unassuming, cordial manners, those winning ways that gained him the esteem of his equals,

endeared him to the hearts of the people, who are ever true in their instincts of like or dislike. Mr. Walsh's illness, attended by much physical suffering, was watched over by one who, for many years, had shared the fortunes and lightened the cares of life to her attached husband. He died in August, 1852, at an early age for one who had acquired such a name, not having seen more than forty-seven years.

O'Connell was ever fertile in resources. Being engaged at the Cork assizes, in a case where his peculiar adroitness in eliciting facts by the examination of a certain witness was essential to success, O'Connell found that a senior barrister was also retained, who according to priority would have this witness, but whose legal ability was not so well established as his celebrated junior's. The attorney was in agony, but his face brightened up when O'Connell whispered a few words in his ear. He saw a stupid, gaping fellow, whose name he knew, in court; and to the surprise of the man, "Timothy Hegarty" was called upon the table and sworn to give evidence. Mr. —— immediately elicited the fact that his name was Tim Hegarty, but nothing more could be got out of him: of course he knew nothing about the case, good or bad, and was at last bidden to stand down as incapable of giving a direct answer to any question. The *ruse* however succeeded. O'Connell had the next, the material witness, and failed not to bring out the necessary evidence.

During the years that O'Connell sedulously worked at his profession he had immense practice. It is related that during the summer assizes in 1813, he held twenty-six record briefs in Limerick, besides acting as counsel for the prisoners in almost every crown case. His abilities were in equal demand in the other towns, — Ennis, Tralee, and Cork. His bag was of great size, and required considerable muscular power to lift. He was a pleasant companion on circuit, and lived on excellent terms with his brethren of the bar. He sometimes, in jest, administered gentle rebukes. Opposed in a case to the late estimable George Bennett, several altercations arose, which O'Connell deemed were carried too far by Mr. Bennett. As the latter wished to leave court for a short time, and not wishing to run the risk of catching cold along the breezy passages, as O'Connell's fur cap was lying on the table, he asked O'Connell to lend him his cap. "With pleasure," said Dan; "but, George, this is the cap of good-humor, so I fear it will not fit you."

The readiness of O'Connell was, in my opinion, greatly owing to his circuit experience. No shrewd observer of life in its varied forms can desire a more perfect place to study character than an assize court. Here, as in a theatre, tragedies and comedies, melodramas and burlesques, succeed each other with marvellous rapidity; but with this difference, in the theatre the characters are fictitious, in the court-house they are real. The prisoner on trial is no feigned bandit, but a genuine Terry Alt, — as determined an assailant as ever cried "Stand!" to a true man. The witnesses who appear to depose to deeds of blood or outraged virtue are those who have suffered cruel wrong, and tell their sad tale with all the minuteness of horror-stricken recollections. The jury impanelled "well and truly to try, and true deliverance make between their sovereign and the several prisoners and traversers given them in charge, and true verdicts give according to the evidence," are faithworthy men, sworn upon the Holy Gospels. The learned counsel for the prosecution and defence are gentlemen of station at the bar, selected for their competency and known ability. The judge who presides is one of the Twelve, or some barrister invested with the dignity of judge of assize. The most striking and original scenes constantly occur; in every case some-

thing happens to bring forth some peculiar national characteristic. From the dock, often filled with samples of the finest peasantry — brave and faithful, but revengeful and reckless — to the wily approver, fastening crime upon the partners of his guilt, there is food for meditation.

A prisoner's counsel has great need to have his wits about him. He must be well acquainted with the habits and character of the witnesses he has to examine and cross-examine; the alternations of a case are sudden, and he must be prepared to seize every topic likely to serve his client. O'Connell was famous for this, and acquired a command of tact and repartee which was often productive of signal success.

He had immense practice on the Munster circuit, being widely connected through the counties of Clare, Limerick, Kerry, and Cork. The assize towns were soon filled with his fame; and when his portly figure, smiling countenance, arch glance, and joyous smile were seen in court, he was the observed of all observers. His manner well sustained the favorable impression his appearance created; while his inimitable drollery moved to laughter, his deep pathos melted to tears; and with the versatility of consummate genius, while the tears were flowing, his flashes of wit spread the brightness of a rainbow, lighting up the tears as they fell. The Irish heart was the instrument he loved to sound, and he touched each string with the hand of a master.

O'Connell successfully defended a man tried for cattle-stealing. The prosecutor swore that he had lost a valuable cow, and the prisoner was found in the field where the beast had been killed. The point made for the defence was that the indictment should have been different, — as, for stealing beef; for when the animal was dead, she ceased to be a cow, — and the court ruled the point good. The grateful culprit came to thank O'Connell; and as it had transpired in the progress of the case that the slaughtered quadruped was the fattest of the drove, O'Connell was curious to know how the cow-killer selected the best, as the night was pitch-dark. Having made the inquiry, the acquitted man said, "Well, counsellor, I'll put you up to it. When you go for to steal a cow, mind and take the one that's *farthest from the ditch*. The poor, thin craturs always goes to the ditch for shelter, while the fat bastes roam outside."

On one occasion, when Serjeant — the present Lord Chief Justice — Lefroy presided as associate judge, a criminal case was tried before him at Cork, for larceny of coins and other objects of antiquarian interest. Shortly before Serjeant Lefroy had been attending a meeting for the conversion of Jews, and O'Connell one for emancipating Roman Catholics. During the trial the coins were produced in order to be identified; many were of the Holy Land, others of the city of the Cæsars. The judge desired to see them.

"Hand his lordship the Jewish ones," said Dan, "but give me the Roman."

O'Connell acquired great fame, or at least unenviable notoriety, for his skill in abuse; and certainly his epithets, if not elegant, were sure to be remembered. But it was in the heat and contest of a *nisi prius* trial that his powers were most successfully exercised. On one occasion, while conducting a case, he was greatly annoyed by the attorney opposed to his client, who was distinguished for his pugnacious propensities. He looked exactly what he was — a blustering bully; he perpetually interrupted O'Connell, and apparently for the mere purpose of irritating him. Dan bore it good-humoredly for some time, till at last, provoked at the continued worry, he roared out in his loudest tones, "Sit down! you audacious, snarling, pugnacious *ram-cat!*"

The effect was electrical. Judge, jury, counsel, court, roared with

laughter, while the object of his rebuke was actually rabid with rage; unable to utter a word, he foamed with passion, and the *soubriquet* of "ram-cat" stuck to him for the rest of his career.

O'Connell was engaged in a fishery case on the Munster circuit which resulted in a verdict for his clients in a singular way. The plaintiffs, for whom O'Connell was counsel, claimed as assignees of a company who had established a salmon fishery in the Blackwater, near Youghal. The original proprietors were Danish merchants, and the fishery was called by them "The Lax Weir." O'Connell's clients set up nets for the purpose of taking salmon, which were objected to by the defendants as illegal. At the trial the defendants brought forward witnesses, who proved that the fishery in question was always called the *Lax* Weir; and their counsel argued that the plain and natural meaning of the term *lax* was an answer to the plaintiff's case, for it was absurd to contend that a *close* weir, such as the plaintiffs sought to establish, could ever be called a *lax* one. O'Connell, however, found that in the language of the North of Europe *lachs* or *lax* means a salmon, and replied that the Lax Weir of the Danish company was thus neither more nor less than a *salmon weir*, "and," as our informant adds, "by the well-timed production of this bit of philological knowledge the learned counsel obtained a verdict for his clients, and for himself a great and sudden growth of his infant reputation as an advocate."*

While engaged at the Cork assizes, defending a boy for stealing a calf, O'Connell was much amused by the tone of defiance in which the farmer's wife, from whom the calf had been stolen, resisted his efforts to shake her evidence on the cross-examination.

"How did you come by this calf, my good woman?" he asked.

"What's that to you?" was the pert reply.

"Oh, I have a reason for asking."

"Honestly, then; that's more than the boy that took it can say."

"Oh, of course you wouldn't have it any other way," said O'Connell. "But how did you get the calf?"

"To buy it, I did."

"Where did you get the money?"

For some time she resisted any and every attempt to get an answer to this question, and when O'Connell repeated the question for about the tenth time, and insisted on an answer, she convulsed the court with laughter by shouting out, "Ah, you knows all the *roguery* of it, but you don't know the *honesty* of it."

Whilst attending the Cork assizes in 1821, O'Connell defended a noted Rockite named Lucy, who was indicted for many grievous outrages. On entering the Record Court, O'Connell took his seat next to Joseph Devonsher Jackson, who was retained with him in many important record cases.

"Where were you all day, O'Connell?" inquired Jackson. "We wanted you here very much."

"I could not get away from the crown court," replied O'Connell. "I was engaged defending Lucy."

"What was the result?" asked Jackson.

"I acquitted him."

"Then," observed Jackson, "you obtained the acquittal of a wretch who is unfit to live."

"Well, my friend," replied O'Connell in solemn tones, "you will, I am sure, admit if his crimes render him unfit to live, he is still more *unfit to die*."

To be continued.

"How can I leave thee?" he was singing in a very tender tone. He was n't very popular with her parents, and it was verging on to twelve o'clock, when the old man came in and showed him how he could leave her.

* Temple Bar Magazine, Vol. VI. p. 112.

SOME TALES OF WHITE ELEPHANTS.

James Payn, in London Belgravia.

I KNOW a good and honest lawyer — *rara avis in* —— (no, I shall want that fine old quotation presently) — an honest lawyer, who has stated it as his opinion — and his opinion is what people give pounds and pounds for — that it is a great mistake to be "much respected." His experience is, he says, that most persons who have been thus designated are dead, and that the rest suffer from their good reputations. He has himself often succored the widow and the orphan, free, gratis, for nothing; and when the orphans have grown up they are apt to be grateful. They send presents to their "valued and much respected friend," from the uttermost ends of the earth, which is what he objects to, even when they pay the carriage.

And true it is, it often happens (even confining the matter to this country), that a present is a misfortune to one. For example, I am myself a poor man, and a rich friend sends me a haunch of venison. My larder is not big enough for it to hang in, my kitchen-range is not large enough to cook it; and it has to lodge and even to board out (for it requires flour and all sorts of applications daily); thus it costs as much as a leg of mutton to begin with. Then I am obliged to ask ten people to eat it, the expense of which entertainment reduces me to my last shilling. My rich friend has no wish to impoverish me, but the effect of his munificence is similar to that of the present of the White Elephant which the King of Siam gives to those whom he intends to ruin; its meat, drink, and clothing (for they supply its trunk, of course) eat them out of house and home.

Or, suppose I am a rich man, and a poor one sends me, as friendship's offering, some ornament for my drawing-room, which is very tastefully and elegantly furnished; what the deuce am I to do with it? If it is really handsome, I feel that I have robbed him; if it is otherwise, though one does not prize a gift according to its cost, it spoils my drawing-room by its contrast with what is already there.

Again, there are a lot of people in the world who are always giving one presents which are worthless. They remember one's birthday, and one's marriage-day, and the anniversary of the day one was appointed a revising barrister, or the chaplain to the lunatic asylum. They think it very touching to call to mind these interesting dates by the gifts of a paper-knife, or a box of toothpicks, or a volume of Tupper's Poems. For my part, I would much rather "compound" for all these subscriptions, as is done in the Inns of Court, and that they gave me a five-pound note, and had done with them.

There is a still more troublesome sort of people — generally very wealthy — who insist upon paying your fare for you when you travel with them by the Underground, or on defraying the turnpike toll when you drive over a bridge; but to get a five-pound note out of *them* — in the way of composition or any other — is a dream to be indulged in not even by the most sanguine.

Then there are some excellent persons who insist upon providing us with some specimens of their own particular productions; what they have themselves invented, concocted, or made captive to their own bow and spear; and which in nine cases out of ten, and independently of the obligation incurred, one would infinitely rather be without.

Your friend the amateur author, for example, sends you a presentation copy of his first novel in three volumes. Now, what are you to do with that? Of course, if you are prepared to read it, I have nothing further to say; but suppose you shrink from proceeding to that dread extremity: you have in that case to sit down and write quickly that you have received his most thoughtful present, which

will indeed be highly prized, and that you are "looking forward with the greatest eagerness" to its perusal. But if you think that will satisfy him, except for the moment, you are very much mistaken. He will be sure to inquire your opinion, sooner or later, about that immortal work — and then be on your guard; for fatal to your friendship with him will be the moment when he elicits the truth. Above all things, cut the book — I mean, with the paper-knife — on the instant of its arrival; no eulogy, however vague or skilful, will avail you if he discovers that this precaution has not been taken.

Again, there are some excellent housewives who, not content with delighting their own families with preserves and pickles, and even medicines of their own manufacture, export them to other people's houses; they present one at Christmas with a bottle of home-made Curaçoa, better, as they inform us, than any we can get at the wine merchant's; and some specific of their own concoction, which, however "sovereign" it may be against all other ailments, is quite powerless to ward off the effects of the Curaçoa.

Or, again, one's friend is a sportsman, who having secured some prize of exceptional rarity, and modestly thinking it is too good for his own table (or perhaps not unwilling that we should bear personal testimony to his prowess), sends it to us (generally unpaid) by rail.

The last gift I received in this way was from a famous fowler, and consisted of a black cygnet — *rara avis in terris, nigroque* (here you have it, as I promised) *simillima cygno*. Neither I, nor my cook, nor the poulterer round the corner, had seen (except on a sign-board) such a bird before. Its size was gigantic, much larger than that of a full-grown white swan, and it had no end of a neck. How this neck was to be cooked was a problem, while to cut it off was out of the question. For who would have been able to guess its nature, or have been by any means induced to eat it, had it come to table *without* its neck? As it was, I felt that I should have to make a little speech about it to my guests, in the way of introduction, not to say of apology for its appearance. As the result of the plucking of it we promised ourselves an eider-down quilt, if not an entire feather-bed, but at the very outset an unpleasant circumstance happened. It had arrived in apparently admirable condition; we had said to ourselves, "For once, we have really got a useful present out of old Webfoot"; but directly the cook began to pluck it — it was not "the last feather," mind, that did it, but the first — it began to smell beyond all power of words to express. We talk of "knocking one down with a feather," in a metaphorical and poetical way, but one of our cygnet's feathers was literally enough to do it. Why it was so, I do not pretend to explain. It is possible that, just as a gentleman of color — though a man and a brother, and even a clerk in holy orders — has unquestionably a certain — well — an aroma about him, such as (I am thankful to say) does not belong to you or me, so this black cygnet had an odor that surely never belonged to any other race but his own. One has heard of sea-birds being "strong" and "fishy," but those are feeble adjectives to express the exhalations from that bird. As to making anything with his feathers except a bonfire — it was not to be thought of. Of course our kitchen could not accommodate the cygnet, which consequently went to the baker's, whereby we became in a manner public benefactors. One has heard how a knife that has cut an ortolan is thought highly of as giving a rare flavor to quite a common dish. Well, our bird gave a flavor (so the baker told me) to everything that he cooked that day, from a joint of beef to an apple-pie. They had, as one may say, the impression of our signet upon them — and it was a very strong one. When it came to table every

one rose and fled, and all the windows had to be thrown open, though it was far from summer weather. I buried it in the back garden, with the coal-scoop, with my own hands, and there it lies to this day, let us hope, deodorized; but if so it will be a great corroboration of the Moule. or Mould, theory, and of earth as a disinfectant generally. As to our house, if you had broken a gallon jar of attar of roses in it, it could not have been more thoroughly impregnated — only cygnet, I do assure you, is not attar of rose.

Now, the honest lawyer whom I have in mind pooh-poohs that terrible gift as nothing surprising. He says you must have presents from abroad, and from distant and out-of-the-way places, to appreciate their merits. One of his grown-up and grateful orphans — whom he had laid under eternal obligations by procuring him a divorce on the plea of "infancy" — once sent him a live dromedary (unpaid) from the upper Nile. "The hump," he says, "was by all accounts a great delicacy, but I could not kill so huge a creature for its hump, nor, if I had done it, should I have known how to dispose of the rest of the carcass. As to using it as a means of locomotion, that was not to be thought of; as a professional man I could never have ridden the creature to my office, and even in the park he would probably have been objected to, so in the end I gave him to the Zoological Gardens, the committee of which would have made me a fellow of the Society, only I happened to be so already. That was a sad business.

"Then again there were the alligator pears (that is not their real name, but it is what the London fruiterers call them, who sometimes exhibit them in their shops). They come from Madeira, and, I hear, are thought very highly of by the islanders. One of my orphans, who is resident there on account of a delicacy of the chest, sent me one winter half a hundred of them. He said they were 'peculiar'; which I could have believed without that statement from the context of his letter, for he added, 'they should be eaten with bread-and-butter and pepper.' They looked like immensely huge green figs — very ripe. When you cut into them there was an enormous kernel, hard as a stone, lying in a mash or squash of what looked like black and yellow cream. It was this cream we were expected to spread upon our bread-and-butter like marrow. Hunger, they say, will tame a lion; but give me the alternative of human flesh or an alligator pear, and I should prefer the former. There was one virtue about these pears, which, although a negative one, I have learnt to appreciate in gifts of food from foreign parts; although it had every appearance of being in an advanced state of decomposition, it did not smell.

"The most terrible present, however, I have ever received was from the West Indies. It came from an orphan, who had greatly prospered in the world, and who, thinking himself to be under great obligations to me, must have wished to pay them off at one swoop. He sent me a packing-case of goods so large that it might have come from the West Indies alone (like the Cleopatra Needle) without being shipped at all. For some reason unknown to me (it was too large, perhaps, to be got out of the gates), it was stopped and opened at the docks, the authorities of which sent me the following official memorandum:

"'Several articles have been consigned to you from St. Kitt's, W. I., which await here your esteemed orders; they comprise a cask (large) of pineapples, and three live turtle, one of them dead. Another seems to be in an ailing state. We would recommend your sending for the above. The dock dues are as per enclosed.'

"The last item was very considerable; but one must not (thought I) look a gift-cask in the bunghole; and then the turtle at a guinea a pint would pay their own expenses and

those of the pineapples too. I was partial to turtle and also to pineapple, and the notion of 'the whole animal' being consigned to me in one case, and of a cask (large) in the other, flattered my sense of self-importance. It was only in accordance with the fitness of things that a man like me should be supplied with such dainties wholesale.

"I let my clients run loose that morning, and took a hansom to the docks myself, in order to inspect my property. I had some difficulty in finding it, by the by, when I reached the docks; it is not only the law, let me tell you, which is hedged about with forms and technicalities, and requires lubrication — golden ointment — for its wheels. However, I found it at last; a portion of it — the dead turtle — I could have identified at some distance. No. 2 had also died by that time, but was comparatively fresh, though of course uneatable. The third turtle was the most diminutive of its kind I ever saw in my life. Even at a guinea a pint I did n't think its soup could have been worth more than seven and sixpence. It was more like one of those tortoises that are sold in the streets for ninepence apiece. However, though a small thing, it was my own, and I brought it to my office in the hansom, on my lap, to the astonishment of the neighborhood, which is legal.

"The pineapples I directed to be sent home by parcels delivery, but the clerk of the docks said, 'Not it, it'll have to go by van'; and it was certainly a very large cask. At five shillings a pineapple I reckoned, roughly, its contents would about defray the dock dues.

"It is customary with persons of my profession to talk darkly about their office secrets. 'You have no idea,' they say, 'what strange things come under our professional eye.' But I never had anything in my office which excited a greater amazement than that turtle, especially among the junior clerks. Some supposed it to be a household pet that I could not bear out of my sight, and which I should bring with me to business every day; others that I had taken it in liquidation of a bad debt from a house in the West India trade. A lady client in a delicate situation, who came to consult me upon a succession case, was seriously alarmed by the quadruped, whom I had placed for security in the waste-paper basket — so much so, indeed, that the succession took subsequently quite a new direction. Altogether I was injured in my professional character by that animal, which, moreover, died in the basket.

"'However, thank Heaven,' thought I (though, as it turned out, I was acknowledging an obligation quite unnecessarily), 'there are still those pineapples.'

"The door was opened to me at home that evening by a policeman.

"'Why are *you* here?' inquired I. 'Where is John?'

"'John is gone to the hospital, sir,' he replied, 'being as fixed as —— I don't know what they call it.'

"'What a frightful smell!' cried I; 'you must mean asphyxiated. What *is* the matter?'

"'Well, sir, your house is poisoned; that 's the long and short of it: your missus is very bad up stairs, and the maids — just listen to 'em!'

"While he was speaking I heard a succession of screams from the downstair premises. 'What are they screaming at?' I exclaimed impatiently.

"'I don't know the name of 'em,' he replied, with that cautious stolidity peculiar to the Force, 'but they have any number of legs.'

"'The maids!' cried I. 'Impossible!'

"'No, sir; it is what has come with them pineapples. They 're a mass of putrefaction, and have bred a pestilence and these things besides.'

"'Are they cockroaches?'

"'Cockroaches?' he echoed contemptuously. 'Worse than that.'

"'Great heavens! they are not scorpions, surely?'

"'Ay, summut o' that. Forty-two and Forty-three have been at 'em with a hatchet these two hours. The cook and housemaid are attached to those two, or would have fled with the other servants. As for me, I am seeing they don't get up stairs. Here's one on 'em.'

"As he spoke, an enormous centipede wriggled into the hall from the kitchen stairs. The policeman drew his truncheon, and, after a hand-to-hand conflict which reminded one of St. George and the dragon, subdued it by cutting off its head.

"The scene below stairs beggars description. The two maids were standing on the dresser, screaming, and the two policemen, one with the kitchen poker and the other with the chopper, were engaged with a legion of abominable reptiles. They worked like Samson with his jawbone, but at least one of those centipedes survived the massacre. I say *one*, because I am of a sanguine disposition; I can't say less than one, because I have seen a centipede in the house since very often, and in all sorts of places. My impression is that two escaped the general slaughter, and that they have an increasing family.

"Can you wonder now," said my honest lawyer in conclusion, "that I regret being 'found out' (I mean as to honesty) and being so 'much respected'? If I had not saved that man in St. Kitt's from the gallows — however, that's not the point; I mean generally, if I had not succored the widow and the orphan, I should not have exposed myself to their generosity. It is their gifts that make life unendurable. I protest, when I come upon that familiar phrase, 'Know all men by these presents,' it gives me quite a turn."

No government can dispense with religious force. No government has ever been able to raise itself over the ruins of faith. — *De Mun.*

PRAYER.

Prayer has its direct spiritual and providential answers. It has also a reflex influence which we cannot afford to despise or neglect; it has a wonderful power to harmonize the moral faculties, to freshen and deepen the sensibilities, to put the mind in frame for its best processes of thought, to dispel illusions, create ideals, and to stimulate to unselfish heroic action.

How few Catholics, in their troubles, trials, and grief, think of offering up certain devotions, such as rosaries, novenas, and communions, that they be relieved or assisted to bear these difficulties with patience! "Come to me all ye that are burdened and heavy-ladened, and I will refresh you," is an invitation ever open for acceptance. The greater our troubles, the more fervent should be our prayer.

At times the exceeding gentleness with which he received heretics and sinners, almost scandalized his friends, and one of them said to him, "Francis of Sales will go to paradise, of course, but I am not sure about the bishop of Geneva; I am almost afraid his gentleness will play him a shrewd turn." "Ah," said the saint, "I would rather account to God for too great gentleness than for too great severity. Is not God all love? God the Father is the father of mercy; God the Son is a lamb; God the Holy Ghost is a dove, that is, gentleness itself. And are you wiser than God?"

"O man," says Saint Chrysostom, "if you wage war upon man, perhaps you will conquer and perhaps you will be conquered, but the Church of the living God will be victorious whatever forces you oppose to her." "It is easier," continues the same father, "to drag the sun from the firmament of heaven than to destroy the Church of Christ."

BRITISH CIVILIZERS AT WORK.

HERE is a piece of evidence from South Africa, showing how Cape Colony impresses upon Cetewayo, Secocoeni, and all other surrounding savages, the necessity of making war, when war is to be made, in a becoming and truly Christian spirit. The letter in which it occurs appears in the "Cape Argus" of the 26th November last. It was written by one of the actors in the shocking tragedy: —

"We started from here (Keogas) on the morning of the 29th. We fell in with the enemy on the 30th of October. Our captain and his men were stationed on the kopje, and ——'s underneath. Captain ——'s men then crossed the river to see if they could trace the spoor. Received word that the enemy were in the bush, about a thousand yards away, Captain ——'s men then being underneath us in the bush. We then had orders to cross the river, and ——'s men opened a fire on some of the Bushmen in the northern part of the bush, whom they found sitting down enjoying a stolen ox, which they had slaughtered. They were laughing and singing, seeming to be very happy, when suddenly they received bullets to flavor the meat. They then ran through the bush, expecting to reach the mountains on the opposite side of the river; but they were completely hemmed in, and thus perished forty-one of them, and thirty-four we took prisoners. Six of our men got leave to cross, as we were anxious to be in it, and we then went, myself being one of the number, to the other side of the river, the bullets from our own men whizzing about our heads by hundreds. When we came to the bush we saw what I do not wish to see again, — women and children lying there shot through and through, no mercy having been shown to them. I came to one place and a Bushman got up. I raised my gun, but the man said in Dutch, 'Please, master, don't shoot me.' I then saw that he had already been wounded, and would have left him to die; but, as I was speaking to him, a gun was shot close to my ear and fired. The fellow gave one spring, and then fell dead at my feet. On turning round I discovered one of ——'s men, who said, 'The —— must not live.' They then drew lots as to who had to shoot the prisoners. I mean to say that those who could not walk, we had orders to shoot, and I am glad to say that I was fortunate enough to be out of it. One girl was wounded in the upper part of the leg, and could not walk. As soon as she saw the man who was with me, there being only two of us at the time present, she recognized him as having been once her master, whom she had served for three years. He wished to help her, and bring her to the camp; but some of our fellows went through the bush to see what they could do as to killing any of the wounded that the captain had overlooked. They shot this girl while she was binding up her leg with a handkerchief that her former master had given her, and which he had taken off his hat, all of us having red handkerchiefs round our hats. Not one escaped."

There are Bulgarias and Bashi-Bazouks, it will be seen, elsewhere than in Turkey.

How many of us know the beautiful meaning of husband and wife? "Husband" means "the band of the house," the support of it, the person that keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. The word "wife" means literally a "weaver." Before the great cotton and cloth factories arose, one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing — every family made its own. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called spinsters; the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who, accordingly, was called the weaver, or the wife.

RELEASE OF THE SUPPOSED MURDERERS OF LORD LEITRIM.

Irish Patriot, Dublin.

THE two men arrested on suspicion of having some connection with the murder of Lord Leitrim have been liberated without a trial. Counsel applied on Monday last for their release on bail, and, the Crown offering no objection, they were liberated. The hoary-headed libertine who used his power and riches to ruin so many of God's creatures could not continue to offend against Heaven without bringing down God's wrath upon him. Murder is a crime which dare not be countenanced, but the *fiat* which rid the country of such a scoundrel was not directed by the hand of a murderer. His crimes earned for him a host of deadly enemies, and the hand that dealt the decisive blow, had there been the cause which has been so frequently stated, could not be considered even that of an assassin. Justice was dealt out to Lord Leitrim, and though the deed was performed with, perhaps, too much despatch, there was as much consideration shown him as he deserved. His evil deeds when spoken of bring the blush of shame to the cheeks of those who by consanguinity were related to him, and the only satisfaction that can now be found is that his history may be buried in the past. But this cannot be permitted. His villany shall serve to illustrate a system of landlord depravity which has ramified our island for a too lengthened period, and no one regrets that those who committed the "offence" should escape. He lived in the midst of danger, and had even the hardihood to walk, as it were, into the very teeth of the enemy. One innocent life has been sacrificed on his account, and two men have been incarcerated for eighteen months without a particle of evidence against them. Enticing rewards were offered for any information that might lead to the arrest of the party or parties who committed the "crime." But the people in that portion of Donegal where the tyrant Leitrim held his ungodly sway were either not aware of the circumstances which led to his death, or they were too much interested in the execution of one who was held in terror and dread, to criminate those who sped the deadly missives. Poor Heraghty has been sacrificed on the altar of British injustice, and now we are harshly told that there was no evidence against any of those arrested, —they were merely thrown into jail on suspicion, or in the hope that some approver might *croppu*. This is the sort of justice we have meted out to us by English officialism in this country, and that there should be disaffection and discontent cannot be wondered at. It is understood that the matter of false imprisonment will be mentioned in the House of Commons; but this can bring little satisfaction to the falsely accused or to an outraged and libelled people.

KEEP HOME MATTERS PRIVATE. — Preserve the privacy of your house, marriage state, heart, from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. You two with God's help build your own quiet world; every third or fourth one you draw into it with you will form a party and stand between you two. That should never be. Promise this to each other. Renew the vow at each temptation; you will find your account in it. Your souls will grow, as it were, together, and at last they will become as one. Ah, if many a young pair had on their wedding day known this secret, how many marriages were happier than, alas! they are.

"MR. BLANK appointed a foreign Minister, eh?" remarked old Mrs. C., as she glanced up from the paper she was reading. "Why, he's no minister! He's only a lawyer; and they do say that he can swear like a pirate!" And she stopped reading to meditate on the degeneracy of the pulpit.

A PRELATE'S DEVOTION TO HIS MOTHER.

Extract from Bishop Ryan's Funeral Oration.

On the day of the consecration of the late Bishop Foley in Baltimore, after that solemn ceremony, he went round the church, as the custom is, bearing for the first time the mitre on his brow and the pastoral staff in his hand; he went around to give his blessing to the assembled crowd of people, who exulted and were proud of his elevation, who knew him in his youth, who saw his labors in the priesthood and now saw them crowned by his elevation to the episcopate. As he went down the nave of the church, an aged lady bowed her head to receive his blessing, and then looked up to him with her eyes filled with tears of gratitude to God for his elevation. She looked up, that tender mother that loved him so much; and, bowing his mitred head, he kissed his mother's brow, showing a deep filial tenderness. His heart was touched, and he showed it in that hour. There are those who speak of the weaning of the affections, of the independence necessary for that divine love; but no matter what weaning there may be, the love of the mother ever remains, and ever should remain. That mother that is with the child in affliction or in joy; that mother that will be beside him whether he sits upon the throne or trembles upon the scaffold; that mother whose love disgrace cannot lessen, — that mother should ever be loved. And Jesus Christ loved his mother, and one of the grounds of our devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the belief that in that Son's heart that love ever remained, only supernaturalized; and so that love of the mother never interferes with the union of the soul with God.

Now this love for our Lord, when it takes possession of the heart, gives it tenderness, increases its natural tenderness. There are those who believe that those who have given themselves to God in His church become cold; that they care not about their friends of the world; that their hearts are steeled. Read the letter of St. Bernard, look at all the tenderness displayed therein, read the writings of the saints of God, and see that the presence of divine love in the heart makes it more tender, more compassionate, more like the heart of Jesus. The heart of her Lord was so tender that he could not see Mary and Martha without weeping Himself, though he was about to raise Lazarus from the dead; so tender that it melted at the affliction of the widow of Nain. It was so tender that when the sinner of the city came and wept at his feet, and when her heart, like her alabaster box, was shattered there and sent up the odors of true sorrow to him, He did not repel her, much as the immaculate Son of the immaculate mother must have hated impurity, especially in woman, whom he made purer than man. Full of tenderness to the sinner, full of tenderness to those who loved Him, he was a model of that great quality which true Christians endeavor to imitate; and at the same time we see in the character of our Lord, and we see in the character of him whose love and model our Lord was, united to this tenderness, great power. It was not weakness, it was the presence of strength with that tenderness and power when the hour of trial came. Our Lord rebuked the Pharisees, defied the powers that could put him to death, scourged the buyers and sellers from the temple, and showed a strength and power united with His wonderful affection.

"Speaking of riddles, Mr. Jones," said a Chicago landlord, "can you tell me the difference between a beefsteak and a shingle?" "No." "Then I'll broil you a shingle hereafter every morning for breakfast instead of a beefsteak."

A miller has the divine right to bolt.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER VII.

"LONG THREATENING COMES AT LAST."

We have often looked in over the half-door of Julia Marron's little home, and we have gone away with a very indistinct notion of how matters were going on there; this time, however, we intend taking a more scrutinizing glance.

Julia Marron had just become a bride the first time we set foot within her house. Now she is a mother.

Her little kitchen is as clean and tidy as ever. Outside the door her mother is "making up a feed" for the long train of black and white turkeys that are picking in the newly cut stubble-ground at the rear of the house. Within, a fine, curly-headed child is trying to walk with the aid of a running-stool, which his father, Andy M'Kenna, has made for him. Julia Marron is sitting at her lace desk, working. From time to time she casts an eye on her eldest boy, Patrick, as he is practising on his running stool, and on her second hope, Phil, who, about twelve months old, is lying contentedly on the skirt of his mother's dress. Julia Marron looks with an eye of pride on her two little children. Perhaps they are her consolation now? Yes. She is singing softly. Surely sorrow cannot have entirely clouded her heart? She has a pleasing voice, too, but a little plaintive. What is she at now? Let us wait and hear.

"I meet the gay, the fair, the free,
And still my heart is cold.
Oh! other times are haunting me —
The happy days of old.
Should I unteach this poor, fond heart
To think of days long flown?
Should I force it with a tyrant's art
To smile when it would moan?
Oh, no! though joy my path beset
With choicest flowers untold,
I 'll never ask this heart forget
The happy days of old.

"When gayest circles round me shine,
I long to be alone;
For pleasing shadows round me twine
Of friends I once had known.
Oh! give me but one moment's rest,
One minute's walk alone,
When evening gilds the crimson west,
To dream of days long flown.
Though joy my onward path beset
With choicest flowers untold,
I 'll never ask this heart forget
The happy days of old.

"I've seen the friends who clasped my hand
In childhood warm and free,
Like blighted flowers in sunny land,
Fade one by one from me;
And still I meet in life's broad scene
Full many a friend I 'd love;
But I must keep this old heart green
For dear ones gone above.
And so, though life for me be strown
With choicest flowers untold,
I ne'er can prize the newly blown
As I have prized the old."

What about Andy M'Kenna, where was he? We 'd rather not be asked; for it looks so strange and suspicious to have to tell that at that hour of the day Andy M'Kenna was lazily rolled up in the blankets. The reader is aware that he was apprenticed in his early days to a carpenter — this was before he went to America; but after going there, we have to add that he learnt a more refined branch of the trade, namely, house carpentry.

His custom, therefore, lay unfortunately among the farmers' houses for the most part. We say "unfortunately," and farther on it will be apparent why. In a country place there is not generally too much to be done in that line, though a good hand, we believe, is never in want of work in that trade. When work was "slack" with Andy M'Kenna, he could get plenty to do from a neighboring carpenter; but Mr. M'Kenna was too much of a gentleman to think of putting his hands to the rougher work of carts and wheels and farm implements. What he particularly wanted was to be set down at the verge of some town. He declared that it was only in a town any man accustomed to decent manners could live; and that was the only place where a man would be properly paid for his labor. Many a stout battle, therefore, it may be

guessed, was waged between himself and Mrs. Marron, — he wanting them to sell out "this cursed old place, that was in debt and going to *rack*," and she heartily hating him for calling it a "cursed old place" (the place where she was bred and born), and charging him as a lazy loon for not having got it into better order since he came to it.

In the line of life he was presently leading there were two temptations, if not more, lying before Andy M'Kenna every day he rose; for he was either out at a farmer's place or idle at home.

It often turned out that he was idle; and here was as great a temptation. "To dig he was unable, and to *grub* he was ashamed"; so he loitered about, or he went to make a *cailee* at one house, and from that to another, and finally spent his day either in playing cards or at the public house.

This was a life unpleasant enough; and any one will admit that there was little in it for a young wife to augur a happy future from it. It was obvious — and Julia Marron saw it plainly enough — that there was but one ending to it. Yet happy, comparatively happy and blessed, would she have accounted herself if this was all she had to bear. There is one thing which between man and wife is a thousand times more unhappy and terrible still, a million times more agonizing and unbearable, and that one thing, we need hardly say, is jealousy.

This was what ate into the heart of Julia Marron. Andy M'Kenna's idleness, his laziness, his drunken habits — ay, even the cruel blows that from time to time the savage dealt her — these, all these, she could forgive, she could overlook, she could forget. But the dark scowl in the man's eyes, and the gloomy silence of the sealed lips, never for a moment during the livelong day escaped her memory. When he went out to his work, and she was alone, many and many a tear rolled down her cheek in that olden little sanctuary of hers. How she pressed her hands together in that little room, and how her eyes and her heart pierced to heaven! Oh! could she not almost have doubted there was a good and merciful God, when prayers and tears like hers were unavailing. There is many a one over the world to-day so weeping and so praying. She rocked herself to and fro in her distress; but yet a prayer of patience was ever on her lips, and a feeling of resignation in her heart.

Her mother noticed at times the traces of these tears, and she suspected some foul play. She could not, however, extract anything from Julia — not the least complaint, or the shadow of a complaint; but foiled in that way, she set herself the more deliberately to watch, and watch narrowly. Her heart was beginning to be turned against "the lazy, good-for-nothing fellow," that had thrown himself, like a heavy burden upon herself and her daughter. She hated him for his idleness, for his laziness, for his drunkenness, for his Ribbonism, for his ill-temper and ill-humor; but she hated him above all for Julia's sake, and she almost hated herself for having given Julia to him.

Many and many a time she scolded and threatened; and in her rage one night she snatched a bottle out of his pocket, and broke it over his head on the wall beside the fire, thereby almost setting the house ablaze.

Julia could relish anything but these outbursts of her mother's temper. She knew well what was to follow. She knew that when they would retire to their bedroom for the night, he would have his revenge upon her. Yet not for this were they unwelcome to her, but because the house was disturbed enough already; and Julia would willingly have borne on in silence rather than that one uneasy thought should disquiet her mother, who was affectionate in the extreme. Neither, again, even for the sake of preventing these domestic storms, would she disclose to her mother what was sure to follow; she but kept Anne Reeves' advice in her heart — she endeavored to do nothing that

would estrange her husband's affections, she prayed to heaven for patience, and hoped for better times to come.

There was living in a little hut beside the "Brown Bog" a lame woman. On account of her disabled state she was commonly known through the surrounding district all round as "Kattie the Crutch." Kattie was an unmarried lady, and was now probably sixty years of age, if not more. From her appearance it was almost impossible to guess her age. Her hair earlier in life had been black; but at this stage of her existence it was half-black, half-gray, and always hung about her temples and ears in dirty, unkempt tresses, giving her an elfin and forbidding look. Her face was very sallow in complexion, her temper was easily ruffled, and her tongue sharp and bitter. Kattie kept a dozen of porter or so on the sly for the bog-people on a hot day, and maybe two dozen, and even three, and four, and five, and maybe she kept a drop of whiskey; but as she was n't regularly licensed, we had better not say much more regarding what she kept.

One time Bryan Marron got drunk there. Mrs. Marron came for him, and because she threatened to report the landlady, and because the landlady was, as a matter of fact, summoned two or three weeks after before the magistrates at petty sessions, being caught by the police, the matter was "saddled" on Julia and her mother, and Kattie never after forgave them. When she heard that Andy M'Kenna was going to get married to Julia Marron, she did her best to prevent it, but to no effect. For a while she felt herself, to use one of her own terms, *non-plushed;* but, unfortunately, Andy M'Kenna did one night in her house "let out" (*in vino veritas*) on Ulty M'Mahon, — what he would do to him, and what he would not.

The shrewd dame at once seized the brand, and it certainly did not want fanning from her hands. There was not a time that Andy M'Kenna left that house Julia Marron did not "feel something." It happened one night that Andy M'Kenna left this house in more than usual ill-temper. Kattie had told him that Ulty M'Mahon was seen leaving the place on a certain day, when she knew well Andy M'Kenna had been absent from home. Kattie's servant-girl, who was no way more scrupulous than the mistress, corroborated this; and to Andy M'Kenna's mind the matter stood proved beyond doubt.

It was a moonlight night. Anger and jealousy had removed the effects of drink, but left the intoxication of madness in its stead. His way home lay by a planting where young trees had been set. He drew out his large American knife; this he always carried about with him. He cut a stout sapling of a year or two's growth, trimmed it of its leaves and little suckers; and before he opened the door of his house, he went round to the window, raised it, and dropped in the slip of ash.

Julia Marron was praying that moment in the darkness and silence of the little room. She saw the figure; she recognized her husband; she saw what was dropped in, and knew what it meant; she raised her two hands to heaven. His shadow left the window. Her troubled spirit groaned; she rose from her knees, signed the cross of our blessed Lord upon her forehead, went out from the room, and was working away at her lace when her husband entered the house.

Oh! there 's many a saint among our peasants, hidden and unknown to us, but known to God and his angels!*

Next morning Julia was up early. She was busy boiling up the kettle, and rousing up the fire to a blaze,

* Father Faber, in his own pleasing, beautiful style says, "The colored sunsets and the starry heavens, the beautiful mountains and the shining seas, the fragrant woods and the painted flowers — they are not half so beautiful as a soul that is serving Jesus out of love, in the wear and tear of common, unpoetic life."—("All for Jesus," p. 30.)

when her mother came out from the room inside the kitchen. Mrs. Marron bade her daughter good morning. Julia returned the salute, but avoided looking towards her mother. The mother's suspicions were aroused. She thought, however, that as Andy M'Kenna was home early last night, and besides, as he was sober, that nothing had happened; but seeing Julia arise from the fire, and cautiously avoid her, the mother stood before her, looked in her face, and saw a large cut above her daughter's eye.

"What happened you, Julia?"

"I fell, mother."

"Come here, child, till I see if you are hurt anywhere else."

The mother found that the flesh along her back and right arm was black and livid.

"You must have got a severe fall, child," she said; "but you had better go over to 'the neighbors' for a loaf of bread and four eggs — the hens laid nothing the week; two for Andy, and one for yourself and me, and then I will dress it up after breakfast."

Immediately that her daughter put her foot outside the house, Mrs. Marron went over to a corner of the kitchen and took down a heavy riding whip that in her young days she had used upon horse-flesh. She snatched from the white curtains, upon which was printed a red farm-house cock, extending his neck, clapping his wings, and in the act of crowing, a large packing-needle, and seizing a ball of strong thread, she went in the direction of her son-in-law's room.

She opened the door softly; he was sleeping — that was just what she wished. He was stretched at full length, and snoring too; no better. Rapidly and noiselessly she sewed up the sheet about him; then went to the door, turned the key in the lock, took it out and put it in her pocket.

She next laid hold of the whip-handle; but seeing the slip of ash lying by, she took it up, and waved it two or three times, holding it by the end to try its mettle. Being satisfied of its elasticity, she raised herself upon her toes, and struck him full length along the side.

"Ha! you villain!" she hissed through her teeth. "Wake up! I'll not touch you till you're awake to feel every smart of it."

He was lying at the front of the bed, and with the force of the stroke he leaped from the position he was in, fully off the bed, and landed inside by the wall, giving a shout of pain that must have been heard at a considerable distance.

She feared that the sheet had given way, and if she had to do it again, she might have administered the premonitory touch a little more gently. But the sheet was her own spinning, and the sewing, though hurriedly done, was firm, and held stoutly on.

The bed had neither roofing nor curtains. He looked up.

"Do you know that stick?"

"Mercy! mercy!" was his only cry.

"Mercy! you villain. You had no mercy last night!" and she gave him two strokes while saying so, that sounded like the report of a double-barrelled gun.

He turned over, and tried to gather himself up.

"Ha! are you hot enough on that side? Well, I'll give this a warming!" and she struck twice more in the same fashion as before.

Her daughter had by this time returned, and attracted by the sounds of screaming, had come to the door. She entreated her mother from the outside of the door not to strike.

The man in the bed thought it was a conspiracy between the two women, and angrily exclaimed, "I'll pay you for this yet, my lady!" meaning his wife.

"Will you indeed? will you, you villain?" and the mother-in-law gave him another double-barrelled touch.

"O mother, for God's sake, don't — don't, mother!" and she began to cry.

"He did n't say that to you last night, child, when he left your arm and your poor back as black as the hob; but I 'll make him!" and she laid on — one, two, three, as fast as she could draw her hand.

He screamed aloud with terrible and acute pain.

"O mother, mother! I 'll take my two little children, and I 'll go away if you don't stop. O mother, I beg of you!"

"You are the mother of his children, and the wretch had no pity for you. Did not your youngest child lie here in the cradle beside yous, and did he not beat that child's mother — villain!" she ground her teeth, and again she flogged him.

His shouts were actually dreadful. He attempted to release himself from the sheet, but in vain; it was too closely sewed around his neck, around his shoulders, around his arms, around his whole body. It was a strait-waistcoat all over. Failing in his effort to slip his hands from it, he caught it with his teeth.

"Let that go!" cried Mrs. Marron, as she administered him a severe lash across the shoulders.

Julia's voice again was heard.

"O mother, for the sake of my father that is dead and gone, I entreat you!"

Her entreaty had effect. Mrs. Marron sat down on a chair, and ceased her work, through respect for her husband's memory, and quite as much through exhaustion; but if she was idle with the rod she was n't idle with her tongue.

"Ha! you cowardly rascal! Maybe now you 'll give up your roving and your drinking; and maybe now you 'll touch a hair of my daughter's head again. If you do — I 'll not curse or swear — but if you do, I 'll cut your flesh within an ace of the bone."

Mrs. Marron got up from the chair, and seeing her daughter's prayer-book laying on the window, she walked hastily over, grasped it in her hand, and returning towards the bed, she said, —

"Before you leave that bed, you must swear on that book (and she held it out opposite him) three things — you must take an oath against drink; you must take an oath against your dirty Ribbonism; and you must take an oath that you 'll never lift a hand to my daughter again."

He turned in from her on the bed and would not speak. "Well, maybe before this time to-morrow, Andy M'Kenna, you 'll be tame enough. I won't ask you any more, but bit or sup you 'll never get till you swear them"; and she returned to her chair and once more took her seat.

"Look at the lazy villain! *He* a Ribbonman indeed! wisha, may good luck overtake 'em who ever listed you, you dumb, lazy, skulking hound! We have had nothing but misfortune since the day you came into it. There is that poor child and myself as busy as three at a herring, working and slaving away, killing ourselves for you; but I 'll knock the laziness out of you"; and she tapped the end of the rod against the toe of her boot.

"Begorra! maybe, you coward you, you 'll get a party to come to bate me too. Do, and I 'll put a ball into that rusty old piece inside, and the first fellow that puts in his nose will 'sup sorrow' at any rate. You brought a party, you coward, to bate poor Shevlin, because he outbid you with a few rotten sticks at the auction. Well, ye knocked at the doore — oh, noble fellows! 'Who 's there?' 'Police! Open the doore!' but it was inside the police was. The doore was opened, and where did you fly? Were n't we for two days washing your old duds after the gullet you ran into?*

"And ye brought a party from Mile River to attack Mr. William Reeves. How much whiskey did yous drink in the Lake-field? and you said you 'd lade them; and when the scratch came, you coward, you hid yourself in the flaggers. It was well

* This story of the attack on Shevlin's house is a literal fact.

for yous that yous did n't go to attack Masther William; he had two pairs of pistols and two guns loaded and primed; and if yous went, he 'd have riddled the soul in half a dozen of yous, at any rate."

The interview between Mrs. Marron and her son-in-law continued much longer; but we will draw it to a close by stating that after being kept fasting till towards evening, Andy M'Kenna did take the three vows, and was then set free from his prison. Furthermore, we have to mention a little incident that took place one or two days after. Having made inquiries, and having found that lame Kattie and her servant had deceived him, he called his wife into their little parlor; he put her sitting on a chair, and having taken her hand, he told her how he had been led astray; and having asked her pardon, and having been readily, and more than readily, forgiven, he kissed his wife, and whatever way he may have transgressed, he never from that day forward "raised a hand" to Julia Marron.

CHAPTER VIII.

GREEN COTTAGE.

Bob Reeves and his sister Anne were at their breakfast one morning, chatting leisurely about a variety of things. Bob was repeating some old joke to his sister, and in a good-humored way endeavoring to tease her with it. The story regarded a couple going to be married. The intended bride had once been in the poorhouse. Upon leaving that institution, she earned a livelihood by making and selling brooms; she was active and tidy in her habits, and had the good fortune to be taken into a lady's employment as maid-of-all-work. Here she improved her original position. In the ordinary way a suitor had knelt for her hand, and had been accepted. The wedding day was fixed; and on the evening before, the lady gave her maid leave to hold a little tea-party in the servants' hall. The bridegroom elect was of course invited; the party was held; but some things happened thereat that put a stay to the ceremonies of the following day.

Next day the mistress was surprised that the bride was not preparing herself to go to the chapel; upon which the lady addressed her: —

"Ho, Nora! I thought you were to be at the chapel to-day?"

"Indeed, an' I am not, ma'am."

"And why so?"

"'Cause we had a fallin' out, ma'am."

"How was that, Nora?"

"Oh! ma'am, the rude fellow, he saucered his tea."

Bob was pestering his sister with the story, thus: —

"Now, Anne, you are sure I told you what Nora said — you are perfectly sure you know all about it? Well, Anne, maybe you forget; here was the way —"

"Good gracious, Bob, I'd be as deaf as a stone if I did n't know —"

"But, Anne, there are some people as bad as Nolan's ass (not comparing you, dear, to the unhandsome brute), that goes every day to the school, and has n't a letter of the alphabet at the end of the year. You are sure now that I need n't repeat it?"

As he spoke, Mary, the housemaid, entered, and laid the post-bag on the table. Bob took out the daily paper.

"Mary, will you get me my spectacles?" And Bob fumbled as if he really possessed a pair of Solomon's.

After perusing the contents for some time, he exclaimed, —

"Anne, here is something about the ladies. Listen."

ON WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Sir, — Pray be not deceived by the above heading. It is as false as some of the head-dresses of the fair beings I am going to speak to you of; yet not wholly false like the same. I must get my own way to speak about things; so I pray you be not overhasty with me.

My father, God be good to him,

lived before me in Ivylea. He is gone to his predecessors, where we shall all go; but that is moralizing too early. Mother is still alive, in a delicate state of health, however, and for the most part confined to her bed. Two sisters, Winnie and Janie, and one, Matilda, married. That completes our family.

Winnie and Janie have just come home on their vacation. We were a little more than half-ways gone in our breakfast some mornings ago, when both rose up from their chairs, and, walking most deliberately over to my side, took hold each of one of my arms. I was looking at the moment through the window, which happened to be raised; and they did their little business so noiselessly that they had fallen gracefully into a beseeching attitude beside me, looking up with their two pairs of eyes into my face, before my attention was attracted to their movements.

The first thing I did was to cry, "Police! police!" till Pilot, my constant attendant, took up the echo, and yelled loudly.

"Now, conspirators! conspirators!" shouted I. "A plot, a plot! By the shade of Guy Fawkes I will not surrender," and I shook my arms to free myself from my captors; but they held stoutly on.

"Now, Edward dear, we have news, and we want you," said Janie, and she tossed her head to shake back her hair, that she wears falling over her shoulders. I may mention that there is the slightest tinge of affectation in the way she does throw back her hair.

"Ah, say you will!" said Winnie, as if anything in the wide world had been asked of me.

"Promise you will!" said Janie.

"Ah, yes, you will, Edward! say you will!" chimed Winnie.

"I don't know. How can I say I will, children, when you will not tell me what it is? Now, tell me plainly what it is, and then, if I can, I promise I will."

"Oh, well," said the two together, delighted seemingly beyond measure, "we have got just now a letter in the post-bag from Lizzie and Polly" (these were two school-friends of theirs), "saying they will surely come to pay us a visit this evening; and we are going to have an early dinner; and you will remain with us to receive them. Of course they will be only for tea."

"Long enough, maybe."

"And if the evening be fine," they continued, not noticing my parenthesis, "the truth is, we were asking them would they not like a drive to the Dingle of ——."

"I like to call it the Dingle; it is more poetical and refined than the Glen," said Winnie.

"They said, 'Oh! it would be *exquisite*. It was so grandly described in the new periodical lately that they were *awfully* anxious to see it.' And, Edward dear, won't you keep in *Faugh-a-ballagh*, and give us a drive there?"

"Well, I have no objection," I said; for, though they sometimes wellnigh tease me, yet, poor things, after all, I long to give them a little of their own way. Soon enough it may be that the world will grow dark for them; but they will never have it to say, if it does, that it was their brother's hand brought on the first cloud.

"And we will take the description with us, and read it as we go along," said Winnie, who was more or less a *littérateur* (a good thing enough if there be no affectation about it). "Don't I like it where it is described as tumbling and tossing, and glancing and shining, and dancing and coying, advancing, retreating. I forget the exact words. That place is exquisite; I must go and read it for you, Edward."

"You must not, girl! Sit down to your breakfast, fill me another cup of tea, and then you may do what you like with it."

So they exchanged glances, which, on the whole, seemed to imply satis-

faction, and then chatted away about a thousand and one flighty things.

About four o'clock in the evening, as I sat in my room up stairs, reading the day's paper, I heard a light pony-phaeton roll up the avenue On looking out, I recognized Lizzie and Polly, the expected friends. Though they wese unaccompanied by a driver, the pony was not waiting for me to put him up. Set a woman's head, or rather her heart, to work, and never fear she 'll see it through. The queen, had she been taking a solitary drive, might have waited longer for a menial to take the reins.

With all due ceremony I welcomed them to Ivylea; for, though my father before me was not fond of ceremony, nor am I indeed either, yet a small share I do consider to be both appropriate and becoming.

We entered the drawing-room; and we had not been there three minutes, when I was so thoroughly confused with the din of gabbling that I could hardly distinguish one word from another, and fairly wished that tea would not be long delayed, as it might in some way tend to moderate the clatter. A fruit-stand, containing some apples, was resting on the table. It caught my eye, and I thought I had hit on a lucky thing. I stood up and presented them with apples, hoping that would occupy them a little. They took one each; but, alas! for my hopes. Polly had some notion of indenting her pretty teeth on their delicate surface, when Lizzie turned haughtily and majestically round, and whispered low into her sister's ear, "Wait for a knife." Napoleon was beaten, and so was I. They never tasted an apple; Polly put hers in her pocket; and Lizzie, taking hers by the stem, just barely touched it with the extremities of her fingers, and then held it gracefully dangling downward There was no cessation — the clatter went on: —

"Well, Lizzie, any letter from our friend, Miss ——?"

"No!"

"You did n't, Lizzie?" cried Winnie.

"You did n't, Lizzie?" cried Janie.

"How strange!" exclaimed Winnie.

"How awfully strange!" cried Janie, with a superabundance of emphasis on the word "*awfully*."

"Lizzie, you had a fine drive?" said my sister Janie.

"Oh, exquisite, Janie!"

"Oh, *indeed*, exquisite!" said Polly, and she shook her head and her *improver* behind in such wise that I thought she had something to do with a certain class of people popularly said to inhabit our Irish forts.

At this time our little lap-dog, Morty, made his appearance

"Ah, poor Morty! poor Morty!" cried my two sisters together. "Lizzie, you never asked for Morty, and there, poor Morty has come to welcome you to Ivylea. Speak to him, Polly. Poor Morty —poor dog, dog, doggie! Was n't it good of Morty to come and welcome you?"

"Oh, indeed it was good, very good — indeed it was very good of Morty, Winnie. Poor Morty, veep — poor Morty! He would n't bite me, Winnie?"

"Oh, no, Polly. Poor dog, doggie! what she says of you — that you 'd bite her — is n't that very uncomplimentary of her?" All here cried shame on Polly; and then Polly took him upon her lap, when luckily for my patience we got intimation that tea was ready.

To describe the host of subjects that were introduced at tea would baffle a shorthand writer. As it was remarked once of the dictionary, the conversation was varied and novel. I do think that, within the short space of ten minutes, not less than sixty different subjects were introduced, both above and beneath their powers of handling, and some that it was little less than scandalous they were detailed. I feel certain that the conductresses of their educational establishment would not feel proud of

their pupils had they heard the many things I was forced to listen to.

My married sister, Matilda, made her appearance during tea, and there were kisses and welcomes and what-not; though I perfectly knew what was under the veil, had it only been raised. Man is open and candid enough to show what he feels, or at least not to pretend what he does not feel; but there is often about a woman —I was so disgusted, I felt half inclined to let the cat out of the bag; but I forbore.

Tea over, I went out to give orders to have *Faugh-a-ballagh* harnessed; but as the sky was overclouded, and a heavy shower threatening, I felt that the Dingle was not to be seen that evening. I thereupon retraced my steps, and entering the room somewhat softly, I found our little dog, Morty, stretched, half on the lap of my married sister and half on that of one of the strange ladies, and both engaged in smoothing him down, as you'd see a lady smooth her muff. It was but the work of an instant; my eyes fell on my sister, and Morty was laid on the ground. She knew what I had said to her on one occasion, when I saw her lay her little baby in the cradle and begin to fondle Morty. I went to the door; Morty knew what it was for, and left the room.

My sister Janie opened the piano, and invited Lizzie to play. Between all the ladies, as we sat there, a good deal of music was played from West, Kuhé, Rossini, Beethoven, De Grau, Rockstro, Charles Voss, and many others. Being passionately fond of our Irish airs, I asked for two or three of Moore's Melodies. *No one knew one of them*, not even one of their favorite Kuhé's adaptations. My sister Janie, who seemed to have the most devotion to Ireland, played a few, among the rest, "I saw from the Beach," "There is not in this Wide World," "I'd mourn the Hopes"; and wound up by giving us, "The Last Rose of Summer," and "Go where Glory waits Thee."

Now, I don't object to their learning pieces from any of the great masters or foreign composers; but first, or at least simultaneously with them, they should learn the music of their native land. This I found that they did not do; but, on the contrary, showed that they were ashamed to learn these "*disgusting old things*" (as I literally heard them called), or for one moment be even suspected of having known them — the sweetest and purest things in the music of any nation. (*Entre nous*, I gave my sisters plainly to understand that night, when the other ladies had gone away, that if they did n't know more about Ireland — its literature, its history, and its music — next year, it was the last year I would pay for them in that establishment.)

And these are presently the sisters of Irishmen, and in time to come, hope, I presume, to be the wives of Irishmen too, and the mothers of little babes that are to imbibe patriotism from them with the mother's milk! The boast of Ireland's greatest orator and son to-day is, that Ireland as a nation is patriotic, and, higher still, that it is Catholic. Shall the young generation that is to succeed the present be so? That depends a great deal on the moral and religious training they will receive in their own mother's household. Will they receive that training? Can they receive that training? From the young lady that is flippant and nonsensical to-day (but to that I don't attach any immense importance, for she may turn out sensible); from the young lady that is ashamed of her national airs; from the young lady that pores for days and nights and leisure hours over pages of sickly, sentimental stuff, imported from London; from the young lady that stoops down, and is not satisfied to pat her lap-dog, and there bound her affection for the little brute, where God and nature intended it, but will carry it on to the profane and silly, if nor scandalous, doatings of fondling it in her arms and pressing her

lips to its canine face, — from such a mademoiselle can a good Irish mother be one day expected? I fear not.

I have so often tried to impress these things upon my sisters to no effect, that I would be thankful to you, Mr. Editor, if you would write them a letter of advice. I know they will be said by you; for I have seen them reading the poetry and romance department of your journal, and the column of varieties following that, in such a way as would have gladdened the heart of any editor.

Sir, I know you will do your best, and you will have the prayers and gratitude of your humble servant,

AN ELDER BROTHER.

"The ladies have caught it there," said Bob.

"And deservedly," said Anne.

"It is true for him when he says that their fondling of their pet dogs is scandalous. It is perfectly scandalous. Do you think that they would be half that interested about a poor starving child outside in the street? Not they."

"And yet," said Anne, "our peasant children are highly interesting, if one only took the trouble to understand them.

"William and I were walking out along the road last Sunday, when we lighted on a flock of youngsters amusing themselves, basking in the sun, and plucking haws and sloes. One fine little fellow, bareheaded and barelegged, came up to me, and said he could n't reach up to a branch, and would I please pull it down for him.

"So, of course, I did with the greatest of pleasure. He was a very interesting looking child, about four or five years old, and he thanked me quite gallantly when I drew down the bramble, — 'Ta, ma'am!'

"I did n't know who he was, and I was anxious to learn to whom did the nicely reared child belong; so I said, 'Where do you live?'

"'Ah!' he said, 'lookit; me and this gersha live together, ma'am.'

"'And where do you and this gersha live?' I said again.

"'Ah! why — in our own room.'

"'And where is your own room?'

"He put out one of his bare feet a little forward on the ground, quite independently, he clasped his hands behind his back; he looked first at the little girl, and then at me:

"'Why — why — in our own house. Now, do you know?'

"'No, I don't. Where is your house? In what direction is your house? How do you go to your house?'

"'Well — why, round the corner be the pad.'

"We could not help laughing; and so we left him there. We went farther on, and at the head of the lane we found your friend, little Paddy.

"'Well, Paddy,' said William, 'did you say your prayers to-day?'

"He must have thought he saw a fetch of yours, Bob; for he answered, as he opened out a blackberry, —

"'I did wash my face to-day, sir.'

"'No; but did you say your prayers, Paddy?'

"'No, I had n't time.'

"'Good gracious! you had n't time?'

"'Well — why, Annie had to milk the goats, and she had n't time to tache me.'

"'Well, will you say them to-morrow?'

"'Yes, if I am tached.'

"'Where are your boots, Paddy?'

"'I have no boots now; but when Annie will sell her big pig, I 'll get a new pair of poundhers'; and Paddy turned into his work as if he had given us a fair share of information."

"See, now, Anne, if you are done there at the head of the table, I am done at the foot; and as you are going over to see Julia, I may as well take a look at the hay-making, 't is such a beautiful day."

"Oh, poor Julia! times are changed for her"; and Anne shook her head.

To be continued.

ERIN'S FLAG.

REV. J. A. RYAN.

UNROLL Erin's flag, fling its folds to the breeze,
Let it float o'er the land, let it flash o'er the seas!
Lift it out of the dust! Let it wave as of yore,
When its chiefs, with their clans, stood around it and swore
That never, no, never, while God gave them life,
And they had an arm and a sword for the strife,
That never, no, never, that banner would yield,
As long as the heart of a Celt was its shield,
While the hand of a Celt had a weapon to wield,
And his last drop of blood was unshed on the field.

Lift it up! Wave it high! 'T is as bright as of old,
Not a stain on its green, not a blot on its gold,
Though the woes and the wrongs of three hundred long years
Have drenched Erin's sunburst with blood and with tears.
Though the clouds of oppression enshroud it in gloom,
And around it the thunders of tyranny boom,
Look aloft! look aloft! lo! the clouds drifting by,
There 's a gleam through the gloom, there 's a light in the sky.
'T is the sunburst resplendent, far-flashing on high, —
Erin's dark night is waning, her daydawn is nigh!

Lift it up, lift it up, the old banner of green!
The blood of its sons has but brightened its sheen.
What though the tyrant has trampled it down,
Are its folds not emblazoned with deeds of renown?
What though for ages it droops in the dust,
Shall it droop there forever? No, no! God is just!
Take it up, take it up, from the tyrant's foul tread!
Let him tear the Green Flag! We will snatch its last shred,
And beneath it we 'll bleed as our forefathers bled,
And we 'll vow by the dust in the graves of our dead,

And we 'll swear by the blood that the Briton has shed,
And we 'll swear by the wrecks which through Erin he spread,
And we 'll swear by the thousands, who, famished, unfed,
Died down in the ditches, wild howling for bread,
And we 'll swear by the heroes whose spirits have fled,
And we 'll swear by the bones in each coffinless bed, —
That we 'll battle the Briton through danger and dread,
That we 'll cling to the cause that we glory to wed,
Till the gleam of our steel and the shock of our lead
Shall prove to our foe that we meant what we said, —
That we 'll lift up the Green, and we 'll tear down the Red.

Lift up the Green Flag! Oh, it wants to go home!
Full long has its lot been to wander and roam.
It has followed the fate of its sons o'er the world,
But its folds, like their hopes, are not faded nor furled.
Like a weary-winged bird, to the east and the west
It has flitted and fled; but it never shall rest,
Till, pluming its pinions, it sweeps o'er the main,
And speeds to the shores of the old home again,
Where its fetterless folds, o'er each mountain and plain,
Will wave with a glory that never shall wane.

Take it up! take it up! Bear it back from afar!
That banner must blaze 'mid the lightnings of war.
Lay your hands on its folds, lift your gaze to the sky,
And swear that you 'll bear it triumphant, or die;
And shout to the clans, scattered far o'er the earth,
To join in the march to the land of their birth;
And wherever the exiles 'neath the heaven's broad dome
Have been fated to suffer, to sorrow, and roam,
They 'll bound on the sea, and away o'er the foam,
They 'll march to the music of "Home, Sweet Home."

HISTORICAL PORTRAITS OF THE TUDOR DYNASTY AND THE REFORMATION PERIOD.

By S. Hubert Burke, Author of "The Men and Women of the Reformation," in London Tablet.

JAMES IV. OF SCOTLAND. — CARDINAL WOLSEY. — ANNA BOLEYN. — HENRY VIII.

THE author of this noble volume writes history as it is seldom written and as it should be written. The men and women that pass before us in these portraits are no hard, lifeless outlines, but beings of flesh and blood, in whom and in whose fate we feel a keen and absorbing interest. When we close the book we find the portraits have been so vivid that they haunt us still, as of persons we saw but a few days ago, not of personages dead some three centuries since. We see them all, — little Nan de Bouleine among the hazel-trees of Hever Castle, with her playmate, Thomas Wyatt; Wolsey the Magnificent; Mary Tudor "la Reine Blanche"; James IV., the chivalrous King of Scotland, and a score of others pass before us, talking, intriguing, plotting, making love; at the council board, in the hall, before the altar, or on the scaffold, all in living, breathing reality.

This reality (and herein lies the author's greatest praise) has not been attained by drawing on a lively imagination nor by vivid painting of scenes in which what the historian lacks is supplied by the romancist. Not an incident nor a feature of person or place is given but on the most trustworthy authority. Hence we find second-hand information carefully eschewed and original chroniclers consulted with an almost unexampled industry. As we read we find ourselves compelled to believe, since the narrator is plainly shaping nothing to his intents, but bringing us face to face with the actors in this grandest drama of real life. Before we proceed to illustrate our meaning by quoting a few passages from this volume of upwards of five hundred pages, we are promised two more volumes, bringing the history down to the execution of Mary Stuart, we venture to express a hope that we may yet see from the same pen historical portraits of the epochs that preceded and followed the age of the Tudors, in a word, the whole history of England.

The two principal figures of this volume are Henry the Eighth and Anna Boleyn. Of the latter in particular we learn much that must modify the opinions usually entertained in her regard, whether among Catholics or Protestants. Inferior to these in interest, and yet most pleasing in themselves, are the portraits of several among the lesser characters. Arthur, the elder brother of Henry the Eighth, is one of these. The shy-looking, small, sickly boy, whose first words when presented to his bride, Katharine of Aragon, were, that he "loved the dear princess and admired her golden hair," and who then made some childish inquiries as to whether "singing-birds, cats, and dogs are the same in Spain as in England," was yet a prince beloved by Englishmen for his good actions and his amiable and gentle nature.

He had no ambition to be a king; perhaps the position of a country squire was the highest he desired. To gossip on the roads or the fields with the English farmer or the peasant was his delight. Like the good Saxon Alfred, he wished to know something of the peasant's social condition, "whether he had a fowl in his pot for the holiday dinner or a cake and milk for his morning meal." So Arthur died and made room for one, who subsequently proved to be the incarnation of wickedness and a national scourge. For a long time the memory of Arthur was treasured by the people of Shropshire.

He died at Ludlow Castle.

The venerable Countess Margaret of Richmond and the saintly Elizabeth of York, Queen of Henry VII., admirably portrayed in this book, are figures worthy of the ages of faith. Quaint and curious is the description (given chiefly in the words of a Spanish ambassador) of the unfortunate and high-minded James IV. of Scotland.

The king of Scotland is of middle height; his features are handsome, he never cuts his hair or his beard, and it becomes him well. He expressed himself gracefully in Latin,

French, German, Flemish, Italian, and Spanish. His pronunciation of Spanish was clearer than that of other foreigners. In addition to his own and the above-named languages, he speaks that of the "savages" (Highlanders), who live on the distant mountains and islands. The books which King James reads most are the Bible and books of devotion and prayer. He also studies the old Latin and French chronicles. . . . He never ate meat on Wednesday, Friday, or Saturday. He would not on any consideration mount horseback on Sunday, not even to go to Mass. Before transacting any business he heard two Masses. In the smallest matters and even when indulging in a joke, he always spoke the truth. . . . "The Scotch (writes Don Pedro de Ayala) were often considered in Spain to be handsomer than the English. The women of qualitie were free in their manners, very beautiful and courteous to strangers. . . . The Scotch ladies reign absolute mistresses in their houses, and the men in all domestic matters yield a chivalrous obeydience to them. The people live well, having plenty of beef, mutton, and fowl, and an abundance of fish. The humbler classes, the women especially, are all of a very religious turn of mind. Altogether I found the Scotch to be a very agreeable and, I must add, an amiable people." Such was Scotland towards the close of the fifteenth century, a period described by modern writers as one of barbarism, ignorance, immorality, and superstition.

The above account of the unfortunate king who fell on Flodden Field must greatly correct the conceptions we should form of him from popular historians.

Cardinal Wolsey's history and character are dealt with at length. His faults are nowise extenuated. Yet it was but just to show how the influence of the great English prince-bishop went far to civilize the British nobles; how his regal and classic taste elevated the tone of society and taught men to distinguish between the profusion of barbaric splendor and the beauty of works of art. His demeanor after his fall and his last days are full of melancholy yet consoling interest. From pages replete with interest we give but one passage:—

The Cardinal's health had been declining for some time; he was laboring under dropsy, a weakness of the limbs and a general prostration, but the vigor of his mind was still unimpaired. He was not, however, in a condition to travel with expedition in the cold, damp days of November. Upwards of 3 000 persons assembled at Cawood to see him a prisoner, not, as in London, to exult, but to pity and bless him for all the good offices he rendered them. His spirits were quite fallen, yet he seemed soothed by the good-nature of the people, men, women, and children. They cried with a loud voice, says Cavendish, "God save your Grace! the foul evil take them that hath taken you from us! and we pray heaven that a very vengeance may light upon them all!" Thus they ran crying after him through the town of Cawood, they loved him so well. So writes an eye-witness. When Wolsey reached Sheffield Park he manifested a change for the worse. On the following morning, at an early hour, Cavendish found him seated on a chest with his beads in his hands. The news of Kingston's arrival from London made him tremble; he had a foreboding of the message on which the Constable of the Tower came. He was excited, cried and sobbed, then in a mournful accent exclaimed, "Well, as God willeth, so be it. I am ready to accept such ordinances as God hath provided for me." Shortly after a distressing scene occurred on the entrance of Kingston and the Earl of Northumberland, once known as Lord Percy, the personal enemy of the fallen churchman. Some minutes elapsed before either party spoke: however, all the courage and dignity of the Cardinal returned, and as far as Kingston was concerned, no jailer could perform his unwelcome office with more delicacy, and his conduct presented a striking contrast to that of Lord Northumberland. "Maister Kingston," said Wolsey, "my disease is such that I cannot live; I have a flux with a continued fever; and if ye see no alteration in me soon, there is no remedy but death." The Court party became impatient at the time consumed in conveying the object of their hatred to London, and as soon as he was able to get on horseback the Cardinal was compelled to proceed. Along the road the yeomen and peasantry came forth to meet him, expressing in their own quaint style an honest sympathy. The harsh, cold days did not prevent their wives and daughters from appearing on the highways to wave their hands and give looks of sorrow. To all the Cardinal said, "May God preserve ye in his holy religion, my good people!" He did not proceed far until his strength began rapidly to decline. Arriving at the Abbey of Leicester he was met at the gate by the Abbot and the Brotherhood, when he exclaimed, "Father Abbot, I am come to lay my bones among you." He was immediately carried to bed, from which he never rose again. On Sunday he seemed to be fast sinking, but rallied for a time. His beads were constantly in his hands; he prayed with great fervor, making the sign of the cross many times. It was discovered by an attendant that he wore a hair shirt, which he wished to conceal. He described himself as a most lowly creature, as a wretched sinner; that his vanity and pride were now partly punished. He spoke frequently of his firm belief and adherence to the Catholic Church, and warned his attendants against *the new heresy*.

The last days were now approaching. Sunday and Monday passed in suffering and resignation. On the latter day the Cardinal told his attendants that he would live till eight of the clock on the following morning, which proved to be prophetic. At six on Tuesday morning (November 29th, 1530) he made a declaration of his religious belief in the presence of the Lord Abbot and twelve of the

monks. Then with becoming solemnity he received the last rites of the Church. In one hour later his memorable address to Sir William Kingston was delivered with unusual emotion. At its conclusion he remained silent for some time. His voice now faltered, but his eyes still retained their intelligent brightness. John Longland, a Carthusian confessor, stood beside the death-couch, whilst Mass proceeded at the great altar in the church; and as the bell of the abbey tolled for the raising of the Host, the Cardinal of York closed his eyes upon all the fleeting honors and transitory splendors of state as well as upon the deceit and wickedness of human ambition.

The longest notice we could give could not make the reader acquainted with more than a hundredth part of a work of the magnitude of the one before us; and for this reason we must pass over in silence the sketches of More and Fisher, Sir Thomas Wyatt, Archbishop Warham, the Charterhouse Monks, Lord Crumwell, and Bishop Gardigner, the noble old Abbot of Glastonbury and his brother of Woburn, with a score of others. And while we are on the subject of the abbots we cannot admit the statement of our author on page 271, that only three of the abbots had courage enough to endure to the last extremity and maintain Christian principles, to wit, the Abbots of Colchester, Reading, and Glastonbury. To these must be added the Abbots of Woburn, and probably, the twelve abbots, as Mr. Burke himself relates, hanged, drawn, and quartered at the time of the pilgrimage of grace. Mr. Burke admits that the monks bravely protested against the king's spiritual headship. This would hardly have been the case had their abbots yielded in a body, following, as our author writes, the example of the bishops, all of whom, except Fisher, yielded. He is doubtless speaking of the few monastic prelates who sat in the House of Lords. But these did not number thirty, while over one hundred and fifty monastic houses in England were at that time governed by abbots. Again, we are a little puzzled to find out why Mr. Burke, speaking of Catholics as distinguished from Protestants, calls them so often *Latin* Catholics, and speaks of the *Latin* creed, meaning, we believe, the Catholic faith.

And now we have a few words of comment to add on the character described more at length than any other in the volume, that of the guilty but most unfortunate and we fear much maligned Anna Boleyn. Two things Mr. Burke has established, it seems to us, beyond a doubt: first, that Anna Boleyn died a Catholic; second, that during her sojourn in France and before Henry VIII. became enamored of her, her character afforded no ground for the grave charges brought against her by Sander, and incautiously repeated, on Sander's authority, by subsequent writers. The De Bouleyns were an old Norman family; they had intermarried with the English of the Pale beyond the sea; and the Irish blood of the Butlers of Kilkenny flowed in the veins of Sir Thomas Boleyn, Anna's father. Sir Thomas was fortunate enough to marry Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Surrey. After seven years of uninterrupted happiness the good Lady Elizabeth Boleyn died and was buried in the Lady Chapel of St. Mary's Church, Lambeth. Sir Thomas, now Lord Wiltshire, used to be seen on dark December days, with his pensive-looking little daughter, visiting the tomb of the Lady Elizabeth. We cannot refrain from again quoting from the volume before us:—

In the sunny month of May, 1513, a bright-eyed, blooming girl, with a face fraught with frank intelligence, might be seen in the gardens or seated under the shade of the hazel-trees at Hever Castle (Hever Castle is near Sevenoaks in Kent), sometimes accompanied by her sister and brother; the elder sister delighted in reading poetry and romantic tales of the days of antiquity; she cherished flowers and loved to cultivate her garden. A painstaking French governess never lost sight of the little group; they also possessed a humbler, but often more pleasing advantage in another woman, an old domestic, who watched over them with the tenderness of a parent. The faithful servant often told the children of the beauty of their young mother then in heaven, of her marriage and her death. The children whom she thus informed were Anna Boleyn, her sister Mary and her brother George. The

little orphans, as their aunt called them, were very fond of this Mary Orcharde. She was little Nan's nurse, and through life had a certain amount of influence over her foster child. A handsome, intelligent boy, the son of a neighboring knight, became the playmate of the young Boleyns, and he too had a little sister who also joined the party. Thomas Wyatt and his sister Margaret made their first acquaintance with Anna in those pleasant scenes amid the plantations and gardens of Hever, and the young poet and the future queen, as children, felt incipient love, that half-infantine affection which pure and intellectual young spirits sometimes form. . . . The young mind expands; Nan takes to letter-writing, and despatches by a trusty messenger the following missive to her admiring father, then in attendance on the queen: —

"*My Good Papa*, — I understand that you wish me to appear at Court as befits your daughter, and you tell me that her Highness the Queen will take the pains to see and speak to me. Glad am I to learn this news. O dear papa, addressing a person so wise and good as you will make me more than ever wish to write and speak good French, the more so as you will be so pleased with me. . . . If this note is badly written, please excuse me. It is all my own; the spelling out of my own head. . . . Blanche Simonetti tells me I am left to myself that no one may know what I write to you. . . . Be sure nothing shall lessen the great love I have for you; nor need you fear but that *I shall lead the holy life which you desire for me*. . . . Written at Hever Castle by your very humble and obedient daughter,

"ANNA DE BOULEINE."

The original of this letter is to be seen in the Parker MSS., at Corpus Christi College, Oxford.

The Parker MSS., we may observe, are preserved in the library of Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, to which society they were bequeathed by Parker himself.

Next we meet with little Nan de Boulcine accompanying the Princess Mary Tudor to France. Their ship strikes on a rock near Boulogne; they get into a boat, and are tossed on the sea for several hours. The Princess Mary was much affrighted; Nan had a crucifix in her hand and was absorbed in prayer. As they neared the coast the breakers were dashing high and wetted the golden hair of the princess. The boat could not approach the beach, but Sir Christopher Garvasse, a man seven feet and a half in stature, strode through the breakers, bearing the princess in his arms, helpless and insensible. Little Nan was so disgusted with Mary's aged husband, Louis XII. of France, that she protested she would never wed any man; she would be a nun. She was one of the four called "the English beauties" who remained with the queen at Paris. The French court, we are told, grumbled at the unreasonable dinner hours of the English ladies. King Louis has been wont to observe "the good old French custom of dining at eight of the clock in the morning," and going to bed at six in the evening, but *now* it suited his young Queen he should dine at noon and not go to bed till midnight. Louis XII. died eighty-two days after his marriage. Anna Boleyn remained at the French Court till 1522 in attendance on the good queen Claude. On this period of her life Sander has cast much obloquy. Mr. Burke proves his charges to be completely false. At the period of her return to England one of her admirers describes her as small and lively, a sparkling brunette, with fascinating eyes and long black hair, which she wore interlaced with jewels and floating down her back. "Nan de Bouleine has no equal in England," the rustics used to say in the neighborhood of her castle. Soon she found a suitor in her Irish cousin, James Butler of Kilkenny. In Kilkenny the Boleyns were popular; Anna's grandmother, Margaret, had been known there as a daring horsewoman. Anna, however, would have none of James Butler, and the match, though favored by Wolsey, came to naught. Rumor said she preferred Thomas Wyatt; Mr. Burke thinks otherwise. Her affection for the border chief Henry, Lord Percy, is better attested. That Percy was in love with Anna is certain. A dark mystery hovers over Wolsey's conduct at this point of Anna Boleyn's history. We leave it to our readers to decipher as best they can with Mr. Burke's assistance.

The king's passion for Anna Boleyn and its consequences, in the elevation of the latter and the divorce of Katha-

rine of Aragon, are, with their circumstances, too familiarly known for us to go over them here. The description of the latter part of her career is in this volume so long and important that we intend saying a few words on it in a second notice, as we are now compelled to bring this one to a close.

Part II. in our next.

THE BEAUTIFUL MONTH OF MAY.

Mary K. Bailey, Nashville, Tenn.

"Ave Maria! May our spirit dare
Look up to thine, and to thy Son's above?"

'T is the calm, still hour of evening. A calmness pervades all nature that breathes of heaven. The western sky is bathed in a flood of gorgeous beauty; the purple and golden clouds reflect their glowing shade, and tinge the whole face of fair nature with a magnificent beauty, like the skies of an Indian heaven. The birds have ceased their gay carols; the day with its cares and its toils, its joys and its sorrows, has passed away, and evening, calm, silent, holy evening, with its cloudless skies and starry gems, has dawned upon us. The perfume of thousands of flowers is borne upon the summer breeze, when lo! through the stillness and beauty of the evening, is heard the distant and musical tone of the vesper bell. These blooming flowers, this summer evening, the distant music, proclaim the fair and lovely month of May.

"Ave! now let prayer and music
Meet in love on earth and sea!
Now, sweet Mother, may the weary
Turn from this cold world to thee!

"From the wide and restless waters
Hear the sailor's hymn arise!
From his watch-fire midst the mountains,
Lo, to thee the shepherd cries!"

How beautiful, how sublime, this adoration to Mary, the Immaculate Mother! In the countries of Europe this devotion is carried on with a magnificence that baffles the faintest conception of the imagination. Yes, all over the world to-day are ascending hymns of praise and thanksgiving to honor the Virgin Mary. From that magnificent temple, the glorious St. Peter's, to the humble chapel of some rural village, the same honor and glory are given. Even now, on the far-off, barren plains of North America, the aged missionary is teaching the savage Indian this beautiful devotion, and he who once knew naught of religion, enters some sylvan chapel, kneels down before the shrine of the "Madonna" and makes his simple yet beautiful offering of flowers. In the more ancient countries of the world, where genius and intellect, together with the wealth of empires, yea, of continents, are lavished to honor the Virgin Mother, the temples consecrated to her compare with the most magnificent palaces of monarchs.

When the shades of even deepen, and night shrouds the earth with her dark mantle, the Ave Maria summons the faithful to prayer, and we approach that holy shrine, and behold that heavenly queen adorned in regal splendor, more brilliant than any earthly monarch. A coronet of glittering jewels adorns her pure marble brow; diamonds and emeralds glitter in censers of massive gold that burn before her shrine; rare exotics bloom, their fragrance is wafted on the breeze, and like the prayers of the pure ascend to heaven. There the sceptred monarch kneels and adores by the side of his most humble subject; the prince and the peasant maid are side by side; the philosopher, the poet, the statesman, he whose burning eloquence has charmed a nation, yes, even the whole world, and the brightness of whose intellect, like the glorious sun in the heavens, has sent its rays to the uttermost ends of the earth, kneels down and breathes forth the feelings of his soul; and the mail-clad warrior returning from battle, he whose heart has been hard and impenetrable as the steel of his breast-plate, kneels, and like a simple child weeps tears of gratitude, to once more meet and embrace, as it were, that gentlest of mothers.

"And hath the crested helmet bowed
Before thee, 'midst the incense cloud?

Hath the crowned leader's bosom lone,
To thee its haughty griefs made known?
Did thy glance break their frozen sleep,
And win the unconquered one to weep?"

A well-known non-Catholic writer has given a very correct idea of this beautiful custom. The devotion paid at the shrine of the Virgin is one of the most prominent and characteristic features of the Catholic religion. In Spain it is one of the most attractive features. In the southern provinces, in Granada and in Andalusia, which the inhabitants call "*La tierra de Maria Santisima*," the land of the most Holy Mary, this adoration is ardent and enthusiastic. There is one of its outward observances which struck me as peculiarly beautiful and impressive. I refer to the Ave Maria, an evening service to the Virgin. Just as the evening twilight commences the bells toll to prayer. In a moment, throughout the crowded city, the hum of business is hushed; the thronged streets are still; the gay multitudes that throng the public walks stand motionless; the angry dispute ceases; the laugh of merriment dies away; life seems for a moment to be arrested in its career, and to stand still. The multitude uncover their heads, and with the sign of the cross, whisper their evening prayer to the Virgin. Then the bells ring a merrier peal, the crowds move again in the streets, and the rush and turmoil of business recommence.

I have always listened with feelings of solemn pleasure to the bell that sounded forth the "Ave Maria." As it announced the close of day, it seemed also to call the soul from its worldly occupation to repose and devotion. The close of the day, the shadows of the evening, the calm of twilight, inspire a feeling of tranquillity; earth and air seem to rejoice with unwonted gladness, the birds breathe forth their songs with heavenly music, the flowers seem fairer and more beautiful, and our own hearts, if we search them, seem calm and peaceful. Surely the flowers do not bloom to "waste their sweetness on a desert air," and when are they more lovely, when do they seem more appropriate, than to decorate the temple of religion?

"Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part,
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory. Bring flowers, bright flowers!"

THE QUEEN OF THE SEASONS.

Cardinal Newman.

All is divine
Which the Highest has made.
Through the days that he wrought,
Till the day when he stay'd,—
Above and below,
Within and around,
From the centre of space
To its uttermost bound.

In beauty surpassing
The universe smiled
On the morn of its birth.
Like an innocent child,
Or like a rich bloom
Of some gorgeous flower;
And the Father rejoiced
In the work of his power.

Yet worlds brighter still,
And a brighter than those,
And a brighter again
He had made, had he chose;
And you never could name
That conceivable best,
To exhaust the resources
The Maker possessed.

But I know of one work
Of his infinite hand
Which special and singular
Ever must stand,
So perfect, so pure,
And of gifts such a store,
That even Omnipotence
Ne'er shall do more.

The freshness of May,
And the sweetness of June,
And the fire of July
In its passionate noon,
Munificent August,
September serene,
Are together no match
For my glorious Queen.

O Mary! all months
And all days are thine own,
In thee lasts their joyousness
When they are gone.
And we give thee May,
Not because it is best,
But because it comes first,
And is pledge of the rest.

IRISH LITERATURE.

Mr. Longfellow and T. O'N. Russell.

NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1879.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW, ESQ.:

Sir, — You will, I trust, pardon the liberty I take in writing to you about a subject in which you occupy such a prominent place; that subject is literature in its widest and most general sense, and I am sorry that in fairness to the literature of my native land, I am compelled to write you this letter.

You have recently published a very noteworthy book, namely, "The Poets and Poetry of Europe." In it you give not only the choicest pieces in the early literature of almost every country in Europe, but you also give sketches of the language, literature, and even the dialects of those countries. My object in writing to you is simply to ask you why you omitted to notice the early poetry and literature of Ireland. You give extracts from the poets of Iceland, Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Holland, and some other countries whose languages have hardly been written five centuries, and whose poetry and literature lack even the interest of being ancient; while the poetry, language, and literature of Ireland — more ancient and more copious than any you have given — have been entirely ignored. You are certainly aware of the literary as well as the spiritual and moral influence of Ireland in the early centuries of our era; you cannot but have read of Columbanus, Alcuin, Scotus Erigena, and many other Irishmen who were as great laics as they were clerics; nor can a man of your great knowledge of literary subjects be unaware of the fact that it was from Ireland your Saxon forefathers got their letters, and that the greater part of their monasteries and schools were presided over and founded by Irish monks. You must have seen at least some of the translations from the ancient literature of Ireland that have been made within the last forty years by O'Donovan and O'Curry; and you can hardly be unaware of the fact that only a very small part of our ancient manuscript literature has been yet translated. You surely must have read Mr. Mathew Arnold's "Celtic Literature," a work published twelve years ago, and well known to literary men. Mr. Arnold fully acknowledges the merit of Irish literature, and speaks of its originality and beauty in the highest terms. It is unpleasant to imagine that, in matters connected with Ireland, an American can be more prejudiced than an Englishman.

I fully admit the lamentable fact that, if Irish literature has been in a great measure ignored by the world, the greater part of the fault lies with ourselves; we have neglected it, and it is no wonder that the world should ignore it. The explanation of this lamentable fact is to be found in the peculiar and unfortunate political and social condition of Ireland for the last two centuries, which can hardly be unknown to yourself. The Irish people have begun to see the contempt with which some people look on their claims to a native literature, and few nations have made greater progress within the last generation than Ireland has in translating and collecting the remnants of her early literature, while at present there is a widespread desire amongst Irishmen of every creed and class to learn and cultivate their own language.

It is possible that if your collection of European poetry contained extracts from the ancient literature of Ireland, some narrow-minded Americans might have refused to buy your book; but your position as the first literary man in America should have placed you above pandering to the prejudices of that small section of Americans whom you have the misfortune to call your countrymen.

Begging to apologize for troubling you with this long letter, and with great respect,

I am yours,

T. O'N. RUSSELL.

NEW YORK, Jan. 22, 1879.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE IRISH AMERICAN:

Gentlemen, — Enclosed you have a letter from Mr. Longfellow, in reply to mine of the 18th inst., asking him the reasons for not having given any Irish poems in his book, "Poets and Poetry of Europe."

CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 20, 1879.

Dear Sir, — In "Poets and Poetry of Europe," neither England, Ireland, nor Scotland is included, the work being limited to the literature of the Continent, with the single exception of the chapter on Anglo-Saxon.

In a later work, of which I am editor, entitled "Poems of Places," you will find a whole volume devoted to Ireland, which will probably remove from your mind any impression you may have of any national prejudice on my part.

Yours truly,
HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

I must confess that I think Mr. Longfellow's reply altogether unsatisfactory. If he had not given Anglo-Saxon poetry, he might fairly claim to have been influenced by no prejudiced motives in omitting Ireland's early literature. He has given Anglo-Saxon the first and most prominent place in his collection, and for what reason I cannot, for the life of me, understand, for not only are the existing remains of Saxon literature insignificant, but they contain absolutely nothing worth preserving, that is, judged by a standard of literary merit. The "Book of Leinster" contains more matter, twice over, than all the Saxon manuscripts in existence. Let it not be supposed that I mean that no pains ought to be taken to preserve the little that remains of Anglo-Saxon literature. Every remnant of it should be carefully cherished, as should also the early literary monuments of every people.

The publication of "Poems of Places," referred to in Mr. Longfellow's letter, furnishes no excuse at all for not having put the early literature of Ireland where it should have been, that is, side by side with that of other European countries. Its merits or demerits would then have had a fair chance by comparing them with the productions of other nations in the same book. In "Poems of Places" the Irish collection are by themselves in one book, and there is not a word of prose in it from end to end, at least not in the edition that I saw, not as much even as a foot-note to tell anything of the early history of the language or literature of Ireland. I believe collections of Scotch, English, and Welsh songs have also been published by Mr. Longfellow.

After all, we ourselves are more to blame in this matter than Mr. Longfellow. If we cherished our native literature as we should, such an omission as the one under notice could never have taken place. Mr. Longfellow can hardly be expected to be more national than ourselves. The "Poets and Poetry" of Europe has now been many years published, and not a man of all the millions of the Irish race on this continent has either noticed or spoken about the omission of Irish literature from its pages. The rank and file of Irishmen could hardly be supposed to take much interest in literary matters; but what about those men who are supposed to be representative Irishmen? Why have not some of them spoken on this subject? We have any amount of Irish poets, lawyers, orators, politicians, and patriots in the United States, yet not one of them has ever said a word about this slight on themselves and their country. It is not Mr. Longfellow but they that are really to blame in this matter.

Yours truly,
T. O'N. RUSSELL.

BE honest. If Satan tempts you to defraud your neighbor, it is only that he may rob you of your ill-gotten gain in the end.

MONSEIGNEUR DARBOY;

OR, THE VICTIMS OF THE COMMUNE.

Grace Ramsay.

PART II.

THE story of Monseigneur Darboy's captivity and death has been told many times, but it has generally been either mutilated or embellished; in no instance that I know of has it been told by any one who was an eye-witness from the beginning; the greater part of what was written about it at the time was the result either of conjecture or invention. The following details were given me by one who is qualified to speak with certainty of the events of those terrible days, having been arrested at the same time as the archbishop, and, after sharing his captivity, witnessing — more closely, at least, than any other person we know of — his death. They reveal no startling episodes, and are quite bare of melodramatic coloring; but they are strictly and exhaustively true, and therefore cannot fail to interest those who knew the archbishop, and all those who care to know how that brave and gentle champion of Christ met great death, and bore himself while awaiting it.

Hints came from many quarters that the archbishop was going to be arrested. My informant — whose name, for private reasons, I am requested to suppress — was told that the warrant was already made out, and might be presented at any moment. He went to Monseigneur Darboy, and implored him to seek safety in flight while there was yet time; many others joined their entreaties to the same end, urging every possible argument to induce him to fly, but monseigneur resolutely refused to do so.

"My duty is here," he answered calmly, repeating almost the same words he had used nine months before to me. "I will remain at my post till they drive me from it."

"But think of others, monseigneur! You will not be driven alone; we shall all be seized with you," said one of his secretaries.

"I think not," replied the archbishop; "I think they will be satisfied when they have got the chief. When they come, I will just say to them, 'Here I am; take me, and let these go their way.'"

He would fain have induced others to adopt the advice they gave, and counselled any of his immediate clergy to save themselves by flight, and leave him to meet the danger alone; but this trait of resemblance with his Master was denied the archbishop; they indignantly refused to desert their shepherd, and, braver than the unconfirmed apostles, one and all stood by him to the last.

Let it not be supposed that it was from want of realizing the situation, that Monseigneur Darboy awaited it so calmly. He realized it from the first; more clearly than any one around him he foresaw what was coming. On the 20th of March, two days after the saturnalia of the 18th, which the limp bourgeoisie of Paris chose to laugh at, declaring that it would "die of its own ridicule" before the Party of Order were driven to interfere, the Père Perraud tells us that the archbi hop startled him by observing, with calm gravity, "Things will go on like this for a few days, *and then they will grow worse.*"

Meantime he went his way as if nothing had broken the smooth current of his daily life. No one would have thought, to see the bright alacrity with which he went through his round of duties, that anything was amiss or changed in the world outside. His cheerfulness never deserted him; he seemed to think only of doing his duty, each as it came to his hand, cheating those around him into comparative forgetfulness of danger, so entirely did he ignore it himself

But the sword fell at last. On the 4th of April, between four and five in the afternoon, the gens-d'armes of the Commune broke into his presence in the old Palace of the Rue de Grenelle,

which has proved so fatal a dwelling for many of his predecessors, and presented their "mandat d'arrêt against the person of George Darboy, calling himself Archbishop of Paris." They offered no violence, nor used any offensive language beyond that contained in their warrant; they assured the prisoner that he might consider himself solely in the light of a hostage, and fear nothing at the hands of the Commune; he would be treated with every consideration, and allowed all the privileges consistent with his safe-keeping. The archbishop believed these plausible protestations so fully that, when one of his secretaries went to take leave of him at the carriage door, his Grace said, "Perhaps I shall send for you this evening; tell my valet, too, to be ready to come to me. I may want him."

He was allowed to drive to the Conciergerie in his own carriage, which happened to be waiting in the court-yard. On arriving at the prison, however, the tone of the Commune changed. The venerable prelate was subjected to what my informant described as "un examen ignoble." Raoul Rigault, who headed the commission, said to him in an insulting tone, accompanied by a threatening gesture, "Ah, we have you now, you who have been the masters these 1800 years! Our turn has come; but we shall treat you better than you treated us. Instead of burning you, we shall content ourselves with shooting you."

This was admitting clearly enough that it was not at the Senator or the Grand Almoner of the Empire that their vengeance was pointed, but at the minister of a religion which, for 1800 years, had warred against the principles and foiled the efforts of that portion of humanity represented by Raoul Rigault and his colleagues.

No sooner were the archbishop and his staff out of the archiepiscopal Palace than the Freemasons bore down upon it, and established themselves in the various rooms, sixty of them remaining there till the fall of the Commune. Over the door of the Secretariat they inscribed the words, *Secretariat de la Franc-maçonnerie;* the inscription is still visible, or was a few days ago. The chapel they turned into a banquet-hall, and the walls, which had echoed to the tinkle of the mass-bell and the song of prayer and worship, now witnessed orgies that no Christian pen may dwell upon.

"If you want a parallel to the scenes enacted there by the Freemasons," said my informant, "open the Bible, and to the feast of Belshazzar superadd every sacrilegious profanity that modern cynicism can devise, and you will have some idea of the reality."

Nor did the merrymakers mean to stop at this. They had taken measures for the total destruction of the building by fire, and were only prevented by want of time from carrying out the plan. At the last, when the approach of Versailles became known, there was a general *sauve-qui-peut*, and in the hurry and terror and confusion of flight everything but their own personal safety seemed to have been forgotten. Three large cases of inflammable bombs, a quantity of powder and petroleum, and other combustible material, were found in the rooms of one of the secretaries, M l'Abbé Petit. This gentleman was not arrested with Monseigneur Darboy, as it has been stated, but late the same night; he knew there was a warrant out for his apprehension, and he was surprised that they did not seize him at once, but he felt certain they would do so before long. Just before going to bed he called his servant to him, and they knelt down and prayed with that intense fervor and sense of fraternity that men feel when a common danger draws them into closer brotherhood. Then the abbé lay down, but he could not sleep; a presentiment of coming evil kept him wakeful; and when at midnight he heard a sound of arms clanking in the *salon* next his bedroom, he was startled but not surprised to see the *gens*

de la Commune enter boisterously and bid him get up and come with them. Another escort roused Mademoiselle Darboy, the sister of the archbishop, who was staying in the house at the time, and hurried her off to the Conciergerie. They allowed her maid to accompany her. She was allowed, I believe, to have her food supplied from without; many of the hostages were, in the beginning. I cannot say whether M. Petit was amongst the number of these privileged ones; most likely yes; but the Commune was either very capricious in its treatment to the same class of offenders, or the jailers, in executing their orders, were amenable to a certain obvious argument, which seldom fails to carry conviction to their minds; at any rate, some of the captives were permitted to buy off a good deal of material misery and discomfort, and to get clean clothes and good food, while to others, charged with no greater offences, these luxuries were inexorably denied.

Some were allowed to receive letters and visits, while their next-door captives, for no reason then or now ostensible, were kept in complete isolation. My informant, for instance, who was condemned *au grand secret*, and rigorously shut away from any communication, direct or indirect, with the world outside, was nevertheless able to get his food brought daily from his own house, and to have clean linen regularly supplied to him; the greatest precaution was taken to prevent his making use of either of these mediums to send or receive messages, but he contrived to elude the lynx eyes of his guardians, who scrupulously examined every dish and every article of clothing that entered and left his cell. One day, as he was cutting an omelet, he felt the spoon stopped by something thick and tough; with the quick instinct of a captive it flashed upon him that the impediment was a message of some sort; he managed to withdraw it and hide it without being observed, and as soon as he was alone, proceeded to examine the half-melted, greasy little roll of paper. His faithful *bonne* had hit upon this means of asking him to let her know if there was anything she could do to help him, or if he had any commands that she could execute for him; she suggested his answering her in the hem of one of his stockings. The prisoner adopted the hint, taking the precaution to damp the stocking and crumple the paper well before he slipped it into the hiding-place. Through this somewhat irregular vehicle he managed to send out his last will and testament, which the good soul placed in safe-keeping, and had the joy of handing back to her master when he was restored to freedom.

As a proof of the terrible effect of solitary confinement on a human being, I may mention here what he told me of its effect upon himself. He said that when, after many weeks of solitude, the turnkey came to open his door and lead him out, as he believed, to be shot there and then, he quite forgot the horror of the crisis in his joy at the prospect of seeing his fellow-creatures once more, and hearing their voices even for a moment. The torturing suspense, the weary, tomb-like silence of the preceding weeks, had brought him to the verge of madness, and he would have welcomed death as a glad and merciful release. How or why he escaped the fate of his companions he cannot say. It would seem that after the murder of the archbishop, all minor acts of vengeance were forgotten, and many victims who stood daily awaiting the Great Deliverer were abandoned in their cells, where they might have starved to death if the soldiers of Versailles had not come in time to set them free.

Monseigneur Darboy only remained two days at the Conciergerie, whence he was transported to Mazas. The circumstances of his life there have been made known to us by Mr. Washburne and other visitors, who were allowed access to him from time to time in the earlier days. The accom-

modation was of the most miserable description, a cell like any common prisoner's, thief or forger. The archbishop was permitted to supply his own food from a restaurant, and he received letters and papers, and occasionally, by a special pass from the Commune, visits. But any privilege granted to him in the day was amply paid for at night. The Federals, emulating from the first the cruelty of the jailer Simon to Louis XVII., were accustomed to amuse themselves during the tedious night-watches by knocking at the door of the archbishop, and waking him suddenly out of his tired sleep with oaths and insults, bidding him to get ready to come out and be shot. One of the turnkeys at Mazas, who had been a constant eye-witness to this cruel joke, told Père Perraud that the victim bore it invariably in uncomplaining silence, and never once showed the slightest sign of impatience towards his tormentors. The deep peace of the martyr's spirit was beyond the reach alike of insult and resentment. He was looking calmly to the end, awaiting it, not alone with resignation, but with impatient longing. When a friend, who had gained access to his cell, was describing the aspect of Paris, cut up by barricades that were bristling with cannon, the archbishop cried out impulsively, "Oh, how I envy Monseigneur Affre! Would that like him I could have ascended a barricade, and died there!"

The last few days of his sojourn at Mazas were embittered by material privations of every kind; it is difficult to say why, but owing either to the jailers having received orders to that effect, or to their being so scared by terror for their own lives as to forget everything and everybody else, or to their zeal being stimulated to greater ferocity as the day of inevitable retribution for themselves and their paymasters drew near, or to all these motives combined, it is certain that the archbishop's daily supplies did not reach him, and the pangs of hunger were added to his other sufferings; by what means he got even nourishment enough to keep body and soul together during these few days will long remain a mystery.

But previously an incident occurred which gave the hostages strength to endure to the end, and took the sting out of all their sufferings. A noble woman, whose name I long to give but may not, devised a stratagem for conveying the blessed Sacrament to one of the Jesuit fathers, and executed it at the peril of her own life. You have seen those conical tin cans, called "*boites-à-crême*," in the dairy windows in Paris? She had one of these made with a false bottom, in which twenty-five consecrated hosts were concealed, and thus surreptitiously passed into the prison; she managed at the same time and by the same agency to send the père a number of tiny flax cases to be used as pyxes, in which the prisoners could keep the blessed Sacrament.

Who will tell us of the transports of love and thanksgiving with which these heroic souls received the precious gift and carried it on their breasts? With what living faith they must have broken the bread of life unto themselves, waiting in calm triumph for the moment when they might consume the last particle as their viaticum! How deep and tender must have been their uninterrupted communion with the Divine Guest, whose Eucharistic Presence was more welcome to them in their captivity than the manna to the hungry Israelites in the desert!

On Monday evening, the 21st of May, an order came for the hostages to be removed from Mazas to La Roquette. This was understood to be the beginning of the end; it was welcomed exultingly by some, bravely by all. The hostages were collected in the court-yard, where they were waiting for several minutes before the archbishop made his appearance. At first sight they could hardly believe it was indeed he; he was wan and emaciated as a skeleton; his beard had been al-

lowed to grow during his confinement, and hung white and ragged and unkempt upon his breast, and he was so feeble as to seem scarcely able to support himself. One of his own secretaries did not recognize him till Monseigneur Darboy, as soon as he espied him, exclaimed in surprise, "Ah, so you too are here, mon ami!" and held out his hand.

The priest fell upon his knees and kissed it, — that venerable hand that was soon to be uplifted to call down, with his last breath, a blessing on his murderers.

"You are ill, monseigneur, you are suffering," said the abbé.

"Yes, I have suffered a good deal here," replied the archbishop, putting his hand to his side. "I put a blister on it some days ago, and it is very painful."

The Père Olivaint went up to speak to him; and, in answer to some question of the père's, monseigneur said, "*I am dying of hunger!*"

The Père Olivaint at once drew from his pocket a little tin box in which there was one remaining pastile of chocolate, and gave it to him; he ate it, and, little as it was, it seemed to revive him.

They set out to La Roquette. The hostages were not taken in the ordinary van of the condemned; it was not large enough; they were huddled *pêle mêle* into a sort of *déménagement* wagon, open at both ends. Monsieur Bonjean was beside the archbishop; by his courage and Christian piety, the aged president edified them all, and proved himself worthy of his place in that grand and goodly company.

The journey lasted over three quarters of an hour. All along the road, from prison to prison, the victims were mocked and hooted by the multitude,— women, young girls, and children conspicuous in the demoniacal hubbub, gesticulating like drunken furies, throwing their caps and aprons into the air, waving red handkerchiefs, and shaking their clinched fists at the van, and shouting, "*A bas les rabats! A mort les prêtres! Qu'on les égorge! Qu'on les assassine! Qu'on en finisse!* and other cries which may not be repeated here. One of the priests wore his rabat; the mob seemed particularly exasperated by the sight of it, and kept pointing at it, hissing and spitting all the while. Monsieur Bonjean thought it would stop the cursing and quiet them a little if the obnoxious symbol disappeared, so he said to the abbé, "Put your handkerchief round your neck, mon père."

The abbé did so, but it failed to propitiate them; the yells and threats continued with unabated fury to the end.

At last the van stopped at La Roquette, and passed with its freight another step heavenward under the gate of the condemned. The hostages alighted in the *préau*, they were kept waiting there one hour and a half before they were taken to their cells. During this delay many of them confessed one to another, either standing together as if engaged in ordinary conversation, or walking up and down, muttering their confessions in short sentences, stopping every now and then, and looking indifferently about them, while the words of absolution were being pronounced by each upon the other; for the jailers were watching them, ready at the first suspicious symptom to pounce on the penitents like tigers on their prey.

One of the priests, the one from whom I hold these details, had not been able to snatch a moment alone with any of his brethren, owing to two of the guards standing close by him, so when the signal was given for them to be on the move to their cells, he said to a turnkey, "Lock me in with one of my comrades, so that we may be able to chat a little. Do, like a good fellow!"

But the man turned on him savagely, and said, "*Taisez-vous, Soutane!*" and pushed him aside. They were called out separately by their names, and locked up. The cells at La Roquette were originally large

ones; each is now divided into two by a lath and plaster partition that cuts the window in twain, but without going close up to it; there is just space enough between them to pass your hand through. There is not a stick of furniture in the cells, nothing but a straw palliasse and one blanket, both in a state of filth too loathsome to be described.

In Monseigneur Darboy's cell, whether by accident or by special concession to his rank, there was an old straw chair without a back, also a wooden plank in guise of a table; the day after his arrival some fresh straw and a comparatively clean blanket were brought to him; but he never used them; before night came the frail, worn-out body was resting on another bed.

My informant was put into the cell next to the Père Caubert. They soon discovered the slit between the window and the wall, and great was their delight at the opportunity of conversing which it afforded them.

The père asked his companion if he had the blessed sacrament about him; the other, surprised at the question, replied that he had not, upon which the Père Caubert passed him a pyx containing an entire host. My poor friend could hardly believe his eyes, and was so overpowered with joy that he could only thank him by a flood of tears. The father then told him how and through whose intervention the precious gift had found its way to them. They talked for some time on their separate experiences in their common captivity, and spent the remainder of the evening in prayer and reciting the divine office.

The hours dragged on with a kind of supernatural slowness. They knew they were to be shot that evening; but they had no idea at what hour, so that every step that sounded along the stone corridor, every key that grated in a door, made their hearts leap with a new thrill of horror and expectation; but the night came and went, and still they were expecting. No one knows why the programme was changed. Tuesday passed in the same agonized suspense.

At last, on Wednesday evening, the 24th of May, at half past seven, the director of the prison, a ruffian named Lefrançais, who had graduated for the sinister celebrity of this day's work by six years' hard labor at the galleys, ascended the stair leading to the condemned cells; he was accompanied by fifty federal soldiers; they ranged themselves silently on the side of the gallery opposite the cells, and Lefrançais summoned the condemned aloud: —

"Darboy!"

"Allard!"

"Bonjean!"

"Duguerry!"

"Clerc!"

"Ducoudray!"

A brigadier opened the corresponding cell door, and the prisoner came forth and answered, "Present!"

All else was hushed as death There was no hurry or excitement, but something appalling in the cold-blooded stillness that reigned from first to last. Not a sound was heard but the rough voice of the convict, and the retreating steps of the prisoners as one by one they passed down to the court-yard. Let me describe the outline of La Roquette; it will help you to realize the scene. The building itself stands, like most French prisons, in the centre of a vast court called the *préau*, this is enclosed by a thick stone wall, outside which is a space called the *Chemin de Ronde*, enclosed by another wall of the same height and depth as the first; this outer wall opens on the Rue Folie-Regnault, beyond which lies a large piece of waste ground. The prisoners, when they are allowed to exercise, take it on the *préau;* they never pass the inner wall except on their way to execution.

It had been first arranged that the archbishop and his companions were to be shot in the *préau*, and they were kept waiting there several minutes before the order was reversed;

then they were taken out into the *Chemin de Ronde*.

The cells which they had just left give on the *préau*, so my informant had a full view of the procession, which passed close under his window on its way to the *Chemin de Ronde*.

The Père Allard walked first, with a soldier on either side of him; next came the archbishop, leaning on Monsieur Bonjean; he looked more wan and shrunk than on the Monday before, and so feeble that he seemed with difficulty to support himself; but his countenance was very serene, and he raised his hand several times to bless as he went along. My friend could not say in what order the others followed. "I saw only Monseigneur," he said, "I looked at no one else; and as soon as he disappeared through the gate of the *préau*, I fell upon my knees and began to recite aloud the litany for the dying, the Père Caubert gave the responses; but before we had finished it, the rattle of the musketry drowned our voices."

I was particularly anxious to know if Monseigneur Darboy had really uttered those words about "dying for Faith and Liberty" which the accounts of the day attributed to him, but as far as my friend could judge, there is no authority whatever for the statement. He himself rejects it; and from what I know of the archbishop, I feel inclined to do so too. There was nothing melodramatic about him at any time; he was genuinely and consistently simple, the last man in the world to avail himself of a tragic opportunity of closing his sacrifice with one of those stately or pregnant "mots," which his countrymen in particular have often thought it becoming to bequeath to posterity from the foot of the scaffold, as a legacy of wisdom or wit. I think we may safely dismiss as apocryphal the speech about Faith and Liberty, and consign it to the list of sensational phrases falsely attributed to great men under the same solemn circumstances. In the first place, if the wretches who fired on him were brutal enough to taunt him at such a moment with coarse and bitter words for his antagonism to what they and their leaders called liberty, and his life-long efforts to restrain it, Monseigneur Darboy was not assuredly in a mood to be spurred to any word of indignant retort; his spirit was too much absorbed in recollection of the August Presence into which he was about to enter. On the other hand, his body was so worn and weak that, humanly speaking, he could not have pitched his voice high enough to have been heard by any one but the person standing close to him; it seemed as if it were only by a superhuman effort of will that he was able to drag himself to the place of execution. It is most improbable, therefore, that he spoke at all, unless it were, indeed, by a last act of sublime charity, in imitation of his Divine Master, to call down a blessing on his murderers.

The story of the two soldiers having fallen on their knees, and implored his forgiveness for the crime they were forced to perpetrate, must also remain conjectural. We would wish it to be true, and we may think it is, but we have as yet found no eye-witness who can testify to its truth or falsehood; the dead cannot speak, and the living dare not. Of the survivors who were present at the deed of blood some are now hiding in terror for their own lives; some are in prison under the suspended sentence of death.

That Monseigneur Darboy raised his hand to bless, simultaneously with the word of command which silenced his voice forever, is most likely; the simple discharge of duty to the last, embodied in that gentle act of mercy, is in sweet harmony with his character and his life; moreover, the mutilated right hand, with the thumb and index cut clear off, seem palpable evidence of the fact.

The appearance of the remains when they were conveyed from the Fosse Commune to the Rue de Grenelle so many days after, attested that death had been instantaneous. Notwith-

standing the revolting manner of the burial, flung as the victims were *en masse* into a shallow pit, their blood mixing with the slush and mud that oozed down on all sides from the banks of upturned clay, the archbishop's features were distinctly recognizable. His heart was pierced through by two chassepôt bullets, and from this wound the life-blood had poured swiftly and copiously.

In retracing the earlier steps of Monseigneur Darboy's career, we are struck by certain coincidences that assume now the character of something like supernatural presentiments. His first sermon, preached in his native parish of Fayl Billot, two months before his ordination, had for its subject the happiness of the martyrs and the glory of suffering persecution and death for Christ's sake. The eloquence which the young deacon displayed on the occasion called forth enthusiastic predictions as to his future fame and advancement; but the little world who witnessed this first flight of sacred oratory descried in it nothing more; no one saw in the choice of his theme a promise, no one suspected that the joys which the ardent young priest painted in such glowing colors were one day to be his own portion, that five and thirty years hence he would be called upon to emulate the faithful, patient heroism of the martyrs which to-day, on the threshold of his brilliant career, he dwelt upon so lovingly, with such all but worshipping admiration. This enthusiasm for the glory of martyrdom never forsook him. He could never speak of earthly glory without being, as it were, irresistibly carried away to contrast the phantom that men call by that name with the true glory of the Christian, which in his beautiful commentaries on the imitation he defines as "the privilege of completing in ourselves, by suffering, the mystery of the Redemption."

In his preface to the Life of St. Thomas of Canterbury, a work pronounced by divines a masterpiece of theological and historical lore, the Abbé Darboy, touching on the same chord, says, "Man borrows his true glory from the principles which he represents and from the courage with which he professes and defends them. Happy the man who enrolls himself under the flag of a noble cause, and who knows how to live and if needs be to die for it! . . . Yes, to suffer and die for having loved the Church is a destiny to be desired, beautiful and useful above all others!"

When, in recognition of the service he had rendered to the Church and the faithful, by this Life of St. Thomas, he was presented with the Pectoral Cross of the English martyr, the Abbé Darboy held the precious relic in his hand for a moment, and then replied, "*J'en accepte l'augure, comme archévêque et comme martyre.*"

He was called to the See of Paris in 1863, and in his first pastoral, written after taking possession of it, he says, alluding to the stormy times in which he had come to that post of eminence and danger, "I am ready to give my life for the Church." God took him at his word. He held the exalted and difficult charge of the archbishopric like one who is "passing through," who may not tarry on the road; like a steward and a pilgrim, vigilant and attached, ready at an hour's notice to lay down his honors and deliver up his trust, bearing out truly in spirit and in deed those words which he had written years before: "Let us not give up our hearts to the fascination of earthly joys and goods, but let us pass through their midst like men who are going higher and further." When all the honors of the Church and State were gathered upon his head, George Darboy remained unaltered by the perilous burden, carrying it like a garment that might at any moment slip from his shoulders. He retained under the mitre of St. Denis the simple grace that had characterized his bearing and manners as a seminarist, easy of access to all, devoid of hauteur, yet exercising nevertheless that sway of episcopal su-

premacy which made one of his clergy observe. after having been admitted for the first time to the archbishop's presence, "He was as simple as a village *curé*, yet nobody ever before inspired me with so much awe." One more quotation from his own pen and I have done. It is from his Advent Pastoral of 1870. Paris was writhing in the throes of hunger and perishing with cold; her fortitude needed to be sustained. The archbishop first struck the note of patriotism, and adjured his flock by every human motive to bear up bravely, to endure yet a little while, and leave their name and their example a monument of noble citizenship to France and to the world unto the end of time, and then, pointing beyond the thin partition of time to the great goal of eternity, he exclaimed, "Let us stand at our post, and do our duty like good soldiers, under the eye of our true and sovereign chief, and when death comes it will find us ready; its summons will be to us an awakening from sleep, the vanishing of a dream, the dawn of the real day, and of the life which is the beginning of bliss!" Faithful to his own duty, he stood by it to the last, and when he could do no more he died for it.

And now that the red tide has ebbed away, what traces has it left behind? What signs do we gather of its passage? Will it prove, like the blood of the martyrs to old Rome, a power to cleanse and fertilize, to plant and bring forth from its death-wave fruits unto life and immortality, or has it been only the destroying torrent of the lava, sweeping all before it into ruin and chaos and desolation, leaving as its trophies tombs and remorse and the dry bones of its victims? Whitherward did it travel, that blood-red tide? Down into the abyss whence nought comes up but smoke of darkness and vapors of hate? Or has it broken like a strong, regenerating wave upon the breast of France, and sunk into her heart, and shall we see it lift itself up to heaven in white clouds of sorrow, that will break, and deluge her people in the saving flood of penitential tears? Oh, may it be so! May the blood of her martyred priests plead for France with the divine omnipotence of sacrifice, and cry out with a mighty voice for mercy on the stricken land!

DESERTIONS FROM THE BRITISH ARMY.

If there were — as there were — 2,747 deserters from the army last year, it follows that every day of the year seven or eight soldiers or recruits take their departure from the service without going through the form of a discharge. These are astonishing figures, and they have given rise to a strong feeling in military circles here that branding ought to be revived. But branding is as dead as the triangle, the pitch-cap, and the thumb-screw, and therefore the commander-in-chief will require to invent something to deter deserters. He must not fall back on the letter D. Perhaps the astounding fact that last year the Anglo-Irish soldiers were harassed by no less than 282,687 "punishments" and nearly 17,000 courts-martial may to some small extent explain or account for the seven desertions per diem. "The illustrious duke," perhaps, will look into this matter.

There are hours in which all this world, in the midst of which we are happy to live, seems to turn against us. Our intentions are misunderstood, our words travestied. Ah, how hard these hours are, and the more so that we do not know why they are sent! Courage, patience, poor, desolate soul! This is a *furrow* which God makes in your heart, in order to sow graces therein. It is rare that these injustices patiently borne do not give at the end of the day an extraordinary calm and joy. It is the seed cast by God which takes root and blossoms.

HOW STANDS IRELAND FINANCIALLY?

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE report of savings in Ireland for the year 1878 has been submitted to the lord lieutenant, and is an interesting and important state paper. In it Dr. Hancock points out how strikingly the effect of the bad harvests of the past three years are shown in the records of the Irish Joint Stock Banks. From the statistics, which have been kept since 1860, it appears that the deposits and cash balances in nine Joint Stock Banks stood in the year 1863 at £12,967,000. From 1863 to 1875 these balances steadily increased, till in the later year they stood at £33,519,000. In 1876, the first of the bad years, there was an increase, but a very small one, of £721,000, being not half the average of the previous years. 1877 fairly turned the tide, and the deposits and cash balances fell from £34,240,000 to £33,050,000, and in 1878 there was another great decrease, the figure for that year standing at £31,534,000. It is a remarkable fact, and shows the sharpness and poignancy of Irish distress in the triennial period of 1876, 1877, 1878, that while the balances in the banks were falling, the inducements to keep up these balances were increasing, the rate of interest on deposits having risen from 1 per cent at the end of 1876 to 2 per cent at the end of 1877, and to 3 per cent during a part of, and 2½ per cent at the close of 1878. This falling off in the deposits in the banks was accompanied by a great increase in the number of persons receiving poor relief, the number rising from 77,000 at the close of 1876 to 90,000 at the close of last year. It has been said that in the last few years England has suffered more severely than Ireland. This is not so, the increase of poor relief in Ireland being in equal portions of the population double what it has been in England and Wales in the same period. Dr Hancock points out that the increase of pressure on the people shown by the poor-law returns is sufficient to account for the whole falling off in bank deposits, as it appears certain that the Irish banks, notwithstanding the failures of banks in Scotland and England, continue to retain the confidence of the public to the extent they have so long possessed it. When we turn from the Joint Stock Banks to the savings banks, we find that last year the general distress was extended to the servant and artisan classes. The trustees' savings banks show a decrease in deposits of £60,000 in 1878 as compared with 1877, showing that while the pressure had not affected the artisan and servant class in the thirty-two chief towns where these banks are situated in 1877, it had begun to affect them in 1878. The post-office banks, it is true, show an increase of £37,000 in 1878, as compared with the previous year. It must, however, be remembered that the increase in these deposits, which had been progressive from £55,000 in 1874 to £103,000 in 1877, suddenly dropped to £37,000 in 1878, indicating, Dr. Hancock says, the first touch of pressure on the more well-to-do of the laboring classes generally. Such are the main features of the report, which is interesting and important, as showing that whatever increase of prosperity there was in Ireland has received a rude check, and that the years 1876, 1877, and 1878 have been far the worst the country has passed through since the unfavorable cycle of 1861, 1862, and 1863. The figures show the utter dependence of this country on agriculture, and the instant paralysis which a bad harvest brings upon whatever little progress there is in the country. The result of Dr. Hancock's comparison between the increase of poor-law relief in England and Ireland during the year 1878 is exceedingly remarkable. Both countries suffered from a bad harvest; England, in addition, suffered from ills of her own, — fearful commercial depression, strikes, failures of banks, and other catastrophes only slightly,

or, as in the case of the banks, not at all felt in Ireland, and yet the poor-law relief in England only increased by half as much as in Ireland. Nothing can put in a stronger way the suffering state of this island than the fact than in 1878 the number of paupers was greater by one sixth than in 1876. The fact is that the condition of the island is thoroughly rotten,— a purely agricultural country being governed by a code under which agriculture cannot flourish. If we have good years, the cream is taken off the year's produce by an increase of rents,— of rents a vast amount of which are collected in Ireland to be spent out of Ireland. If we have bad years, the old rents are kept up, and the last penny is screwed out of the unhappy people. All the evidence goes to show that the bulk of the Irish occupiers live, as the phrase goes, from hand to mouth, and are brought to the very verge of ruin by bad harvests, events which in the course of nature must often occur. The only land reform which will ever make Ireland a land of plenty is that which will give to the tenants fixity of tenure at fair rents, and thus give a naturally thrifty race an inducement to labor by the knowledge that the surplus over the rent will be their own property to guard against the "rainy day." A system which enables a few thousand persons to take out of the land all it produces, minus potatoes and salt for those who till it, is condemned by its very statement, and does not exist in any other country of peasant occupiers but our own. The three bad harvests have done terrible injury to the country, have in some ways thrown it back for a decade, and have caused suffering to hundreds of thousands. They will not, however, be unmixed evils if they direct general and instant attention to the pressing and absorbing nature of the necessity for a settlement of the Irish Land Question.

A COOL proceeding — driving an ice cart.

THE ZULU KING.

CETEWAYO, the Zulu king, is in the prime of life, and his features are expressive and almost handsome. Physically, he is a complete athlete. He has great strength of limb and marvellous agility. He is wily, adroit, courageous, and with a view of accomplishing his design, capable of great cruelty. The conversations he had with Sir Theophilus Shepstone and other English representatives are strikingly picturesque, and at times eloquent. Having made war upon a neighboring tribe — the Swacis — he was asked by the English commissioner why he did so. He answered with remarkable frankness that his object was not to gain territory, nor to possess himself of booty, but merely to kill the followers of Secocoeni, because they were his enemies. Asked on one occasion how many troops he had at his command, he declared with poetical exaggeration that they were as innumerable as the sands of an African desert, and that the dust they raised when on the march was sufficient to obscure the sun. At another time, speaking to a British emissary who was trying to induce him to pursue pastoral or hunting pursuits rather than military, he said that the Zulus were born to fight, and that no young man amongst them was allowed to marry until he had been to war. Fighting was their mission on earth. He was their king, and he was anxious, in the first place, to prove his prowess as a warrior, and next to give his young braves an opportunity of washing their spears in the blood of their foes. It was matterless to him whom he quarrelled with, so long as he could accomplish these two purposes, — demonstrating his own capacity as a chieftain and the courage of his people. When talking in his kraal on the same occasion about the missionaries, he said Christianity might be all very well for white men and for Europeans, but he did not like the missionaries, because experience had shown that a Zulu Christian was a Zulu spoiled.

THE COLORED RACE.

A CORRESPONDENT of the "Boston Traveller" furnishes this information from Savannah, Georgia: —

CATHOLICISM AND THE BLACKS.

Great excitement is just now taking hold of the people upon the seeming interest that the colored inhabitants are manifesting in the Catholic religion. The cathedral here in Richmond is thrown open every Sunday evening to the blacks, when the bishop himself preaches to them, and it is not strange that the eloquent and persuasive voice of Bishop Kean, who says to the negro, "My dear beloved brethren," should captivate these despised people. I attended a meeting at the large African Baptist Church, where the Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D., was to preach to the colored people against Catholicism. Dr. Hoge, though noted for his eloquence, and terribly in earnest, could not rise higher in his appeals to the blacks than to say "men and women" to them.

The contrast was noticeable to all. After hearing Dr. Hoge through, I asked an intelligent colored man how he liked his sermon. His reply was, "If Dr. Hoge is in earnest, why don't he open his own church and invite us in and preach to us there? Before he can make any impression on us, he must go to the Catholic Church and learn the spirit of brotherly love."

Last Sunday, Bishop Kean said to the colored congregation, numbering twelve hundred, who had come to hear him, "There are distinctions in the business and in the social world, but there are no distinctions in the spiritual. A soul is a soul before God, may it be a black or a white man's. God is no respecter of persons, the Christian Church cannot afford to be. The people who would not let you learn to read before the war are the ones now that accuse me of trying to use you for political purposes.

"Now, my dear beloved brethren, when I attempt to tell you how to vote, you need not come to hear me preach any more."

The blacks have been so badly treated in the past that kind words and social recognition will do much to win them in the future, for success will not depend so much upon their matter as upon their manner, not so much upon their faith as upon the more potent direct influence of their practice. In this the Catholics of the South have the inside track, for the prejudice of the Protestants seems in a fair way to let the negro go anywhere except to heaven, if they have to go the same way.

A NEW ENGLISH CARDINAL.

THE illustrious Oratorian, John Henry Newman, accepts the Cardinal's hat most graciously offered by His Holiness Leo XIII., in suspension of all conditions of residence in Rome, on account of weakly health and venerable age. The rejoicing at this remarkable event will be shared by all who are acquainted with Dr. Newman's works, or who remember the signal services rendered to higher education by the first Rector of the Catholic University of Dublin. It is among the compensations for the untoward loss of the temporal power, that the Holy See is freer than before to look beyond Italy for ecclesiastics most worthy of elevation to the Cardinalate; and that two such men as Newman and Manning should be found at one time among Anglican converts to the Catholic faith must fill even indifferent worldings with anticipations of the future of Catholicity throughout the world.

THE first signature of Magna Charta, the bulwark against the oppression of the English people by their sovereign, the guarantee of the nation's just rights to this day, was the name of a Catholic priest and bishop, a prince of the Catholic Church, a legate of the Holy See,— Stephen, Cardinal Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury.

YOUNG NAPOLEON.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

Some eight years since Prince Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, then a boy in his teens, was brought by his father under fire at the battle of Saarbruck, and obtained that famous "*baptême de feu*," "baptism of fire," of which the Emperor spoke in his despatch. The disasters of the campaign induced the father to send the young prince back to Paris, and he was not in the camp upon that memorable day when Napoleon lost his liberty, his army, and his crown at the battle of Sedan. The young prince, however, has not forgotten that first sniff of gunpowder on the battle-fields of 1870; he has during his English exile devoted himself to the study of the military profession, and he has learned at Woolwich the use of that branch of arms to which the tradition of a house whose founder was a gunner has so consistently pointed. The young prince, who is one of the handsomest and most popular young men of his time, has a natural desire to learn the soldier's trade amidst the flash of steel and the rattle of musketry, and there is, therefore, nothing very wonderful in the news that he has sought and obtained leave to ride the coming campaign in Zululand in the capacity of an artillery volunteer. This adventurous step of the young prince's will create throughout Europe a strong feeling of interest. Whatever our view as to the future of France, to every man who has read history the fortunes of the young prince who has left England for South Africa are profoundly interesting. He is the head of the house of Bonaparte, and that is enough to make all men turn their eyes upon him. Little more than eighty years have elapsed since the young Corsican officer first attracted the notice of his superiors by his skill at the siege of Toulon. There are a few old men still creeping about who were babies in arms when the name of Bonaparte was not known out of his regiment. But into a history of three generations this dynasty has compressed more glory, more romance, more disaster, more wonderful chances and adventures than cluster round the royal houses whose origin is lost in the remote mist of time. The young soldier who sets out on his adventures is the heir to all the glories and misfortunes of his grand-uncle, the hero who divided with Cæsar and Alexander the honor of being the greatest captain the world ever saw. Whatever misfortunes the great Emperor brought on France, she can never forget how he "bore her tricolor triumphant through the world"; how he triumphed at Marengo and Jena, at Wagram and at Austerlitz; how Rome and Berlin, Vienna and Madrid, Lisbon and Moscow, saw the French flag planted on their battlements; how if at last he fell it was because the world rose in a grand revolt against its conqueror. The young prince's father had also no mean military record. If, worn out with that terrible disease to which he ultimately succumbed, he blundered sadly in that miserable campaign which ended at Sedan, it cannot be forgotten that in better days he overwhelmed one of the finest armies in Europe in the successive victories of Magenta and Solferino. It is deeply regretted that the heir of the Bonapartes should not flesh his maiden sword in some more worthy and more honorable campaign, but we repeat that the world will watch with interest an adventure which may help the young prince to a throne, by giving him that reputation for valor which a brave nation loves, or may by some unlucky fatality ruin the Bonapartes forever, by removing the young prince and leaving the headship of the house to the sensuous coward, Plon-Plon.

Prince Louis Napoleon, before leaving England to join the British forces in their campaign against the Zulus, addressed the following letter

to M. Rouher, explaining the motives of his undertaking: —

CHISELHURST, Feb. 25, 1879.

Mon cher Monsieur Rouher: — I am about to leave Europe, and my absence may continue for some months. I have too many faithful friends in France for me to remain silent as to the reasons for my departure. For eight years I have been England's guest. I completed my education in one of her military schools, and have kept up my connection with the British army by joining it, on several occasions, during its great manœuvres. The war Great Britain is now carrying on at the Cape of Good Hope has lately assumed a much more serious aspect than it had previously. I felt anxious to watch the operations, and I sail in two days.

In France, where, thank Heaven, party spirit has not extinguished the military spirit, people will comprehend that I am anxious to share the fatigues and dangers of those troops among whom I have so many comrades. The time I shall devote in assisting in this struggle of civilization against barbarism will not be lost to me. My thoughts, whether I am near or far, will constantly turn towards France; I shall watch the phases she will gradually pass through with interest and without anxiety, for I am convinced that God protects her. I trust that during my absence the partisans of the imperial cause will remain united and confident, and will continue to hold before the country the spectacle of a party which, faithful to its doctrines, remains constantly animated by the most ardent patriotism. Accept, mon cher Monsieur Rouher, the assurance of my sincere friendship. NAPOLEON.

THE LATE PRESIDENT OF HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.

IN our February number we chronicled the death of Rev. J. B. O'Hagan, S. J., while on his way to California, for the benefit of his health. He was accompanied by the president of Georgetown College, Rev. Patrick Healy, S. J. He crossed the Isthmus of Panama, and on the voyage northward he breathed his last off the coast of Nicaragua on Sunday, Dec. 15, at 8.30 P. M. Father Healy, S. J., in a letter to the provincial of the order, thus graphically describes the scene on the ship when the death of Father O'Hagan took place: "I shall not attempt to describe my own feelings. Apoplexy had done its work noiselessly and swiftly. It was equally unexpected to all; so much so that the subject had not been spoken between us except occasionally, when his sight was unusually dim or his limbs weak, he would doubt of ever reaching San Francisco. There was singing in the saloon when the sad word was whispered. All revelry ceased at once, and I can never forget the outspoken sympathy and kindly comments of the passengers. My eyes fill as I write the record of that sad scene." After death the body was embalmed by the officers of the ship; and Father Healy in the same letter thus describes it: "I saw the body after the operation; he looked very natural and peaceful. The body was swathed in strong cotton soaked in some preparation, his habit was placed over this, and strong canvas heavily tarred over that. The rude ship's coffin was ready, and before morning his remains, draped in the American flag, were placed in the smoking-room. The captain was willing to bring the remains to San Francisco, but as I saw how depressing the body was to all aboard, as all had known and loved him, I thought it unfair to tax them for two weeks longer." The body was therefore buried in the Catholic cemetery at Acapulco on the 19th. After the announcement of the death and burial had reached Worcester, Dr. F. J. McNulty, George Crumpton, Esq., and a few other gentlemen conceived the idea of having the remains brought to Worcester and interred in the college cemetery. In order to do this it became necessary to obtain the permission of the provincial of the order, because it is the custom of the Jesuits to let the remains of their dead rest in the consecrated ground nearest where they die. The required permission was obtained from the provincial, and the two gentlemen before mentioned, having raised the money necessary to pay all expenses, wrote to Father Healy, who is sojourning in San Francisco, to make arrangements for the removal of the remains to Worcester. The reverend clergymen had some difficulty in obtaining permission from the Mexican government to remove the body; but by the interference of the governor of

California, the mayor of San Francisco, the Mexican consul at that place, and others, the remains were allowed to be removed, and arrived in Worcester from San Francisco on the evening of the 4th of February, and were placed in St. John's Church. The funeral services took place the following morning. There was a large attendance of the clergy, the various societies, and the people of Worcester. After the services at St. John's, the body was conveyed to Holy Cross, where another service was held in the chapel. After the services in the chapel the remains were taken to Mt. St. James's Cemetery, just east of the building, and interred. This is the college burying-ground, and contains the remains of Bishop Fenwick, the founder of the college.

A REMINISCENCE.

Rev. J. H. Twichell, Protestant minister of Hartford, Conn., writes:—

"Father O'Hagan had been for seventeen years one of my dearest friends, and the sudden intelligence of his decease has touched me with a profound sorrow. Our friendship was formed under circumstances in the highest degree favorable to its intimacy, and our mutual enjoyment in it. We were chaplains in the same brigade in the Army of the Potomac, and for two years worked together side by side, and to some considerable extent hand in hand. For whole months we were daily companions, and we often slept under the same blanket. He was one of the best and kindliest of men, and one of the most delightful of comrades. He had a bright, happy wit: no discomforts could overcome his cheerful temper, and his generosity was boundless. His society was ever an unfailing antidote alike to the tedium of the camp and the hardships of the field. His devotion to duty was unflagging, and bore him through great fatigues, not unfrequently in great perils. He was as brave as he was tender-hearted and faithful. I never saw any reason to doubt, on the contrary, I saw every reason to believe, that the motive of his earnestness was his desire to serve God. Father O'Hagan exercised a strong and good influence among the soldiers, especially those of his own faith, and he was widely known and much respected throughout the army. His abilities and acquirements were of a high order. He was an accomplished scholar. Before the war he had been a member of the faculty of Georgetown College. There are many who will recall his eloquent address before the Irish Brigade on St. Patrick's day, 1863. But now that he has gone, it is most pleasing to dwell upon those private virtues which endeared him in personal relations, and which won from me an affection which the flight of years has had no power to alter or abate. He has occasionally been at my fireside here in Hartford, always bringing with him the same general spirit of good-fellowship and good-will that beguiled so many hours otherwise uncheered, in the old, never-to-be-forgotten days, now left so far behind. What days they were! The sad news of his death brings them all back, in a flood of memories, with the most imperishable of which he is associated. He was a good man and worthy to be lamented. It gives me a mournful pleasure to speak of him thus, and to testify to the admiration and esteem in which I held him, — to the love I bore him, and bare him still. The grave in which he lies buried at Acapulco, Mexico, is the grave of a patriot, a gentle and true friend, and a sincere Christian."

POET (*fingering a volume of his poems on the table*). — Oh! I see you have got my poor rhymes, Mrs. O'Flaherty. MRS. O'F. (*conscious that the leaves have never been cut*). — A — yes — er — it 's a new copy. The other was so dog's-eared and tattered that we were quite ashamed of it, and had to put it in the fire.

APOSTOLIC LETTERS OF HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.,

BY WHICH A UNIVERSAL JUBILEE TO IMPLORE THE DIVINE AID IS PROMULGATED.

LEO XIII., POPE.

To all the Faithful of Christ to whom these Presents shall come, Health and Benediction in the Lord.

THE Supreme Pontiffs Our Predecessors, according to the ancient usage of the Roman Church, have been wont, from the commencement of their Apostolic service, to throw open the treasures of heavenly gifts to all the faithful with paternal liberality, and to prescribe united prayer in the Church, so as to afford to them the opportunity of reaping spiritual benefits and to urge them to seek the aid of the Eternal Pastor by prayers, by pious works, and by alms to the poor. And that which on the one side was an auspicious gift which the Supreme Pontiffs of religion from the foundation of the Apostolic Ministry imparted to their children in Christ, and, as it were, a sacred pledge of the love with which they embraced the family of Christ; on the other was a solemn act of Christian piety, and an exercise of virtue by which the faithful with their pastors united with the visible Head of the Church, prayed to God that the Father of mercies would graciously regard, not his flock only, but, to use the words of St. Leo, *the Shepherd also of his sheep*, and vouchsafe to aid, protect, and support him.

With this object in view, we on the approach of the anniversary of our election, following the example of Our Predecessors, have determined to announce an indulgence in the form of a general jubilee to the whole Catholic world. For, in the first place, we feel how much our infirmity stands in need of an abundance of Divine graces to support us in the arduous ministry which we sustain; the experience of every day shows us how sad is the condition of the time in which we live, and to what tempests the Church is exposed in the present age; and we cannot but fear that greater evils are yet to come when we see the deterioration in the management of public affairs, the pernicious counsels of impious men, and the signs of heavenly wrath which have already fallen severely upon some.

But inasmuch as the peculiar benefits of a jubilee consist in this, that the stains of the soul are washed away, that works of penance and charity are performed, that the duty of prayer is more earnestly discharged, and as the sacrifices of justice and the prayers which are offered up by the united intention of the whole Church are so grateful to God and so fruitful that they appear to do violence to the Divine goodness, we must entertain a firm confidence that the Heavenly Father will regard the humility of his people, and remedying the evils which exist, grant the longed-for light and consolation in their affliction For if, as was said by the same Leo the Great, *our spiritual enemies are overcome by that correction of our faults which is due to Divine grace, the strength of our corporeal enemies also succumbs, and they are weakened by our amendment, who were formidable to us not on account of their own merits, but of our faults.* Therefore we earnestly exhort all the sons of the Catholic Church, and we beseech them in the Lord, to join to ours their prayers, their supplications, their works of Christian discipline and piety, and to zealously avail themselves, with the assistance of God, for the benefit of their own souls, and the welfare of the Church, of the graces offered in the jubilee in this time of heavenly mercies.

Wherefore, through the mercy of Almighty God, and relying upon the authority of the blessed Apostles Peter and Paul, and in the exercise of that power of binding and of loosing which God has conferred upon us, though unworthy, we to all the faithful in Christ residing in our august city, or visiting it, who between the

first Sunday in Lent, which is the second day of March, and the first day of June, which will be Whitsunday, inclusively, shall twice visit the churches of St. John Lateran, of the Prince of the Apostles, and of St. Mary Major, and there pour forth their pious prayers to God for some space of time for the prosperity and exaltation of the Catholic Church and of this Apostolic See, for the extirpation of heresies, and the conversion of all who are in error, for the concord of Christian princes, and of the peace and unity of all the faithful people, and for our intention, and shall fast once during the above-named time, using only abstinence food, besides the days not included in the Lenten indult, or otherwise consecrated by the precept of the Church as days of fasting, and having confessed their sins receive the Holy Eucharist, and give some alms to the poor or in aid of some pious work, as may be suggested by the piety of each; and to others dwelling elsewhere than in the above-named city, who shall visit twice, or if there be only two churches, three times, or if only one, six times during the three above-mentioned months, three churches in the city or place of their abode or in its suburbs, to be named by the ordinaries of the places or their vicars or officials, or in the absence of these by those who exercise the cure of souls, and who shall devoutly perform the other works recited, grant and concede a plenary Indulgence of all their sins, such as is customarily granted to those who in a year of jubilee visit certain churches within and without the above-named city; permitting also that this indulgence may be applied by way of suffrage for those souls which have departed from this life joined to God in charity. Moreover, we empower the Ordinaries of each locality to reduce the number of these visits according to their discretion, in the case of chapters and congregations, whether of regulars or seculars, of sodalities, confraternities, universities or colleges, who may visit the designated churches in procession.

And we grant that voyagers or travellers when they arrive at their homes, or at some other place, when they have performed the prescribed works, and visited six times the Cathedral, or principal, or parochial church of their home or other place, shall be qualified to obtain this indulgence. And in regard to regulars of either sex who dwell always in cloisters, or to laymen or ecclesiastics, regular or secular, who are in prison or captivity, or disabled by any bodily or other infirmity, who have been unable to perform the above-named works or any of them, we grant that a confessor approved by the ordinary may commute these for other works of piety or postpone them to a later time, and prescribe such things as the penitents may be able to perform, with the faculty of dispensing with the communion in the case of children who have not yet been admitted to their first communion.

Moreover, to all the faithful in Christ, as well to laymen as to ecclesiastics, secular and regular, of every order and institute, we grant and concede the privilege to choose to this intent as a confessor any priest officially approved (a privilege which may be used by nuns, novices, and other women dwelling in cloisters provided the confessor be approved of for nuns) who, during the time indicated, may absolve all persons of either sex who come to him to make their confession with the object of obtaining the jubilee, and of performing the other works necessary for gaining it, for that time only and in *foro conscientiæ* alone, from all ecclesiastical sentence, whether of excommunication, suspension, or otherwise, from all censures *a jure* or *ab homine* for whatever cause imposed, or inflicted even by the ordinaries of the place, or by ourselves or the Holy See, even in cases reserved in a special manner to the Supreme Pontiff and to the Apostolic See, and which are not included in any other concession, however ample, and from

all sins and excesses, however grave and enormous they may be, even as we have said from those which are reserved to the ordinaries, to us, and to the Apostolic See, imposing upon them a salutary penance, and enjoining other things required by justice, and if it be a matter of heresy, all errors being first abjured and retracted; and he may dispense and commute for other pious and salutary works vows, even those consecrated by oath and reserved to the Holy See (excepting those of chastity, religion, and those involving obligation accepted by a third party, or in which a third party might be prejudiced, and penitential vows which are called preservatives from sin unless the commutation be considered to be of such a nature as to restrain from the commission of sin as much as the vow itself), and with regard to penitents in this condition who are in Holy orders or regulars, he may dispense from secret irregularity which prevents them from the exercise of the orders which they have received, or from receiving higher orders, provided that it have been contracted only by the violation of censures.

We do not, however, intend by these presents to dispense from any other irregularity, whether caused by act or by omission, or by any public, secret, known or other incapacity, however contracted, nor to give any power to dispense them, or to re-establish in his former state any one subject them, even *in foro conscientiæ;* nor to derogate from the constitution, with the annexed declarations, of our predecessor of happy memory, Benedict XIV., which commences "*Sacramentum Penitentiæ*"; nor shall these presents in any way avail or be applicable to those persons who have been excommunicated by name, suspended, interdicted, or declared to have incurred other sentences and censures, or who have been publicly denounced, unless within the time named they shall have made satisfaction, and become reconciled, where that is necessary, with the parties. But if within the prescribed time they have not been able, in the judgment of their confessor, to make satisfaction, we grant that they may be absolved *in foro conscientiæ*, with the effect of enabling them to receive the indulgence of the jubilee, but enjoining upon them the obligation of making satisfaction as soon as they shall be able.

Wherefore, in virtue of holy obedience, by the tenor of these presents, we strictly prescribe and command all and every the ordinaries of the whole world, their vicars and officials, or, in their absence, those who exercise the cure of souls, that as soon as they have received a transcript of these present letters, or even printed copies of the same, they shall publish them or cause them to be published throughout their churches, dioceses, provinces, states, towns, districts, and places, and to point out to the people, duly prepared, as far as possible, by the preaching of the word of God, the church or churches to be visited according to what has already been said.

The Apostolic constitutions and ordinances notwithstanding, especially those by which the power of absolving in certain cases therein expressed is in such a manner reserved to the Roman Pontiff for the time being, that concessions, similar or dissimilar, of indulgences, and of faculties of that kind — unless there be express mention of them, or a special derogation of them — can profit no one; notwithstanding also the rule of not granting indulgences *ad instar*, and notwithstanding the statutes and customs of all orders, congregations, and institutes, even when strengthened by oath, by Apostolic confirmation, or by any other authority; notwithstanding also privileges and letters Apostolic granted, approved, and renewed, to the same orders, congregations, institutes, and their members in any way whatsoever; from all and each of which, in order to the carrying out of the foregoing, — although of them and of their whole tenor there should have to be special, specific, express and individual men-

tion, and not by general clauses conveying the same idea, or although some other expression should have to be used, or any other recognized form should have to be adopted to this effect, — holding their tenor to be sufficiently expressed, and the traditional form to be observed by those presents, we, on this occasion specially, nominally, and expressly derogate, all other things to the contrary notwithstanding. And in order that our present letters, which cannot be conveyed to every place, may the more easily be brought to the knowledge of all persons, we will that in all places and among all peoples the same credit be accorded to copies of these presents, even when printed (provided they be subscribed by the hand of some notary-public, and authenticated by the seal of a person invested with some ecclesiastical dignity), as would be accorded to these presents if they were exhibited or shown.

Given at Rome, at St. Peter's, under the seal of the Fisherman, the 15th day of February, 1879, and the first year of our Pontificate.

L. Card. Nina.

Conversions to Catholicism in Russia.—A movement towards Catholicism, which began many years ago, has been observed in Russia, more particularly among the upper classes of society. Several families of the highest rank, among others the Gallitzins, have passed over to the Holy Catholic and Roman Church. To that illustrious family belonged the saintly Prince Demetrius, who became poor for Christ's sake and a more than willing exile in America, devoting himself to the early settlers in Pennsylvania at a time when there was not another resident priest between Lancaster and St. Louis. His life has been written by a daughter of the late Dr. Brownson. Many other holy Russian converts, like Madame Swetchine, must now be praying for the conversion of their schismatical fatherland.

EGGS AS FOOD.

Would it not be wise to substitute more eggs for meat in our diet? About one third of the weight of the egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and pieces that have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white, and thirty parts yolk. The white of an egg contains 86 per cent water, the yolk 52 per cent. The average weight of an egg is two ounces. Practically, an egg is an animal food, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. This takes away the animal taste that is offensive to some, but does not so harden the white or yolk as to make them hard to digest. An egg if cooked very hard is difficult of digestion, except by those with stout stomachs; such eggs should be beaten with bread, and masticated very finely. An excellent sandwich can be made with eggs and brown bread. An egg spread on toast is fit for a king, if kings deserve any better than anybody else, which is doubtful. Fried eggs are less wholesome than boiled ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome but delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste of their eggs by adding pepper and salt. A little sweet butter is the best dressing. Eggs contain much phosphorus, which is supposed to be useful to those who use their brains much. — *Poultry Review.*

A Relish for Breakfast. — Take one fourth of a pound of fresh cheese, cut in thin slices, put in a frying-pan, turning a cup of sweet milk over it; add one fourth teaspoonful dry mustard, a pinch of salt and pepper, and a piece of butter about the size of a butternut; stir the mixture all the time. Roll three Boston crackers very fine and sprinkle in gradually; then turn at once into a warm dish; send to table immediately.

Useful Knowledge.

Omelet. — Three eggs beaten slightly together, two even teaspoonfuls of flour, two thirds of a cup of milk, and a small pinch of salt.

If you have a bone felon, put a fly-blister, the size of your thumb-nail, over the spot, remove it in six hours, and you will see the felon under the surface, and can extract it with a needle.

Fried Potatoes — Potatoes, sliced very thin, should be cooked in a deep skillet; the lard or butter must be boiling hot. If placed in a wire sieve, much time is saved and trouble spared.

To Keep Brooms. — Every housekeeper may not know that if brooms are dipped in a pail of suds, after the washing is finished, they will keep as good as new until they are actually worn out.

Incipient diphtheria can be cured by a gargle of pure lemon-juice, swallowing a little so as to reach all the affected parts. Use every half-hour, one, two, and three hours as recovery progresses. The patient must swallow a little each time.

Oatmeal. — To each cup of coarse oatmeal have four of cold water and one teaspoonful of salt; put this in an earthen saucepan and let it simmer slowly for one hour; stir it often, as it burns very easily. Should an early breakfast be required, this can be cooked the day before and warmed over, as it cannot be cooked quickly.

A Baked Stew. — Fill a brown upright Nottingham jar with alternate layers of mutton or beef, sliced potatoes and mild onions; put in some cold water, and season with pepper and salt; cover the top with whole potatoes (pared), and put the stew in a moderate oven. The potatoes on the top should be well cooked and browned before the stew is served. This dish, of course, is only suitable for a quite plain family dinner.

Good Beef Soup. — Three pounds of beef, three carrots, one turnip, one bunch celery, four onions, two bunches leeks, tablespoonful salt, pepper to taste; cut the meat into pieces the size of an egg; vegetables washed, scraped, and cut into small pieces; put all into a large saucepan, with four or five quarts of water; boil very gently one whole day; let it stand all night; carefully take off the fat the next day; add one pinch of cayenne pepper; make boiling hot and serve.

Potato Cakes. — Boil two quarts of potatoes until done through; drain off the water and put in a pan with salt to suit the taste. When cold mash them fine, and add a teacupful of flour. Mix the whole well together, and roll out the mass to the thickness of an inch. Cut it into square cakes. Then grease your griddle, and when hot cook your cakes slowly, turning them often, until of an amber brown. When done, split and butter them. They are excellent with beefsteaks and gravy.

Expulsion of Flies. — For three years I have lived in a town, and during that time my sitting-room has been free from flies, three or four only walking about my breakfast-table, while all my neighbors' rooms were crowded. I often congratulated myself on my escape, but never knew the reason of it until two days ago. I then had occasion to move my goods to another house, while I remained on for two days longer. Among other things moved were two boxes of geraniums and calceolarias, which stood in my window, the windows being always open to full extent, top and bottom. The boxes were not gone half an hour before my room was as full of flies as those around me. This, to me, is a new discovery, and perhaps it may serve to encourage others in that which is always a source of pleasure, viz., window gardening.

The Humorist.

JOHN writes to ask if old Boreas ever had any wives. Certainly: did n't you ever read about the *Merry Wives of Wind sor?*

THE best portrait painter in Hartford is a negro, and the only lesson he ever had was being kicked out of a hotel. If there 's greatness in a man you can't squelch him. — *Free Press.*

"I HAVE n't enough work for another servant," said a lady to a girl that applied for a situation. "Oh, I guess you have; it 'll take precious little to keep me busy," was the *naïve* response.

"WHAT brought you to prison, my colored friend?" said a Yankee to a nigger. "Two constables, sah." "Yes, but I mean had intemperance anything to do with it?" "Yes, sah, dey was bof of 'em drunk."

A LITTLE chimney-sweep entered the shop at a colliery and asked for a threepenny loaf of bread. The shopkeeper handed him one. The boy looked at it and said it was a "small yen." "Oh," said the shopman, "it will be the less to carry!" The lad then put twopence half-penny on the counter and ran off. The shopman hastened to the door, and shouted for him to come back, as he had not left money enough. "Oh," cried the lad, "it will be the less to count."

"THE Americans are queer people," says Edmonia Lewis, the colored sculptress. "Don't you think a lady, a rich lady, too, came to me and said, 'Miss Lewis, that is a very beautiful statue, but don't you think it would have been more proper to drape it? Clothing,' she added, 'is necessary to Christian art.' Said I, 'Madam, that is not modesty in you. That is worse than mock modesty. You see and think only of evil not intended Your mind, madam, is not as pure I fear, as my statue.'"

COLERIDGE was descanting, in the presence of Charles Lamb, upon the repulsive appearance of the oyster. "It is n't handsome, Coleridge," said Lamb, "but it has the advantage of you in one thing." "What is that?" queried Coleridge, who, as everybody knows, was an exhaustless talker. "It knows when to shut its mouth," was the reply.

MIRABEAU was ugly in face almost to hideousness, and he was perfectly conscious of this, for, in writing to a lady who had never seen him, he told her to fancy the face of a tiger that had been marked with the small-pox, and then she would have an idea of his countenance; and at a later period, when his voice and gesture and appearance struck the National Assembly with awe, he was accustomed to say, if any of its members had shown refractoriness during his absence, "I will go down to the house, and show them my wild boar's head, and that will silence them!"

EDUCATION IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND. — At the Bristol police court yesterday a man was charged with stealing 6*s.* from a little boy. The youngster was ten years of age; his appearance was not attractive, his toilet having been neglected, and his clothes being scanty. The usual questions were put to him by Mr Williams, the acting magistrate's clerk. How old are you? — I be ten. Can you read? — No. Have you ever been to school? — No. Have you ever been to a place of worship? — No. Do you know where bad little boys who tell lies go to? — Yes Where, then?—Boy (*confidently*).—To heaven. The long-suffering clerk looked rather taken aback, but the boy was all innocence. His mother was called forward, and frankly admitted that the boy had never been to school, and seemed to be surprised that that should be a matter of wonderment.

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

The graceful designs of the present day will not be fully appreciated until something far less desirable is permitted to supersede them. There are decided indications of a restoration of the hooped skirt, or something equivalent to support the mass of skirt drapery. Stealthy approaches to inartistic styles may be seen in the efforts to revive the panier, the short apron, and grotesque conceits of Paris during the first consulate. If this new departure prevails, artistic form may be said to have disappeared, for with all our talk about art in dress-design, those who understand and know how to work out its principles are in a very small minority, and no individual effort can prevent the temporary ascendency of inartistic styles or the occasional return to unwise methods.

It is, however, hardly probable that the present summer will see a return to the actual distension of the skirts, and the revival of the cages of twenty years ago Those who have sufficient independence may, by retaining and adapting to individual taste the best and most picturesque features of dress, win the credit for originality which it is not always possible to gain for strict devotion to the changes and caprices of fashion.

All the soft materials in cotton, wool, or silk, — and the two last are so greatly improved that they are now equal in appearance and more sympathetic to the touch than the last — adapt themselves to the graceful designs of the present day, — designs which ladies ought to prize and cling to as long as possible, so well suited are they to every requirement of in and out door life. At one time it was quite generally supposed that the dainty and coquettish short costume would supersede long dresses altogether. This, however, is very far from being the case. Upon all occasions of ceremony the trained dress is considered as indispensable as ever, and with its graceful draperies is so generally suitable to ladies of all ages that it is sure to remain, and perhaps conquer in the long run. Street and travelling dresses to be in good taste must be dark, short, and unobtrusive. There is an effort to shorten the skirts of walking dresses beyond the limits to which the majority of ladies adhere to, that is, a length that clears the ground, but does not conspicuously display the foot. Doubtless the coquettish method of shortening the skirt to about three inches above the ground will be confined to young and slender ladies with small feet, but the majority will prefer the medium length for ordinary walking purposes. There are times when a decidedly short skirt is a necessity. For country wear in somewhat wild and out-of-the-way localities, and for long, rough journeys and mountain excursions, a short, plain walking skirt, without any trimming whatever, is convenient and comfortable; but ordinary walking dresses must be suited to city streets as well as country roads, therefore must look sufficiently finished without being elaborate or weighty.

The "princess" walking costume is a still excellent model, and forms a charming design for spring dresses for street wear in conjunction with a long jacket, a fichu, or a mantelet. Woollen suits adopt the trimmed skirt with the vest and jacket as being lighter for wear and easier of adjustment than the overskirt, but overskirts and polonaises are by no mean discarded, but are generally employed for washing suits. The *laveuse* (washerwoman) or fishwife tunic is as fashionable as ever. The front breadths of walking dresses are the objective point for trimming,

and are frequently quite covered with puffing, shirring, or plaiting, the overskirt being drawn into masses of drapery at the back. The skirts of short walking dresses retain their narrow dimensions, measuring about two and a half yards in breadth, hence bustles cannot be used with them, and their voluminous appearance is given by the elaborate draping of the overskirt. A new feature in these draperies is that they are gradually being made higher, with the fulness added just below the belt instead of quite low down on the skirt, as has been the fashion for several seasons. As examples, the following descriptions are given: A short suit of camel's hair; after the front and sides of the lower skirt have been smoothly covered by two flat, straight curtain breadths of striped satin, there are two full breadths of double-width camel's hair cut very long, and draped their entire length and breadth upon the lower skirt. These widths are nearly twice as long as the skirt beneath them, they have very large buttons down each side near the top that appear to fasten them there, and they are draped by three rows of thickly clustered plaits, one on each side, and the other in the middle. Another simple model of the new overskirts has four long, straight breadths of wool goods, each nearly a yard wide. These are hemmed across the bottom and up each side within half a yard of the top, where they are sloped slightly, sewed together, and the seam concealed by broad shirring. This shirred part is sewed to the middle of the front breadth of the lower skirt, beginning at the belt; the upper part of the middle seam in the back is held in full plaits just below the belt, and the two side seams are taken up from the bottom and made to meet in the back just below these full plaits; this exposes the under side of the back breadths, which hang down straight, and are widely faced with plaid or striped satin or brocaded silk, or with other material suited to the dress-goods. Still another design is a cashmere overskirt made to part slightly down the middle in curtain fashion, and at the sides of this are revers. Although the large revers serve to enlarge the hips sufficiently, there is yet another drapery above it, passing like a scarf around the entire front and sides, and bordered be ind to form two large, shawl-like draperies, that reach to the bottom of the lower skirt. With flat fronts these *bouffant* backs are very effective.

A border from four to six inches wide is the trimming most used on these bunched-up overskirts, and this is sometimes edged with knife-plaiting of the silk or wool goods. When this border is plaid, it is cut straight, as also when of conspicuous, bright-colored stripes; only narrow stripes, that are not effective when straight, are cut bias. Some brocades are best also used straight. These gay trimmings serve to lighten the dark fabrics of the dresses. Elaborate flounces on the lower skirt diminish the stylishness of the costume. Kilt, box, or spaced plaiting is the most favored skirt trimming, and the long overskirt drapery conceals the greater part of the lower skirt.

The waists for the bunched-up shirts described above are very simply-shaped basques and coats with vests. When the panier drapery is very high around the hips, the basque is short on the hips, the back longer, and the front slightly pointed. The lapped, double-breasted front may be given to any basque by adding a piece to lap on the left breast (sewing a seam down the middle), and fastening it by from three to six buttons. Revers collars roll almost to the waist line, disclosing a vest that far, where it is buttoned by from one to three buttons, below which it slopes away sharply, again showing the vest.

Garnet color, having been such a favorite during the last autumn and winter, could not, of course, continue to be in fashion this season. The tint now adopted for fancy woollen dresses is *gendarme blue*, which is

neither blue nor green, but something between the two. Fawn, coffee color, and *beige* shades are considered very distinguished. Pure *beige* shades are much less trying to the complexion than the purple shades in navy blue, and the tan and coffee shades in brown.

Black costumes, both of silk and woollen, are in the best possible taste for street wear. Black is affected, however, more by ladies verging toward middle age than by the younger and unmarried ones. The style adopted for these is the trimmed skirt, short or demi-trained, the deep, close-fitting basque, and the small mantelet, or "visite," the trimming of which is crimped fringe or plaited lace. Black mantles will be most used as wraps, though light drab or beige will be considered more dressy. The shapes are very similar to those of last season, fitting at the back with three seams, clinging sides, that drape the arm in square Hungarian fashion, instead of drooping in pointed wings like dolmans. Coats of soft, light cloth will be fashionable, stitched edges and showy buttons being the only trimming. The small fichus of embroidered black cashmere worn last spring are again largely imported. The long ulster retains its place for all the purposes required in travelling or for stormy weather. It will also be used as a duster. The difference between the present and last season consists of the closer cut and neater fit of these garments.

Hats and bonnets, with few exceptions, will be much larger than they have been in the past season, and all bonnets now have curtains and strings. Some are repetitions of the cottage styles, others have flaring brims, rising over the forehead, with sides pressed close to the head. Elegant soft chip or Tuscan have large crowns, of medium height, and wide brims, of equal dimensions all around. The brims are bent by the milliners in any way that may be becoming and desirable. The inside of the brim is lined with dark velvet or shirred silk. Flowers are seldom placed inside the brim, but appear in profusion on the outside. Ostrich plumes are much used. Rough-and-ready straws for general wear are not so prominent, but usually have the brim flaming over the forehead, with sides coming close. Many new mixtures of colors are seen, and seemingly copied after the varieties of mixed goods.

Chip bonnets for general wear are black, brown, olive, beige, écru, and blue. Crowns are of different shapes and heights; some are low and broad, others are high and either flat or pointed. English walking hats, in the Oxford and Derby shapes, will vie with turbans for popular favor. There are also a great variety of broad-brimmed shade hats. Children's straw hats, for both girls and boys, show mixtures of bright colors.

In ribbons and materials for trimming, the variety is very great. Elegant bonnets are trimmed with plain satin or satin and gros-grain ribbon; for others, both silks and ribbons show Pekin patterns. Both striped and brocaded ribbons, in combinations of color, are considered very elegant. Checked and plaid silks are used in millinery; also gauzes and much Breton lace.

A Curious Episode. — A Berlin professor makes a statement in illustration of the production of snow by change of temperature. On an extremely cold, but starlight night, a large company had assembled in a ball room in Sweden, which, in the course of the evening, became so warm that some of the ladies fainted. An officer tried to open a window, but found it was frozen to the sill. He then broke a pane of glass, and the rush of cold air from without produced a fall of snow in the room. Its atmosphere was charged with vapor, which, becoming suddenly condensed and frozen, fell in the form of snow upon the astonished dancers.

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

A D-TIMCHIOLL NA SEAN LEABHAR ATA A N-GAEDHILIG.

Ni aitheantar go beachd cá méid leabhar atá a nGaedhilig nach bh-fuil fós atharruighthe no aisdrighthe go Beurla. Ni aitheantar e de bhuigh go bh-fuil morán diobh taobh amuigh de h-Eirinn air feadh Mór-thire na h-Eorpa. Is teirce go bh-fuil sean baile air feadh Fraince, Germaine, Eadalla, agus na Tiortha Isiola ann nach bh-fuil morán no beagán de leabharaibh Gaedhilge. Ni raibh easbhaidh air Zeus de na leabhraraibh nó sgribhinibh atá anois a n-Eirinn nuair do chúm se a mór-shaothar, an Grammattica Celtica, oir do bhi morán sean leabhair Gaedhilge ann a thir féin aige, morán diobh chó sean, agus cuid diobh nios sinne 'na iad so atá a n-Eirinn agus a Sacsania. Rugadh na leabhair so do'n Mhór-thir na h-Eorpa le na soisgeulaibh agus muinteoiribh Eirionnacha air feadh na seachtmhadh, ochtmhadh agus naomhadh ceud-bliadhana, agus do b'fhéider go sgriobhadh morán diobh san aitibh ann a bh-fuilid fós.

Tá sé leabhair Gaedhilge a n-Eirinn dá ngoirthear na sé leabhair mora, eadhon Leabhar na h-Uidhre, Leabhar Breac, Leabhar Laighean, Leabhar Baile Muta, Leabhar Lecan, agus Leabhar Liosmhóir. Do reir an t-Ollaimh Ui Chomhairigh, dhéanfadh gach aon de na leabharibh seo 2,000

Literal translation.

ABOUT THE OLD BOOKS THAT ARE IN THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

It is not known exactly how many books are in Irish that have not yet been turned or translated into English. It is not known, for the reason that there are many of them outside of Ireland throughout the Continent of Europe. There is scarcely an old town throughout France, Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, in which there are not more or less of Irish books. When Zeus, the great German scholar, composed his great work the "Grammattica Celtica," he did not want to consult the books or writings that are now in Ireland, because he had plenty of old Gaelic books in his own country, many of which are as old and some of which are older than those that are in Ireland and England at present. Those books were brought to the Continent of Europe by the Irish missionaries and teachers in the seventh, eighth, and ninth centuries, and possibly many of them were written in the places in which they are at present.

There are six books in Irish, which are called the six great books, namely, the Book of the Dun Cow, the Speckled Book, the Book of Leinster, the Book of Ballymoat, the Book of Leacan, and the Book of Lismore. According to Prof. O'Curry, each one of these books would make 2,000

duilliog de'n meid ceudna le duillógaibh Anala na ceithire Suadh mar aisdrighthe le Seághn O Donabháin. Is iongantach le rádh nach bh-fuil an céadadh pairt de na leabhairibh móra so, aisdrighthe fós a m-Beurla. Tá morán oibre roimh na sgoláiribh maithe Gaedhilige atá le teacht, oir tá mile leabhar eile ann Ath Cliath taobh amuigh na leabhar dá labharamar cheana. Nil fhios againn cia an meid leabhar Gaedhilge atá a Sacsania, acht is cinnte go bh-fuil siad lionmhar ann, go h-airighthe a n-Oxford agus a Londuin, ag an leabhar-lann Bodlian agus ag an tighe sean-neitheadh Breataineach. Tá taisge mhór de leabharaibh Gaedhilge ag an Tighearna Ashburnham; ni'l ceann aca aisdrighthe fós, agus ni leigfidh sé as a laimh iad air eagla go laghdochadís a luach an uair a m-beidh siad aisdrighthe.

Iomadamhuil a's atá na sean leabhair Gaedhilige atá fós air feadh Eireann agus Mór-thire na h-Eorpa, is cosamhuil nach bh-fuil an ceadadh pairt diobh uile fós 'san domhan. Tá fhios againn go bh-fuil na cinn is feárr aca caillte fad ó shoin. Aireamhann an t-ollamh O Comhara morân de priomhleabhairibh atá caillte, mar atá Leabhar buidhe Slaine, Saiitair Teamhrach, Sailtair Caiseal agus morán eile mór-leabhair do bhi faoi mheas ann Eirinn anallóid. Ni raibh tir eile 'san domhan sgriosta mar Eirinn. Ba h-iad na Lochlainigh a rinne an diobháil ba mó, oir ba Paganuigh iad, agus ba h-i obair mhaith dar leo, na leabhair do sgrios. Mar do righneadh iad as croiceannaibh ainmhinteadh, nior b'fhéidir le na Lochlainibh dá losgadh go h-uras, agus do theilgidís a n-abhanaibh agus a lochaibh iad. Leaghmoid ann iomad aitibh is na h-analaibh Eireann gur *bhathadaois* leabhair na mainisdireadh.

pages of the same size as the pages of the "Annals of the Four Masters," as translated by John O'Donovan. It is extraordinary to have to say that the hundredth part of those great books is not yet translated into English. There is a great deal of work before the good Irish scholars of the future, for there are a thousand other manuscripts in Dublin, besides the books of which we have spoken already. We do not know how many Irish books there are in England, but it is certain that they are very numerous, especially in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, and in the British Museum at London. Lord Ashburnham has a great quantity of Irish books. There is not one of them yet translated, and he will not let them out of his hands, fearing they might be depreciated in value if they were to be translated.

Numerous as are old Irish books in Ireland and on the Continent of Europe, it appears that the hundredth part of all of them is not now in the world. We know that the best of them have been lost long ago. Prof. O'Curry enumerates many of the most important books which have been lost, such as the Yellow Book of Slane, the Psalter of Tarah, the Psalter of Cashel, and many other great books that were in esteem in Ireland formerly. There was no other country in the world that was ravaged as Ireland was. It was the Danes that did the greatest evil, for they were pagans, and they thought it a good work to destroy books. As the books were made of skins of animals, the Danes could not burn them easily, and they used to throw them into rivers and lakes. We read in many places in the annals of Ireland that the Danes used to *drown* the books of the monasteries.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

40.

ENIGMA.

I serve the dead, the dead serve me;
Without the dead, dead I should be,
Unless I turned from things so mute
To some more lucrative pursuit;
For by the dead alone I live,
And death doth me existence give;
So death, you see, doth me befriend,
My foe he 'll be, though, in the end.

41.

CRYPTOGRAPH.

Pg bmm tbe xpset pg upohvf ps qfo,
Uif tbeeftu bsf uiftf: Ju njhiu ibwf cffo.

42.

SQUARE WORD.

1, a bird; 2, scent; 3, a marine production; 4, to astonish; 5, a principality.

43.

BEHEADINGS.

1. Behead an animal and leave a preposition.
2. Behead a poet, and leave vases;
3. Behead a sharp article, and leave a preposition;
4. Behead an adverb, and leave a bird.

ALOYSIUS.

44.

CROSS WORD ENIGMA.

My first is in snail, but not in slug;
My second is in cork, but not in plug;
My third is in left, but not in right;
My fourth is in slack, but not in tight;
My fifth is in earth, but not in mould;
My sixth is in fen, but not in wold;
My seventh is in yards, but not in miles;
My whole is one of the British Isles.

45.

SQUARE WORD.

1, courageous; 2, a bird; 3, to turn from; 4, a poem; 5, to come in.

46.

My first is a kind of tree; my second is part of the eye; my whole is a delicious fruit.

47.

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is that which we often catch hold of, yet never see?

2. Why does a coat get larger when taken out of a carpet-bag?

3. What flower would be the best to keep a secret in?

48.

CENTRAL DELETION.

The centre from a wild beast take,
What 's left will quickly show
The guns upon a man-of-war,
When placed in a row.

49.

METAGRAM.

For first, put down part of a chain;
Change head, and then you 'll find
A color, neither black nor white,
'T will quickly bring to mind.

Change head again, you 'll have a place
Where people sometimes skate;
Change head again, and this, I think,
Of some ships is the fate.

50.

SQUARE WORD.

1, a ditch; 2, formerly; 3, a measure of land; 4, to abound.

51.

CHARADE.

My first is what the blind man cannot do;
My second, what he likely never did,
Although he may have felt its edge;
My whole 's what children love when lesson-rid.

52.

I am part of the body; behead and curtail me, I am another part; behead and re-tail me, I am skill; transpose me, I am a sailor.

53.

RIDDLE.

My whole can ride the ocean wave;
Cut off my head, eight lives I save;
Replace my head, but not my tail,
And over me 't is hard to sail.

54.

CONCEALED PROVERB.

Come, sister, with me, where the daisies grow,
If there 's nothing to hinder, let us go;
But a little time we will stay.
There 's a wood that 's full of fairies and elves,
We can stay there awhile to rest ourselves,
It is only a little way.

55.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of thirteen letters:
My 9, 2, 3 is a boy's name.
My 1, 8 is a personal pronoun.
My 10, 11, 12, 4 is the dearest spot on earth.
My 5, 7, 13 is a verb.
My 6 is a consonant.
My whole is a popular song.

56.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

The man who is supposed to carry the heavens on his shoulders. A wonderful musician.

1, a girl's name, beginning and ending the same; 2, a celebrated building in London; 3, a town in Italy ending in *i*; 4, the Sun God that flames in the southern sky; 5, the God of Time.

57.

Formed long ago, yet made to-day,
And most employed when others sleep;
What few would like to give away,
And fewer still to keep.

58.

I am composed of 9 letters:
My 2, 6, 7 is a metal.
My 9, 3, 4, 5, 1 is my whole cut short.
My 8 is a consonant.
My whole are articles that have been fashionable for years in one shape.

Of the March puzzles, M. M. B. answers 22; C. J. Cassilly, 14; Aggie Hoolehan, 12; E. M. I., 10; Lizzie Murphy, 16; Joseph Daly, 16.

Of the April puzzles, Aloysius answers 7; Charley Ross, 10; H. Robinson, 9; Donie, 13; Alexander, 12; Mollie, 10.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE APRIL NUMBER.

24, Contentment; 25, Talc, anoa, loos, cass; 26, What, hat, brook, rook, wheat, heat; 27, Bothwell; 28, Egret, grave, raven, event, tenth; 29, Amelia, Ophelia, Marion, Isabella, Harriet, Winifred; 30, Paul Revere; 31, Prelate, relate, elate, late, ate, at; 32, Saint Patrick; 33, Tam-a-rind; 34, Livingstone; 35, Scot-land; 36, Rain-bow; 37, Water-loo; 38, In-fir-mary; Please, lease, ease; 39, I-van-hoe.

A BOOK FOR THE MONTH OF MAY.— The Catholic Publication Society Company, New York, have published MONTH OF MAY; or, A Series of Meditations on the Mysteries of the Life of the Blessed Virgin and the Principal Truths of Salvation for each Day of the Month of May. From the French of Father Debussi, S. J. Translated by Miss Ella McMahon, and revised by a Member of the Society of Jesus. Messrs. Noonan & Co, Boston, have it on sale.

HOW TITJENS WAS BELOVED IN DUBLIN. — Blanche Tucker, who is now Mme. Machetta, writes of the great *prima donna* in most enthusiastic strain, and gives this little trait of her kindness of heart: "In Dublin she always sang in the cathedral, and the populace would cry after her and hang on to her garments, so much did they love her. Her rendering of the Irish ballads was incomparable, and while in Ireland many is the time at midnight, after a heavy *rôle* and a most wearisome evening, she would be serenaded, and obliged to step to the balcony and sing 'The Harp that Once,' etc., 'Molly Bawn,' or 'The Last Rose of Summer,' ofttimes repeating the whole song with the greatest good-nature, and then retiring with the greatest good-nature when the last 'son of Erin had withdrawn into the starry night.'"

TO MAKE BOYS HAPPY. — There is no pleasing some people, which reminds us of the story of a recent school inspection by the bishop of the diocese, whose kind heart was moved on seeing an expression of profound melancholy on the countenances of most of the pupils. He called the attention of the schoolmaster to the fact, adding, "Can you not try and make these poor children more gay and happy?" "Really, bishop," he replied, "I don't know what on earth to do. This morning I gave a right good birching to the most unhappy-looking of the lot, and your lordship sees that neither he nor the others look an atom happier after all my exertion."

THE young and beautiful widow of Commodore McCracken of our navy returned from abroad, and, finding her financial affairs in a complicated state, went to Mr. O'Conor to get his legal advice. Mr. O'Conor discovered that the commodore had died insolvent and the beautiful widow was left to the cold mercies of a selfish world, without a penny to call her own. This he was obliged to break to her, whereupon she held up her hands in piteous dismay, crying, "O Mr. O'Conor, what shall I do? I, who have lived in luxury all my life!" "Madam," said the great lawyer, "the best advice I can give you is to marry me." They were married.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, MAY 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

DANIEL O'CONNELL never visited America.

THE famous Monsignor Capel was at last accounts in Rome.

AGENTS sending new subscribers will please say if the back numbers are wanted.

GERALD GRIFFIN, the Irish novelist, poet, and dramatist, was born in Limerick in 1803.

CATHARINE PURCELL, sister of Archbishop Purcell, died at Cincinnati, on the 12th inst., aged 84 years.

THE President of the United States reviewed the St. Patrick's Day procession at Washington.

ST. PATRICK'S Day, in the future, is to be a festival of the first class in the Diocese of Buffalo, N. Y.

HIS eminence, Cardinal McClosky, pontificated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on the 17th of March.

THE Holy See has erected Afghanistan into an Apostolic Prefecture, and has intrusted it to the Society of St. Joseph of the Sacred Heart.

BISHOP GILMOUR dispensed from the Lenten fast and abstinence all who attended evening entertainments on St. Patrick's Day, in the Diocese of Cleveland, O.

REV. FATHER NEWMAN, of Brompton Oratory, is now in his seventy-eighth year. The cardinal's hat, with which he has been recently crowned, will fit well on his venerable head.

THE official report of the trustees appointed to audit the claims against the Archdiocese of Cincinnati, announces that the indebtedness is $3,672,000.

THE "Dublin Irishman" has a Gaelic department in which it uses the Irish characters. It copies our instructions for reading Irish in the Roman letters.

LORD DUFFERIN, late governor-general of the New Dominion, has accepted, at the request of Her Majesty the Queen, the ambassadorship to Russia.

THE "Paris Universe" is, perhaps, the ablest Catholic daily in the world. Another Catholic daily has been issued in Paris. It is entitled "La Civilization," and is ably edited.

DURING Father Coghlan's mission in the Church of the Assumption, Brooklyn, N. Y., which closed on March 10, 7,400 persons approached the Sacraments, and twenty-nine converts were received into the church.

"HEALTH AND HOME" is the name of a new monthly paper just started in Boston. It is published by Chas. E. Cook & Co., and edited by Preston Sweet, M. D. It is well filled, and is only one dollar a year.

CREMAZIE. — At the last meeting of the Club National, Montreal, a resolution was unanimously carried, expressing profound sorrow for the death of the distinguished Canadian poet, Octave Cremazie, which took place at Havre, France, on the 17th January last.

NOTHING has yet been heard from the British steamer "Homer" which sailed from Boston Dec. 17 for Liverpool, in consequence of which she has been given up as lost with all on board. There were no passengers on board; but the crew numbered some fifty souls.

THE TIMES is the name of a new paper just started at Peabody, Mass. It is Catholic and Irish in tone and sentiment, and is very creditably gotten up. The proprietors are P. J. Cody and J. H. Thomas. The new paper has our best wishes for its success.

MADAME PATTERSON, relict of Jerome Bonaparte, King of Wurtemberg, now in the ninety-sixth year of her age, has been lying ill at her residence in Baltimore for more than a month past, and the family have little hope of her recovery. She is reported to have said years ago that she would live to one hundred.

THE marriage of P. W. Gallagher, Esq., to Miss Brida Burgan, took place lately at Peoria, Ill.

CHARLES O'CONOR, the well-known New York attorney, has totally given up the practice of law.

THE total number of dwellings in Boston is 41,457, of which 1,512, valued at $6,804,100, are vacant. In addition to this there are 3,074 stores, 120 hotels, 80 family hotels, and 4,360 miscellaneous buildings, making a grand total of 50,603 buildings.

MR. SQUIRES, the well-known Catholic bookseller who died recently in Chicago, left the bulk of his property to found a Catholic Newsboys' Home. This is indeed a noble gift, and the object is a good one. May God reward the soul of him who thought of the poor street Arab in his last moment!

HON. WILLIAM PARSONS, after a successful lecturing tour throughout the United States, left for the Old World on the 19th of March. He will lecture for the Catholic institutions of Dublin. He will also lecture at Killarney on the occasion of the centenary of Moore, when he will take the poet as his theme.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. — The April number of this much-valued new monthly visitor is before us. The numbers as they advance improve exceedingly in interest and quality, as wine does with age. No one can read the present number without being instructed and edified. We wish DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE the fullest measure of success. — *The Catholic, Pittsburgh, Pa.*

MOST REV. J. B. Purcell has had the satisfaction of seeing more of his priests crowned with the mitre than perhaps any bishop of the century, some twenty odd in number: Archbishops Henni, Wood, Alemany, and Lamy; Bishops Quinlan, Gilmour, Fitzgerald, Machebœuf, De Goesbriand, Toebbe, Dwenger, Borgess, Luers, Juncker, Carroll, Miles, Whelan, Young, Rappe, Baraga, and McFarland.

THE ENTERPRISE. — This is the title of a monthly paper of choice reading, edited and published by several of the members of the St. Mary's Young Men's Temperance Society of Charlestown District. It is well filled with good, wholesome reading matter, and is published at five cents a copy. Success to the "Enterprise"!

HERE are two pretty good stories from Rome: 1. An American Protestant lady (of course she was a lady) took her children to see the Mamertine prison in the Forum, "where," as she said, "the apostles Peter and Paul were imprisoned by those horrid Catholics." 2. A Scotch countess was visiting St. Peter's, and she talked and laughed until the chamberlain told her in English that talk was forbidden. "But I am a Protestant." "Ah! madam, I am sorry for you, but still you must not talk."

IN a chapel of the parish church of Ecouché, Paris, there has been lately discovered, hidden away under a coating of stone-colored paint, a picture which proves to be the "Dream of the Infant Jesus," by Mignard, which has been missing since the first Revolution. It is one of the greatest works of that inimitable master, and represents Our Lady in the centre, with the Divine Child on her lap. On the right and left are St. John the Baptist and St. Joseph.

SIX thousand men are set down by Thomas Davis, in his ballad, as the number of the English engaged in the battle of Fontenoy, but other authorities calculate the numbers who formed the "column" at 16,000, and mention both English and Hanoverians as composing it. The total number of the Irish Brigade present is represented at about 5,000 men, or about one tenth of the French army.

THE archbishops and bishops of Ireland, assembled to the number of seventeen, at St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, on the 18th of February, expressed "their surprise and disappointment that the government are to make no attempt to settle the Irish University Question this session," and they call on the Irish representatives to use "every constitutional means to enforce a satisfactory settlement of the question."

ACCORDING to the Lenten regulations issued by Bishop Corrigan, of Newark, N. J., on Good Friday, for the first time in the history of the diocese, which comprises the whole State, the members of the Roman Catholic Church will be required to observe what is known in Ireland and other parts of Europe as the "black fast," — that is, they must abstain from white meats, such as eggs, butter, cheese, and milk.

NOT PASTORS, BUT RECTORS. — The word pastor, strictly speaking, means bishop. No ordinary priest, therefore, can properly be called pastor. The sacred congregations at Rome do not approve of our calling parish priests and missionaries pastors. Further, every parish priest is the rector of a parish, but not every rector is a parish priest. The rector of a mission is the priest in charge of that mission. To call rectors of parishes pastors is of Protestant origin. — *Bishop Baltés.*

A MINISTER'S WIDOW CONVERTED. — Mrs. Croswell, the venerable and highly esteemed widow of the Rev. William Croswell, formerly rector of the Church of the Advent, Bowdoin Street, Boston, Mass., made her profession of the Catholic faith and renunciation of Protestantism at the Convent of the Sisters of Notre Dame, Berkeley Street, Boston, on the festival of the Holy Name of Jesus (second Sunday after the Epiphany), in the hands of Rev. Father Guida, S. J., of the Church of the Immaculate Conception. It is not long since the Rev. Mr. Robinson, one of the Ritualistic "Fathers" of the Advent, went to England and entered the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus.

A JESUIT COLLEGE has been recently established at Dunedin, in New Zealand, the site of it having been provided by the Bishop.

THE General Sherman who died lately at Newport, R. I., was not the same who made that famous "march to the sea." His wife died a few days before him.

THE Irishmen of Baltimore have presented a magnificent sword to Col. Joyce, who organized an Irish regiment and instituted the Knights of St. Patrick in that city.

THE Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell, in the dark and stormy days of the nation's greatest peril, was distinctly the nation's friend, opposed to rebellion and turbulence, and on the side of order and unity.

THE Fiana Eirionn (or Irish Fenians) were the ancient militia of Ireland, originated by the famous Fionn MacCumhal (M'Cool). John O'Mahoney suggested the term "Fenian" as appropriate to the society he founded in America for the liberation of Ireland.

THE Empress of Austria arrived in Dublin on Saturday, February 23, and was met by the Lord Mayor, Lord Gough, and others, and escorted to the special train which brought her Majesty and suite to the Kilcock Station, Meath. The party then drove to Summerhill, the residence of Lord Longford. Her Majesty was received along the route with most gratifying demonstrations of respect.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE for January, February, and March has been sent to us, and we gratefully acknowledge our thanks. The magazine is rich in contents, and although costing but two dollars per year, contains nearly as much matter as the four-dollar monthlies. Patrick Donahoe should be proud to be known as the publisher of so valuable an addition to periodical literature. — *New York Catholic.*

IN Belfast, Ireland, there was some disturbance on the seventeenth. A procession of nationalists attempted to enter districts of the town where disturbances were expected in the event of their appearance, but were prevented by the police. The processionists fired upon and stoned the police, several of whom were injured, and eventually the police were forced to fire upon the processionists. This is the only event that disturbed the harmony of the festival throughout the world.

AT the cathedral in St. Johns, N. B., on the 17th of March, a panic took place in the cathedral while high mass was being celebrated. A drunken man raised a disturbance, and some men immediately about the door rushed out. Cries of "Murder!" and "Fire!" were raised, and the 5,000 people in the church jumped to their feet, the women and children screamed and rushed to the doors, but the men retained their presence of mind, and the tumult soon subsided without accident.

NORTHEAST ERIE COUNTY, PA.,
March 29, 1879.

MR. DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — I acknowledge the receipt of your magazine, and am so well pleased with it, that I have secured a club of five, so you will please forward to my address five copies of the magazine, commencing from Jan 1, and I will forward names and money, and will also add new members to the club, if possible.

Yours most respectfully,

REV. S. BRIODY.

GEN. SHIELDS has closed his short term as Senator from Missouri. The "old man eloquent," during his brief official career, made a stirring appeal in behalf of the soldiers, but the Republican party, true to its instincts, refused to comply with the demands of the country to place his own name on the retired list, by which provision would have been made for his declining years. It would not be a bad idea for the Irish-Americans of the country to get up a testimonial for the old man. Who will start it?

SEVENTEENTH OF MARCH. — The day was observed in this section of the country without any public demonstrations. The churches were well attended. Sobriety was observable, and the day passed off quietly. In the evening there were several festive gatherings, observable among which was that of the Charitable Irish Society, the Knights of St. Patrick, etc. The following gentlemen were elected officers of the C. I. S.: President, Edward Ryan; vice-president, P. F. Griffin; secretary, John A. Daly; treasurer, John Condon; keeper of the silver key, Patrick Maguire; board of directors, J. W. McDonald, H. F. Magee, T. H. Lynch, and T. A. Tallon. The Knights had their sweethearts and wives with them at their celebration.

THE failure of Archbishop Purcell attracts wide attention and elicits various comments; but no one imputes to him intentional wrong. He was altogether more enterprising in his efforts to increase the churches and institutions of the Catholic Church than the financial condition warranted. The money in flush times flowed in upon him in such large streams that he seems not to have dreamed that it might not always be so. He worked largely upon his faith in his people. He is not alone in this category. A large portion of all the religious denominations conduct their finances on the same principle. Most all the foreign mission work is based, not on funds on hand, but upon future expectations. The result is that many find themselves at the end of the financial year badly in debt; and then it has to be wiped out, or linger around until powerful appeals are made for relief from the exigency. This propagating gospel work by ungospel methods is a feature which demands correction. It is no more in the case of this Archbishop than in others of Protestant sects nearer home. — *Boston Post.*

PERSONS returning our magazines should send a postal card informing us of the fact. Otherwise we cannot tell where they were sent.

HIS Grace the Primate, the Most Rev. Dr. M'Gettigan, Archbishop of Armagh, has appointed the Rev. John Segrave, Adm., Dundalk, to be parish priest of Termonfeckin, near Drogheda, vacant by the death of the late Very Rev. Canon M'Keown, P. P.

THE legislature has at last passed the bill forbidding the use of the gag in our public institutions. The final abolition of the last relic of barbarism lingering in our penal discipline is due to the persistent efforts for two years of Hon. M. J. Flatley, of this city, ex-Senator from Suffolk. Mr. Flatley receives our congratulations. — *Boston Herald.*

OWEN SOUND, ONT., March 17, 1879.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — Enclosed please find my subscription for your excellent magazine for 1879.

Be assured heaven will continue to smile propitiously on the efforts you have never failed to make in the cause of God and your fellow-countrymen.

Continue to address a "Cavan man," whom believe yours very sympathetically.

REV. P. O'DONOHOE, C. S. B.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS' MAGAZINE is discontinued, or rather merged into DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE. It has fallen into good hands. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE has come to us, and it is all that the veteran publisher has promised. Instruction and amusement, faith and fatherland, old and young, all are represented, all receive their share in its pages. The price is most reasonable, $2 a year, twenty cents a number. Take it all in all, the magazine deserves, not only appreciative, but liberal patronage, and is one that any Irish Catholic family can take with pleasure and profit. — *Western Watchman, St. Louis, Mo.*

IRISH OFFICERS IN AUSTRIA. — Honorable mention has been made of the distinguished Irish officers in the service of Austria, — the Nugents and O'Reillys. Field Marshal Count Brady commanded the right wing of the Austrian army at the great battle of Wagram, and kept Napoleon and his generals at bay for three days. For his services and gallantry he was created Field Marshal of the Empire. Sir M. Count Brady did not forget the land of his birth. He founded a bourse in one of the military schools for students, to be appointed by the Roman Catholic Bishops of Dublin and their successors. The late Archbishop Murray had the appointment. There were other distinguished Irishmen in the service of Austria. Baron Plunkett was Grand Chamberlin of the former Emperor, his son was the late Right Rev. Dr. Plunkett, Bishop of Elphin. We may add also Count M'Caulay, the well-known diplomatist.

HOME FOR DESTITUTE CATHOLIC CHILDREN, BOSTON. — The recent fair and bazaar yielded the handsome sum of $9,712.83. The following are the sums received at the tables: Independent Table, Miss Nellie McDonald, $1,500; St. Francis de Sales Table, Mrs. T. O'Grady, Mrs. Mitchell, and Mrs. Deery, $1,440.15; St. James's Table, Mrs. M. A. Flannigan, $802.64; Home Table, Mrs. M. Gorman, $736.63; Refreshment Table, Misses Murphy, $20.87. From other sources, $55.73. Total, $4.928.42. Amount cash received from sale of Bazaar tickets, including cash credited to the different Fair Tables, $4,784.41.

TERRIBLE DESTRUCTION OF LIFE AND PROPERTY. — A Roman correspondent writes: From the provinces the accounts of the damage done by the recent storms have been frightful. The tide rose in Venice and flooded the piazza of St. Mark and adjoining streets. In Naples the sea invaded the Chiaia, and threatened to drive the inmates from the hotels. Ships were wrecked all along the coast, and Genoa and Leghorn suffered much from the fury of the elements. Near the city of Siena two churches in the rural districts were singled out by the hurricane for special assault, and in both churches the bell towers were thrown down during the celebration of mass, and the priests at the altars were killed. Besides the priests some twenty persons lost their lives, and many others were seriously injured. A British steamer foundered off Salerno, and eighteen of the crew, including the captain, were drowned. Two only were saved. The recent gale was of unexampled violence, and seems to have come from the African deserts, as a quantity of red sand was deposited on the house-tops in Rome and elsewhere.

ERIN'S HOME TREASURES.

A HANDSOME GIFT TO THE IRISH PEOPLE — FOR IRISH HOMES AND THEIR ADORNMENT.

The most beautiful and appropriate ornament for an Irish household is a superb picture, lately issued and specially dedicated to the Irish people, which will be supplied to all subscribers to "Donahoe's Magazine." The picture is called "ERIN'S HOME TREASURES," and represents the pleasant interior of an Irish cottage, where a comely young Irishwoman is nursing her first child, whilst the husband and father sits by their side, and the proud and happy expression upon his manly face plainly proves the appropriate character of the title, "Erin's Home Treasures."

TERMS. — Subscribers who pay one year in advance shall receive a copy of this beautiful picture.

TEN CENTS in postage stamps must be sent to pay expense of mailing.

Those who call at our office can have the picture without expense.

Remember that every subscriber paying a year's subscription in advance will receive ERIN'S HOME TREASURES. It is worth one dollar.

To those who do not subscribe for the Magazine, the picture will be sent on receipt of fifty cents in postage stamps.

Canvassers wanted in every town and city in the United States, New Dominion, etc. With this beautiful picture, no one will refuse to subscribe for "Donahoe's Magazine."

The size of the engraving is 19 x 24.

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

THE death is announced of the Rev. James Bray, P. P., Ballickmoyler, which event took place at Castlecomer, on Sunday, February 9.

THE Rev. John M. Canon Buckley, P. P., of Cloyne, died at that place recently. The deceased clergyman was in the fifty-fifth year of his age, and in the twenty-sixth of his sacred ministry.

REV. CHRISTOPHER BURKE, a priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer, died at New Orleans, on March 21. The deceased was a native of Augusta, Ga., and was twenty-nine years of age.

WE deeply regret to announce the death of the genial, generous, and pious pastor of Saintfield, Rev. P. Phelan, P. P., in the diocese of Down and Connor. After a brief illness Father Phelan breathed his last on the 7th of March.

THE Rev. Wm. Orr died suddenly on Saturday night, March 1, at his residence, Kilbride, county Antrim, Ireland. On Saturday night he retired to bed about the usual time, and an hour afterwards he was found dead in bed.

REV. ALPHONSUS MARIA STEETS, pastor of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, at Montclair, N. J., died on March 17, at St. Michael's Hospital, Newark, where he went some time ago, in the last stages of consumption. Father Steets was born in Newark, April 14, 1847.

REV. FATHER DALE.—Father Dale breathed his last in Fond du Lac, Wis., on the 6th of March. Father Dale was fifty-seven years of age at his death. He had exercised his ministry for the past twenty-eight years, and was dearly beloved by a vast circle of acquaintances. He was very successful in bringing converts into the Church.

THE congregation of the Mission, in Dublin, has sustained a severe loss in the Rev. James Dixon, who died March 2, to the inexpressible grief of his attached community and a wide circle of friends. Father Dixon, brother of the late Primate, the saintly Dr. Dixon, was born in the year 1816, near Dungannon, in the historic county Tyrone.

THERE were four funerals of priests in the State of Wisconsin lately, the funeral of Rev. John Kinsella, on Thursday, March 6, at Franklin; the funeral of Rev. Albert Wubbels, on Friday, at Little Chute; the funeral of Very Rev. Martin Kundig, on Saturday, in Milwaukee; and the funeral of Rev. Louis Dale, on Saturday, at Fond du Lac.

BY the death of the Rev. Father Pacificus, which occurred at St. Paul's Retreat, Mount Argus, Dublin, on Friday, Feb. 28, the Church has lost one of her most zealous sons among the missionary priesthood, the Passionist community has been deprived of a devoted member, and the poor of Dublin have lost a warm friend and counsellor.

WE regret to announce the death of the venerable and esteemed pastor of Kilmore, diocese of Armagh, the Rev. Father Irwin, who has, after many years spent in the sacred ministry, gone to enjoy the reward of his earnest labors. The deceased was one of the oldest clergymen in the archdiocese of Armagh, and was much esteemed wherever he was known. Father Irvin was at the time of his death in his seventieth year.

THE death of Rev. T. J. McDonough, S. J., Vice-President of Woodstock College, Md., occurred Saturday. The deceased was born in Ireland, March 11, 1830. He came to this country at an early age and entered the Society of Jesus on August 13, 1850. He studied theology at Boston College, and was for some years stationed at Alexandria, Va., and Boston. He was a professor in Worcester College, Massachusetts, subsequently at Georgetown College, and for the past ten years of Woodstock College, in Howard County, Md.

VERY REV. MARTIN KUNDIG, Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Milwaukee, died Thursday morning, March 6, of congestion of the heart, aged seventy-four years. He said early Mass at the Cathedral a few hours before his death. Father Kundig was a native of Switzerland, and came to this country with Archbishop Henni. He was stationed in Detroit during the cholera epidemic of 1834, and was conspicuous for his herculean labors in attending the sick. In their behalf he spent all his private fortune, and in addition incurred a load of debt which it required years to liquidate. He was transferred to Milwaukee in 1842, and was Vicar-General for fifteen years.

SISTERS.

FEBRUARY 6, Sister Mary Emerentia Ryan died at St. Joseph's Convent, Toronto, Ca.

FEBRUARY 26, at Sienna Convent, Drogheda, Ireland, Jane Eliza (Mother Imelda), eldest daughter of the late John Magee, of Lurgan, aged forty-one years.

THE Rev. Mother Antoninun Thorpe, Superioress of the Dominican Convent of the Holy Rosary, New York, died in the convent on March 3, after an illness of several weeks. She was in her forty-eighth year.

SISTER MARY BERTRAND, of the Catherine Street Convent, Newry, Ireland, died lately in that town. The deceased, who was in the thirty-first year of her age, and the twelfth of her religious profession, was a native of Dundalk, and a daughter of Mr. Carroll, of that town. The Most Rev. Dr. Leahy presided.

Events of the Month.

GEN. JAMES SHIELDS is now in his sixty-ninth year.

HIS HOLINESS LEO XIII. has conferred the title of Count upon Mr. Arthur Moore, M. P. for Clonmel.

MR. T. B. MEAGHER, son of the brilliant and gifted Thomas Francis Meagher, has adopted the stage as a profession.

THE REV. THOMAS KELLY, S. J., has been appointed Rector of St. Francis Xavier's College, Great Denmark Street, Dublin, in room of the late Rev. Father Mathews, S. J.

ADAM and EVE have been baptized by the Rev. Father Monague of St. Mary's Catholic Church, in Virginia City, Nev. They are the parents of the late Capt. Bob, chief of the Piutes.

BY a brief, dated 7th February, the Sovereign Pontiff has graciously deigned to create a Commendatore Arthur Moore, of Mooresford, Ireland, and member of the English Parliament, Count.

MR. T. F. GALWEY, who will be remembered as the translator of Paul Feval's "Jesuits," has assumed the editorial management of the "Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph." We wish Mr. Galwey a useful career.

MR. JOHN HAYES HOGAN, of Greenane, Tipperary, has been admitted a solicitor of the Supreme Court of Judicature in Ireland, by the Right Hon. the Lord Chancellor. Mr. Hogan has commenced practising in the town of Tipperary.

THE Archbishop of Milwaukee has appointed Rev. P. J. Donaghoe, of the Cathedral, Vicar General to fill the vacancy caused by the death of the lamented Father Kundig. Father O'Donaghoe has been at the Cathedral a great number of years.

MR. JOHN B. GOUGH, the famous temperance orator, is under engagement to visit Ireland next month. He will speak at the Exhibition Palace, Dublin, on the 28th and 30th of April, at Belfast on the 5th and 7th May, and at Londonderry on the 8th May.

ALDERMAN HUGH O'RORKE, J. P., died on the 10th of March, at the Angel Hotel, in Dublin. The death of Alderman O'Rorke removes from our midst one of the best known and most respected of the citizens of Dublin. He was born in January of the year 1813, at Innismagrath, in the county of Leitrim, and, wher very young, came to Dublin to push his fortune in commerce.

VERY REV. FATHER O'BRIEN, P. P., of the remote parish of Glenamaddy, has been promoted to the important and central parish of Athenry, vacant by the death of the late Very Rev. Canon O'Grady. Father O'Brien, before his appointment to the rural parish of Glenamaddy, was President of St. Jarlath's, in which high office he succeeded the Most Rev Dr. MacEvilly, and labored for years in establishing the diocesan college.

THE MOST REV. DR. CONATY, Lord Bishop of Kilmore, has made the following appointments in his diocese:—The Rev. Edward Sheridan, Adm , Cavan, to be parish priest of Knockbride; the Rev. Michael Fitzpatrick, C. C., Cavan, to be Administrator; and the Rev. Pat. Brady, C. C., Knockbride, to be C. C., Cavan.

JAMES STEPHENS has now assumed full control of the Fenian Brotherhood organization of this country. To harmonize the organization with the "I. R. B." the council resigned and placed their books at the disposal of Mr. Stephens. He has reappointed the old council and intends making such further additions as may be deemed proper.

FOR the last few weeks the wild Republican blood has been showing itself in Paris, and no one can pretend that the *régime* of M. Grevy looks as durable as did the *régime* of Marshal MacMahon. It is not to be wondered at that great activity is being shown in the camps of the dynasties, and that the words "emperor" and "king" are very frequently heard.

BISHOP BORGESS, of Detroit, having resigned his see recently, his priests are exceedingly unwilling that this act should be accepted by the Pope, hence they have sent a beautiful letter to His Holiness setting forth the services of their Bishop, the prospects of their diocese, and the affection of the entire clergy, "*ne quinque vel sex exceptionum mentionem faciamus*," for Bishop Borgess. They therefore beseech the Pope not to accept his abdication, but to encourage him in the name of the Lord to go forward in the path of prosperity and peace.

MR. W. BEHAN, of Oghill, Monasterevan, lately died at his residence after a few days' illness. As a trader in Dublin, when a member of the once well-known firm of Hyland & Sons, corn merchants and carriers, of Market Street, Mr. Behan enjoyed a reputation for probity, honesty of purpose, and thorough business habits which endeared him to all who had relations with him, and since he established his residence in the county Kildare few men were so fortunate in enjoying the love and good wishes of all classes of the community.

AMONG the deaths that recently occurred in Ireland was that of Thomas Gaynor, at Lugduff, Tinahely, at the patriarchal age of one hundred and two years. He had known all the heroes of '98, of which period he retained a vivid recollection; was out with "the boys" along with his father; was taken prisoner by the yeomen, and placed in confinement in Tinahely, from which he escaped by means of a skilfully planned stratagem. He afterwards made his way into the county Wexford, and was present at the battle of Vinegar Hill. The part taken in the rebellion by his father cost him his farm, and "when peace returned" John married and settled on a small holding at Lugduff, where his eldest son, now aged seventy-nine years, still lives.

A NEW OCEAN STEAMSHIP.—The new Guion steamship, the "Arizona," which was launched at Glasgow, on March 10, will sail from Liverpool on the 31st of May, and her first sailing from this port will take place about the middle of June. This steamship will be the largest merchant vessel in the world, with the exception of the "Great Eastern." Her length is not equal to that of the Inman steamship, "City of Berlin," but her carrying capacity will be greater. She will carry four masts, rigged like those of the "Germanic" and "Brittanic" of the White Star Line, and two smoke-funnels. She will have first and second cabins, each capable of accommodating one hundred and twenty-five passengers. She registers between 5,000 and 6,000 tons, and is much larger than the other vessels of her line. The measurement of the "Montana" is 3,722 tons; the "Wisconsin," 2,386 tons; the "Wyoming," 2,081 tons; and the "Nevada," 2,020 tons.

COMPARATIVELY little is known of the Kaffirs and their history. The Arabian and Mussulman traders and conquerors who formed establishments on the Mozambique coast first bestowed the name of "Kaffir" or "Unbeliever" on the native population, and the appellation was afterwards adopted by the Portuguese, and subsequently by the Dutch and English. Kaffraria proper extends for about six hundred miles along the coast, from the great Key River to Delagoa Bay, and inland as far as the hills which divide the waters that flow into the Indian Ocean from those which flow into the Orange River and the Atlantic. Of the various tribes and Kaffirs the Zulus are amongst the most important. They are a fine, athletic race. Their government is a system of clanship. The population of each Kaffir tribe is divided into kraals or hamlets, containing from ten to twenty families, each family occupying a separate hut. There is a petty chief in each kraal, who exercises a kind of patriarchal authority over the people. A higher chief rules over a whole district, containing a certain number of kraals. These chiefs are hereditary and independent of each other, although they recognize the authority of the great chief of the whole tribe. The Kaffirs have no written laws, but proceed upon certain long-established rules and customs.

DEATH OF AN EX-POLITICAL PRISONER.—Daniel Reddin, ex-political prisoner, died 10th March, at his house, 25 Mulgrave Street, Kingstown. He had been for a long time in bad health,—in fact, a broken and dying man. The paralysis which seized him in Millbank Prison has eventually dragged him down to the grave. He was reduced to seek treatment in St. Michael's Hospital, but he remained there only a few days, when he returned home to die. Reddin was one of the men charged in connection with the attack upon the police van in Manchester. He was tried by the Commission which sentenced Allen, Larkin, and O'Brien to death, and was condemned to five years' penal servitude, which term he endured. Upon regaining his liberty he advanced serious charges of cruelty against the doctor and several of the other prison officials, which became the subject for an investigation, the revelations of which directed much public and parliamentary attention to the discipline of prisons and the treatment of convicts. Reddin, though hopelessly weakened in health, since related his bitter experience with great effect to ears which, even if the listener sympathized not with the cause of all, could not fail to compassionate the victim's sufferings. His very appearance on a platform was an effective and affecting appeal. The many sad deaths which in a short period have thinned the number of these poor men is in itself a cogent argument in favor of the allegation of terrible harshness with which they were treated.

Notices of Recent Publications.

A NEW volume of poems by Mr. Aubrey de Vere, entitled "Legends of the Saxon Saints," is announced in England.

THE venerable Father Fitton has just completed for Messrs. Noonan & Co., Boston, "Our Children's Prayer Book" and "The Youth's Prayer Book." The prices of the former vary from twenty-five cents to $2; and the latter from thirty cents to $2, according to binding.

MR. P. O'SHEA, 37 Barclay Street, New York, has published a very instructive and entertaining book on the "States of the Christian Life and Vocation," according to the doctors and theologians of the Church, by the Rev. J. Berthier, missioner of Our Lady of La Salette. Preface by Rev. Joseph Shea, S. J., with the approbation of the master of the Sacred Palace, and of his eminence Cardinal McCloskey. To those in search of a state of life,—matrimony, virginity, celibacy, etc.,—this book may be taken as a guide. We recommend it to all such.

MR. JOHN BENNETT, of Sunman, Ind., has published a pamphlet with this title, "Whither Goest Thou?" It is in reply to many questions asked by Protestants. Price three cents. Address as above.

FATHER O'CONNOR of the diocese of Clogher, has done a book of national importance, and has earned for himself the national gratitude, in presenting to the Irish public his valuable and interesting book on "Lough Derg and its Pilgrimages."

MUSIC.

RECEIVED from G. D. Russell & Co., 125 Tremont Street, and J. M. Russell, 36 Bromfield Street, the following music: "Wild Roses by the River Grow," words by Caroline F. Orne, music by Thomas P. Murphy; "Fancy," words by May, music by same author; "What Does Little Birdie Say," words by Tennyson, music by same author; and "Great is the Lord," anthem, music by same author.

THOMAS MOORE, THE POET.

BUT though glory be gone, and though hope fade away,
Thy name, loved Erin, shall live in his songs;
Not e'en in the hour when his heart is most gay
Will he lose the remembrance of thee and thy wrongs.

The stranger shall hear thy lament on his plains;
The sigh of thy harp shall be sent o'er the deep,
Till thy masters themselves, as they rivet thy chains,
Shall pause at the song of their captive, and weep.

ONWARD the green banner rearing,
Go flesh every sword to the hilt!
On our side is virtue and Erin,
On theirs is the Saxon and guilt.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

Vol. I. BOSTON, JUNE, 1879. No. 6.

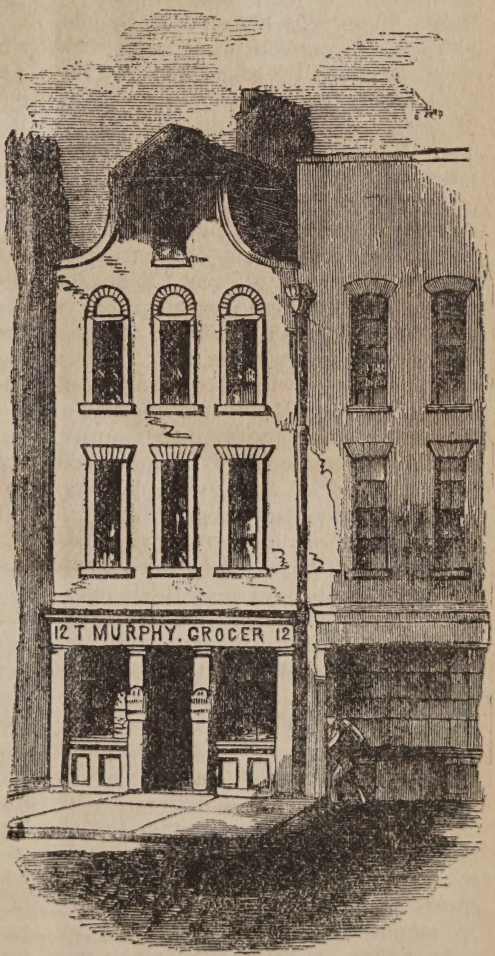
"THE scheme of my heart would be to make Ireland as free and independent as America. God grant she may succeed, and the era of freedom arrive for the happiness of mankind."—LAFAYETTE.

"THE sympathy of the American people in behalf of Ireland is just. This sympathy derives its intenseness from the conceded genius and proverbial virtues of the Irish people."—WM. H. SEWARD.

THOMAS MOORE.

ALFRED WEBB.

THOMAS MOORE, poet and prose-writer, was born at 12 Aungier Street, Dublin, May 28, 1779. His father, John Moore, kept a grocer's shop, which he had probably established with the small fortune he received with his wife, Anastasia Codd, a Wexford girl. Both parents were Catholics. Young Moore's cheerful and sprightly disposition made him a favorite with many besides his own family. One of his earliest recollections was of being taken to a public dinner in honor of Napper Tandy, and sitting on that gentleman's knee. At an early age he was sent to a school kept by a Mr. Malone, and a little later to the academy of the well-known teacher, Samuel Whyte, where Sheridan and many distinguished men received their education. Whyte was passionately fond of the stage, and encouraged young Moore's declamatory and histrionic powers; and before he was twelve years of age his name appeared in the handbills of his master's private theatricals. He soon began to scribble verses, and when fourteen was referred to in the "Antholigia Hibernica" as "our esteemed correspondent, T. M." His family were anxious he should go to the bar, and such were then the disqualifications to



THE BIRTHPLACE OF THOMAS MOORE.

which Catholics were subjected, that it was seriously debated whether he should not be entered on the books of Trinity College as a Protestant. His mother strongly opposed such a step, which was, however, rendered unnecessary by the legislation of 1793, which opened the University to Catholics, and he entered in 1794 with much credit, under his true designation. At college he showed more disposition to cultivate the modern than the ancient languages. He joined the College Historical Society, of which Robert Emmet and Arthur O'Connor were then the most prominent members. Edward Hudson, one of those afterwards arrested at Bond's, and Robert Emmet, were among his most intimate friends; and nothing but his mother's influence prevented Moore himself becoming perhaps fatally involved in the revolutionary movement of 1798. In his diary he gives a graphic account of the difficulty with which he pulled through without implicating any of his friends, at the visitation of the Chancellor (Lord Clare) for the purpose of clearing the college of students infected with revolutionary principles. Thanks to a friendship with the librarian of Marsh's library, Moore had free access to it even during the summer months, when it was closed to the public, and in exploring its shelves he laid up much of that out-of-the-way information which afterwards appeared in his works. He acquired a tolerable knowledge of Italian from a Catholic clergyman, and of French from a refugee. In 1799 he took the degree of B. A., and next year entered at the Middle Temple, London. An introduction to Lord Moira soon made him at home at his seat near London, and the best literary society of the metropolis was opened to him. He delighted all by his pleasant manners, literary tastes, and effective, although not brilliant, musical abilities. He brought with him to London his "Odes of Anacreon" in manuscript, which, published by subscription in 1800, were much admired, and established his reputation as a poet. In 1801, under the pseudonyme of "Thomas Little," he published a volume of light poetical pieces, which brought him £60, but did not add much to his reputation. In 1803, through Lord Moira's influence and the friendship of Lady Donegal, Moore received the appointment of Admiralty Registrar at Bermuda, and proceeded thither in the Phaeton frigate. The seclusion of the Bermuda Islands was, however, little to his taste, and after a residence extending only from January to April, 1804, he confided his duties to a deputy, and made an extended tour through the United States and Canada, during which he wrote his poems relating to America, and had the good fortune to be presented by the British minister to President Jefferson. The institutions of the country were little to his taste; but we can scarcely excuse the coarse terms in which he afterwards wrote of it and its inhabitants. His conception of the enormity of slavery was clear and decided. In October, 1804, Moore returned to England in the Boston frigate, with his friend Captain Douglas, to the great joy of his numerous friends. Lord Moira now procured a situation for his father in the customs; but Moore for himself preferred trusting to his talents for a livelihood. In 1806 he published a volume of Odes, Epistles, and other Poems, for which he was criticised in the "Edinburgh Review" as "the most licentious of modern versifiers, and the most poetical of the propagators of immorality." His "Odes of Anacreon" had perhaps given some ground for these charges, but it is impossible that Jeffrey was prejudiced against him on account of his aristocratic tendencies. A duel between them at Chalk Farm, in the month of August, 1806, was interrupted by the police. Both gentlemen were subjected to much ridicule when it was stated that the bullet had fallen out of Jeffrey's pistol, and it was suggested that, by consent, both pistols were leadless. Jeffrey and

Moore after this became fast friends. The latter says, "He had taken a fancy to me from the first moment of our meeting together in the field, and I can truly say that the liking for him is of the same early date." Lord Byron mentioned the duel with ridicule in "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," and in his turn was challenged by Moore. The letter was delayed some months in reaching its destination, and the affair terminated in a good-humored explanation from Byron and a lifelong friendship between them. In 1807 Moore entered into an arrangement with Mr. Power, the musical publisher, to write suitable words to a collection of old Irish tunes, which were to be arranged by Sir John Stevenson. The "Irish Melodies" were completed in ten numbers, issued between 1807 and 1834. Supposing him to have received the full remuneration agreed upon (£500 per annum), he was paid for them £5 a line. They are the most lasting monuments of his genius, and have been translated into both Latin and Irish. Byron declared some of them were "worth all the epics that ever were composed"; while the "Biographie Générale" says, "Thomas Moore has vividly reproduced in his Melodies the characteristic traits of Irish music. Originality is the special claim of these short pieces. They have neither the vigor, nor the nature, nor the profound and passionate sensibility of the works of another national poet, Robert Burns; but at the same time, they have not the same air of rudeness. A sustained elegance, a lightness, a tenderness, an *esprit*, a rich and brilliant imagery, give them a durable, though perhaps a somewhat artificial charm." Of the same character as the "Irish Melodies" are the "National Melodies," published in 1815, and the "Sacred Songs," in 1816. Three satirical pieces "Corruption," "Intolerance," and "The Sceptic," appeared in 1808 or 1809. In 1811 one of the happiest events of his life occurred, — his marriage to a Protestant lady, Miss Bessy Dyke. Lord John Russell says, "From 1811, the year of the marriage, to 1852, that of his death, this excellent and beautiful person received from him the homage of a lover, enhanced by all the gratitude, all the confidence, which the daily and hourly happiness he enjoyed was sure to inspire. Thus, whatever amusement he might find in society, whatever sights he might behold, whatever literary resources he might seek elsewhere, he always returned to his home with a fresh feeling of delight. The time he had been absent had always been a time of exertion and of exile; his return restored him to tranquillity and peace." "I'd Mourn the Hopes that Leave Me," "'T is all for Thee," and others of his poems were addressed to her. In public life he lost none of his home affections. With a never-dying love, he wrote regularly twice a week to his parents, and settled £100 a year on them as soon as he could afford it. At first he and his wife lived at Lord Moira's; in the spring of 1812 he took a house at Keyworth, whence they removed next summer to Mayfield Cottage, near Ashbourne. His independence was strikingly shown in 1814 by the publication of the "Twopenny Postbag," by Thomas Brown the Younger, a bitter satire directed against the Prince of Wales and his ministers. It immediately became popular, and ran through fourteen editions in one year. In 1812 Messrs. Longman offered him £3,000 for an Oriental romance he had in contemplation. The work, "Lalla Rookh," was not written until after the most careful and extensive reading on Eastern subjects, until he had thoroughly imbued his mind with Oriental tradition and romance. It was published in 1817, and was received most favorably; but the estimate of his contemporaries, and even of Lord John Russell, writing in 1853, has not been indorsed by more recent critics, "Lalla Rookh" now holding a far inferior place to the "Irish Melodies," and many of his lighter pieces. In

the autumn of 1817 Moore occupied Sloperton Cottage, near Devizes, at the moderate rent of £40 a year. It continued, with intervals, to be his

RESIDENCE OF THOMAS MOORE.

residence during the rest of his life. Next year he visited Ireland, where he was received with the most flattering attentions, and hailed as the national bard of the country. In the same year he went to Paris with his friend Rogers, and laid up materials for his humorous piece, "The Fudge Family in Paris." In 1818 it was found that his deputy at Bermuda had absconded, leaving him responsible for some £6,000, and next year, pending a settlement, he was obliged to retire to the Continent. With Lord John Russell he travelled through France and Switzerland to Milan, and spent some time at Venice with Lord Byron. Moore returned by the South of France to Paris, where his wife and family joined him in January, 1820. During the three years he resided abroad he wrote "The Epicurean" and "The Loves of the Angels." At length a settlement was made with his creditors (chiefly by means of a loan from Lord Lansdowne, which he was soon enabled to repay), and in November, 1822, he returned to his home at Sloperton Cottage. During Moore's visit to Italy, Byron made him a present of his manuscript autobiography, upon condition that it should not be published until after his death. Pressed for money in April, 1824, he sold it to Murray, the publisher, for £2,100. Byron died the same month. Lady

Byron and her family desired its destruction, and offered to reimburse the publisher what he had paid upon it. Moore resisted the proposition for some time, and at last, nobly resolving to meet the loss himself, paid Murray the £2,100, with interest, and burned the manuscript. Scarcely any action of his life has been more canvassed; there can, however, be little doubt of his disinterestedness and conscientious desire to do what was right. A delightful episode was his visit to Abbotsford in October, 1825, where he was received with all the warmth of Sir Walter Scott's nature. His "Life of Richard B. Sheridan" was published in the same year, and in 1827 "The Epicurean," which, "though perhaps the least popularly known of Moore's work, is by some considered among the most chaste and exquisite." Macaulay says that, "considered merely as a composition, his 'Life of Lord Byron,' published in 1830, deserves to be classed among the best specimens of English prose our age has produced." In 1831 was published his "Life of Lord Edward FitzGerald," a feeling tribute to the memory of that nobleman. Moore had visited Ireland with his wife in the previous year, principally to collect materials for this work. His plodding literary labors were often lightened by visits to London, where his wit and musical talents made him ever welcome at the gayest and most brilliant assemblages. In 1832 an ineffectual effort was made to induce him to stand as candidate for Limerick, under O'Connell's banner. In 1835, under the ministry of Lord Melbourne, a Civil List pension of £300 was settled on him. In the same year he again paid a flying visit to Ireland, and was lionized in Dublin, enjoyed the beauties of the County of Wicklow from the top of a four-in-hand drag, and was fêted at Wexford and at Bannow, where his friends, Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall, then resided. This was one of several visits necessitated by his preparation of the "History of Ireland." In his "Captain Rock," already published, he showed that a protracted residence in England had not extinguished his love of country or lessened his indignation at the disabilities under which his coreligionists suffered. His "History of Ireland" (which appeared between 1839 and 1846, forming four volumes of "Lardner's Cyclopædia") brings the history of the country down to the death of Owen Roe O'Neill in 1646. Although written in an easy and attractive style, it does not possess much merit. The "Athenæum" remarked at the time of its publication: "Mr. Moore fortunately brings to his labors not only extensive learning in the rarely trodden paths of Irish history, but strict impartiality, rendered still more clear and uncompromising by an ennobling love of liberty. Every page of this work contains evidence of research; and innumerable passages might be cited in proof of the independent and truth-seeking spirit of the author." This "History" was Moore's last important work. In 1841 he collected and published his poetical works in ten volumes crown octavo, with illustrations. The prefaces contain many interesting particulars regarding his life. His latter days were embittered by the death of the last of his children. Anne, aged five, died in 1817; Anastasia Mary, aged seventeen, in 1829; Olivia Byron lived but a few months; John Russell died in India, aged nineteen, in 1842, a cadet in the East India Company's service; and Thomas Lansdowne, his eldest son, a wild youth, died in Algiers, in the French service, in 1849, aged twenty-seven. Like Swift, Scott, and Southey, the end of Moore's life was passed in an increasingly depressed condition, owing to softening of the brain. Sustained to the last by the tender solicitude of his wife, he died at Sloperton, —

"That dear home, that saving ark,
Where love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within when all grows dark
And comfortless and stormy around,"—

26th February, 1852, aged seventy-

two. He was buried in Bromham churchyard, within view of his cottage-home, and beside his beloved daughter Anastasia. Mrs. Moore was laid beside him, 4th September, 1865, aged sixty-eight. She made an appropriate gift to the Royal Irish Academy of his library, portrait, and view of Sloperton cottage. The "Encyclopædia Britannica" concludes an appreciative notice of Moore with the words, "Her (Ireland) he served with all his soul and strength, uplifting her banner in the hour of darkest danger; and with the names of Grattan and Curran, as Irish patriots, that of Thomas Moore will be forever associated." He was small in stature and slight, his eyes were bright and sparkling, his mouth delicately cut and expressive, his "slightly-tossed" nose confirming the fun that lurked on his countenance. Concerning his religious opinions and character, Lord John Russell writes: "He was bred a Roman Catholic, and in his mature years he published a work ('Captain Rock') of some learning in defence of the chief articles of the Roman Catholic faith. He also wrote a book entitled 'Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion,' which he dedicated to the people of Ireland in defence of their ancient national faith. . . . Of two things all who knew him must have been persuaded: the one, his strong feelings of devotion, his aspirations, his longing for life and immortality, and his submission to the will of God; the other, his love of his neighbor, his charity, his Samaritan kindness for the distressed, his good-will to all men. In the last days of his life he frequently repeated to his wife, 'Lean upon God, Bessy; lean upon God!' That God is love was the summary of his belief; that a man should love his neighbor as himself seems to have been the rule of his life. . . . Never did he make his wife and family a pretext for political shabbiness; never did he imagine that to leave a disgraced name as an inheritance to his children was his duty as a father. . . . Mingling careful economy with an intense love of all the enjoyments of society, he managed, with the assistance of his excellent wife, who carried on for him the detail of his household, to struggle through all the petty annoyances attendant upon narrow means, to support his father, mother, and sister, beside his own family, and at his death he left no debt behind him." The very high estimate of his literary abilities entertained by Byron, Scott, Russell, and his contemporaries generally, has scarcely stood the test of time; but there is little doubt that his "Melodies," wedded as they are to such appropriate music, will continue to delight generations,—melodies whose grace and tenderness were never more effectively rendered than when sung by himself. Lord John Russell, his literary executor, edited his "Memoirs," in eight volumes, in 1853–56. The first volume and half the second are occupied with an unfinished autobiography and a selection from his letters, the rest of the work, chiefly with a slightly abridged diary, extending from August, 1818, to October, 1847. Allibone devotes five pages to an exhaustive critical enumeration of Moore's writings. His father died in 1825, and his mother in 1832; they lie buried with his sister in St. Kevin's churchyard, Dublin. A beautiful stained-glass window has been inserted in Bromham Church, to the memory of his wife. A statue of Thomas Moore was erected in Dublin shortly after his decease.

We have just been thinking how language came into the world. It was during Adam and Eve's first quarrel, when one word brought on another.

"In choosing a wife, be governed by her chin," says the "Phrenological Journal." That is just what most husbands object to.

IRISH EMIGRATION FOR 1878.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

We have received from the registrar general the annual "Observations on the Emigration Statistics of Ireland," for the year 1878. This report is very interesting, in that it shows that the bad harvests of the last few years, and the concurrent improvement of trade in America, have as yet had but a trifling effect in increasing the amount of emigration from Ireland. For the twenty-four years previous to 1876, the number of persons, natives of Ireland, who emigrated from Ireland averaged 90,000 a year. In 1876 the number fell to, in round numbers, 37,000; in 1877 it was 38,000; in 1878, 41,000. There was then, it will be seen, an increase caused by the circumstances we have noted, but only a very slight one. Again, of the 41,000 natives of Ireland who emigrated from Ireland in 1878, nearly half went to England or Scotland, and only 14,000 to the United States. It will thus be seen that the "exodus," in its old form of a great rush of the people of Ireland towards the United States, has ceased to flow. During the year the emigration from Munster was 9.2 per 1,000; Ulster, 8.8; Leinster and Connaught, 5.5 each. A careful examination of the statistics leads to the belief that the greater emigration from Munster and Ulster is due in the first case to the temptations and facilities for emigration to the United States offered by the proximity of the southern people to the great transatlantic port of Queenstown; in the second to the large emigration last year of unemployed northern people in search of work to the neighboring coasts of Scotland and England. Of the 22,000 natives of Ireland who last year emigrated to the colonies or foreign countries, over 14,000, as already stated, went to the United States, and some six or seven thousand to Australia and New Zealand. Canada seems to have very little attractions for the Irish emigrant. Only six hundred and six Irish went there in 1878, and of these three fourths were from the province of Ulster. It is remarkable that the number of males and females who emigrated in 1878 almost equalled each other, the males being in excess only by a small fraction. Of the males who emigrated in 1878, much more than half were set down as "laborers." The number of persons described as "farmer" strikes us as small, only one in every forty male emigrants so describing himself. In the report is quoted an extract from the Irish Census Report of 1871, in which a calculation is given of the number of Irish-born people alive on the day of the census. It is calculated that there were alive on that day about eight millions and a half Irish-born men and women, about five millions and a half being at home in Ireland, and three millions scattered over the world. We believe this estimate to be entirely below the mark, and notice that out of it are left India, where there are so many thousands of Irishmen engaged in civil and military life, Newfoundland, Western Australia, and South Africa. The emigration statistics for the present year will be looked forward to with much anxiety. During the spring now opening, the emigration-producing phenomena of last year — a bad harvest, and returning prosperity in the United States — exist in largely increased proportions, and the problem is, whether or not these old factors will again swell what is now the comparatively narrow stream of emigration into a roaring torrent.

To Wash Windows. — Have a pail partly filled with tepid water, throw in a teaspoonful of powdered borax; have one small chamois-skin dipped into the borax water, to wash the windows; then with a dry chamois rub the windows dry and polish. In this way windows may be cleansed in a very few moments, and not wet the carpets or tire the person.

BRITISH RULE IN AFGHANISTAN.

NEGOTIATIONS with Yakoob have broken off, and the word "On to Cabul!" has been given in the British camp. And yet, even to the bravest man, there is a sound of deepest omen in their cry of "On to Cabul!" With the name of Cabul is forever associated the darkest memory of English military annals. Forty years ago a British army, strong in numbers and splendidly furnished with all that wealth and skill could supply, entered the city of Cabul. After holding the Afghan capital for over two years, Afghanistan rose against the intruders, and the English general was compelled to evacuate the city. The great English host which, upon the 6th of January, 1842, evacuated Cabul consisted of 4,500 fighting men, 12,000 camp followers, and 10,000 women and children. Scarcely had the doomed army left the gates of the city when the Afghan thunder-cloud burst upon them, and the march became a massacre. Hour after hour, night and day, the Afghan hosts kept up their furious attack upon the retreating foe. The road was strewed with the dead and the dying, who were immediately stripped and hacked to pieces by the Afghans. The cold was fearful, and the wretched sepoys, numbed to the heart, dropped down dead in hundreds in the snow. The host of 26,000 persons left Cabul on the 6th of January. Five days later the survivors of this vast army, three hundred miserable fugitives, reached a place called Jugdulluch, thirty-five miles from the Afghan capital. In the Jugdulluch Pass the remaining soldiers were nearly all cut down. A few officers escaped on horseback, but they were all killed save one. On the 13th of January Dr. Brydon, an army surgeon, wounded and faint, reached the British cantonments at Jellalabad. With the exception of a few score of prisoners in the hands of the Afghans, he was the sole survivor of the mighty host of 26,000 persons which only a week before had marched out of the gate of Cabul. It is true that this appalling disaster was "avenged" by hideous cruelties practised in the following summer against the Afghans by the army of Gen. Pollock in a campaign of which one English writer says: — "Our path is marked by fire and sword; nothing escapes us; friends and foes share the same fate. Long will the British name be execrated in Afghanistan." It is true, we say, that this revenge was taken, but it was followed by the instant evacuation of Afghanistan, and the Governor-General, Lord Ellenborough, issued an address, which contained a solemn announcement that all meddling with Afghanistan was over, that the northern boundary of British India would be the rivers of the Punjab and the Indus, and the mountain passes, and that "the enormous expenditure required for the support of a large force in a false military position, at a distance from its own frontier and its resources, will no longer arrest every measure for the improvement of the country and the people." We need not say how completely these wise words have been trampled under foot, and that, whatever the military result of the march on Cabul, the Indian finances cannot bear the strain, and the groaning British tax-payer must prepare for a new squeeze. At the present moment every income-tax payer in the United Kingdom is crying out under the pressure. What will be their condition this time next year?

ERIN! THE TEAR AND THE SMILE IN THINE EYES.

ERIN! the tear and the smile in thine eyes
Blend like the rainbow that hangs in thy skies!
Shining through sorrow's stream,
Saddening through pleasure's beam,
Thy suns, with doubtful gleam,
Weep while they rise!

Erin! thy silent tear never shall cease,
Erin! thy languid smile ne'er shall increase,
Till, like the rainbow's light,
Thy various tints unite,
And form, in Heaven's sight,
One arch of peace! *Thomas Moore.*

STEP INSIDE, GENTLEMEN! STEP INTO THE CHINESE SHOW.

San Francisco Monitor.

THE canting sentimentality of Eastern preachers on the Chinese question, sent over the wires to us daily by the "Associated Press," is nauseating in the extreme.

The Beechers, the Talmages, the Cooks, *et id omne genus*, catering to the selfish, money-grasping, codfish aristocrats, that mostly make up their congregations, daily misrepresent and distort pungent facts and figures in relation to the Chinese curse on this coast. This talk about Christianizing the Chinese, about the universal brotherhood of man, and about this country being the home and the refuge of the oppressed of all nations, is all bosh, simply used as a blind to cover the real object, — the selfish interests of wealthy manufacturers and monopolists.

What do these preachers care about the suffering working classes of the Pacific slope whilst they themselves fatten on salaries ranging from $10,000 to $20,000 a year, with pickings illimitable from the saintly bankers, brokers, and politicians who are the pillars of their churches?

It is the *c eed* of such shoddy upstarts that the "lower orders," as they please to call them, have no rights which they are bound to respect, except the right to work for a dollar, half a dollar, or such sum per day as they are pleased to grant.

How can men of Beecher's kind be concerned for the souls of Chinamen or of any other race when he teaches there is no hell? and as for heaven, of course he would not think of enduring the contamination of their presence, or that of the "poor white trash" in the same celestial dwelling with himself. Picture the hypocrisy, the deception, the humbug of the Rev. M. Gibson, parading Chinese converts, *à la* Barnum, before credulous, psalm-singing audiences in Eastern cities, as genuine specimens of the regenerating work of himself and brother Methodists!

Do we not all here know the exhibition was made to order, and supplied with funds by our Chinese companies, for the purpose of throwing dust in the eyes of the public whilst drawing money from its pockets? How can Brother Gibson, with any show of decency, talk of the progress of missionary work among the Chinese here, when he confessed in his testimony before the Senate Committee in this city (Evidence, p. 34), that after nine years' labor he baptized only *thirty-six* persons? Again, the Rev. J. H. C. Boute, of Sacramento, testified before the same committee (pp. 163 and 164), "The church has done its best, but that is little." "It is foolish," said he, "for Christian people in the East to expect much in the work of converting the Chinese from the church in this country. . . . *In my judgment, the Chinese exercise as much influence among the people of this coast in favor of Paganism as the church among the Chinese in favor of Christianity.*"

And so on, we could multiply testimony, taken from their own side of the house, to prove their missionary work, not only in this country but in China itself, a lamentable failure. They cannot show a hundred genuine Christian Chinamen, even of their own type, out of a population of more than 100,000 Chinese in this State.

But preachers must live, you know. So go on, gentlemen, with your menagerie, only we would recommend that, whilst you "gull" the public, you give them at least some value for their money in an amusing if not an instructive celestial entertainment.

TRUTH moves slowly, while falsehood flies swifter than the wind; yet truth in the end comes forth victorious. So it has turned out in the case of the effort to blacken the memory and blackmail the heirs of the late Cardinal Antonelli.

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF A PATRIOT POET.

In view of the fact that the centenary of Tom Moore occurs on the 28th of May, the Dublin "Freeman" offered a prize for the best poem on the poet. The following was selected from a large number of contributions. Its author is Mr. J. W. Musgrave, Bonlea Terrace, Stockton-on-Tees, England.

Wake, Erin, wake the strain of melody again,
Wake all thy wondrous tones of smiles and tears.
The songs by angels given as memories of heaven,
Thy music-treasure of historic years,
And let the mighty seas,
That pulse around thy shore,
Hear ancient melodies
Enchant their waves once more —
The grand Milesian melodies of old! —
As when from splendrous Spain
Came Heremon and his host,
Like a sunburst o'er the main,
To thine em'rald-vestured coast,
And from clairseachs red with gold
Music-hymns of joyous triumph throbbing rolled.
Till the lark forsook the sky,
And the linnet left the may,
And the thrush the ash-top high,
And each singing-bird his spray,
To hearken the wild cadence of the bard,
As he sang of years' long quest
For the sacred Innisfail,
For the brightest and the best
Jewel-island of the West,
For the true heart in the breast
Of the ocean wide and gray —
As he sang of high reward
Richly guerdoning their sail,
When the lordly god of day,
Bursting fire-crowned from the deep,
Lit the green old hills that keep
Watch around
The island history paints,
The native land of saints,
Dear Erin's holy ground!

Loud the minstrels chanted pleasure,
Chanted ocean deep and low,
Wild birds filled the happy measure
With their voices' golden flow,
And all Erin thrilled with music on the day
When our brave patrician fathers first had sway.

Now wake these strains once more,
Till our Irish earth and sky,
From the centre to the shore,
Fill with Irish melody!
Bring the sad songs from the glen,
And the mountain's battle-swell,
And the lays of merry men,
That in fertile valleys dwell —
One and all,
Let us weave a wreath of Irish song to-day,
While we fall
At the feet of our sweet singer, and we say,
"Take, O bard, this homage meet
From the old Milesian race!
We are bending at thy feet —
In our hearts we give thee place.
We are rich in love for friends, for foemen poor,
And we give thee all our love,
And with one united voice
We rejoice
In the tribute that we pour
Evermore,
For the wreath Harmodian wove
Round our daggers by thy melody, O Moore!

For when our harp was hushed,
And all, save the dagger, slept,
When the death-doom darkly hovered o'er our song,
Then light from heaven rushed
O'er thy spirit, and it swept
Thro' the strings in dumbest silence quiv'ring long.
And thy ballads fired our souls,
As the shriek of trumpet rolls
O'r the valiant hearts half weary of the fray,
And the numbers thrilled our foes
With the anguish of our woes,
And the fetters from our altar fell away.

O Minstrel of our Race! we still shall praise thy name,
And pay to thee the tribute poets prize;
Within our hearts we build a temple to thy fame, —
The love of tuneful Erin never dies!
And while our music thrills the symphonies of earth,
O Master, men will ever love thy lays!
Thy Keltic sweetness fills our songs of woe and mirth,
And battle-chants of old heroic days!

From the homes by mem'ried Tara comes a people's praise resounding,
From the sweet Vale of Avoca, from the heath of Glenmalure,
From the isles of holy Ara, where the ocean waves are bounding,
Come thy praises from old Erin's merry sons and daughters pure,
The full pæan of thy praises, north, south, east, and west are sounding;
From the Shannon to the Liffey, from Lough Swilly to the Suir.
Live, O Minstrel! by our firesides, foe and traitor still confounding,
While the heart of Erin shrines thee, her own bard of bards,
TOM MOORE!

TO BRIGHTEN GILT FRAMES.— Take sufficient flour of sulphur to give a golden tinge to one and one half pints of water; boil in this water four or five onions; strain, and when cold wash with soft brush any part that requires restoring; when dry it will come out as good as new.

SENTIMENTS OF LEADING IRISH NATIONALISTS ON ST. PATRICK'S DAY.

O'Connor Power, M. P., was in Liverpool and responded to the toast of "The Irish Nation." After some general observations on the character and aspirations of the Irish, he spoke of the complete reunion of all classes and all creeds that was effected by the national festival of St. Patrick's Day, and went on to defend the honorable member for Cavan (Mr. Biggar) from the supposition that he had uttered a sentiment in Parliament disparaging to the Protestants of Ireland. Mr. Biggar was reported by some English newspaper to have uttered such a sentiment, but he (Mr. O'Connor Power), though he had not had an opportunity of see Mr. Biggar, had no hesitation in saying that it was much more likely that the English reporter should misunderstand the honorable member than that the honorable member should give utterance to a sentiment which struck at the union of Irishmen of every creed. The speaker went on to allude to the present condition of Irish politics, and remarked that the greatest want observable was the want of constructive or organizing power, by which the forces of the great Irish nation might become combined and marshalled, and directed towards the great objects of Irish national ambition and Irish national aspirations. Why was it that Ireland had not in our time attained a position in which she might play a larger part in the world's history, in which she might be permitted to do more for freedom and humanity? He said it was owing to the apathy of Irishmen themselves. (Hear, hear!) He did not hesitate to say, although in his own short political course he had met with countless disappointments, that they possessed within the hollow of their hands the means of working out the redemption and regeneration of their country. (Hear, hear!) He believed that if Irishmen combined for the purposes of the Irish National party and sustained their organization with one tenth part of the sacrifice and devotion which they were willing to pay to objects far less worthy of their service and their allegiance, Ireland's position to-day would be very different in the list and rank of nations. In speaking of the objects of the Irish ambition and Irish aspiration he had surely no desire to be ambiguous. He said the first object of Irish effort was to assert the nationality of the country and to make English people understand that before and above all other considerations Ireland insisted upon the re-establishment of the Irish Parliament in College Green. (*Loud cheers.*) He did not wish to speak in depreciatory tones of the results of political efforts, for he thought a great deal had been accomplished since he first stepped upon the political platform, and the National party of the present would compare favorably with the National party of any past period of history. He believed they had more energy and ability and courage and heroism and self-denial at the service of Ireland to-day than ever before, and that they had won over, too, a larger number of the various classes and the various interests, that unfortunately in previous struggles were often found opposed to them. The Irish patriots of 1879 embraced both Catholics and Protestants, who, both inside and outside the House of Commons, were working for the nationality of the Irish people, and he looked upon this as a considerable advance, and in the midst of all misfortunes that might befall, this should give them hope and inspire them with courage until the last wrong had been redressed and the last link of national bondage had been broken. He could never forget the solemn declaration of Henry Grattan, a Protestant, whom England had honored with a tomb in Westminster Abbey, — that he would never be content so long as the meanest cottager in Ireland had a link of the English chain clinging to his rags. (*Renewed applause.*) That was a sentiment

they ought to pursue, and a stern resolve Irishmen ought to be prepared to follow up with eternal action until the freedom of their country was an accomplished fact. In conclusion he expressed his hopefulness of the success of the Irish cause as he understood it, because, he said, that Ireland was gaining ground every day in political intelligence and political power. Liverpool was in itself an expression and an epitome of Irish effort during the last five or six years, for the victories that Irishmen had gained in contesting seats for the Town Council and in acquiring other prominent positions showed that they were gradually working their way to posts of great power and influence in the government of the country. (*Cheers.*)

Mr. Parnell, M. P., was in Glasgow, and responded to the toast of "Home Rulers and Nationalists," who, he said, can work together for the good of Ireland. He did not think it was absolutely necessary that they should work together, but it was very necessary that they should not work against each other. Home Rulers and Nationalists might do good for their country, — each in their own lines and in their own way. (*Applause.*) Home Rule was to a certain extent a compromise of their just rights. Many good Irishmen and Nationalists had found fault with Home Rule on that ground, and declared that home rulers had no right to surrender any portion of the just demands of Ireland. But that offer of compromise had been made in the hope that a peaceable settlement might be arrived at. (Hear, hear!) Now, they had seen during five or six years of the establishment of Home Rule how this peaceable offer of compromise had been received by their English and Scotch lords and masters. (*Laughter.*) They had seen that they had refused to consider the question at all. If they maintained this position of indifference to the claims of Ireland much longer or refused to inquire into the nature and extent of their demands, Irishmen might withdraw their offer of compromise and take their stand upon the strict rights of their country. (*Applause.*) If it were decided that they should do this, and he made the statement not in the way of a threat, but simply as a statement of his own conviction, that if they did withdraw that offer of a compromise made in friendship and in the hope of peace, Irishmen would then devote their attention and best energies to show these Englishmen and Scotchmen how they must yield to the demands of Ireland. Irishmen would give up the useless attempt of trying to persuade and conciliate them into what these demands were. Home Rulers and Nationalists might, therefore, work in their own way and upon their own lines. The exertions of the Nationalists had at all times been of the utmost benefit to Ireland from 1645 to 1875, but at the same time he had seen that the benefit which had been obtained for Ireland had been gained by the fears which had been awakened in English hearts through the exertions of these Nationalists, who had made sacrifices for the sake of Ireland. (*Applause.*) With regard to the position of Irishmen in England, they were in the centre of the enemy's camp. They could make themselves felt in schoolboard elections and parliamentary elections. There would soon be a general election, when they would have the opportunity of doing inestimable service to their country at home. He hoped they would be prepared to take advantage of that opportunity, and act as one man for the good of Ireland. (*Applause.*) By holding themselves aloof from both Liberal and Conservative party, by not announcing their intention of voting for one side or the other, until they had brought both parties to their doors as suppliants for support, they would show their power. Depend upon it, the way to get on with an

Englishman or a Scotchman was to show him that they had great power. (*Applause.*) That was the principle upon which some of them were proceeding in the House of Commons (*applause*), and they had used that power too, though their numbers might be few. He ventured to think that they had given an example that would not be lost upon Ireland when she got the opportunity of helping herself. They were last night in a great hurry to get money for their army, having a great number of little wars on hand to pay for (*laughter*), and they thought it very unreasonable that some reasonable Irishmen were not in a very great hurry to give them money. There was even some talk of giving the Irishmen a regiment of Royal Irish Guards, and of sending that regiment — where did the meeting suppose. Over to Dublin? No, but sending that regiment out to Zululand to fight Cetewayo. Perhaps it might not be such a bad experiment after all to let them try if they would equip and send out a regiment of Irish Guards to Zululand. Perhaps that regiment might be found on the wrong side. (*Great applause.*) Well, they did not get the money, at least not as much as they thought themselves entitled to, though they had a big party, and though that party seemed full of fighting. Yet they had some lively recollections of certain nights and days which they passed last session and the session before. So Mr. O'Donnell announced at a quarter to two this morning, he was not going to give them any more money just at present, and when Mr. Biggar announced that the majority of the Irish people at home and abroad had disapproved of these wars, and that the majority of the Irish people were disaffected, which was true, — when these intimations were made, the House of Commons gave up the task of getting any more money. (*Applause.*)

ONLY the ashes of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

DIPHTHERIA AND KEROSENE OIL.

N. Y. Manufacturer and Builder.

ABOUT a year ago the assertion was published that the main cause of diphtheria is due to the use of kerosene oil; that before its introduction as an illuminator this disease was unknown, and has been prevalent ever since this oil was used and its odor pervaded many dwelling-rooms, producing this destructive and terrible disease.

We never could believe this, as our personal experience among parties using kerosene did not at all verify the assertion, and chiefly because we considered petroleum and its derivatives, such as kerosene, rather as a disinfecting antidote for many contagions than as a cause of disease; petroleum refiners, who are extremely exposed to its emanations, not being at all subject to such ills.

Now comes an offset to the previous assertion, from Plattsburg, Pa. A correspondent of the "Republican" writes that the wife of a miller by the name of Light, who lately moved there, states that some time previous she had an attack of diphtheria, and cured herself by the use of kerosene oil as a gargle, and also swallowed some; but the remedy was so simple that her neighbors thought nothing of it until five of Joseph Jelley's children were taken with diphtheria. Their throats became swollen and cankered terribly. The mother sent after a neighbor who had lately lost a son by the disease, to ascertain whether it was really diphtheria or not. The neighbor pronounced it diphtheria in a very dangerous form. Mrs. Jelley said she would try Mrs. Light's remedy — kerosene oil — which she gave her children as a gargle, and also had them swallow some. The children recovered rapidly, and in a few days were out on the street. Several other cures of the disease are mentioned by the application of this remedy.

THOSE who hope for no other life are dead even with us. — *Goethe.*

IRELAND AND FIJI.

On Tuesday evening there was a crowded meeting in the Colonial Institute at St. James Hall, London, to hear a paper on "Fiji" read by the Hon. Sir Arthur H. Gordon, K. C. M. G., governor of the Fiji Islands. In the absence of the president of the Institute, in consequence of a domestic bereavement, the chair at the meeting was taken by Earl Granville, and on the platform were Sir M. Hicks Beach, Lord Cardwell, Lord Selborne, the Earl of Aberdeen, Mr. W. P. Adam, M. P., Bishop Perry, Sir George Arney, Mr. Alexander M'Arthur, M. P., Sir Henry Barkly, Sir John Coode, Mr. E. Jenkins, M. P., Sir Robert Phillimore, Mr. Donald Currie, C. M. G., Mr. J. A. Youl, C. M. G., Dr. Rae, etc. Lord Selborne, in moving a vote of thanks to Lord Granville for presiding, said he had been much struck with a reference which Sir Arthur Gordon made to the condition of Scotland and Ireland in the time of Queen Elizabeth as compared with that of Fiji now. We had long since learned to govern Scotland in accordance with Scotch ideas, and the result was that the people were contented. What would Englishmen give if Ireland had been dealt with in accordance with Irish ideas, instead of being governed according to English ideas and habits of thought! If they had been, was it not probable that they would have been as contented as the Scotch people now are? (Hear, hear!) He rejoiced to find that in Fiji, the experiment of governing the natives in harmony with native customs and feelings had proved so successful.

Sir Michael Hicks Beach, in seconding the motion, said it would be difficult, perhaps impossible, to find any one of greater ability and aptitude for the task he had to perform than the governor of Fiji. (Cheers.) He was making, as Lord Selborne had told them, a great experiment, an experiment which, if successful, would redound highly to the honor and credit of this country in its dealings with native races. (Hear!) In that experiment he might find it necessary to take measures perhaps more or less at variance with certain doctrines and ideas which might be held among us as applicable to our own circumstances; but he thought it should be remembered that in these matters they were dealing with a peculiar stage of civilization, and that they must adapt their measures to their needs, and not attempt — and if they did attempt they would fail — to drag persons, like the natives of Fiji, into the position of being measured by the Procrustean rule applicable to our civilization and the Anglo-Saxon race. (Cheers.)

A minister near Dunfermline was some time ago not a little gratified to receive from a former parishioner, who had settled in the West Indies, a small cask of rum, in recognition of their former friendship. One day, when going out for pastoral duty, he instructed James, the minister's man, to bottle the rum, and at the same time told him, before doing so, to be sure to take a glass himself, otherwise the smell of the rum might have an intoxicating effect, and render him unfit for the work. James promised to attend to the injunction, and faithfully did so, but, unfortunately, soon exceeded the limit prescribed by his master; for on the minister's return, he found James sprawling on the floor, and a great part of the rum still in the cask. Disappointed to find his servant in such a state, and not doubting but that it arose solely from James not attending to the caution which he had given him in the morning, the minister said, "James, did I not tell you to take a glass before you began?" "So I did, sir," said James, though it was with great difficulty he articulated the words in proper order; "but I dinna ken what I wud hae been wi' yen, for ye see hoo I am after eleven."

NANO NAGLE, THE FOUNDRESS OF THE PRESENTATION NUNS.

London Tablet.

THE life and labors of O'Connell and Nano Nagle had a singularly close historical and religious connection. Miss Nagle was born in 1728, by the Blackwater, east of Mallow, of an old patrician Anglo-Norman stock, descended from Gilbert de Angulo, who, with his two sons, Jocelyn and Hostilio, were amongst the knights who accompanied Richard de Clare, or Strongbow, at the Invasion of Ireland in 1169. The Nangles, Barons of Navan, and the Munster Nagles were alike of this family. Sir Richard Nagle was Speaker of the Irish Parliament, and Secretary of State to James II., whom he accompanied to exile in France, by which act he forfeited his estates. His brother, Pierce Nagle, was High Sheriff of Cork in 1668, being the last Catholic who held the office until after the passing of the Emancipation Act in 1829, a period of upwards of one hundred and sixty years. The Nagles were intermarried with the Llandaff family, the Matthewses of Thomastine, County Tipperary, one of whom was the great preacher of temperance. The eldest son of Edmund Spenser married a Miss Nagle; the poet wrote "The Fairie Queene" at Kilcolman Castle, within a few miles of the residence of her family. But one of the most illustrious alliances of which the Nagles could boast is that with Edmund Burke, the first philosophic statesman of modern times. Richard Burke, the father of Edmund, married Mary, daughter of Patrick, brother of Janet Nagle, father of Nano, so that the venerable foundress of the Presentation Order of Nuns and the celebrated Edmund Burke were first cousins.

Miss Nagle, like all persons of her class in those days, was educated in France, where she appeared in the gay Court of Versailles. Finding that she had a vocation, and acting under advice, she determined to return home and devote herself to the instruction of the neglected female youth of her country. She introduced the Irish Ursuline Nuns into Cork, and obtained in 1771 episcopal sanction for their establishment. She saw that the mass of the poor were without provision for Christian knowledge, moral culture, or industrial training. To these objects she determined to devote her fortune and her life, and, having secured the sympathy and co-operation of a few ladies, she formed a society in 1775 for the instruction of the poor, and on the 29th June, 1776, received the holy habit of religion in her new congregation at Cork, consisting of herself and three companions. They did not, however, enter into residence in their new convent until Christmas Day, 1777.

A glance at the progress of the Order affords a gratifying retrospect of the history of Catholicity in Ireland during the century. About twenty years before Miss Nagle was born, there were only about four religious priests in the city of Cork. When she first opened her schools, Catholic education, abroad as well as at home, was wholly illegal, entailing the most severe punishment. Subsequently Catholic schools were allowed to be opened with the license of the Protestant Bishop, provided the teachers subscribed the prescribed oaths and admitted no Protestant pupil into their schools. Such licenses for the Presentation Convent Schools in the cities of Cork and Waterford were obtained in 1799, and form highly interesting records of the Penal Laws against Catholic education. Yet the extension of the convent schools went on until they were established in most of the dioceses and in all the leading cities and towns in at least three of the provinces. When O'Connell was born in 1775, Dr. Moylan, one of the earliest friends of Miss Nagle and of her aims, was Bishop of Kerry, and when he was translated to the See of Cork in succession to the unfortunate

Lord Dunboyne, he was the means of planting in Kilkenny, in 1793, the first branch of the Presentation Order in Ireland. O'Connell was the greatest friend to the Order, and in 1840 subdivided a branch on his estate in Cahirciveen; while the diocese of Kerry has now nine houses, or more than any single diocese in the country. There are nearly sixty convents in fifteen dioceses in Ireland; while there are others in Manchester, Madras, Victoria, Tasmania, Newfoundland, New York, and San Francisco, or about eighty houses in all. These convents stretch from Labrador to the Southern Ocean, over two hemispheres. An Irish writer, summarizing the fruits of that Foundation, happily says, "The daughters of Nano Nagle, who may be said to have feloniously opened schools and founded a convent in Cork more than a century ago, are now spread from the confines of the Arctic region to some of the highest inhabited latitudes in the southern hemisphere. On the American continent they occupy the Golden Gate, on the Pacific, at San Francisco; they have the largest schools in the Empire City, on the Atlantic; almost all the daughters of the hardy fishers of Newfoundland are brought up at their knees; for nearly forty years, the colored and the European children of Madras have learned to bless the memory of the Munster nun; upon the southern shores of Australia, in St. Kilda, near Melbourne, and Wagga-Wagga, near Goulbourn, the voice of Nano Nagle is heard; while across the Straits, in Launceston and Hobart Town, in the streets of Tasmania, the Presentation Nuns diffuse culture and civilization, in that remote antipodean region. They are found among the busy marts of Manchester, as well as those of New York, San Francisco, and Madras; neither Arctic region nor torrid zone can deter them; while every dell in her native Desmond holds in benediction the valiant woman, born by the Blackwater in 1728, in whose noble schools so large a portion of the mothers of the ten millions of Irish Catholics dispersed over the globe received that solid Christian training, and largely learned to prize those domestic virtues that, amid the vicissitudes of their history, remain the proud and glorious inheritance of "the name and the fame of the sea-divided Gael."

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN YEARS.

Mrs. Hannah Green, better known as "Granny Green," the oldest inmate of the Home of the Little Sisters of the Poor, on Eighteenth Street, above Jefferson, Philadelphia, died in that institution on Wednesday, the 29th of January, at the remarkably advanced age of one hundred and fifteen years. She was born in the year 1763, at Rathmullen, a village on the western shore of Lough Swilly, about ten miles from Letterkenny, in Donegal County, Ireland. She came to this country about twenty-five years ago. Her youngest daughter, with whom she lived, having been seized with her last illness over five years since, when nearly seventy years old, she was taken in by the Little Sisters of the Poor. The burden of her support was not, however, allowed to rest completely on the good Sisters, her relatives having given as much for this purpose as their limited means would allow them. In her habits, Mrs. Green was always temperate, objecting to taking wine or liquor of any kind, even as medicine. She was formerly fond of smoking the pipe, but recently gave up its use. She always ate and slept well, and conversed freely and intelligently, delighting in the company of visitors, though entirely blind and confined to her bed for some years past.

A boarding-house mistress, like the rest of us, has her weak and strong points, the weak point being her coffee, and her strong point the butter.

THE BAR LIFE OF O'CONNELL.

J. R. O'Flanagan, Barrister, M. R. I. A.

CHAPTER VI.

THE MUNSTER CIRCUIT CONTINUED — CORK.

O'Connell's success by the power of blarney. — The name in the hat. — O'Connell saves a non-suit. — The watercourse diverted. — A constant client.

A BETTER example of O'Connell's insinuating address could not be given than the following anecdote affords. Shortly after joining the Munster Circuit he was travelling in a chaise which he shared with Harry Deane Grady. It was after the rebellion of 1798 had left its sad traces of disorganization, and for several years many parts of Ireland were infested with highway robbers. The Kilworth Mountains — a wild and lonely tract of country extending from Kilworth towards Clogheen — formed a famed rendezvous for most daring freebooters. While staying at the inn of Fermoy, a few miles on the Cork side of the dreaded mountain road, O'Connell and his circuit companion were discussing the propriety of procuring a supply of ammunition for their protection. A corporal and four privates of a cavalry corps clattered into the hall of the inn where the two barristers were standing. The opportunity struck Grady as most favorable, and addressing the corporal he said in his blunt way,

"Soldier, will you sell me some powder?"

The non-commissioned officer felt his dignity hurt. He replied, "Sir, I don't sell powder."

"Then will you have the goodness to buy me some?" asked Grady.

"I'm no man's messenger but the king's," said the dragoon.

"Grady," said O'Connell in a low tone, "you have offended the man's pride by calling him soldier when he is a corporal. Leave him in my hands."

After a long pause, during which Deane Grady retired, O'Connell said, "Did you ever see such rain as fell to-day, *sergeant?* I am glad the cavalry had not the trouble of doing escort duty for the judges. It was suitable work for these yeomen."

"True enough, sir," replied the dragoon, evidently pleased at being addressed as sergeant. "We were lucky to have escaped these torrents of rain."

"Perhaps, sergeant," continued Dan, "you'd have the kindness to purchase for me some powder and ball. You can judge what size will suit these pistols. We are starting for the Kilworth Mountains, and may fall in with Brennan or his gang. *You*, of course, could have no difficulty in obtaining ammunition, while we civilians might find some."

"Sir," responded the corporal, "may I request your acceptance of what I hope will suffice you? My balls will just suit your pistols; and don't spare the powder, for you may meet some of these skirmishers among the mountains.

"Dan," said Grady, when O'Connell triumphantly displayed a liberal supply of the munitions of war, "you'll get on, and no mistake. The blarney forever!"

They did not require the supply, however, for they never were startled by the presence of a highwayman. Deane Grady's prophecy was fulfilled, for O'Connell soon got into practice. It is stated that during the first year he received £58, during the second £150, in the third £200, and the fourth £300.

At one of the Cork assizes, O'Connell defended a prisoner indicted for murder. The principal witness was fastening the rope round his client's neck, and unless he could be *broken down*, the prisoner was sure to go *up*. One material circumstance which told strongly against the party indicted was the fact that his hat was found near the scene of the murder. There was point-blank swearing on the part of the witness that the hat belonged to the prisoner, whose name was James.

"Now," said O'Connell to the witness on cross-examination, "you are quite sure about this hat?"

"I am," replied the witness.

"Let me look at it again," said C'Connell, taking it from the witness and examining it carefully. He then looked inside, and spelled J-A-M-E-S. "Now, do you mean to tell the court and jury this name was in the hat when you found it?"

"I do, on my oath," replied the witness.

"Did you see the name then?"

"I did — surely."

"This is the same hat, no mistake about it?"

"Och, no mistake — 't is his hat."

"Now you may go down," said O'Connell triumphantly. "My lord, there is an end of this case; there is no name whatever in the hat." The result was a prompt acquittal.

An instance of O'Connell's great readiness, his quick conception, and powers of bringing his knowledge of law to bear upon the point is the following. He was engaged with many other able members of the Munster bar in an important case at the Cork assizes. Having briefs in both courts, he was engaged defending a man indicted for murder in the crown courts, while the record case, which he had stated, was being proved in the other. The plaintiff's case having closed, non-suit points were relied on, and the judge was disposed to yield to the argument of the defendant's counsel. The plaintiff's counsel argued all they could, but finding the judge against them sent for O'Connell. He was closing an able cross-examination of the approver, and quite radiant with triumph. The anxious attorney in the civil case whispered how much he was wanted — that a non-suit was imminent. O'Connell proceeded to the Record Court with that lively, rollicking manner that made him so popular, jesting with all he knew as he strode along. He could not have known much of what had taken place in his absence, but his brief was well noted; and making a dive into his ponderous bag, he caught it and ran his eye along the margin. While doing so he was informed of the way the case stood, and the objection of the defendant to the completeness of their case. O'Connell at once addressed the judge on the law bearing upon the subject, and cited a case in point. He replied to the argument of the opposite counsel by showing it was quite inapplicable, proved that there was no ground for a non-suit, and when the judge said, the defendant should go on, for he was determined to leave the case to the jury, O'Connell placed his brief in his bag, and returned to save another client from the gallows. "He found the able men with whom he acted sprawling like a parcel of children, and it was he only who set him on their feet."*

On another occasion during the Cork assizes he led in an action for the conversion of a water-course. His attorney was a stout, aldermanic-shaped man, with a rubicund face, of which some wit said, "If he was not in the habit of whipping the lining out of five tumblers of punch, he might bring an action against his face and recover heavy damages." His name was Fogarty. He was a very abstemious man, and O'Connell resolved to have a laugh about him. He detailed the injury done to his client by the tortuous and wrongful diversion of the stream. "It should not have been hindered from following its accustomed course, flowing in its natural and usual channel, which irrigated his client's fields. His client had long enjoyed the advantage of a copious supply of water, but he had no longer that supply — the defendant obstructed it — he monopolized it — it grew 'small by degrees and miserably less.' There is not now, gentlemen, a tenth of it, and instead of the flowing stream that used to meander through the plaintiff's ground, there is not now, gentlemen," said

* Fagan's "Life of O'Connell."

O'Connell, pointing to the jolly-faced attorney by his side, "as much water remaining as would make *grog* for Fogarty!"

O'Connell defended a man at the Cork assizes indicted for highway robbery, attended with exceedingly aggravating circumstances. By his able cross-examination he established a doubt as to the identity of the prisoner, who was then and there acquitted. This was at the summer assizes, and at the ensuing spring he was handed a brief in a crown case. The name of the man in custody was the same as that of his former client; and on inquiring, O'Connell found he was the same person, who was charged with burglary and attempt to murder. This time the crown witness broke down in his evidence, and the prisoner was again pronounced "not guilty," and ordered to be discharged. The year following, this same individual was once more under lock and key. He was a seaman, and had headed a party of the crew of a collier brig, who, overpowering the captain, had made himself commander. He sold part of the cargo, purchased arms and ammunition, and was practising piracy on the high seas when he was captured, brought into Cove, and indicted at the assizes. O'Connell was again his successful advocate. Owing to a mistake which never could have occurred in our time, the prisoner was brought for trial before the going judge of assize; whereupon O'Connell showed that there was no jurisdiction, as the offence (if any) had taken place on the high seas, over which the admiralty alone had jurisdiction. Before leaving the dock, the fellow addressed O'Connell, who was passing, and in a tone of undisguised gratitude exclaimed, "May the Lord spare you, counsellor, *to me!*"

CHAPTER VII.

O'CONNELL'S LEGAL CAREER IN DUBLIN.

The encounter with Mrs. Moriarty. — Duel with D'Esterre. — Early rising. — Business habits. — Personal appearance. — Ability as a *nisi prius* lawyer. — The testator with *life in him*. — Kindness towards his juniors. — O'Connell and the butcher's boy. — The Dublin voter. — Bar anecdotes.

In Mr. Madden's entertaining "Revelations of the South of Ireland" is an amusing account of a scolding match which took place between O'Connell and a notorious huckster-woman who kept a stall on the quay, near the Four Courts, Dublin, named Biddy Moriarty. This was in his juvenile days at the bar; he prided himself on his skill in the use of strong language, while Mrs. Moriarty's voluble impudence was proverbial. Bets were laid as to the success of O'Connell in the wordy war. I give the rencontre in Madden's words: —

"O'Connell was very confident of success; he laid an ingenious plan for overcoming her, and, with all the anixety of an ardent experimentalist, waited to put it in practice. He resolved to open the attack. At this time O'Connell's own party and the loungers about the place formed an audience quite sufficient to rouse Mrs. Moriarty, on public provocation, to a due exhibition of her powers. O'Connell commenced the attack:

"'What's the price of this walking-stick, Mrs. What's-your-name?'

"'Moriarty, sir, is my name, and a good one it is, and what have you to say agen it, and one-and-sixpence is the price of the stick; throth it's chape as dirt, so it is.'

"'One-and-sixpence for a walking-stick! whew! Why, you are no better than an impostor to ask eighteenpence for what cost you twopence.'

"'Twopence your grandmother!' replied Biddy. 'Do you mane to say that it is cheating the people I am? Impostor indeed!'

"'Aye, impostor; and it's that I call you to your teeth,' rejoined O'Connell.

"'Come, cut your stick, you cantankerous jackanapes.'

"'Keep a civil tongue in your

head, you old *diagonal!*' cried O'Connell calmly.

"'Stop your jaw, you pug-nosed badger, or by this and that,' cried Mrs. Moriarty, 'I 'll make you go quicker than you came.'

"'Don't be in a passion, my old *radius!* Anger will only wrinkle your beauty.'

"'By the hokey, if you say another word of your impudence, I'll tan your dirty hide, you bastely scrub; and sorry I 'd be to soil my fists upon your carcass.'

"'Whew, boys, what a passion old Biddy is in! I protest, as I'm a gentleman.'

"'Jintleman! jintleman! the likes of you a jintleman! Wisha that bangs Banagher. Why, you potato-faced pippin-squeezer, when did a Madagascar monkey like you pick up enough of common Christian decency to hide your Kerry brogue?'

"'Easy now, easy now,' cried O'Connell, with imperturbable good-humor, 'don't choke yourself with fine language, you old whiskey-drinking *parallelogram*.'

"'What 's that you call me, you murderin' villain?' roared Mrs. Moriarty, stung into fury.

"'I call you,' answered O'Connell, 'a parallelogram; and a Dublin judge and jury will say it is no libel to call you so.'

"'Oh, tare-an-ounds! oh, you ruffin! that an honest woman like me should be called parrybellygrum to her face. I'm none of your parrybellygrums, you rascally gallows-bird; you cowardly, sneaking, plate-lickin' bliggard.'

"'Oh, not you, indeed,' retorted O'Connell. 'Why I suppose you 'll deny that you keep a *hypothenuse* in your house.'

"'It 's a lie for you, you robber! I never had such a thing in my house, you lying thief.'

"'Ah, you cannot deny the charge, you miserable *sub-multiple* of a *duplicate ratio*.'

"'You saucy tinker's apprentice, if you don't cease your jaw, I 'll —' But here she gasped for breath, while O'Connell proceeded:

"'While I have a tongue I 'll abuse you, you most inimitable *periphery*. Look at her, boys; there she stands, a convicted *perpendicular* in petticoats! There she trembles with guilt down to the extremities of her *corollaries*. Ah! you 're found out, you *rectilineal antecedent*, and *equiangular* old hag; you porter-swiping *similitude* of the *bisection of a vortex!*'

"Overwhelmed with this torrent of language, Mrs. Moriarty was silenced. Catching up a saucepan, she was aiming at O'Connell's head, when he prudently made a timely retreat.

"'You have won your wager, O'Connell; here 's your bet,' cried the gentleman who proposed the contest."

O'Connell knew well the use of sound in vituperation, and having to deal with an ignorant scold, he determined to overcome her in volubility by using all the *sesquipedalia verba* which occur in Euclid. With these, and a few significant epithets, and a scoffing, impudent demeanor, he had for once imposed silence on Biddy Moriarty.

His duel with D'Esterre, for calling the Corporation of Dublin a "beggarly corporation," was a more serious affair, and was attended with fatal results. O'Connell wished from the first to avoid the meeting, and took occasion to declare that he never intended to offend Mr. D'Esterre, who was quite a stranger to him. However, nothing would satisfy D'Esterre, who was reputed a crack shot, and a meeting was arranged. Major M'Namara of Clare was O'Connell's second, and having placed the principals on the ground, the word to "fire" was given. D'Esterre fell, mortally wounded, and O'Connell registered a vow never to fight again.

As a legal practitioner, no one enjoyed or merited a wider range of practice. Aware of the benefit of early rising, the sun seldom found him in bed, and when the birds were piping their matin hymns, O'Connell was im-

mersed in briefs and law books, studying cases sent for his advice and opinion, or preparing for the labors of the day. After a brief space devoted to purposes of refection, he started for the Four Courts, where, having donned his wig and gown, he plunged into the sea of strife, and showed, by his plethoric bag, which almost taxed his strength to carry, as well as his rapid transit from court to court, the request in which he was held. In court nothing could be compared to his manner, except his matter; he was always ready, competent, and business-like. Acute, quick, and armed with cases in point, there was always the right word in the right place; his good-humor was imperturbable — he was not to be vanquished. His appearance was greatly in his favor; he had a countenance indicative of good health and good-nature; the features were pleasing and gentle — eyes, gray, expressive of softness and kindness.

All his contemporaries unite in the opinion that as a *nisi prius* advocate O'Connell's abilities were of the highest kind. He detailed facts with great skill, and dissected the case of his adversary with keen scrutiny. Many of his forensic efforts might be cited as brilliant specimens of legal argument, such as the speech on behalf of Magee, editor of the "Dublin Evening Post," and others. Again, in Rutledge *v.* Rutledge, when he was contending against the first men at the Irish bar, I am told the exclamation of one of the counsel, since a highly distinguished ornament of the Irish bench, was, "They were all children when compared with him."

On one occasion he was engaged for the heir-at-law against a person who claimed under a will which it was alleged was forged. The subscribing witnesses — three in number, then required by law for devising real estate — all deposed to the fact that "life was in the testator when the will was signed." O'Connell was struck with the repetition of the phrase "*life was in him*," and he determined to cross-examine on the point. "By virtue of your oath, witness, was the man alive?" "By virtue of my oath, life was in him," replied the witness. "Aye, so I suspect," said O'Connell. "Now, by the solemn oath you have taken, and as you shall one day answer for the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, was there not *a live fly in the dead man's mouth* when his hand was put to the will?" The trembling witness confessed that so it was.

The fearlessness of O'Connell's disposition, as well as his love for the young men of his profession, may be readily imagined from the manner in which he protected the late John Martley on his first addressing the court. The judges were Lord Norbury and Judge Johnson, the latter an unpolished man, who snubbed juniors fearfully. Mr. Martley rose timidly, and, while stating his motion, was listened to by Judge Johnson with ill-humor and impatience. This discomposed the young barrister, who soon floundered in confusion. Instead of giving him help and that consideration his youth and inexperience needed, Lord Norbury was punning, and Judge Johnson growling. O'Connell asked some of his seniors to interfere, but they would not; so he determined to interpose his broad shield between the junior and the impatient bench.

"My lords," he said, "I respectfully ask your lordships to hear this young gentleman. Mr. Martley is not personally known to me, but I submit he has a right to be heard."

"O Mr. O'Connell, we have heard Mr. Martley," said Lord Norbury, "and we cannot allow the time of the court to be further wasted."

"Pardon me, my lord, you have not heard him. He has not been allowed to state his motion; I am sure he is quite capable of doing so now if your lordships permit him."

"Mr. O'Connell," asked Judge Johnson, with an air of defiance, "are you engaged in this motion that you presume to interfere?"

"My lord, I am not," replied O'Connell; "but I rise to defend the privileges of the bar, and I will never permit them to be violated, either in my own or the person of any other member of the profession."

"Well, well," interposed Lord Norbury, "we 'll hear Mr. Martley. Sit down, Mr. O'Connell."

Mr. Martley then proceeded, and stated his motion successfully, and ever felt grateful for the kind interference of his able friend.

At Green Street, O'Connell often had amusing scenes with the Dublin Liberty boys, and other witnesses of the description so admirably described in Miss Edgeworth's "Essay on Irish Bulls," in Dean Burrowes's song, "The Night before Larry was stretched," and Sir William Wilde's "Popular Superstitions." A butcher's boy, a perfect "Dublin jackeen," had given evidence which told so favorably on the direct for his friend in the dock, that O'Connell expected he would have no trouble in cross-examining him. He put some question which the witness imagined if he replied to would neither serve his friend nor himself, so he determined not to give any further evidence. To every question O'Connell put, his reply was, "Batt, Dan," to the infinite amusement of O'Connell and the auditors, while Judge Vandeleur in vain endeavored to induce the witness to answer by threatening to commit him for contempt. At length O'Connell had to give him up, and his previous testimony, of course, went for nothing.

The following illustrates a good mode of disarming hostile criticism on a witness's answering. O'Connell was cross-examining a sturdy shop-keeper from Thomas Street, who swore to a fact O'Connell was desirous of getting rid of.

"On what day of the week did this happen?" he asked.

The Witness. — I do not recollect.

O'Connell. — I thought so. You recollect what suits your friend, yet your memory is so bad you cannot tell what day of the week it was; that is very odd.

Witness. — Well, Mr. O'Connell, odd or not, I can't recollect it. I am quite sure I voted for you at the last election, and, moreover, gave you a plumper; but if I was to be shot for it I cannot remember the day.

O'Connell. — You may go down, and recollect to come up and vote for me at the next election.

When Crampton, K. C. (afterwards Judge), was arguing a case in which O'Connell was opposed to him, the former read from a text-book.

O'Connell. — Let me see that book.

Crampton. — I 'll not give it to you, because may be you would not return it.

O'Connell. — That 's a poor excuse for quoting bad law."

He often jested with his best friends. Having opened the plaintiff's case in an action on a bill of exchange, he was surprised at the blank look of the agent, who peered anxiously round the court.

"Where is the witness to prove the defendant's handwriting?" inquired O'Connell.

"He promised to attend, but I suspect he has sold us," was the whispered reply. "We must be nonsuited."

"Oh, nonsense, man," replied O'Connell, "sure there 's plenty of attorneys round the table; put up one of them to prove our case."

When a very stout attorney named Green, popularly called "Bumbo Green," was endeavoring to get into court through a crowd, O'Connell, then in the height of his popularity, called out, "Boys, make way for the Hill of Howth."

The attorney, who if slow in motion was quick in repartee, immediately responded, "Well said, Ireland's Eye."

On a motion to change the venue of a case from Dublin to the Tralee assizes, O'Connell found the motion opposed by a very ugly barrister, Mr.

Scriven. He was a political enemy of O'Connell's, and as the case was one in which flattery might be useful, O'Connell tried to mitigate hostility by a mild dose.

"I trust my learned friend opposite," he said, "will not resist my application to have this case tried in Kerry. We shall do our best to give my learned friend a kind welcome, and I 'll undertake to show him the lakes of Killarney."

"I dare say," growled Mr. Scriven, "you 'd show me the bottom of them."

"Oh, no," replied Dan, "I would not *frighten the fish!*"

O'Connell was not fond of praising himself, but one cannot help feeling a just pride in success. Passing along the road leading from Killarney to Millstreet there is a tract of country called Lisnababie, the property of a truly respected gentleman of the county of Kerry, Mr. Lalor. There had been a good deal of litigation respecting this property, and it was one in which O'Connell greatly distinguished himself. "I may say with honest pride," he said to his friend, Mr. O'Neill Daunt, as they drove along the road near this place, "that I was a good help to keep that farm in the hands of its rightful owner, Lalor of Killarney. I was yet young at the bar, when Jerry Connor (the attorney concerned for Lalor) gave me two ten-guinea fees in the Lisnababie case. Lalor remonstrated with Connor, stating that the latter had no right to pay so expensive a compliment out of his money to so young a barrister. This was at an early period of the cause, which was tried in Dublin before Sir Michael Smith.* But a motion being made in court to dismiss Lalor's bill, I rose and contended it so successfully that Sir Michael Smith particularly complimented me, and Lalor wrote to Jerry Connor, saying that I gave him the full worth of his money, and desiring (what indeed was a matter of course) that I should be retained for the assizes. We were finally successful, and I had the chief share of the triumph."†

To be continued.

* Sir Michael Smith was grandfather of the present eminent judge, the Master of the Rolls, Right Hon. T. B. C. Smith. He is the third of his family who have consecutively sat upon the Irish bench. Sir Michael was Master of the Rolls from 1801 to 1806; his son, the late Sir William Causac Smith, as Baron of the Exchequer; and his grandson, Right Hon. Thomas Berry Causac Smith, became Master of the Rolls, January, 1846.

† The granddaughter of Mr. Lalor is now the wife of Daniel O'Connell, Esq., of Darrynane, grandson of O'Connell.

HUSBANDS AND WIVES.

THE choice of a husband or of a wife is certainly one of the most important actions of an ordinary life. This is declared in the Sacred Scriptures in many passages and is evidenced by experience. What can be plainer than the following passages? "That it is better to sit in the corner of a house-top than with a brawling woman." "That it is better to dwell in the wilderness than with a passionate and quarrelsome woman." (Prov. xxi, 9–19.) On the contrary, what a blessing it is for a husband to have a good and virtuous wife, the Holy Ghost bears frequent testimony: "He that hath found a good wife hath found a good thing, and shall receive pleasure from the Lord." (Prov. xviii, 22.) "Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain; the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised." (Prov. xxxi, 30.) "Depart not from a wise and good wife, whom thou hast gotten in the fear of the Lord, for the grace of her modesty is above gold." (Eccli. vii, 21.) "Blessed is he that dwelleth with a wise woman." (Eccli. xxv, 11.)

To hear Holy Mass devoutly, and to offer up to God this divine sacrifice is the most grateful and affectionate return we can make to Him for all the favors and graces which we have received.

THE WONDERFUL CENTRAL ORGANIZATION OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

The central organization in Rome for carrying the gospel to the ends of the world is called the "Congregation de Propaganda Fide." The Pope is its head. The Propaganda was created in Rome by Pope Gregory XV., in 1622. The pontifical idea comprised the foundation, on a permanent footing, of a congregation to direct the work of the missions; of a college to educate missioners for the conversion of the infidel; and of a printing-press which should supply books for the work in every language of the world. Catholic generosity was not wanting to give effect to this noble conception. A Spanish prelate, Mgr. Vives, bequeathed his palace in Rome, and all his goods, to the work; Cardinal Abda gave $100,000; Cardinal Spinola, $90,000; Innocent XII., $150,000; Clement XII, $70,000 in gold. Pope Urban VIII., who is justly considered the second founder of the Propaganda, rebuilt the palace, and with ample endowments secured to the world this nursery of zeal and apostleship.

The present Cardinal Prefect is his Eminence Cardinal Simeoni, late Secretary of State to his Holiness Pius IX. In the same block, though quite separated from the offices of the congregation, is the college, the nursery or seminary in which youthful Levites are reared and perfected for missionary life. They form a motley group of about one hundred and thirteen young men from every clime under heaven. Some are but boys of fourteen years, tender plants from the cold, gray shores of Norway; some from the burning sands of Ethiopia, black and crisp as negroes; others hail from the cradle-land of truth, from Mesopotamia and Syria; many more from the Turkish provinces in Europe, from Greece, from Armenia and Illyria; but most of all are the gay, stanch, intrepid children of St. Patrick, who have entered Propaganda to dedicate themselves to the foreign missions, and to live and die wherever the will of God may send them. The language of the house is Italian, which all speak with fluency; in the schools only Latin is heard, while at stated hours, daily, great attention is paid to the language in which, hereafter, the youthful apostles will have to announce the word. The assimilation of such different natures and types in one home is the miracle of Catholicism. The Saxon and Sclave and Lowlander mingle with the rest but indifferently, while the Celt finds a brother and pledges friendship among all the races with ease and grace.

The students rise every morning at five; after the meditation and the Holy Sacrifice, they breakfast, as is the custom of the country, upon coffee and rolls. At eight, the public lectures begin in the halls of the college. There are more than thirty professors who attend daily, and conduct their willing disciples through every branch of knowledge from grammar to law. Several externs attend the courses, and the Scotch, Irish, American, and Polish colleges send their alumni to the Propaganda for philosophy, theology, and canon law. The Chinese alone remain unrepresented in this family of nations. It arises not, however, from the Church's neglect of the Celestial Empire, but rather from the peculiar requirements of those people. They have a college in Naples, and the management of the ecclesiastical business is assigned to a separate congregation of cardinals in Propaganda. The Polyglot printing-house attached to Propaganda is worthy of the great cause which originated it. More than fifty-eight languages are constantly passing under its presses in their own characters. It possesses above one hundred and eighty distinct sets of types in the dialects of Europe and Africa, America and Oceanica. During the French Revolution enormous damage was sustained, which has not yet been thoroughly made up; however, during the Vatican Council, when all nations were represented, it

published the "Our Father" in two hundred and fifty different languages and dialects, and presented a copy to the assembled Fathers. This rapid and very incomplete sketch of the work of the Propaganda will give some idea of the holy activity and divine unity which distinguish the Catholic Church, and merit for her now, as it did in the beginning, the superhuman honor of being the sole civilizer of mankind.

REV. BULLY O'CUCUMBER.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THIS once very prominent Irish-in-England Protestant divine, the late Rev. Hugh M'Neile, who lately died Dean of Ripon, was a native of the county Antrim. He entered Trinity College in 1810, on the same day with the late Protestant Bishop of Ossory, Dr. O'Brien, getting two and one half place at entrance when O'Brien got seven and one quarter. M'Neile married a daughter of Archbishop Magee, of Dublin, and was thus uncle to the present Protestant Bishop of Peterborough. Uncle and nephew had the good fortune to be by some intermarriage connected with Lord Cairns, who did not fail, when the Tories had a chance, to provide for the pair. Dr. M'Neile was an eloquent, finished, and forcible speaker and preacher. In the judgment of many he was somewhat too polished and studied, and he was always up to the same high-pressure level. He was a vehement Protestant and a violent controversialist, traversing the whole line of polemical geography. He published sermons, like Mr Spurgeon, and he wrote as many pamphlets as Lord John Russell. He rated English bishops and O'Connell with equal gusto, and he wrote on The Conversion of the Jews, The Second Advent of Our Lord, Baptism, National Sins, and The Abominations of Babylon, with all the confidence of inspiration. More than half a century ago, at the time of the appearance of the celebrated Edward Irving, the founder of the church which is popularly called after him, Mr. M'Neile joined the "Union of the Students of Prophecy" that used to assemble at Albury for the study of the prophetical books of Scripture. "Here," says Irving, "for eight days, under the roof of Henry Drummond, Esq., the present high sheriff of the county, and under the moderation of the Rev. Hugh M'Neile, the rector of the parish of Albury, we spent six full days in close and laborious examination of the Scriptures." The close and laborious examination does not seem to have brought the interpreters to identical exposition and belief, and M'Neile, strong in the persuasion of his own special revelations, shortly after moved to Liverpool. There he exercised for many years a very influential ministry, both in pulpits and on platforms, and there he had a wonderful following. Outside the Liverpool household of faith, although much admired as a speaker everywhere, he carried no weight either as a politician or divine. Amongst his clerical brethren of the non-Evangelical school he was known by the suggestive sobriquet of "The Rev. Bully O'Cucumber," and he was never popular amongst his brethren of any school. He was inflated by the worship that surrounded him, and in time he came to exhibit all the arrogance and pretentiousness of a spoiled public pet. Still he undoubtedly possessed very high gifts, which he sedulously and laboriously cultivated. Some thirty years ago the Rev. Hugh M'Neile in Liverpool, Hugh Stowel in Manchester, Archibald Boyd, the present Dean of Exeter, in Cheltenham, asserted a very high position for Irish clergymen serving in England. Dr. M'Neile was so incessant in his pamphlets and speeches, so bitter and uncertain in his utterances, and such a firebrand in everything, that no Tory Ministry could venture to raise him to the bench; and it was not until a relative had high place that he got even a deanery. His son, the present incum-

bent, succeeded him in the church in Prince's Park, Liverpool, and, if we mistake not, there was not a little of manœuvring and of soreness touching his appointment. We remember hearing that a good many years ago, in a crowded anti-Catholic meeting in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, when the Bishop of Chester was in the chair and the late Lord Derby, then Stanley, was on the platform, Dr. M'Neile closed an excited and powerful speech with the very apt quotation —

> "Charge, Chester, charge!
> On, Stanley, on!"

Dr. M'Neile graduated at Trinity College in 1815, and had his B. D. and D. D. in 1847.

TERRIBLE CALAMITY IN HUNGARY; NOTHING LIKE IT IN MODERN TIMES.

The news from unhappy Hungary is simply terrible. No such catastrophe as that which has befallen Czegedin and the country around it has happened in Europe since that awful day, more than a hundred years ago, when the earth opened beneath the city of Lisbon and swallowed up the greater part of the doomed capital and at least 20,000 human beings. The story of the Lisbon earthquake, the story of the great eruption of Vesuvius, in which Herculaneum and Pompeii were swept away, — these are the only recorded calamities in European history which at all equal in horror the story of the great inundation of the Theiss. The latest details to hand show exclusively that it is no longer a single city — that it is a whole district — which has been overwhelmed with ruin. As to Czegedin itself — a great historic city, nearly as large as the city of Cork — it has practically ceased to be. Czegedin was, before the awful disaster of the flood a rich, prosperous, flourishing city, with a population of 70,000 people; with numerous and fine churches, convents, schools, and hospitals; with boatyards in which were built the neatest boats and finest floating mills in Hungary; with many soap factories, woollen mills, and tobacco manufactories, and with a great export trade in corn, rape-seed, and tallow, which were sent down the Theiss to the markets of the world. Now this fine city has, we repeat, practically ceased to exist. Giving eight people to each house, there would be in a city the size of Czegedin about 9,000 houses. Upon Thursday evening, March 13, 4,000 had been entirely destroyed by the flood. On Thursday night and Friday morning the horror of the situation was intensified by a dreadful storm, which converted the vast lake that submerges Czegedin into a raging sea, and the work of destruction was then completed. Upon Friday afternoon not a single house was left standing in the upper town of Czegedin or in any of the suburbs. The destruction of the lower town was nearly as complete, and the waters were rising round New Czegedin, a small part of the city at the other side of the Theiss. In the centre of what was once the city of Czegedin there rises an eminence which is called the Palanka. On the Palanka are a few great houses of the leading merchants, and the eminence is crowned with an old square fortress which dates from the days when the Turks were masters of Hungary. Upon this little patch of land, in the upper stories of these great houses within the walls of this ancient fortress, were huddled together many thousands of persons, survivors of what was once the thriving, happy, prosperous population of Czegedin. But these poor sufferers are happy, indeed, compared with the thousands of their fellow-citizens who, when first the waters began to rise, sought shelter on the great embankment which protected, or was supposed to protect, Czegedin from the Theiss. These poor people, men, women, and children, the aged and the infirm and the weakly, have now for many days been exposed on this miserable bank of earth to bitter

hunger, to drenching rain-storms, to the icy winds and cruel chills of an Hungarian spring. Although all the rowing clubs of Pesth have come down to the aid of Czegedin, the boats are not yet sufficiently numerous to bring food in sufficient quantities to the starving people on the embankments, while as to bringing them off, there is no place to bring them to. In a word, all the horrors of death have been let loose on Czegedin, many hundreds have lost their lives, cold and hunger prey upon the survivors, the overcrowded Palanka will it is feared soon be swept by pestilence, while the villains who rise to the surface on such frightful occasions have appeared as robbers, murderers, and fire-raisers. But, as we have already said, it is not on a single city the horror has fallen The whole country round Czegedin is submerged. The church and three houses mark the site of what a short time ago was the fine town of Dorosma, with a population of 9,000 inhabitants. In the village of Szeogred 400 corpses have been picked up and buried. The accounts given by all the correspondents concur in presenting to us a scene of horror, to match which we must turn to the famous letters in which the younger Pliny recounted to Tacitus the details of the catastrophe in which the cities of the Neapolitan shores were overwhelmed. We stand aghast at such a tale of misery and ruin, and we have only to trust that as the story appeals to all the world for aid, it will be found that in no country, and above all not in our own, will the piercing cry from Hungary fail to find a response.

Out of 10,000 buildings in that town 8,200 have fallen in up to the present, including about 4,800 dwelling-houses, and that as far as is at present ascertained 1,900 persons have perished. The houses are still falling by hundreds. The situation is very bad. Indeed the only portion of the town not under water is about one hundred yards of raised street on one side of the Hotel Hungaria. Saturday night was one of terrible suffering, increased by intense cold, there being ten degrees of frost. Mothers were to be seen hugging and weeping over their dead infants. Nothing will persuade them to part with the bodies. On the river embankment thousands of persons were seen eating corn and seeds snatched from the waters. The emperor was to leave last night for the scene of the disaster. Symgrad, Szeates, and Vasarblee appear to be out of danger. New Czegedin is still intrenched. Six ruffians caught plundering the houses were shot. The water is still falling.

In consequence of the terrible calamity, the Empress of Austria's stay in Ireland has been cut short. The Empress left Ireland on the 23d for the scene of the disaster.

The Pope has sent 5,000 lire for the relief of the sufferers by the inundation at Czegedin.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE DISASTER.

THE forces of nature are just now warring with terrible effectiveness against the impotence of man. Barely a week has elapsed since the great calamity at Czegedin, and yet there is another huge disaster to chronicle arising from much the same cause. The soft spring temperature acting on the icy coatings of the Alps, sends their wintry cuirasses down in severed yet gigantic masses upon the valleys which nestle at their feet, bringing with them too often death and havoc for the hapless villages and detached cots which lie across their pathway. The avalanche, as such a moving mass of snow and ice and loosened earth is termed, is particularly destructive when its course leads it towards the brow of a steep precipice. The impetus which it receives in the sudden plunge renders its descent irresistible and overwhelming as a levin-stroke, and houses, men, and animals are swept away before its very breath as though they were gossamer. This

would appear to be the sort of avalanche which has just caused wreck and ruin on an appalling scale in the village of Billach, situated in one of the valleys of the Rhœtian Alps. Nine houses were buried beneath the snowy mass, and upwards of eighty people are reported as either killed outright, bruised mortally, or missing beneath the *débris*. All this destruction would seem not to have been the work of one avalanche merely, but of several. Upwards of eighty it is said have fallen within the district within a very narrow area, — a fact which would seem to show that spring has set in with unwonted suddenness. Not since the summit of Mount Rosa fell and buried a whole country-side beneath its mass has there, we believe, been so extensive a visitation as this within the Alpine region.

BORAX.

Some of its Remedial Properties. It may be interesting to some to know that a weak solution of borax water snuffed up the nostrils, causing it to pass through the nasal passage to the throat, then ejecting it from the mouth, will greatly relieve catarrh, and in cases not too obstinate or long standing will, if persevered in, effect a permanent cure It is also of great value in case of inflamed or weak eyes. Make a solution (not too strong), and bathe the eye by opening and shutting it two or three times in the water. This can be done by means of an eye-cup, or equally well by holding a handful of the water to the eye. Another difficulty, with which many persons are afflicted, is an irritation or inflammation of the membrane lining the cavities of the nose, which becomes aggravated by the slightest cold, often causing great pain. This can be greatly relieved, if not entirely cured, by snuffing borax water up the nostrils two or three times a day. The most difficult cases of sore throat may be cured by using it simply as a gargle. As a wash for the head it not only leaves the scalp very white and clean, but renders the hair soft and glossy. It has also been found by many to be of invaluable service in case of nervous headache. If applied in the same manner as in washing the hair the result is wonderful. It may be used quite strong, after which rinse the hair carefully with clear water; let the person thus suffering remain in a quiet, well-ventilated room until the hair is nearly or quite dry, and, if possible, indulge in a short sleep, and there will hardly remain a trace of the headache. If clergymen, teachers, and others, who have an undue amount of brain work for the kind and quality of physical exercise usually taken, would shampoo the head in this manner about once a week, and then undertake no more brain work until the following morning, they would be surprised to find how clear and strong the faculties had become, and there is reason to hope there would be much less premature decay of the mental faculties. As a toilet requisite, it is quite indispensable. If used to rinse the mouth each time after cleansing the teeth it will prevent the gums from becoming diseased or uncleanly. In short, in all cases of allaying inflammation there is probably nothing better in materia medica. The average strength of the solution should be a small teaspoonful to a toilet-glass of water.

Love to all men, even towards enemies, cannot be implanted in the heart of a child, except on the ground of religion. Train, therefore, your children to be affable, kind, obliging, and merciful, if only from Christian motives, and, that as God is the Father of all and we are all his children — brothers and sisters in Jesus Christ — the least we can do to a fellow being, we have done it to himself; that he will revenge all wrongs; for it is thus that he teaches us, both by his word and example, forgiveness and love.

[Original.]

FEUDALISM AND BREHONISM.

Patrick J Flatley.

TRYING to focus what knowledge may be had on a given subject, so as to impart it in a simple, lucid, and methodical manner, is less easy than one may at first imagine. When the subject reaches back to the dawn of modern history, and is interwoven with the progress of that history, even to our own times, the effort, however difficult, is assuredly worth the making Such is the subject selected for this paper. Of Ireland, most people have more or less knowledge. With many that knowledge is of so nebulous a kind that they never emerge from the mist by which they are surrounded. In their idea, the sorrows of Ireland are merely sentimental. Of her wrongs they speak flippantly, and have nothing but a sneer for her children and friends, who, they say, are vainly employed in harping on the Iliad of her woes with endless iteration. As half a truth is sometimes worse than a lie, so this half-knowledge is no better than ignorance in aiding one to form a correct judgment on the relations between the two countries.

Not to know the history of England to a greater or less extent argues deplorable training or unorthodox brains. Her literature is a priceless gem in the wealth of the world, her deeds of arms by land and sea enter largely into the fibre of military annals. Her commercial, industrial, and manufacturing interests are, in their way, of equal magnitude, and to-day she rules over one third of the surface, and one fifth of the population of the globe. But the influence of England was not, at all times, in inverse ratio to her area. For nearly four hundred years she was subject to the Romans, and, after their departure, the Saxons held paramount sway for over six hundred years. In 1066 was fought the famous battle of Hastings. Here Harold, the Saxon ruler, was slain; soon after the whole people acknowledged as king, their conqueror, William of Normandy.

An imperfect form of feudalism prevailed in England before the Norman conquest. Feudalism was a form of government not ill-adapted, perhaps, to the warlike spirit and necessities of the age, and carried by the Normans to the highest pitch of perfection. Vassal and lord, lord and king, were bound to each other by reciprocal duties and obligations. While the one was guaranteed protection in all his rights and belongings, to the other was due loyalty to death on the battle-field. The contract was cemented by oath. William's followers felt less exultation over the victory than contempt for the postrate foe. The land was parcelled out amongst them, and they treated the natives as the veriest slaves. Either sold into slavery or captured in war, Anglo-Saxons were then slaves in both England and Ireland. It was not until towards the end of the twelfth century that a decree of general emancipation passed in Ireland. But in England itself, for centuries after the conquest, those natives, called villeins, passed with the land as so much chattels, or so many cattle. We read of the manumission of serfs by King Henry the Eighth. Even so late as the reign of Elizabeth, laborers lived in the most wretched condition, in mud hovels with sods for a roof, in dwellings described by a Spanish writer "as made of sticks and dirt." They were clad in sheep-skins, and a recent author, writing of the habits of the time, says that tens of thousands of them never slept in a bed. This may account for the observation of the Englishman, who after sleeping on one feather during the night, exclaimed on looking at it in the morning, "I pity the man that would sleep in a bed full of you."

The fate of the villein was, in sooth, a pitiful one. He could hardly call his life his own. He himself and all his belongings were at the caprice of the baron or lord. He was liable

to be whipped or scourged, in a word, any punishment short of death might be inflicted on him with impunity by this pitiless master. His permission was required before the vassal's daughter could be married; for any breach in this observance a fine was imposed. The baron rode rough-shod over the rights in lands and goods held by the vassal, for he could acquire absolute property in neither. In process of time some prescriptive right was had to an estate, — men cannot be slaves forever, — and lands so acquired, when enrolled, were called copyhold estates. When the baron's son was knighted, when his daughter got married, the poor vassal had to pay for the doubtful honor, and to increase the fortune of her given in wedlock. When the lord or baron was taken prisoner in war, the vassals were forced to purchase his redemption. When he died, his fief, in the earliest times, reverted to the common stock, and was granted to his son or kinsman, if able to defend it, and to bear arms for his king when called on. At a later period, when order was evolved from this chaos, when a staple form of government existed, the fief descended, by primogeniture, to the eldest son. The greatest grievances of the feudal system, however, came of the fiscal necessities of the crown. If the baron crushed the serf, the king was exacting on the baron, — to such a degree, indeed, that it was not infrequent to have one measure strength, and enter the lists with the other. In the theory of the law the king was supreme, and all the land held, mediately or immediately, from him *in capite*. Every tenant was bound, at his own expense, to forty days' military service each year. This burden was all the greater inasmuch as the soldier service had frequently to be rendered either in Ireland or France. The substitution of an *escuage* or commutation tax was not yet in vogue. Before and after the battle of Hastings taxes were levied to bribe away the Danes from the coast. During the heptarchy, while the Danes possessed a portion of the country, a heriot was imposed, that is, on the death of the tenant a gift of armor should be made to the king. Another form of gift, called reliefs, was afterwards made by the successor of the deceased tenant. There was a primer-seisin tax, when the vassal or heir first took possession of the property, a scutage tax, a poll-tax, and various other imposts, all levied to fill the royal coffers. If a young lady married without consent of the king, who claimed wardship over all tenants in chivalry, or refused to marry the husband whom he had chosen, she was obliged to pay double the value of the marriage Against young men who objected to the choice of the king in their behalf the same law was also enforced; so that it was not uncommon for man or woman to buy of the king the right to marry whom he or she liked best. Other vexatious enactments trenched on the hearths and homes of barons and vassals alike, to such an extreme, that it united them together against the crown; and that union, with the spirit of freedom and brotherhood generated by the Crusades, won at Runnymede, in 1215, the Magna Charta, the Great Charter, the keystone in the arch of English constitutional liberty. The closing words in an article of this charter suggest another source of revenue to the government: "Nulli vendemus, nulli negabimus aut differemus justitiam vel rectum." (To no one shall be sold, to no one shall be denied, or delayed the administration of justice or equity.) Before this the judges were mere puppets of the king, holding court where he lingered in his circuit through the country. Wealth determined the success of a cause, justice was sold as a commodity, the man with the longest purse had judgment in his favor, or got it delayed to the prejudice and undoing of the poorer litigant. The right of trial by jury was then guaranteed. Forest and fishery laws were, too, oppres-

sively burdensome to the people; and from acts passed in the reigns of Edward the First and his immediate successors it would appear that the nobility connived at, if they did not actually share in, the plunder carried off by bands of highway robbers, who roamed at will through the land Even if arrested, which sometimes happened, they generally escaped punishment through the intriguing influence of the lords or the corrupt administration of the law. The king, moreover, exercised the right of purveyance, that is, he might take at his own price, without consent of the owner, all the food, horses, and carriages needed by his household, and command what labor he required on the same terms. Such, in brief, was the military organization devised when the barbarous Huns, Goths, and Vandals swooped down from their jungles over the palsied Roman empire, and such — for feudalism partook of the twofold character — was the social and political system which prevailed in England at the time of the invasion of Ireland.

But this system had neither taken root nor been planted in the soil of Ireland. The institutions and customs of the Irish were then, as they had been, in the main, for over a thousand years, handed down as a heritage from former generations. Monarchy was the form of government, each of the four provinces into which the kingdom is divided having its own king, but all sharing in the same laws, and acknowledging allegiance to the Ard Righ, or supreme ruler who held court at Tara. In pagan times the druids, in whose families the priesthood was hereditary, taught that the kings were gifted with preternatural skill in deciding on the justice of a cause. In the beginning of the second century this was exemplified in case of Cormac, son of Art, son of Conn of the Hundred Battles. The sheep of a widow had strayed into the lawn of the palace, and the reigning monarch condemned them to be forfeited. An unknown young man in the judgment hall exclaimed that the sentence was unjust, and that, as they had eaten but of the fleece of the land, so should they forfeit but their own fleeces. This was at once recognized as the judgment of a king, and this was Cormac, of whose reign a full account is given in the book of Ballymote. He is reported to have compiled the Psalter of Tara, which is a summary of Irish history from the creation of the world to that time. With the genuine remains of pagan times must be classified the prophecies, love-poems, and tales of romance interspersed here and there through the manuscripts, and shedding abundant light on the customs of the people. We find, too the power of sorcery and magic playing as great a part in the fortunes of pagan Irish heroes, as it did in the career of their contemporary who led the Argonautic expedition. Though there may be much of its prechristian history tinted by the genius and embellished by the fancy of its bards and its *ollamhs*, and not a little of the story of its wars colored by the hues of imagination, yet, with all that may be urged against them, Ireland's sibyl manuscripts are stamped with the signet marks of truth, and bear within themselves proofs of their authenticity. It may be safely said that a people must have made some advance in civilization before they convene together under settled laws and government. And such laws and government were the inheritance of the Irish people for at least a thousand years before the arrival of St. Patrick. The triennial assembly at Tara was the first representative assembly in the world. Here kings, princes, and people, druids, brehons, and bards, met together to discuss the affairs of the kingdom. Here, too, took place that memorable scene when the light of Christian truth first broke on their understandings, and that light so won its way into the heart of hearts of the

Irish race, so seized upon its brain and its soul, that it has been, abidingly, the source of its sweetness, its strength, and its purity. After the men of Erin "had bowed down in obedience to the will of God and Patrick" a special assembly was convened at Tara for the revision of the laws. The laws so revised were in full force and operation in 1172, when Henry II. landed in Ireland; and these laws, though the word applies more to the method of administration, or passing of judgment, we call Brehonism. We may be sure that nothing was left undone to retain, as far as they could, the cherished usages of their ancestors by the kings and brehons on the commission to revise; but the doctrine of retaliation — an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth — previously in vogue, was now abolished, and of all that was incompatible with Christian truth not one iota was to remain. The task of revising was intrusted to three kings, three bishops, and three brehons or judges. These bishops, who have been canonized by the Catholic Church, were Patrick, the patron saint of the country; Benen, known as St. Benignus, who founded a church at Kilbannon near Tuam; the patron saint of Connaught, and St. Cairnech, patron saint of Meath, of whom it is written that his works were read in Ireland as the miracles of St. Peter were read at Rome. The task was accomplished in 441, three years from its inception, and nine years after St. Patrick began his mission. When completed, the work was regarded as the supreme law, binding, as it says, on "king and inferior, queen and non-queen, free tenant and base tenant, wealthy and poor, prosperous and unprosperous." It was titled "Senchus Mor" and also known as Cain "Patraic," or Patrick's law. It was called "Senchus," *i. e.*, the knowledge of the ancients and "Mor," which means great or large, in contradistinction to another manuscript of the same name, or, with greater probability, because of the immense number assembled at its ratification. Before this epoch learning was widely diffused and held in much honor, the Ogham letters were known, the chronicles, laws, and genealogies written. In the introduction to the Senchus Mor it is stated that one of the brehons was appointed on the commission owing to his familiarity with the "Bearla Feini," the tongue in which the old laws were written. This of itself is, perhaps, sufficient to explode the theory that the Irish were uncultivated before the arrival of St. Patrick. It may be added that long before the promulgation of their laws, letters were known in Greece and Rome. More than 1500 years before the Christian era, Cadmus introduced sixteen letters in Greece, the same number that we find in the Irish alphabet; yet it was nine hundred years later before the legislator, Solon, flourished at Athens. During the monarchy, the aristocracy, and the stormy days of a nascent democracy at Rome the *mores majorum* formed the chief law, for it was not until the year 450 before Christ that the laws of the *Twelve Tables* were enacted.

Intellectual harvest and seed-time are never simultaneous; in nations the path of progress is a spiral, not a straight line. The Irish, for four hundred years next after the landing of St. Patrick, were pre-eminently the lettered people of Europe, from the flotsam and jetsam of the wreck caused by barbarism remoulding the peoples, restoring the altars of science, and building the temple of Christian civilization. Much of the credit of this, no doubt, is due to the revolution in thought and feeling caused by their conversion; but immediately after the occurrence of that event, such an advanced position as teachers and light-bringers must, measurably, be regarded as the ripening of seed sown in a far-past age, as the topmost point in that spiral line that had its beginning with the beginning of the race.

In the opening of the Senchus Mor, provision is made for the strict en-

forcement of contracts by word of mouth. The necessity of this is seen, it says, in the case of Adam, from which it appears "that all the world died for the one apple." It insists, too, on the payment of first-fruits, alms, and tithes. The latter, according to some historians, included the tenth son in each family; this characteristic of a numerous progeny is not yet lost among the Irish. The law provided for the rights of "great great-grandsons." Fourscore years and ten was the normal age of the senior member of the family; if over that, he was said to be of unknown age. If a son neglected to provide for a father of this age, he lost his inheritance, and the property descended to a brother who had given the father support. The law of descent of property was called gavelkind law, giving share and share alike to each son. To avoid the ultimate consequences of such a division, it was not unusual for one son to buy off the equal claims of the others. If there were no sons, the property passed from the spear to the spindle side of the family, and the daughters were obliged to pay a certain sum in lieu of military service. If a woman married a man of equal station in life she should bring with her an equal amount of property. The privilege of rank, however, had great charms for the Irish, and if the daughter of a tenant married the son of the landlord or chief, she should have twice the equivalent of his property; while, on the other hand, if the daughter of the chief married the son of the tenant, she required but one half the extent of his possessions. This served to cement together the various classes into which the community was divided. Property was alike the basis of power and the gauge of rank, so that by the accumulation of wealth a family could ascend in course of time from the lowest to the highest grade. But special privileges were accorded to the orders of learning and of music, and special provision made for their support. The law and medical professions continued to be hereditary The physician's house should be built on an elevated site, across a running stream, and with one door open to each point of the compass. Plutarch tells us that physicians' houses in Greece should be built near thermal springs, and have kindred advantages to those of their Irish brethren. When a quarrel took place in an alehouse, or a severe assault was committed otherwhere, the injured man was carried to the physician's house, and he, having made a diagnosis of the case, wrote out a certificate. This certificate measured the amount of the bond to be given by the assailant, and a bond was also given for doctor's fees during treatment. Each chief, each provincial king, and the ardrigh at Tara had, respectively, his own brehon, bard, and musician. Students should devote twelve years' study to the liberal arts before admission could be had to the professions. The chief *ollamh*, or principal instructor, received an annual stipend of twenty-one cows, and their grass in the chieftain's territory, together with food for himself, his household, and retinue, to the number of twenty-four persons. He was also entitled to two hounds and six horses. He was appointed by the king or chief, sat at table next to him, and his wife, because of his office, was entitled to certain social prerogatives. The *seanachaidhe*, or historian, had rank and tribute in like manner. The *oirfidigh*, or musicians, ranked next in order, and had precedence of the principal nobility. Their persons were held sacred, their estates inviolable, and their costume in splendor almost equalled that of the king. Giraldey Cambrensis, who visited Ireland in the reign of Henry the Second, says that in music this people surpassed all the nations of Europe. The statute of Kilkenny, enacted (1367) nearly two hundred years after the invasion, enumerates six different classes of minstrels, made it penal to entertain them, and forbade them to enter the

Pale under pain of imprisonment. The hand that touched the harp, if it did not smite with the sword, woke a love of fatherland that could ill brook the presence of the invader.

In the Senchus Mor it is affirmed that "every one is ruler of his own land, whether it be small or whether it be large." In the tribe, therefore, the tenant under the law could not be ejected from the soil. The difference between base and free tenants consisted, writers allege, in this, that the former had to pay each year a rent which the latter paid every third year only. Others maintain that the land was stocked for the base tenant, and he had to pay rent in kind in proportion. Free tenants, in whose families an estate had descended for three successive generations, were entitled to a degree of nobility measured by the extent of the holding. If a landlord demanded and received excessive rent from his tenant, he was liable to fine. If the tenant built on the land with the knowledge of the owner, the house belonged to its builder, but if he built without the knowledge or consent, express or implied, of the owner, the building became the owner's property at a specified valuation. The country being an agricultural one, flocks and herds formed the wealth of the people, and for any violation of legal rights or obligations a fine had to be paid in sheep or cattle. For pulling, breaking, or carrying off one stake from a fence, the offender, when found guilty, was fined a wether lamb; a yearling heifer for three stakes, and an ox for four. Wedded, as we are, to the manner in which the machinery of commerce is moved, to the use of gold, silver, copper, and paper money in mercantile affairs, it may need an effort of the imagination to transport ourselves back to a time when barter was the medium of exchange. Of money, as commonly understood, there was but little in Ireland, yet gold was lavishly made use of both in ornaments of dress and in the decoration of houses. Even the children of the king were trained to be expert in trade as goldsmiths. Protection was had, too, for smelting iron and copper ore. Punishments were graduated on a scale that indicates the delicate shading of guilt in the mind of the legislator. In case a murder or dangerous assault had been committed, the looker-on, who incited and encouraged it, was liable to pay full fine, he who did not incite, but was knowingly present, had to pay half fine, and he who, while accidentally present, did not try to prevent the crime, paid one fourth fine. Women and children were exempt. If two or more were engaged in a theft or robbery, one could not be admitted as state's evidence unless he volunteered the information before suspicion of being an accomplice was fastened upon him. Otherwise it was called "thief's testimony" and had but little weight in determining the guilt or innocence of the accused. The right of trial by jury did not exist under the brehon law. When a man was arraigned for an offence, — there being no conclusive proof in the case, — his neighbors, after a careful examination of the surrounding circumstances, testified to his previous character, perhaps expressed an opinion on the merits, and the brehon or judge thereupon held or discharged the culprit. If he were discharged, and it was subsequently discovered that he was guilty, the neighbors who testified in his behalf were obliged to pay one half the amount of the regular fine. This proceeding is very much akin to, if not identical with, the "compurgatores" under the Roman law. Capital punishment was exceedingly rare in Ireland. If a man were found guilty of homicide he had to pay a fine, large or small, in proportion to the social rank and position of the victim. The amount varied from fifteen to one thousand head of cattle. If the wounded man were left for dead by the murderer, and yet recovered, the same fine was imposed; thus showing that the intent was regarded as the

principal ingredient in the offence. If the criminal, declared guilty of murder, was unable to pay the fine, he was set adrift in a boat, without oar or sail, on the ocean. If the boat drifted ashore, he was held as a slave for life by the chieftain on whose territories he landed.

An ideal course of conduct was demanded of bishops and priests. One blot on their moral record was enough to lead to their deposition. While other dignitaries escaped degradation, — but not fine, — unless guilty of breach of the law for the third time, clerics were almost always deposed on commission of the first offence. The same thing happened if they failed to pay their debts. In other cases of insolvency the debtor had, at times, to work for the creditor until compensation was made, and occasionally to serve a term of imprisonment, where his allowance, each day, consisted of a farle of oaten cake and a small measure of milk.

When a civil action had to be brought the method of procedure was ordinarily as follows. The plaintiff or creditor, suing one of equal rank, having given notice, levied an attachment or distress on his property. The notice was served sometimes before, sometimes after the distress was taken. If the debt was not paid at the expiration of the notice, which ranged from one to ten days, the time being adjusted by the matter in controversy or by the rank of the parties, the distress (cattle usually) was put in pound, and became, if not redeemed, forfeited. Costs were added to plaintiff's bill of damages, and if any surplus remained it was paid to the debtor. By giving a bond, the debtor could prevent the impounding of his cattle. Articles of personal ornament, and even children, were given for this purpose. Owing to the subtlety of the pleadings, lawyers had to be employed in every case, their fees varying from two to nine cows. Barristers alone were allowed to plead in the Rear Court, or highest court of appeal. Attorneys or counsellors had not the privilege of doing so. We read that Cicero and Hortensius were frequently employed by the same client, and that Cicero was usually reserved for the part needing powers of persuasion and pathos. The same manner of treatment was observed in the Irish judgment hall, and when a native Cicero was retained, no doubt he received pretty liberal remuneration.

In case the plaintiff sued a person of chieftain grade, a peculiar process was had recourse to. Plaintiff was said to fast upon him; that is to say, he went before the gate of his residence, and remained there for a certain length of time without partaking of food. It is said he might use his tongue, and it is hardly conceivable how a stronger form of appeal could be made to the pride and self-respect of the chief and his family The chief might furnish a bond for the claim, and thus put an end to the fasting. But if he declined to pay what should be accorded to it, judgment was entered against him for double the amount of damages. If, however, a tender of payment was made and not accepted, the plaintiff became nonsuit, and could not again bring action for a week, a month, and a year, or for two years if defendant were of the poet grade. Moreover, plaintiff had to pay a fine for not accepting what was right. Process like this was not uncommon in Bengal and Hindostan. But there the appeal was made to the religious awe of the debtor: while plaintiff fasted he should fast also, and was induced to pay lest death should occur, and he would be held liable for loss of life. If this method were adopted to-day, and attorneys subrogated for plaintiffs, there would be a healthy revival in the business of the profession, or great mortality among its members. Every freeman was eligible to the chieftaincy, provided his family had owned an estate for at least three successive generations, and that he

was free from physical and moral blemish. In practice, however, if duly qualified, the son or kinsman of the chief succeeded him. The suc cessor was elected during the lifetime of the chief, and called a tanist. Hence the law of tanistry. Certain mensal lands were set apart for the chief to maintain the dignity of his office. These lands descended to his successor, not to his family. He was obliged by the law to make provision for the poor and disabled members of the clan, and to furnish a contingent of armed men when his provincial king was engaged in war. Freemen had to pay him food-rent, to give a fixed amount of food and lodging to troops billeted on them, to give aid in chasing the wild wolf and hunting down pirates. If they did not attend his funeral and build his tomb, they were liable to a fine. The provincial kings were entitled to tribute from the chiefs; each king had a successor elected during his lifetime, called *righ damhna*, or heir presumptive to the throne. The King of Ulster had his palace at Armagh; princes of the royal line of O'Neil and O'Donnell resided near Dungannon and Donegal; the ancient kings of Connaught held court at Croaghan, in the county of Roscommon; the States of Munster met in convention at Cashel; and Brian Boru, who vanquished the Danes, had his palace at Kincora, on the banks of the Shannon, near Killaloe, in the county of Clare; the kings of Meath exercised sovereignty rear Castlepollard, and at times near Mullingar, in the county of Westmeath. Each one dispensed a princely hospitality, and the people became proverbial for this trait of character. The provincial monarchs watched jealously over the *ardrigh* at Tara; his territories were less extensive than some of their own, and, while permitting no infringement of their own rights, they accorded him all that his supremacy demanded.

Foreigners were naturalized in Ireland, either in presence of the tribe, or when vouched for by one of the chieftains. If a foreigner were charged with the infraction of any law, he had the privilege of nominating the brehon who should pronounce judgment at the trial. It is laid down as a maxim in the Senchus Mar that no brehon should abrogate anything contained in it; thus from end to end of the country the same laws prevailed,—from the sea-bordering plains of Innishowen to the hill-enshrined lakes of Killarney, from the songful "sweet vale of Avoca" to the "Twelve Pins" of picturesque Connemara.

The laws and the manners of a people act and react on each other. When the laws savor of blood and fierceness, the manners will be coarse and brutal; while the laws will be found mild and just, where the people have culture and refinement. Tested by this standard, and judging by this far from exhaustive sketch of the two systems, what was the condition of Ireland, and how did it compare with England at the time of the invasion? On the merits and demerits of feudalism volumes have been written, and brehonism, it must be admitted, was, in itself, far from perfect. It may be found fault with for tolerating slavery, for estimating the value of human life at so cheap a rate, for its method of transmitting property, and for its archaic form of exchange.

Slavery is a bitter draught, and of nations that have administered this potion to others, there is scarcely one that has not, at one time or other, had the same chalice placed to its own lips. In the Middle Ages the great emancipator was the Catholic Church, effecting by moral means what physical force could never have accomplished. And in a country where it was held in such veneration, in "the island of saints," we may be sure that when it could not break the chains of the captive, it softened the rigors of his captivity.

In addition to this, the law itself forbade the infliction of injury upon

the slave: to do so was to tarnish the honor of the chief as much if he did injury to his son or to his wife. To convey a clearer idea of the judicial process, the word "fine" has been used as the penalty imposed for violation of any law; the corresponding word in the Irish language, however, is "honor-price" in the translation, and honor is the Alpha and Omega of conduct recognized in the brehon system. The cloud of slavery hung over other countries at that time, but the law threw a safeguard around slaves in Ireland that rendered their lot less emasculating there than elsewhere.

England and continental nations had, in common with Ireland, the practice of imposing a fine for taking away life. In England the fine for homicide was called "weregild," among the Franks the amount paid varied from forty-five to six hundred solidi.

A certain weight of metal was, at times, used as currency in England; the Roman denarius was handed down as an heirloom, but the common medium of exchange was slaves and cattle. Slaves are never mentioned as articles of exchange in Ireland. Of course such a cumbrous form of exchange would be inadequate to the wants of commercial life in the myriad marts of trade to-day, but the first bank had not then been established, and foreign commerce was almost unknown. The pirate flag yet floated on every sea, for it was not until 1014 that this desolating tide was rolled back to its Scandinavian bed by the great Irish victory at Clontarf. To complain of such primitive customs would be to complain of the plan of Providence, that He "whose ways are not as our ways" did not fashion the childhood of mankind as it is in the flower of its development.

The manners of the Hebrews, the Greeks, and the Romans are translated in their codes of legislation, and all three are coincident with Irish law in providing for the descent of property. In the twenty-seventh chapter of the Book of Numbers, verses eight and nine, it is written, "When a man dieth without a son his inheritance shall pass to his daughter. If he have no daughter his brethren shall succeed him." Analogous enactments are found in the laws of Solon, and in the Twelve Tables.

Together with having good laws, the Irish had also impartial administration. The Senchus Mor continued unimpaired and unchanged from the days of St Patrick to 1605, the forms of administration being adhered to no less outside the borders of the Pale after the invasion, than they had been before that time over the whole country. During that interval no stain ever sullied the ermine of the brehon, and, as judge, no wrong to his people darkened the diadem of the king. He, too, administered justice, his word being conclusive against all, except the bishops, and orders of learning who were of equal rank with himself. But if he rendered a false judgment his "honor-price" had to to be paid, he was liable to be impeached and, on conviction, degraded. The *ardrigh*, in his travels, was attended by one chief, a judge, a bishop, a doctor, a poet, an historian, a musician, and three servants. He was entitled to tribute from the provincial kings who, like himself, had, each, more or less of a standing army, and should furnish him with a contingent of troops whenever an exigency calling for their service arose. The governors of the several States in their reciprocal duties and rights towards the President form a not inapt illustration of the mutual ties that subsisted between the provincial kings and the high king at Tara. Each provincial ruler might enact local laws adapted to the necessities of the tribe. Such laws were ratified by the tribe, had no extra-territorial jurisdiction, and were invalid if they came in conflict or clashed with the Senchus Mor, the supreme law of the land. State rights were not battled

for with more ardor than kings and people showed for local self-government. Though the goverment was more a government of laws than of men, yet the country was torn by strife, the rivalries of neighboring chiefs nourished unceasing bitterness, and wars were of regrettable frequency. The customs affecting marriage arched over class inequality, and a powerful stimulus was given to industry by holding the avenues of preferment open to the possession of acquired wealth. Fosterage laws were also well calculated to remove the barriers of class distinction. Under these laws children were trained and educated by other families, boys were taught military tactics, and all the knowledge and manners that would fit them for lives of usefulness and activity, and girls, all the graces, accomplishments, and domestic skill suitable to their station in society. The instruction was given until they had reached the fourteenth or seventeenth year, and the families of teacher and taught were knitted together in bonds of tenderest affection. Teacher and pupil became lifelong friends, the former shared in the fame and emoluments of the latter, and if indigent in old age was supported by him. Sir John Davies, attorney-general in the time of James the First, says that this custom of fosterage was universal among rich and poor, adding, "The reason is because in the opinion of the people fostering hath always been a stronger alliance than blood; and the foster-children do love and are beloved of their foster-father and their sept more than of their own natural parents and kindred, and do participate of their means more frankly, and do adhere to them in all fortunes with more affection and constancy." He says that it has been of greater estimation with the Irish than with any other nation in the Christian world.

Thus based on the principle of honor we find the scheme of Irish jurisprudence, its temper breathing the essence of equity, and the mildness of the gospel distilled in its pages. In a word, we find the culture and refinement of the people crystallized in their legislation. It was comprehensive in its scope, subtle in its pleadings, simple withal in its character, providing for the most minute as well as for the most important concerns of individual and state. It watched over the toys of the child, the chess-board of the chief, the tent of the hunter, the lap-dog of the queen; the scutching, spinning, and weaving of the flax, the rights to the weir, to the kiln, and to the mill; the fees of doctor, lawyer, poet, *ol amh*, and brehon; over brewing, building, and all inter-territorial observances. Its penalties, while wanting in the severity of other codes, were still sufficient to overawe a brave, truth-telling, justice-loving, high-spirited people; and such were the signal qualities of the Irish when feudalism and brehonism were pitted against each other. The Irish met the shock of battle with traditional heroism, but they were weighted in the struggle by want of a centralized power, that would not only command but could also enforce unity of purpose and action; yet the war went on with varying success for more than four centuries; when brehonism, at last, gave way, its defenders having shown the most unconquerable love of liberty that the world has ever seen. Brehonism was the palladium of Irish liberty. Fighting for their laws and institutions, the Irish fought for all that was near and dear to them, for the ashes of their fathers and the altars of their God; but the cause of liberty did not die with its bulwark; like the word of the prophet it survived it, and remained, with perennial freshness, the idol of a race as indestructible as itself.

An eminent French author, Guizot, writes that the Anglo-Saxon was the most faithful type of a barbarous monarchy; classes were separated from each other by an impassable gulf.

neither barons nor vassals had much tincture of letters; and Hallam says that highway robbery was the national crime of the country. In progress of time, kingship lacked nothing but the name to be despotism; the subject's belief was embalmed in the legend, "The king can do no wrong." The people were forced to pay in pounds, shillings, and pence for every ounce of liberty doled out to them, they were trampled on, despised, oppressed, until at last that legend was punctured, and from the throes of the scaffold and the travail of revolution the spirit of freedom was born.

But the vivifying breath of this spirit never touched the cheek of the sister island. Feudalism was the outcome of barbarism, and it is an index of barbarism to grope its way to the end it has in view, unmindful of the rights and of the feelings of others. English law in Ireland, up to the beginning of this century, not only ignored the rights and feelings of the people, it would fain ignore that they were human beings. Why have English writers persistently tried to prove that the Irish were uncivilized? The reason is that they wanted a peg from which to hang an apology for indefensible conduct. For if the object of government is the welfare of the people, the English government of Ireland has been a crime unparalleled in the annals of history. No scale can measure the height, no plummet fathom the depth of its remorseless atrocity. Not all the skill of its science can heal the scars, not all the water in the ocean can wash away the wrongs which, with pitch-cap, torch, and sword, it wrought upon its victim. *Delenda est Hibernia* has been the cry that urged it to battle, that inspired its legislation, through the centuries; yet in the providential ordering of events, Ireland outlived it all. Matthew Arnold says that the masses of the English people are not far from barbarism to-day; but whether polished or unpolished at home, whatever be their record abroad, — and that it is marvellous and of great splendor was stated in the opening, — they were, at the time of the invasion of Ireland, socially, morally, and politically on a far lower plane than the race they tried to extirpate. England has now reached the climax of physical greatness and transcendent power; from the acorn has grown the mightiest oak in the forest of nations, while Ireland lifts her queenly head, modest, indeed, as becomes her, but with a majesty that may challenge comparison with her august rival. It is true there is one lost chord in her music, one lost gem in her crown; still her sway extends from the rising to the setting sun, for she never lost the love of her offspring, she is proudly enthroned in the hearts of her children. The river of her life has carried blessing to the nations, and we may hope that the failures in her past will, in the future, be so many buoys to guide her to the haven of everlasting freedom and independence.

Who would believe that the following paragraph was penned by Froude, the bigoted English historian, who, only a few years ago, quailed before the overwhelming truths of the great Dominican preacher, Father Burke? Froude evidently now sees the light.

"In the Seven Years' War, Austria's best generals were Irishmen. Brown was an Irishman, Lacy was an Irishman, O'Donnell's name speaks for him, and Lally Tolendal, who punished England at Fontenoy, was O'Mullaly, of Tolendally. Strike the names of Irishmen out of our public service, and we lose the heroes of our proudest exploits. We lose the Wellesleys, the Pallisers, the Moores, the Eyres, the Cootes, the Napiers; we lose half the officers and half the privates who conquered India for us and fought our battles in the Peninsula."

The system of education which banishes God and religion from the school is in reality no education at all. — *Father Burke.*

THE CENTENARY OF MOORE. AN IRISH OPERA.

THE admirers of the "poet of all climes" are to celebrate, in Dublin, in fine style, the centenary of Moore, if we are to believe the reports from the capital of Ireland. It is proposed to get up an opera. It is called "The Daughter of Lir," and consists of four acts. The title reminds us of the most beautiful myths in Irish history, — the metamorphosis of the children of Lir, an Irish king who lived several hundred years before the Christian era, into swans, in which guise they were said to exist for many centuries until the conversion of the island to Christianity broke the magic spells which bound them, and they resumed their mortal shape only to find a Christian tomb. This is the fable alluded to in Moore's "Song of Fionula." But there is no connection in the opera between the name and the story. Lir's daughter is named Lesbia — a most un-Celtic feminine prenomen — and there is something more of the incidents of Clontarf about the tale than those which might be supposed to belong to the pro-Danish times in which Lir lived and moved.

However, this would not be much of a defect save in the eyes of an antiquary. The story is simple, yet interesting enough for all dramatic purposes. A King of Tara's son is about being wedded to the daughter of Lir, when the marriage festivities are interrupted by the news that the irrepressible Danes have landed and are marching upon the palace. The prince, who has had hitherto a very unwarlike reputation, to the astonishment of everybody, flings aside his festal ornaments and takes down the sword, and, slinging his harp over his shoulder, puts himself at the head of his chiefs and goes forth to join battle with the foe. The Irish are defeated, the old king slain, and the prince himself reported also as having fallen; and the news being brought to Tara, the daughter of Lir betakes herself to flight and to mourning for her lover. A long interval elapses, during which her love is unsuccessfully sought by many suitors. She continues to nurse her grief, and rejects them all. The prince had not, however, been killed. He had only been slightly wounded, stripped of his armor by a Dane, who, donning it, was himself killed soon afterwards, whence the report of the prince's death. He turns up in the nick of time to save his Lesbia from the insults of a Danish chief who is about to carry her off to his boat. He is recognized by the singing of a serenade, which he had broken off in the middle when the marriage ceremony was so rudely interrupted. The nuptials take place at Avoca, for Tara had been in the interval burned down by the Danes. The news arrives that the invaders have been utterly routed, and, with the glad announcement that Ireland is free, the curtain falls.

"IT is impossible for a Catholic paper," says the Connecticut "Catholic," "not to sympathize with the sufferings and trials, the ups and downs, of the working people. Those who are not able to live on what they have inherited are very few. It is the working people who have built our churches by their liberal contributions, and who support the clergy and the schools. So much is this the case that it is made a matter of reproach to Catholics by Protestants. 'Oh,' they often say, 'I do not want to be a Catholic and associate with poor people; it 's not respectable.' Poor deluded souls! they little know that the poor are God's treasures, and that an honest laboring man is more worthy of honor and respect than a fat, lazy, empty-headed, and purse-proud snob."

"WHAT do you know of the character of this man?" was asked of a witness at a police court the other day. "What do I know of his character? I know it to be unbleachable, your Honor," he replied with much emphasis.

FARMING IN THE WEST.

Boston Traveller.

THE cultivation of large farms in the West has not proved very profitable, says the New York "Times." They have proved injurious both to individuals and the country; the failure of colossal farmers in Illinois being examples of the untoward fortune attendant upon gigantic enterprises of the kind. Farming on a grand scale, even with the assistance of improved machinery and implements, has terminated disastrously. The majority of agriculturists who have made money on small farms have lost it on large farms, and this experience has been repeated in Illinois, Missouri, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Dakota. The trouble is that big farmers undertake far more than they can accomplish, and their grand ambition ends in partial, slovenly cultivation. It is estimated that the money sunk by large farmers during the last ten years amounts to more than $100,000,000, and it is thought that their failures have taught them a valuable and much-needed lesson. Much of the success of France in farming has been ascribed to the subdivision of the country into small farms, which, thoroughly tilled, support a large population. Although France has not been regarded agricultural, yet it is reported she produces more wheat than the United States. Her crop for 1868 is presented at 350,000,000 bushels, while ours for the same year was 240,000,000 bushels. Wines, silks, oil, and fine fabrics of divers kinds are not her sole exports; she sends enormous quantities of grain, butter, eggs, and household products to Great Britain. Two thirds of the entire area of France is under cultivation, while little over one third, if so much, is under cultivation in this country, and her farms yield on an average, per acre, three or four times what the broad regions of the West do.

The views of our contemporary are in harmony with ours with regard to Western farming. A good farmer with small capital can invest it in New England and make more money than he can to go West, as we have long maintained, and are to-day more firmly convinced of it than ever. Land with buildings, fences, etc., can be bought cheaper in the Eastern than in the Western States.

We may add, that the Irish are investing largely in New England in the farming interest.

KEEP DWELLINGS DRY.

A WARM and dry atmosphere is not unwholesome, but when cloudy or rainy weather brings a sultry air which dampens everything around us, the atmosphere may be loaded with the germs of disease, and fire is needed to destroy them. The walls, the ceilings, and the floors of apartments should never be allowed to become damp. Sometimes, when the warmth of the air is oppressive, fire is more necessary to preserve health than it is at another season to protect us from the cold of winter; and the rooms of a dwelling should never be left without the means of warming and drying. Investigations have shown that many of the most fatal diseases are caused by the germs of vegetable and animal life, and that a humid atmosphere is most favorable for their propagation. It is, therefore, neglec ing to avail ourselves of the great discoveries of the age, and failing to protect ourselves from scourges which so fearfully afflict families, when we ignore the dangers which surround us. Apartments exposed to the full action of the sun may be less comfortable in hot weather than those from which the sun's rays are excluded, but they are more wholesome; and when contagious diseases prevail in closely built cities it is found that the inmates of houses on that side of the street exposed to the sun are less liable to be attacked, while the greatest number of sick are always found where there is the least exposure to the rays of that great disinfector, the sun.

WOMAN'S TONGUE AS A DRINK CURE.

James Walker, a young married man, got drunk the other night, and his mother-in-law attacked him, tongue and nail. The unhappy woman lies in the hospital, with wounds that may prove fatal. Walker is in prison, awaiting, perhaps, trial for murder. This occurred in Fifth Avenue. It suggests a remark that we would like to submit to wives and mothers-in-law.

While the man is drunk let him alone: don't scold him. He cannot understand reason, he is in a state of unreason; the brute in him then is easily aroused. Wait till he gets sober if you wish to advise or remonstrate with him.

No good ever came of railing at a man while he is in a state of drink. That ought to be enough to stop the practice. But another fact forbids it more strongly. Mischief almost invariably comes of it. A deeper indulgence in his cups, a brutal resentment, ofttimes, as in the case of Walker, wounds and blood or death, are the response to be expected from the drunken man to upbraiding while in his cups. There are, of course, exceptions; but this is the rule.

Therefore, we implore the women to keep their indignation under control and their tongues still while the fit of intoxication has empire over the husband, father, or brother. We know full well how hard this is. We know the bitter torment, the passionate resentment, the dreadful provocations that rack and distract the poor woman having to deal with a drunken man. Only God in heaven can completely realize all she has to endure. Yet we do assure her, she but aggravates her affliction, intensifies her woe, and makes more hopeless the situation by "rattling at" the drink victim when he is drunk.

It is easy to understand, easy to excuse a poor woman who violates the rules of wisdom in this matter. It is not easy, however, to conceive a more untimely, evil, withering, blighting misfortune to *herself* than the practice we speak of. Many murders have come of it. It has hardened many a drinker, it has never cured one. The woman's tongue in such a time only hardens, makes gross and incurable the man's vice. Therefore, the madness of railing and scolding a man in his drink with a view of reforming him, is only less than the madness of the drink passion itself.

While the man is drunk let him alone; don't scold him. Keep your tongue still. Wait till he comes to himself, and then let him have it, if you will. And, God help the wretch, we know you will.

GENERAL SUGGESTIONS.

As the spring advances, we should modify our diet to suit the altered condition of nature. Less corn-meal, hominy, milk, and other carbonized articles should be eaten. In brief, if a greater portion of fruits, and especially of tart fruits, were used at this season of the year, we should hear less of lassitude and spring sickness. If a person eat properly and live correctly in other respects, there is no reason why he should not feel as well in the spring time as at any other season. But he must not think to indulge himself in other respects, and then ward off all evil results by eating fruit or some other good thing. Moreover, those people who eat largely of meats, fats, and greasy food will often conclude that fruits do not agree with them, though the fact is that the fruits and the fats do not harmonize with each other.

If one is bilious or troubled with humors and a dyspeptic tendency, he should find relief and strength and satisfaction in a diet which includes wheat-meal bread, crushed wheat mush with date sauce, oatmeal mush with grape sauce, rye bread with apple sauce, Graham crackers with canned fruits, etc.

MUNIFICENCE OF MacMAHON.

If charity is becoming to a king, Marshal MacMahon was the noblest king of his day. We remember that during the great strikes of silk-workers in France, a couple of years ago, he refused to touch the £8,000 voted to him, by custom, for the expense of his summer tour of all the military camps and departments, assigning as a reason that when the country was suffering industriously, the taxes ought to be economized as much as possible. Happily for him, he has ample private means, and can afford to be indifferent to the public money. But there are many other high officials in Europe who could be as generous if they wished, and who, nevertheless, take their pound of flesh with rigid regularity. In MacMahon's case the difficulty is to trace his benevolence, however princely it may be, for he prefers, like his worthy wife, to do good by stealth. Last year the Chamber voted to him £12,000 to enable him to entertain, as became France, the various princes and other eminent personages who came to visit the Exposition. The sum was small, comparatively, and was not intended to be expended in anything more than the fulfilment of etiquette. MacMahon *gave it to the poor*, and did the honors to his visitors out of his own pocket, without pausing to calculate the tax it might prove to his resources, — a proof that the old blood of Thomond has descended in a tolerably pure stream to his veins. The Duchess MacMahon is equally munificent. "Figaro" is enabled to report, on the authority of her treasurer, that she devotes each month 8,000 francs, or £320, to charitable works. She pays for the maintenance and education of twenty-five orphans she has placed in Parisian institutions, and the obligations thus undertaken, by formal written agreement, will not all lapse before 1893. Radicals may cavil at MacMahon for his policy, and the ungrateful may ignore his long life of hard work and self-sacrifice for France; but he will be remembered, when passion has cooled, as the purest French character of the century, and one of the finest figures raised to the surface of European politics.

AN INCIDENT IN FATHER BURKE'S VISIT TO AMERICA.

When he first went to America a few years ago, he was called upon and encouraged by the bishops and priests of America to speak to the Irish people and the Catholic people, and, indeed, to a large proportion of non-Catholic people, in buildings which were not churches, but theatres; and he thought that perhaps the appearance of the religious habit would be incongruous outside the church. He, therefore, attempted to lecture first in the ordinary dress of an ordinary gentleman, but he found that the thing did not succeed; no matter how grand the truths, how profound the philosophical sentiments, no matter how entertaining the historical subjects, he, Thomas Burke, of the Order of Preachers, was not able to satisfy himself or his audience when he was disguised in any other dress. He, therefore, adopted the wise plan of putting on his religious habit, no matter where he appeared. On one occasion, when the fermentation of the popular mind was beginning to be distinctly felt in New York, he remembered one evening, after quietly lecturing in the Cooper Institute to about four thousand Irishmen, coming out of the place, having taken off his habit and put on a black coat, when, as he was elbowing his way among the crowd, he heard two Irishmen speaking who did not think he was listening to them. The subject of their discourse was himself. "Be gor, Jerry," said one, "when he first came to this country, he used to spake in his clothes (*roars of laughter*), and I lost a dollar going over to Brooklyn to listen to him; be gor, he was n't worth crossing the street to listen to; but since the villain put himself into that blanket of his, there 's no standing him."

[Original.]

THE HEART OF O'NEILL.

The Angel of Death spread his gloom o'er the close
Of Elizabeth's reign, as a figure arose
Before her cursed vision, his hand on his steel,
And her spirit sank low at the sight of O'Neill.

She valued not all that her chieftains had done,
Though wreaths bound her temples her heroes had won,
Though Spanish armadas by tempests were riven,
While O'Neill was still free 'neath the blue vault of heaven.

The murdered Scotch queen came to haunt her last hour,
And Essex was there to deride her lost power,
And hundreds, whom malice or frenzy had slain,
Came now to rejoice or to add to her pain.

But what was the horror that shot through her heart
When O'Neill's eye pierced hers like a bright, fiery dart,
And passed through her soul which deprived her of breath,
As she horridly shrieked in the struggle of death.

She feared that her star would descend with her clay
To the darkness of night with her fast-waning day,
To sink in oblivion, or rise but to scorn,
Without a bright sun to illumine its morn.

She paled lest the Spaniard should kindle again
The hopes that once fired him to cross o'er the main,
Ere his squadrons were shattered, like Xerxes' of old,
If O'Neill should survive with his flag still unrolled.

Alas! dearest Erin, thy trial draws nigh,
Though lately with bright hopes thy bosom swelled high.
For the Saxon, with lips perjured blacker than night,
Has obtained by dark fraud what he failed in by might.

The grave had scarce closed o'er the brave Owen Roe,
But the last ray of hope is extinguished in woe,
O'Gahan betrays for a paltry reward,
And yields to the Saxon his honor and sword.

And now the last link of the dread, galling chain
Is forged for thy limbs, where it long shall remain,
For thy best son is forced to give rest to his steel,
And the great heart is broken of Prince Hugh O'Neill.

B. P. H.

THE TUDOR DYNASTY.

Second Notice.

London Tablet.

Not the least striking among the moral features of society at the epoch with which the book before us is concerned, is the predominance of religious thought and feeling to an extent unknown in the present day. The most unprincipled men of that period found themselves forced to put on its semblance, lest they should be found too glaringly out of keeping with the times. The mere man of the world, the ambitious statesman, the woman of fashion, at the rude shock of misfortune or the approach of death, meet their fate with a lofty calmness, sobered and chastened by sorrow for having in their heyday of power forsaken Him in whom they had still the deepest and intensest faith. The age of faith in England, though drawing to its sad close, was not yet over. Such is the lesson taught us by the Tudor epoch, but to learn it well we must read it in living and breathing records like those brought together in this volume by Mr. Burke's untiring research. Now it is for the purpose of dwelling a little more at length on this important lesson that we notice for the second time these historical portraits, being assured that we are doing the author no injustice, nor in any way diminishing the interest of his volume, by transcribing a few fragments from such a well-stocked storehouse. Let the reader compare the impression made by these few extracts with that produced by the recital of the same events as penned by the historians who have preceded Mr. Burke, and then judge for himself of the gain in a clear and deep insight into the spirit of the age afforded by treating history as our author treats it. We had read in many historians the oft-told tale of the guilty and unhappy Anna de Boleyn. We have read it again in this volume; and though we find nothing to palliate her guilt, yet we confess to a strong sympathy awakened in her behalf from the certainty now afforded us that, although most guilty, she died in the bosom of the Catholic Church, with deep and earnest sorrow for her crimes, expiating them, as we trust, by her well-merited doom and fortified by the Sacraments. We doubt whether the sympathy a Catholic feels for cases like these has anything resembling it outside the church, because outside the church the sense of fellowship with those who, however frail or criminal they once were, have yet done penance and gone before us with the seal of faith, and sleep the sleep of peace, is comparatively weak and vague. Without further preamble we resume the course of Mr. Burke's narrative.

"On the 19th of May, 1533, the Thames at London was covered with a gay 'Venetian procession' of boats and barges. On that day Queen Anna Boleyn proceeded in state from Greenwich to the Tower. The golden banners of the lord mayor, of the nobles, knights, and esquires, waved in the May-day breeze, and amid the roar of cannon from the Tower and the shouts of the populace, Henry received his new queen at the archway. Still more splendid was the scene on her coronation day, Saturday, the 31st of May.

"The houses in Cornhill and Grace Church Street were decorated in front with scarlet and crimson arras and tapestry; Cheapside was draped in cloth of gold tissue and velvet. . . . Among the diplomatic body those only of France and Venice took part in the procession. First came twelve French knights in surcoats of blue velvet with sleeves of yellow silk, their horses trapped in blue, with white crosses powdered on the hangings. The French ambassador rode beside the Archbishop of Canterbury, who seemed more gratified with the scene before him than did the church dignitaries who were in his train. His reception from the populace was chilling, unpopular as he (Cranmer) ever

was with the masses. . . . Then came high-born and courtly dames and maidens, seated in chariots led by grooms in crimson velvet. First came the chariot in which was seated the grandmother of Anna Boleyn, the venerable Duchess of Norfolk, as proud and haughty as she had been forty years previously, dressed in crimson velvet, with a long mantle furred with ermine, her silver hair gathered up under a coif from which hung down a veil of black taffeta. Her Grace looked on the scene before her like one who had been well acquainted with court pageants and knew how to estimate the acclamations of the populace at what they were worth In the spring of life the Duchess of Norfolk was attached to the Court of Edward IV., was the early friend of Elizabeth Woodevylle, and of her daughter, of unfortunate Anne of Warwick; had known Richard III., and danced with him. Little did she imagine on the day of this procession that she would live to see the judicial murders and slaughter which so soon followed, even amongst her own family. In the same chariot with the Duchess of Norfolk sat Cecilia, Dowager Marchioness of Dorset, whose delicate features and affable manner formed her a contrast to the proud duchess. This lady was the widow of Elizabeth Woodevylle's son by her first marriage. The handsome and lively step-mother of Anna Boleyn, the Countess of Wiltshire, and her daughter-in-law, once known as Jane Parker, were objects of interest. These ladies were dressed in white velvet, blazing with jewels; the appearance of Lady Rochford excited the admiration of the people. . . The ill-fated Catharine Howard was also in the royal train. . . . The most noticeable of this lovely group was Jane Seymour, then in the spring of life. Thomas Wyatt, who was present, describes her on this bright May day as "the most lovely of all the court ladies, a glorious creature, with sweet and beaming eyes, whose looks and smiles resembled those of an angel. A discharge of cannons from the Tower, with a renewed flourish of trumpets, announced the observed of all observers, Queen Anna. Her Highness was seated in a white chariot drawn by four palfreys, with housings of white damask and tails which swept the ground, a golden canopy borne above the vehicle making music with its sweet silver bells."

And so passed off the pageantry, and on the next day Anna Boleyn was crowned in Westminster Abbey (Whit Sunday, June 1st). Gardiner and Bonner bore up the lappets of her robe; Cranmer sang the High Mass of the Holy Ghost, gave her holy communion, and anointed her as Queen of England.

Scarcely was the first splendor of her triumph over when the dark shadows of coming events began to gather round her. Anna's confidential lady friends tell us the king and queen did not live happily together; the king would often use bitter words to her, the queen's conscience smote her, she would dine alone, and sit alone for hours. The mere mention of the Tower would cause her to tremble. Elizabeth Brooks heard her exclaim, "The Tower, the Tower! How many brave and innocent people died there!" And well might the terrors of death encompass her soul. For her sake England was severed from the unity of the church. Blood soon began to flow in torrents. Little Elizabeth Barton, the Maid of Kent, was handed over to the headsman, and met death bravely in the year following the queen's coronation. With her suffered five friars, who ascended the scaffold singing hymns. The next year the gentle Carthusian monks, on this guilty woman's account, won the crown of martyrdom. The Bishop of Rochester was beheaded on Tower Hill, amid the wild shrieks of horror from the assembled populace, "a scene," says an eye-witness, "the like of which England had never seen before." On the day of Sir

Thomas More's death, the king was angry with Anna, and told her she had caused the good man's death. Anna went to gaze on the chancellor's portrait and crying out, "Oh, mercy! He is alive still, he is looking at me!" flung it out of the window. Still the wretched woman, though in agonies of remorse, was not softened. On the death of Katharine of Aragon, she put on yellow mourning, and in her fantastic dress intruded on the king. With a savage yell he bade her be off. She had now reached the turning-point in her career, and her heart began to soften. Every day she heard mass and spent much time in prayer, weeping and sobbing before the altar. Her health gave way; her husband was rarely in her company. All the time not given to prayer was employed in working for the poor. During the last ten months of her life she gave away £10,000 in alms, and she found mercy with Him against whom she had sinned; the blood of His saints poured out on her account obtained for her the greatest of mercies, that of expiating her crimes, not by heart-felt repentance alone, but by a cruel death inflicted for a crime she had not committed. The king's affections had now been turned into another channel; the "discreet and modest" Jane Seymour was now artfully approaching the perilous position of queen consort.

"One day the queen noticed a jewel of great richness hung round Jane's neck and wished to look at it. Struck with the young lady's reluctance to submit it to her inspection, the queen snatched it from her with violence and found it to contain her faithless husband's miniature. Anna screamed and fainted away. . . . Joust and tournament were held at Greenwich, before the king and queen, in which Lord Rochford was the chief challenger and Sir Henry Norris principal defender. The scene was brilliant; in the midst of the entertainment the king rose and quitted the field in affected anger. No cause was assigned. Subsequent circumstances proved that the scheme had been arranged several days previously. As husband and wife, Henry Tudor and Anna never met again. . . . The servants were bribed; the spy system entered the queen's bedroom, and even the ladies of the court could be purchased; and those who spurned the bribe retired from the scene with fear and horror, afraid to tell the queen what they had heard, while the unconscious Anna moved forward till the May-day arrived. Margaret Lee says the queen did not seem happy on that May morning; there was evidently some terror hanging around her. . . . When the queen left Greenwich Park she was not without misgivings. Having reached the palace, she quickly sought the king; he was not there. She could perceive that a cold and formal kind of respect was now tendered to her. . . . Looking around her like a scared fawn, the poor victim of a prearranged conspiracy remarked to her faithful friend, Margaret Lee, 'O Meg, they have watched me so this last few hours!' The night was one of terror to Anna. In the morning she walked awhile alone in one of those gardens to which in a short time she was to bid farewell. Whilst standing under an apple-tree, where the air was balmy, and soothed for a moment by the morning hymn of the wild songsters of nature, two of the young maidens attendant approached her weeping. 'How be it?' exclaimed the queen. 'The Duke of Norfolk, Lord Crumwell, Lord Chancellor Audley and the lieutenant of the Tower demand your presence immediately.' 'I shall attend the summons,' was the reply, and she hastily entered the Council Chamber. A solemn silence prevailed for some minutes. The Duke of Norfolk spoke first, then Chancellor Audley; Lord Crumwell silently regarded the queen, his face assuming an ill-omened smile. . . . The unhappy queen could not understand the nature of the intrusion; she seemed petrified to a statue,

every tinge of color faded from that fair face, so long an object of admiration, — there she stood, her hands clasped together as though in supplication, her eyes fixed and dim, her brow like marble. It seemed as though the prayer for mercy had been uttered, though the lips had moved not. So still she stood that not a movement disturbed the white jewel which hung around her whiter neck; so still that she seemed entranced, or as one ready to sink into the arms of death Gradually, as if awakening from a dream, the queen saw and felt what was around her. The constable of the Tower, a man unaccustomed either to respect or delicacy in the presence of ladies, next addressed the queen: 'Madam, I arrest you for high treason at the command of my sovereign lord the king.' 'Impossible!' exclaimed the queen, 'but I must see my child Elizabeth ere I go with ye.' The commissioners refused her request. With a wild, hysterical shriek she fell back into the arms of her maidens. Faithful and compassionate, they tried to soothe her; but the words, 'My child, my child, may I not see my child?' broke in tones of anguish from the queen. Sinking on her knees, she besought the commissioners to see the infant princess. 'No, you shall not,' was the stern reply of Lord Crumwell. . . . The passage from Placentia to the fatal fortress was soon accomplished. The name of Traitors' Gate startled her. She threw herself on the ground on her knees, exclaiming, 'O Lord, help me! as I am guiltless of the crimes of which I am accused.' Anna was next led into the enclosure to which 'Bloody Gate' formed the ominous entrance, and was conducted to a room or cell. Her knees tottered, and, sinking down on the rugged stones, she knelt in prayer."

We are forced to pass over, for lack of space, what follows of this most interesting narration. The midnight consultation of Henry and his minions, for the purpose of weaving the fatal web still more closely round the poor queen, her sad letter to her husband, the drunken revelries of the latter, the innocence of Anna and those who suffered with her for the crime laid to their charge, — all the features of this awful drama are brought before us almost as if we had been eye-witnesses. That Anna and her fellow-victims died in the Catholic faith, and not, as has been said, Lutherans or Calvinists, is likewise made as clear as daylight. With one or two more extracts we must bring our notice to a close. The account of Anna's trial is, perhaps, the most deeply impressive in the volume. After reading the atrocious deeds of the royal savage and his fiendish assistants in this tragedy, our readers may well imagine what judgment we are likely to form of Mr. Froude's caricature of history when that gentleman tells us that throughout the whole trial "the king had shown but one desire, — to do all which the most strict equity prescribed. Twenty-seven peers of unblemished honor were charged with investigating the queen's character." A savage mockery of a trial was next held on those charged with being the queen's accomplices; her brother, Lord Rochford, was hurriedly pronounced guilty on the sole testimony of his wife; then with brutal haste the good and gentle Sir Francis Weston and brave Sir Henry Norris received their doom. Their cruel judges refused them a confessor; Henry at last sent them Father Barlow, a Franciscan friar. Norris's little children threw themselves for mercy at Henry's feet; the tyrant dashed them aside with a brutal oath. To the beautiful young wife of Weston, as she implored for pity, the monster yelled out with a ferocious roar, "Let him hang, let him hang!" The prisoners met death with Christian fortitude, protesting their innocence, and that they died in the ancient faith. Nothing can surpass the touching interest of the minute details given by Mr. Burke of the last dread scene. Anna

Boleyn sent twice in the same day to ask pardon of the Princess Mary for the wrongs she had done her.

"The day passed, and with the twilight of the May evening the hopes of the queen had fled. The preparations for her execution were going on, almost within her hearing. In this last sad night what shadows of the past must have risen before her! She paced the room many times, then retired to her humble oratory and knelt before a silver crucifix, the gift of her early friend, Claude, Queen of France. Another memorial of the past were the beads Dr. Gardyner brought her from Rome. Here Anna prayed for some time alone. Again she would speak to her ladies and make some loving allusions to Hever Castle, — the hazel-walk, the grotto, and her old domestics. At times she became intensely excited, exclaiming, 'Where is my father? Has he deserted me at this dreadful moment? O father, why have you joined my enemies? Do you believe me guilty? Oh no, you do not, you cannot. Where am I? Oh, my brain is distracted. O mother, mother, dear kind mother, where are you? Have you forgotten your own Nan? I have been cruelly handled by the king's council. O Mother of God, O Jesus, give me strength to meet death as I should!' The entrance of Father Thirlwall gave her some comfort. He prayed with her for nearly an hour. The holy water from Westminster Abbey, which she desired, was brought to her this evening by Margaret Lee.

"Early on this May morning the queen heard three masses specially celebrated for her, and then received Holy Communion. Shortly after the religious ceremonies were over, her Highness and Margaret Lee partook of breakfast. Mildred Wyatt and Lady Kingston — a good, kind-hearted woman — were of the party. The queen spoke little, but looked frequently at Margaret Lee, her eyes filled with tears; putting her arm round Margaret's neck, she embraced her again and again. 'O Meg, I never knew how much I loved you till now. Will you remember me? I suppose Tom (Wyatt) will write a ballad on his old playmate and friend — unfortunate Nan. Remember me to the young maidens of Hever. Ask them to pray for me at the mass.' . . She then retired to her oratory. The Host, surrounded by several lights, was placed on the temporary altar by Father Thirlwall. Here she knelt alone for nearly two hours. No human voice disturbed her communing with the Eternal. At eleven o'clock she again joined her ladies. She appeared happy. . . . The hour had come. Kingston bowed most respectfully to the doomed lady and her friends. Her courage seemed for a moment to fail and in a faint voice she said, 'Well, I am ready, Maister Kingston.' Then turning to her ladies, who all burst into tears, in the softest and sweetest accents she observed, 'Ah, dear loved friends, be firm! Pray for *me*, pray for *me* now.' It was arranged that Margaret Lee should walk beside her, ascend the scaffold with her, and perform the last sad office of removing her dress. The other ladies were to remain at the foot of the scaffold till the judicial murder was completed. . . . When she heard sobbing along her route, she several times exclaimed, 'The will of God be done! Pray for me, good people!' Father Thirlwall was on her right, Margaret Lee on her left; the other priests followed, reading the service for the dead."

Among the spectators were Sir Thomas Wyatt, and her old nurse, Mary Orcharde; several gentlemen from Paris, Venice, Rome, and Lisbon; Crumwell, Audley, and the Duke of Suffolk. The queen's dying speech, given here from Father Thirlwall, is touching in its simplicity. She ended it with the words, "Mother of Jesus, intercede for me! Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul!" She then kissed the crucifix held to her lips by Father Thirlwall. Her eyes

were bandaged and she was led to the block.

The tall French executioner and his assistants instantly advanced. A profound silence was observed by the spectators, the majority of whom were kneeling. The moment the queen laid her head on the block she exclaimed aloud, "Lord Jesus, have mercy on my soul!" Whilst the words were on her lips the fatal blow was given, and the head of Anna Boleyn severed from the body. A wild shriek of affright burst from the ladies present; a look of triumph from Thomas Crumwell closed the scene.

So died the once guilty yet repentant Anna Boleyn, for a crime of which the most convincing proofs compel us to acquit her. We must now end our criticisms. We await the appearance of the second volume, in which we are promised the remainder of Henry's reign, with those of Edward VI. and Mary. Unless we are much mistaken, the third volume, ending with the death of Mary Queen of Scots, will have for the general reader the deepest interest of the three.

DR. NEWMAN'S FORESHADOWING OF THE GREATNESS OF IRELAND A HUNDRED YEARS TO COME.

In one of his incomparable essays Dr. Newman says, that for a new university he would desire a more central position than Oxford has to show, and seeing that the world has grown so much since the age of Alfred, he would "look for a city less inland and a country closer upon the highway of the seas." "I would look," he continues, "towards a land both old and young, old in its Christianity, young in the promises of the future; a nation which received grace before the Saxon came to Britain, and which has never quenched it; a Church which comprehends in its history the rise and fall of Canterbury and of York, which Augustine and Paulinus found, and Pole and Fisher left. I contemplate a people which has had a long night, and will have an inevitable day. I am turning my eyes towards a hundred years to come, and I dimly see the island I am gazing on, become the road of passage and union between two hemispheres, and the centre of the world. I see its inhabitants rival Belgium in populousness, France in vigor, and Spain in enthusiasm; and I see England taught by advancing years to exercise in its behalf that good sense which is her characteristic towards every one else. The capital of that prosperous and hopeful land is situate in a beautiful bay and near a romantic region; and in it I see a flourishing university, which for a while had to struggle with fortune, but which, when its first founders were dead and gone, had successes far exceeding their anxieties. Thither, as to a sacred soil, the home of their fathers and the fountain-head of their Christianity, students are flocking from east, west, and south, from America and Australia and India, from Egypt and Asia Minor, and last, though not least, from England, all speaking the one tongue, all owning the one faith, all eager for true wisdom, and thence, when their stay is over, going back again to carry peace to men of good-will all over the earth."

Apropos of the Baptist camp-meeting at Martha's Vineyard, the Methodists tell a good story of some of the brethren who arrived early and sought to wile away the time by going a-fishing. Several kinds of fish were caught on the trip, and on the return one of the fishermen, with a laudable desire for information, inquired of the skipper the names of the different specimens. "This," said he, "is a blackfish, that is a bluefish, the next is a scup, and that fellow there is a Baptist" "A Baptist!" exclaimed the good brother. "Why do you call those fish Baptists?" "Because they spoil so soon on being taken out of the water," was the satisfactory explanation.

THE JASPER MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION

OF SAVANNAH, GEORGIA.

TO IRISHMEN AND THE FRIENDS OF IRELAND.

An association under the name of "The Jasper Monumental Association" has been formed for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of Sergeant Jasper.

It will be remembered that on the 9th day of October, 1779, Sergeant Jasper fell in the attack on Savannah, and it is the intention of this association to lay the corner-stone of the proposed monument on the 9th day of October, 1879.

No occasion could be more appropriate than the centennial of his death, no place more fitting than that whereon he fell.

While other Irishmen rose higher in the Colonial ranks, yet none there was who more truly represented Ireland in America than the brave and modest William Jasper.

Born in Ireland, he emigrated to America and settled in South Carolina. The war of the Revolution found him a devoted patriot, and on the 28th of June, 1776, he was engaged in the defence of Fort Moultrie. His conspicuous gallantry in leaping over the ramparts of the fort during the hottest of the fight and fixing anew the flag which had been shot from its staff, won for him the admiration of his comrades, and inspired the brave defenders of old Moultrie with a loftier heroism.

For this act he was offered a commission by Governor Rutledge, who said to him, "You have won a sword, sir, and you must wear it" "Nay, sir," replied Jasper, "I am not worthy of the trust Adversity has been my only schoolmaster, Liberty my only schoolmistress. I cannot mingle with those who are superior to me in education and manners without exposing myself to deserved contempt. Let me alone: let me serve my country in the way that suits me best, as an humble and devoted laborer in the cause of freedom." Governor Rutledge yielded to this refusal, but presented him with the sword which the governor wore about his person.

Probably the most desperate feat of arms of the Revolution was the release by Jasper and Newton of about twelve American prisoners and the capture of the guard of ten British soldiers. The circumstances surrounding this exploit were romantic in the extreme, and worthy of the days of chivalry. While reconnoitring the British camp at Ebenezer, Jasper learned from a Mrs. Jones that her husband, then in irons, charged with desertion of the royal cause, was about to be sent with other prisoners to Savannah, there to be tried, and doubtless executed. The distress of the poor woman and her child touched the heart of the impulsive Irishman, and he formed the desperate resolution of attempting a rescue. The prisoners, under guard, started for Savannah. Jasper and Newton followed them unarmed until the party arrived at what is now known as Jasper Springs, about two miles from Savannah, on the Augusta road. Here the guard stopped for water, resting their arms against the trees. Jasper and Newton each seized a musket, shot two of the guard down, dashed out the brains of two more with the clubbed guns, leaped between the remaining six soldiers and the other muskets, and possessing themselves of the loaded weapons, compelled the surrender of the six released the prisoners, escorted them to the American army at Purysburg, and safely returned Jones to his wife and child.

The death of Jasper was in keeping with his life. The attack on Savannah was disastrous. The French and Americans were repulsed; the bugle had sounded the retreat when the flag which Mrs. Elliot had presented to him, and which he had promised to guard "until eternity," was seen by him trailing in the dust. Lieutenants

Bushe and Hume had been killed while bearing that banner, and it was from Hume's dying grasp that Jasper seized it at the close of the action and the day. Jasper made good his promise. He guarded it "until eternity." While bearing it he fell, and in falling said to Major Horry, a companion in arms, "I have got my furlough. That sword was presented to me by Governor Rutledge for my services in the defence of Fort Moultrie. Give it to my father, and tell him I have worn it with honor. If he should weep, tell him his son died in the hope of a better life. Tell Mrs. Elliot that I lost my life supporting the colors which she presented to our regiment. If you should ever see Jones, his wife and son, tell them that Jasper is gone, but that the remembrance of the battle which he fought for them brought a secret joy to his heart when it was about to stop its motions forever. Tell all my friends who shall remember to ask for me, that their poor friend has fought his last fight, has struck his last blow: and may the blessings of Providence rest upon my country and her cause"

So fell Sergeant Jasper, — his last blow struck in the cause of America, his last shout a gathering cry for the defence of her honor, his last wish a prayer for her prosperity! So fell Sergeant Jasper. The sand of our streets has drunk up his blood, and the soil of our city has encompassed his bones. Who has written his epitaph? Who has built up his monument?

To write his epitaph, to build his monument, is the object of our association, and should be our proudest pleasure, as it is our most sacred duty. Let, then, Irishmen everywhere, rising above creed and party, unite with us in rearing through Irish effort a tribute to Irish valor.

JOHN MCMAHON.	JOHN FLANNERY.
P. W. MELDRIM.	LUKE CARSON.
J. J. McGOWAN.	JOHN FOLEY.
JOHN T. RONAN.	CHAS. COLLINS.
D. J. FOLEY.	JOHN R. DILLON.

THE JASPER MONUMENTAL ASSOCIATION.

The organization of the above-named association was completed on 27th December, 1878, by the election of the following officers: —

President.....JOHN MCMAHON.
Vice-President.....P. W. MELDRIM.
Treasurer.....J. J. McGOWAN.
Recording Secretary.....JOHN T. RONAN.
Corresponding Secretary..D. J. FOLEY.

The purpose of the association is to erect a monument to the memory of Sergeant Jasper, the corner-stone to be laid on the 9th of October, 1879, the centennial of Jasper's death.

The site, character, and design of the monument are to be hereafter determined.

The funds are to be raised by subscription from all parts of the country. Honorary vice-presidents, with power to represent the association, are to be elected for the several important cities.

Subscription lists will be found at the "Morning News" office and at tax collector's office in the court house.

Appropriate committees to solicit contributions will be hereafter appointed.

Contributions may be paid directly to the treasurer, to any officer of the society, or to any member of the Finance Committee.

The number of corporate members of the association shall not exceed thirteen. The other members are honorary life members, being composed of those who shall pay $100 and upwards in one or several contributions, and associate members, being those who shall pay $1 and up to $100.

The corporate members pay all the necessary incidental expenses of the association, every dollar of contributions going directly to the erection of the monument.

No salaries are paid to any one.

The finances of the association are under the control of, —

JOHN MCMAHON, *President*,
P. W. MELDRIM, *Vice-President*,
JOHN FLANNERY,
JOHN FOLEY,
CHAS. COLLINS,
LUKE CARSON,
Finance Committee.

[Mr. Donahoe will cheerfully forward any sums contributed to the above grand object, and acknowledge them in his magazine.]

"FASHIONABLE SOCIETY": A REFLECTION FOR FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

Catholic Columbian.

THERE are too many, entirely too many, Catholic parents so infatuated with the world and "fashionable society," as they call it, for the general spiritual good of their children. The possession of riches has placed them in a position to be considered "respectable," and giving them and their sons and daughters, their children, an opportunity to mingle with the element so much opposed to the spirit of the Catholic Church. The hired man and the hired girl attend the stable and the kitchen, and do almost everything about the house, whilst the son and daughter must not soil their delicate little hands and costly clothing by even as much as coming in contact with the poorer and more unfortunate Catholic children. The public school is the more "respectable" for them, and when they do attend school it is not with the intention of learning or pursuing a course of studies. They will tell you, in answer to your queries as to their reasons for so doing, that their father has plenty of money and they need never work for a living. These little children become "young ladies and gentlemen" sooner than readers and writers, and are accomplished in all the practices and usages of "polite and respectable society." They know the latest style of dress or the newest cut of a dress-coat. They can go through the most intricate figure of the latest dance, but ask them to recite the Apostles' Creed or make an Act of Faith and they are astonished. It is true that they are sent to church on Sundays and holidays, but only to barely comply with the obligation of *hearing* Mass. They never *assist* at Mass. The boys are bewildered if asked to serve the priest at a low Mass, and are forced to say, "I can't." It is almost a uniform rule that those children whose parents have been poor are the brightest and most industrious at school or college, and invariably know their catechism the best. They have not been tempted by the affluence that riches brings, and have been taught that life is a reality and our faith worth the keeping. Hence the candidates for the priesthood or the convent spring from that class, so much belittled by the world. Yet where will we find a greater array of talent than in the Catholic priesthood? The sooner, then, that foolish, sentimental, worldly Catholics begin to realize the danger they are in, the better will they be off, for "what doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

"THE IRISH WORLD."

WE hereby condemn the "Irish World," and forbid its circulation in the Diocese of Cleveland. It is a bad paper, and no Catholic can, with a safe conscience, habitually read it. Pastors will take pains to warn their people against it. Its whole tone and tendency is one of habitual disrespect for priest and bishop, and as far as in it lies, it is doing all it can to destroy respect for the priesthood. Such a paper is doing the work of the devil, and cannot be permitted to circulate among Catholics. We therefore forbid its circulation in the Diocese, and warn its readers that if after this public condemnation they continue to read it and support it, we will forbid confessors to absolve them till they shall have ceased to read it or subscribe for it. — *Pastoral of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Gilmore, of Cleveland, Ohio.*

THE WIDOW OF SAREPHTA.

Such a moment was it when, after four years of terrible drought and famine upon the land, when the people of Israel were dying of starvation, there came into the town called Sarephta the prophet Elias. He also, sharing like a true man in the sorrows of his people, was famished, was reduced by hunger almost to a skeleton, and as he was journeying he saw a poor widow woman gathering a few dry sticks, and came to her and said, "Woman, give me food or else I die." She, turning to him, said, "I have only a handful of meal and two or three drops of oil, and I am gathering these few sticks that I may dress the handful of meal for myself and my only child that we may eat and lie down and die, for it is my last morsel." The famished Thesbite said to her, "Still, woman, I ask thee to give me food"; and the handful of meal was divided. She consented to die before the sun set rather than be wanting in the duty that was imposed on her. And when the prophet had eaten he lifted up his hand and blessed the cruse of oil and handful of meal; he blessed the woman, and the handful of meal that was left to her remained; and day after day, while all beside her were dying, she still found the handful of meal and the cruse of oil was not diminished. If she had not done it in the extreme necessity of the famished one who spoke to her, her life would have ended miserably, and her soul would have perished.

To Wash Striped Tablecloths. — Soak in clear cold water for half an hour; wring out and put in warm, clear suds; wash quickly; wring dry as possible; put in clean cold water, adding a handful of salt; let them soak in this fifteen minutes; wring and starch in very thin starch; hang up as soon as done, and when dry roll in damp cloth and iron. I have washed colored cloths in this way for years, and they look as well as new.

THE BLESSEDNESS OF POVERTY.

Much is said of the "independence of poverty." That riches nor place, eloquence nor power, titles nor glory, bring happiness is proved in the experience of all countries and all people. While this is true on one hand, it is equally true on the other that poverty has its advantages and adversity its uses. If they are not as sweet as Shakespeare paints them, they are not as sour as many imagine. *Punch* illustrates the common blessings of common men in the following truisms: —

You wear out your old clothes.

You are exonerated from making any calls.

You are not troubled with many visitors.

Bores do not bore you.

Spongers do not haunt your table

Itinerant bands do not play opposite your window.

You are not persecuted to stand godfather.

No one thinks of presenting you a testimonial.

No tradesman irritates you by asking, Is there any little article to-day, sir?

Begging letter writers let you alone.

Impostors seem to know it 's no use bleeding you.

You swallow infinitely less poison than others.

RICH AND RARE WERE THE GEMS SHE WORE.

Rich and rare were the gems she wore,
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore;
But, oh! her beauty was far beyond
Her sparkling gems or snow-white wand.

"Lady, dost thou not fear to stray,
So lone and lovely, through this bleak way?
Are Erin's sons so good or so cold
As not to be tempted by woman or gold?"

"Sir Knight, I feel not the least alarm,
No son of Erin will offer me harm;
For though they love woman and golden store,
Sir Knight, they love honor and virtue more!"

On she went, and her maiden smile
In safety lighted her round the green isle;
And blest forever is she who relied
Upon Erin's honor and Erin's pride!

Thomas Moore.

THE EYE.

The eye shows character. The eyes of great warriors have almost always been gray, their brows lowering like thunder-clouds. Inventors have large eyes, very full. Philosophers the most illustrious have had large and deep-set eyes. The poets all have large, full eyes; and musicians' eyes are large and lustrous.

Buffon considers that the most beautiful eyes are the black and the blue. We think we have seen black and blue eyes that were far from beautiful. Byron says the gazelle will weep at the sound of music. The gazelle's eyes have been called the most beautiful in the world, and the greatest compliment an Arab can pay his mistress is to compare her eyes to a gazelle's. The power of the eye was well illustrated in Robert Burns. He was taken to Edinburgh very much as Samson was taken to the temple, — to amuse the Philistines. He was brought to the palace where the great men of Scotland were to be entertained, and was put in a back room until the time should come when they were ready for him When they were, he was brought in, and having measured the company with his wonderful eyes, he recited his immortal poem, "Is there, for honest poverty?" Carlyle says that when he finished, the nobles and gentlemen cowered and shrank before his eyes. We think his words had as much to do with it as his eyes.

Cleopatra had black eyes. Mary Queen of Scots had liquid gray eyes. Dark eyes show power, light eyes gentleness, and gray eyes sweetness. There is great magnetic power in the eyes of several of the lower animals. The lion's, the tiger's, and the serpent's eyes are all magnetic. It is well known that the serpent will charm birds that are flying above it, until in great circles they will sweep down to the destruction which awaits them. A friend of the writer, a doctor, was one day walking in the fields, when he saw an a
drew near
ently looke
attracted by
involuntarily s
three steps. Be
from them, and se
very coils of the ser
he drew closer, until
almost within the rep
fell, feeling, as he sa
as though he had been
stone. When he becam
his head was in a friend's
first words were, "Who stru
"No one struck you, doctor.
you were charmed by the snak
I struck it with a stone." H
struck the snake, and the doctor
felt the blow.

A PROPHECY: A TAUNT TO ENGLAND.

Upon Aug. 29th, 1870, just three days before Sedan, an Englishman named James Parkinson addressed a letter to the king of Prussia, predicting that if he did not put a stop to the shedding of blood, the vengeance of heaven, of which the Emperor Napoleon would be the instrument, would overtake him for the slaughter of the Danes and the blood of Austria's sons. Upon Mr. Parkinson's prophecy Dr. Busch, in his account of Bismarck during the Franco-German war, observes, "The officious fool who sent this, and some other English fools in high places who meddle in our affairs, would have done better to remember that England has her own doorstep to sweep clean, and that we have not yet thought of wantonly burning peaceful villages, or of blowing men from the mouths of cannon, as they have done in wars ten times less justifiable." It is most deeply to be desired that when the British reinforcements reach South Africa they will not give intensity to Prince Bismarck's taunt by adding yet another example of ruthless and unnecessary brutalities perpetrated in the name of warfare.

[illegible] frequently
[illegible]d air," but
[illegible]eption of its
[illegible]understanding
[illegible]t link in the daily-
[illegible]f progress. Com-
[illegible]inary atmospheric air
[illegible]ss space than it com-
[illegible], and confined in a re-
[illegible]compression is effected
[illegible]r and piston, and when
[illegible]ed it is confined in an air-
[illegible]ber of great strength. It
[illegible]omes a reservoir of power
[illegible]mes greater in initial pressure
[illegible]e power which stored it up.
[illegible]ed to escape against another pis-
[illegible]t creates power, or rather gives
[illegible]what was imparted to it, and is
[illegible]s capable of being employed in
[illegible]any situations where steam cannot.
[illegible] can be conveyed long distances without material loss. The greatest distance known to us where steam has been carried is one thousand five hundred feet, but safeguards had to be employed to prevent condensation and loss of pressure. Compressed air undergoes no such changes, and there is theoretically no limit to the distance it can be conveyed. It is now used in mining, in driving breasts in tunnels, in submarine operations, and for other purposes.

LET ERIN REMEMBER THE DAYS OF OLD.

LET Erin remember the days of old,
Ere her faithless sons betrayed her;
When Malachi wore the collar of gold,
Which he won from her proud invader;
When her kings, with standard of green unfurled,
Led the Red-Branch Knights to danger, —
Ere the emerald gem of the western world
Was set in the crown of a stranger.

On Lough Neagh's bank as the fisherman strays,
When the clear, cold eve 's declining,
He sees the round towers of other days,
In the wave beneath him shining.
Thus shall memory often, in dreams sublime,
Catch a glimpse of the days that are over;
Thus, sighing, look through the waves of time
For the long-faded glories they cover!

Thomas Moore.

CHILDREN'S CHILDREN AND PEACE.

THEY 've pass'd, my dear ones, one by one away,
Every cherished one.
No longer in the good old home to stay,
And I am left alone —

Alone and lonely, though too well I know
And now have learned to own,
It always was, and always should be so·
Still I am all alone.

Some to that mystic, unknown home afar
Have gone so far from me,
That only as some pallid, distant star
'Midst thought's dim haze I see —

My little baby with its dear first smile
Seeming to yearn for me;
My laughing maiden, but a little while
Pass'd in life's springtide glee.

Some which the spoiler left, soon found new home,
From me so far away,
That in my loneliness 't was all as one
As though they 'd gone for aye.

But soon they sent me back such precious gifts,
Treasures so very fair,
That the mere sight of them my spirit lifts,
Almost their light to share.

For as across my path some little feet
Sweetly pattering come,
Or on my way from toil those voices sweet
Shout me my welcome home,

I'm glad; for though sometimes on earth no more
I think I would remain,
I half rejoice my own lost ones of yore
Once gave me so much pain.

For as these new-found children climb my knee,
Or in my garden play
Uncurbed in all the fulness of their glee,
Again I wish to stay.

So, as they charm me with their pretty ways,
I can forget my pain,
The memory of those old bitter days,
And dream I 'm young again.

"THE Boston Journal of Chemistry" recommends as a sure and speedy cure for a sprained ankle to warm lard and rub it into the sprain from one half to three quarters of an hour, and then wrap cotton wool around the joint and cover with a light bandage.

BLESSED is the man who minds his own business.

Original.

THE IRISH LAND QUESTION.

T. O'N. RUSSELL.

THE land question is the great Irish question, and is soon destined to be the great English one also. Already the first warnings of popular uneasiness and indignation have begun to be heard in England, and it is certain almost beyond the possibility of doubt that this generation shall not have passed away until either legislation or revolution breaks up the great landed estates of England.

There can hardly be said to be an agricultural class in England; at least, not in the same sense as there is in Ireland. The vast majority of the English people know little more about agricultural productions than they know about the social condition of the interior of China. They simply look on the country as a place to go to for amusements on Sundays and holidays. Their ideas of business, politics, or commerce are, in a great measure, unconnected with land or its products. This arises from the fact of England being so peculiarly a manufacturing and commercial country. It has been computed that the agricultural population of England is the smallest of that of any country in the world in proportion to its numbers. About eighty per cent of the population of England live in towns, and there can hardly be more than ten or twelve per cent of the whole population engaged in purely agricultural pursuits. As a rule, English farmers are men of large means and good education, and generally rank as gentlemen. The small holdings of from four to twenty acres, so common in Ireland, are almost unknown in England. In the purely agricultural districts of England, the farms will average from five hundred to eight hundred acres, and many contain as high as two thousand acres. It will be at once apparent that by having farms of such great extent, the humbler classes are absolutely divorced from the soil. In the rural districts of England there can hardly be said to be but two classes, the farmers and their laborers. The latter rarely possess as much as a kitchen garden, and are probably the stupidest, worst-educated, and least intelligent class of men to be found in any European country outside of Russia. The land system of England is, in fact, about the worst in the world, yet the country has prospered in spite of it, simply because England is not an agricultural but a manufacturing country. Such a land system as the English one would have ruined any other country but England. It is, in fact, the feudal system, introduced eight hundred years ago by the Normans, modified but not altered. It is just the same land system as that which existed in France before the Revolution, and which was the prime cause of the Revolution. In most if not all of the European countries, the land system has been changed from the old feudal one, but in England it has remained as nearly as possible the same for eight hundred and odd years.

It has been the cry of English politicians from time immemorial that Ireland should not complain about being oppressed or ill treated by her land laws, seeing that they are the same as the English ones. This kind of argument is a striking exemplification of that want of fairness for which the English press and English people have become notorious all over the world. It is possible for certain laws to suit one country and to be the ruin of another. The fact is borne out by the condition of Ireland. The English laws relating to the tenure of land, laws under which, or rather in spite of which, England up to the present has prospered, have actually ruined Ireland. How can this be? The answer is very easy, and is to be found in the totally different industries of both countries. Great Britain is almost wholly a commercial and manufacturing country, whereas Ireland is almost wholly agricultural. In

England, the land is comparatively of no importance; in Ireland, it may be said to be the only means of existence. The very largest wholesale merchants in Dublin feel as keen an interest in the prosperity of the agricultural classes as do the petty retailers in the provinces. It is only in Belfast and a few towns in its immediate vicinity where there exists a class with little or no interest in the land; everywhere else all over Ireland the prosperity or poverty of the farming classes makes itself felt in every business.

The effects of the recent peculiar legislation connected with the tenure of land in Ireland can hardly be well known to the great mass of our countrymen on this side of the Atlantic. The writer of this article has had good opportunities of studying the effects of the land bill of 1870, as he has been in every county in Ireland since it became law. It cannot be denied that the new Irish land code has done some good, nor can it be denied that it has also done a great deal of harm. At first sight there appears one excellent thing in it, this is its clause for compensation for disturbance and for improvements to trade by the tenant; but everything connected with the Land Act of 1870 is so surrounded by red tape and contrariness that its best points are in a great measure nullified. Even the clause for compensation for disturbance, improvements, and unexhausted manures, is so managed as seldom to afford much benefit to the tenant. If a lawsuit arises between landlord and tenant, the decision is not left to a jury but to a barrister, or as we may call him a judge. It is, in fact, like going back to the old Brehon code. Why lawsuits connected with land tenure under the new act should not be tried by a jury instead of by a single individual, seems to have been designed in order to defeat any good that the tenant might expect to receive from the new land code. The judge or barrister who decides lawsuits between landlord and tenant is in nine cases out of ten the landlord's friend and the tenant's enemy; he is almost always chosen for the office on account of his loyalty to the government and his political proclivities; his sympathies are with the landlord in almost every case.

This is proved by the fact that in all the lawsuits that have as yet taken place under the Land Act of 1870, no tenant has ever got the amount he expected to get for improvements, unexhausted manures, etc.

The Irish landlords did nothing but groan, curse Gladstone, and lament over their forthcoming ruin for a year or so after the passing of the Land Bill of 1870. They cried aloud that the value of their estates was cut down by one half, and that the tenant was the real owner of the land and not they. Now, however, we hear no complaints from them. So far from the new law reducing the value of their estates, land property has advanced from ten to fifteen per cent in value since 1870. This is an undeniable fact, and can easily be proved. If evictions are not quite as numerous as they were twenty years ago, the new land law can hardly be thanked for it. The people have been so wed out during the last forty or fifty years, that evictions had to decrease. The landlord has it still in his power to raise rents in the absence of a lease, and the new Act puts no check whatever on him; and it is well known that not more than one third of the Irish farmers have leases. If the smaller tenants are, by the new law, entitled to proportionately more compensation for disturbance than the larger ones, this very arrangement has the effect of making landlords wish to set their lands in as large farms as possible, — the very worst thing for the country at large. To sum up the matter, the only real good feature in the new Irish land law is the encouragement it gives the tenant to purchase his own farm by loaning him the purchase money at a

very moderate rate of interest; but it is so seldom that small parcels of land are sold under the Landed Estates Act, and it is so seldom that the owner wishes to sell his property in small quantities suited to the means of a small farmer, that even this best part of the Act has done very little good.

No part of the habitable globe presents such curious anomalies and contradictions connected with the tenure of land as Ireland does. In every other country in Europe, it will be found that the density of the agricultural population is always greatest where the land is best; but in Ireland it is quite the reverse. In Ireland, the people are driven to the bogs and mountains, while cattle occupy the plains. Let us take a few illustrations of this extraordinary state of things. The counties of Meath and Westmeath are the two least populous counties in Ireland in proportion to their area, but they are also the most fertile. They are mostly let out in immense farms, of from five to three thousand acres to graziers. The few towns that are in those counties are decaying every day; grass has begun to grow in the streets of some of them. There is no rural population to support the shopkeepers in them, for bullocks drink no tea and wear no clothes. Let us look now at the poorest soil and the worst climate in Ireland, both of which will be found in the county Mayo. Here, indeed, we have a change of scene. Instead of the rich pastures of Meath, we see nothing but bogs, swamps, mountains, and stones; but instead of the deserted villages of the east of the island, we find a swarming population living on and paying rent for a soil which nothing but superhuman energy and industry can make bring forth food for man. The writer has travelled almost all over the United States and through a large portion of Europe, but he has never seen men making a living from such land as that of the greater part of the west and southwest of Ireland, and he feels convinced that there is no race on the face of the earth that would have the patience, energy, and strength to cultivate such land but the Irish. If such land could be had, even rent free, it would frighten any one but an Irishman; but when we remember that the people who cultivate it pay from ten to thirty shillings per acre yearly for it, their being able to do so and at the same time to live from it may be set down as the most extraordinary social phenomenon in the world. There are hundreds of thousands of acres in Mayo, Sligo, Galway, Roscommon, Cork, and Kerry, enormously populous, where the land is utterly beyond cultivation with a plough. Where there are no stones there is bog, and where there is neither there are quagmires. All cultivation has to be done with the spade, and so generally poor is the soil that it must be manured every year, or even the scanty crops of potatoes and oats will not grow at all. These are the people the English press calls lazy; these are the people that the whole English nation has not a kind word for. When one dwells long on this subject he begins to wish for plague, pestilence, famine, war, dynamite or something worse that might lay England in the dust. This is beyond all doubt the truly nasty phase of English character, and this is why Ireland as a nation hates England to-day as much and more than she hated her in the time of the Tudors; and never was hatred more natural or better deserved.

There are many extensive tracts of excellent land in the west and southwest of Ireland, but wherever they are, the population is sparse. Cattle and sheep must have good land, but human beings must betake themselves to the bogs or mountains. It is a fact that could be proved from the actual distribution of population in Ireland, that if the whole country consisted of land as poor as most parts of Mayo, Galway, and Kerry, there would be a couple of million

more people in Ireland than there are at present. Nothing can show more plainly the infernal nature of British land laws, when one of the choicest blessings the Creator can bestow on a country, namely, a rich soil, becomes an absolute curse through human villany.

If the proprietors or farmers of those immense tracts of good land in Ireland would cultivate them, these evil effects would in some measure be mitigated. But they are left simply in a state of nature. The soil is so rich and the climate so mild that nothing is done with them but leave them in grass. There are graziers in Meath and other counties who have from two to three thousand acres and only employ three or four herdsmen; the cattle are sold in England, and no one in Ireland but the landlord and the grazier is benefited by those millions of acres of the richest soil in the world, for people, and not cattle, are the real sources of a nation's wealth.

In our humble opinion it would be much better to agitate in Parliament for a settlement of the Irish land question at present than for Home Rule, because by doing so there would be a better chance of achieving something, and now is the time to do it, when English statesmen, in the general distress and misery that is staring them in the face, are beginning to see the evils of the English land system, and to ask if it would be possible to create a peasant proprietor class, such as exists in France and most of the continental nations. England *must* do something to provide for the millions of operatives who can never again expect either remunerative wages or full employment. Nothing would be easier than for the government to purchase the land from the large proprietors, and sell it in small parcels to the people. This was done in parts of Germany fifty or more years ago, and has been followed by the happiest results; and such a plan is the only way by which peace and prosperity can ever be brought to Ireland. Evictions, assassinations, and misery must continue as long as there are landlords and tenants in Ireland, and above all, when they are, as a rule, antagonistic in politics, religion, and race.

It has been often asked by persons who do not understand the Irish land question, why it is that Irish landlords should wish to evict their tenants, and why such landlords should not have an interest in the prosperity and comfort of their tenants. It would hardly be possible to answer fully all that is involved in these few questions, without taking up more space than is usual for a magazine article.

The principal reason is political antagonism between landlord and tenant. The tenant represents generally the conquered, while the landlord represents the conqueror. But there are still other causes why Irish landlords look in most cases on their small tenants as nuisances, and why they wish to get rid of them, especially where the soil is rich and suited for fattening cattle. For the last thirty years no kind of farming paid so well as cattle raising, consequently either the landlord would wish to keep the land in his own possession, or let it in as large tracts as possible. This is the reason why in almost every part of the country where the soil is richest, the population is thinnest. But the vast majority of land owners in Ireland are either Englishmen or English-Irishmen, who got their estates in the wholesale confiscations of the seventeenth century. These men, as a rule, hate everything Irish, and of course hate their tenantry. There are at least a million and a half acres of improvable land in Ireland that the people would gladly cultivate if they were allowed to do so; its reclamation would put money in the pockets of landlords, but they would rather see it as it is than give the people a chance to cultivate it, afraid they might increase and be on that account harder to govern. When one thinks of all the miseries and

iniquities perpetrated under the Irish land system, he wonders how they have not succeeded in turning the whole island into a wilderness; and unfortunately, numerous as are the assassinations of landlords, all the wonder will be that so few of them have been killed. It is one of the most awful things connected with the Irish land system that were it not for the fear of assassination, there would probably be a million of people less in Ireland than there is, for they would have been evicted wholesale. The writer heard this remark made not long ago by an agent of one of the largest holders of land in Ireland.

THE "WHAT-IS-IT."

One of our prominent lawyers went home the other day to dinner, and found that his little boy had had his head clipped in accordance with the prevailing style. Affecting not to notice it, he began to speak of a wonderful curiosity on exhibition in Washington City, in the shape of a living creature with a form something like that of a human being. Its head was as round as a pumpkin, its ears stuck out like clam-shells on a cocoa-nut, its nose projected like a figure four from what seemed to be its face; it walked upright, and its head was covered with a growth of bristles about one sixteenth of an inch in length, and for want of a better name the creature had been called the "What-Is-It." And, placing his hand on the boy's head, the father said, "Why, here it is now. Here 's the very thing I 've been talking about."

The boy replied, as he buttered a piece of biscuit, "They 've got a blamed sight worse-looking thing right here in Boston."

"What kind of a thing is it?" said the lawyer.

"It is the father of the 'What-Is-It,'" retorted the lad.

The subject was dropped.

NIHILISM — SOCIALISM — MASONRY — COMMUNISM.

The nihilistic movement in Russia has entered upon a serious, because it is a bloody phase. There is a vague feeling that the spirit which is called nihilistic in Russia is socialistic in Germany, masonic in Italy, and communistic in France. A man has been beheaded in Germany, another is about to stand his trial in Italy, a third has been garroted in Spain, a fourth has been sent to a lunatic asylum for life within the United Kingdom under the influence of this feeling. There is no doubt that the occurrence reported from St. Petersburg is of an alarming nature. Police who made a raid upon a printing-office were received with a volley of pistol-balls, and effected an entrance only by means of musketry. Lives were lost, some were wounded, and many taken prisoners. We attach no great significance to this episode of St. Petersburg, but there is obviously a danger in the return of so many soldiers from the Turkish war, who, if there be a fire already kindled, will add fuel to the flame, and, unless they are secured in their allegiance to an imperial dynasty, will become so many Prætorian Guards, making and deposing emperors. Several incidents have of late demonstrated the unsettled state of the great Russian Empire. Prefects of police shot, women appearing prominently in nationalistic enterprises, students in *émeute*, all have shown how easy it would be for the entire fabric to catch fire.

An old toper bet that he could, when blindfolded, tell each of the several kinds of liquors. When brandy, whiskey, gin, and other drinks were presented to him, he pronounced correctly what they were. At length a glass of pure water was given him; he tasted it, paused, tasted it again and again, considered, and shook his head. At last said he, "Gentlemen, I give it up. I am not used to that kind of liquor."

A BILL FOR LIQUOR.

Boston Daily Herald.

It was said by Charles Buxton that "drunkenness is the most dreadful of all the ills which afflict the British Isles." Aside from the moral aspect of the question, the mere money burden of the expenditure upon intoxicating liquors in the United Kingdom would be regarded as incredible and absolutely insupportable, if the load were not evident and steadily sustained. In a recent communication to the "London Times," Mr. William Hoyle showed, by a table based on the excise returns, that in Great Britain and Ireland, during the year 1878, the consumption of spirits, wine, and beer rose to the monstrous total of 1,190,886,401 gallons, appraised at $710,644,500. A sea of liquor, costing a mountain of gold! Mr. Hoyle classified his figures as under: —

	Gallons.	Value.
Spirits	39,797,352	$209,975,395
Wine	16,272,295	73,225,325
Malt Liquors	1,117,316,754	418,993,780
Cider, etc.	17,500,000	8,750,000
Total	1,190,886,401	$710,944,500

When a sum runs into hundreds of millions it rises beyond the reach even of trained conception. There is, however, one comparison which will give our readers some idea of the magnitude of the expenditure noted above. Last year the exports from the United States were by far the largest ever known. We sent abroad everything that we could raise and spare. We shipped wheat and corn in such quantities that we outstripped, not only precedent, but prophecy. We exported a world of pork and bacon, of butter and cheese, of petroleum and tobacco, and the world's supply of cotton. We consigned manufactures of every description to every country that would take them. After we had stripped ourselves and glutted our neighbors, we counted the value, and rejoiced with an exceeding joy to find that our domestic exports footed up $722,528,161. A marvellous sum truly. No wonder it set us all agape, with our hands in the air. Yet, enormous as were our shipments, they only exceeded by $11,583,661 the wholesale cost of the liquor which John Bull poured down his thirsty throat in the same twelve months.

The expenditure for intoxicating drink in the United Kingdom actually exceeded by $908,345 the sum spent in 1877. The increase, be it remembered, ran in the teeth of the widespread depression in British trade, of which we have heard much, and even more for a year back. The addition came exclusively, and indeed with tenfold force, in malt liquors. These made a gain of $10,380,620 upon their value in the year before. On the other hand, spirits fell off $3,176,870, and wine showed a still larger reduction of $6,295,405. Plainly dull times and unprofitable business reduced the consumption of liquor among the upper and middle classes, but neither strikes nor lock-outs nor all the "cruel cut-downs" which followed one another throughout the year availed to keep the British workman from his beer.

The most disheartening fact about the situation is the direful increase in the amount spent for liquor in Great Britain and Ireland within the past fifteen years. During the four-year period, 1860 to 1863, the annual expenditure averaged $453,494,420. During the four-year period just ended, 1875 to 1878, the annual average rose to $717,951,950, an enlargement of over fifty-eight per cent. The population of the United Kingdom in 1863 was estimated at 29,433,918, and in 1878 at 33,799,276, an increase of 4,365,358, or not quite fourteen and seven eighths per cent. Thus, to speak roundly, the value of the liquor consumed has grown four times faster than the number of consumers. If the amount spent in 1878 had run at the same rate per head as in 1863, it would have been no more than $520,702,290, — enough in all conscience, but less by $197,249,660 than the

actual expenditure. Think of it! A country which sees the wolf at its door and fills the world with its outcries, because for the last six years the exports of British manufactures have shown an average annual decrease of $52,477,500, is spending $197,249,660 for liquor, in excess of the proportionate sum which is expended fifteen years back.

PASTORAL OF THE BISHOP OF SALFORD.

Danger to England from within. — It is computed that 60,000 persons a year die from drink, and 60,000 more from its indirect consequences.—Opium eating.— At home and abroad, England sacrifices to Mammon 500,000 human beings annually.

I.

However painful and humiliating, let us look at some of the actual evils from which we suffer. The knowledge of them will lead us to the conclusion that penance and repentance have never been more needful than they are now.

Never was there a time when the doctrines and practices of faith, without which it is impossible to please God and to be saved, were so generally disregarded, rejected, and trampled upon among the nations which once formed the pale of Christendom.

The revolt from the authority of the Church in the sixteenth century is bearing its bitter fruit and is running fast to seed. Legislatures and Parliaments have ceased to make the profession of Christianity, or even of Theism, a condition of membership; they have ceased to hold Christianity to be the basis of legislation. The active presence and interference of Jesus Christ, speaking through His Church, has been as effectively put aside as was the Image of Christ by the Roman Senate when Alexander Severus proposed to allot to Our Lord a place among the gods. Certain crimes of blasphemy, sacrilege, infidelity, and atheism, which were less than a century ago punishable by our own law, have been practically wiped out of the statute book. Every doctrine of faith is subjected to purely human tribunals, or is entirely ignored; the divine law of Christian marriage has been repealed by nearly every State, and parental rights in the matter of education are on the highway to complete absorption by a despotic secular authority.

Ths world tramples under foot the divine authority of the Church of God, and everywhere sets up a rival human authority, which, while it is uncertain, vacillating, and liable to every kind of error, becomes imperious, tyrannical, and cruel in a high degree. They who refuse to serve God themselves in the end become slaves; their backs are scourged by rods prepared by their own hands.

We might illustrate the general tendency of modern society to the profession of naturalism, by examples from the various nations of Europe. But it may be fitter to confine ourselves to the consideration of the state of our own country. We have a special interest in our own land; we are closely bound up with its life; we are more or less responsible for its crimes and errors; and we are assuredly called upon to make every legitimate exertion to bring about a national repentance and improvement.

Look, then, for a moment, at the quality and character of our imperial morality, as illustrated by the means we make use of to augment our national revenue.

By what means do we raise and augment our imperial revenue? By an ever-increasing sale of poisons,* which are known to destroy the souls as well as the bodies of men by thousands annually. It is computed that 60,000 persons a year die in this country from drink, and that another 60,000 a year die from its indirect

* Intoxicating liquors are here called poisons in reference to the excessive use of them.

consequences: in all 120,000 victims a year to drink.

But this is the smaller item of the account. We hold and govern India.

The British government, for purposes of revenue, has established for itself in Bengal a monopoly in the cultivation and sale of opium. By smuggling, by war, and by treaty, we have forced upon the Empire of China, against the repeated and still continued protests of the Chinese government, the trade and consumption of this poisonous and baneful drug. The result of this trade upon China is, that 400,000 Chinese, it is said, annually fall victims to its use and abuse. The benefit reaped by the British Empire through the trade is £10,000,000 sterling added to our Indian revenue. We have before us the awful spectacle of the two most populous empires in the world — the British, with its 287,000,000, including dependencies, and the Chinese, with its 400,000,000 of subjects — engaged by treaty, the one pacifically and silently to destroy the other. The cleverer and more enterprising is poisoning the older and more populous empire by means of a fascinating and demoralizing drug, — and this for the price of the drug. Thus at home and abroad do we annually sacrifice to Mammon some 500,000 human beings.

It is well known that men's passions, when encouraged, are stronger than their reason; and it seems to be tacitly understood that they whose passion is for strong drink or for opium shall be sacrificed to augment the imperial revenue If the cruelty, the inhumanity of this proceeding be objected to, it is urged that the unfortunate victims themselves agree, and even desire it. The periodical human sacrifices of the King of Dahomey are more bloody, it is true, and the victims of his passions are unwilling and recalcitrant; but the human victims which we immolate are far the more numerous, and our sacrifice is continual. Our conduct is also the more disastrous and the more cruel, for it reaches and destroys the souls as well as the bodies of its victims. This wholesale, this legalized imperial crime is ignored, salved over, excused; it is necessary for the revenue; it is the homage and the sacrifice demanded by Mammon. It is put out of sight — by man, not by God, for its wickedness ascends perpetually before him. The blood and the souls of our brethren, whether at home or in China, plead for vengeance on their destroyers, as the blood of Abel pleaded against his brother Cain.

It comes then to this, — that in our emancipation from the laws of the Church, in our rejection of the immaculate and life-giving sacrifice of the altar, in the midst of our boasted civilization and modern humanity, we have returned, as a nation, to the period of human sacrifices, and this upon a scale hitherto unknown to any age of the world.

Can we be surprised then, if, with so portentous an example of imperial criminality in pursuit of revenue before their eyes, men be found willing to sacrifice the interest and happiness of their brethren, in detail, in their private pursuit of wealth? — if adulteration and imposition be described as a national art, and defended upon principle as "customs of the trade"? — if masters, who began by overreaching their workmen, are in time turned upon by coalitions of operatives, and if these again confound the good with the bad, the honest with the dishonest, the Christian with the unchristian, in their mad and unreasoning vengeance? Can we be surprised if, in pursuit of wealth, business is conducted with reckless imprudence and dishonesty, and if the returns for 1877 show that our public bankruptcies in England and Wales were then at the rate of about £20,000,000 a year?

Yet there are some who assure us that we are now on the highway to the perfectibility of mankind. They bid us give them fuller powers over

education and trust them for a coming era of virtue and happiness. But what are the facts? In spite of many millions spent on education, in spite of an increase of measures for the direct repression of crime, in spite of shorter hours for work that the laborer may have time for rest and culture, in spite of larger wages and every kind of material improvement, and in spite, moreover, of a quite extraordinary activity and expenditure among the one hundred and thirty-five different religious sects into which the registrar-general tells us that England is now divided, having among them 19,900 places of worship, — in spite of all this and much more, the record of our public crime has increased sixfold in fact, or threefold relatively to population, within a period of fifty years.

It is a lamentable consideration that the number of crimes classified under Table I., namely, crimes of murder, rape, and robbery with violence, was higher in 1876–77 than it had ever been during any year in the history of the country.

To be continued.

AS VANQUISHED ERIN.

As vanquished Erin wept beside
The Boyne's ill-fated river,
She saw where Discord in the tide
Had dropped his loaded quiver.
"Lie hid," she cried, "ye venomed darts,
Where mortal eye may shun you;
Lie hid, — the stain of manly hearts
That bled for me is on you."

But vain her wish, her weeping vain, —
As time too well hath taught her:
Each year the fiend returns again,
And dives into that water,
And brings, triumphant from beneath
His shafts of desolation,
And sends them, winged with worse than death,
Through all her maddening nation.

Alas for her who sits and mourns,
Even now beside that river, —
Unwearied still the fiend returns,
And stored is still his quiver.
"When will this end, ye Powers of Good?"
She weeping asks forever;
But only hears, from out that flood,
The demon answer, "Never!"

Thomas Moore.

THE CATHOLICS OF FRANCE ASSERTING THEIR RIGHTS.

Dublin Freeman's Journal.

THE Catholics of France are determined not to submit, without a struggle, to the pains, penalties, and disabilities with which the government has unanimously resolved to check their intellectual growth and to fetter their freedom of education. If there is one thing which more than another stands out in French history with a glory all its own, it is the renown which has come to France from her Catholic educational institutions. Her schools, her colleges, and her universities were her pride in olden days, and they grew and flourished in the shelter and under the fostering care of the Church and of its ministers. In recent years — since 1850, and still more recently since 1875 — the revived charters of free teaching, shattered and trampled under foot by republics, emperors, and monarchies, from the Revolution onwards, have infused a new spirit into the educational affairs of France; and her young Catholic universities were fast developing into great nurseries of learning and of instruction. Without a justifying cause, solely to pander to a turbulent and a truculent faction of theorists and unbelievers, the government has roughly resolved to undo the work of honorable and patriotic statesmanship, and to rob the Catholic schools and colleges of the country of those rights and privileges so solemnly bestowed upon them little more than four years ago by the vote of the national representatives. This policy of the government has stirred the Catholic heart of France to its core, and has awakened amongst its people an enthusiastic earnestness in behalf of their Catholic schools which it will be hard to resist, still harder to suppress. The Catholics of Pas-de-Calais have just issued a stirring declaration, which vigorously asserts the thoughts and the purpose of their fellow-countrymen through all

the departments, and which has already been cordially accepted as their own by many of the true French Catholics. In this declaration they proclaim their readiness to defend to the utmost limits of the law their right to Catholic education and its free exercise in all its branches from the infant school to the university. They assert their strong conviction that every attempt to impair or to violate that freedom is an outrage on national right, and can only result in fresh disasters for their country. The freedom of education they declare to have its foundation on the law of nature, and they hold that the instruction of the child is the prerogative, as well as the privilege, of the father of the family. They maintain that the family is not the property of the state, and that the state has no right to use it or misuse it according to its own whim; that the duty of the state is simply to assure the safety of its individual elements, and to preserve for them the free exercise of their faculties for their temporal and spiritual well-being; and that, therefore, they are unwilling to surrender to the state the intellectual and moral moulding of their children. They declare, to use their own noble words, "that the freedom of Catholic teaching is also founded on the supernatural and Divine law, for which, when there was need of it, our fathers have given their blood and their lives, — for which we ourselves shall not hesitate to brave every danger; that the power and command to teach, confided to the Catholic Church by Jesus Christ, its Divine Founder, comprise the education, as well as the instruction, of the young," and that they will tolerate no legislation which separates religion from teaching, whether sacred or profane. They claim for the Catholic Church the recognition of its right to bring into its services the members of the religious organizations, and to use them as seems best and wisest to its ministers for the holy objects for which their energies and abilities may be called into action. They disavow all impeachments of their loyalty, and they declare that it is not any hostility to the state which has prompted them to make this declaration of their abiding and uncompromising Catholicity, but rather a desire for the common good and for the peace and happiness of their country, in which none of its children are more profoundly or affectionately interested than they are themselves. But they are none the less vehement and emphatic in demanding that their liberty of conscience shall be respected, and that the state shall not impose a despotism on its Catholic population. They avow a suspicion and horror of that "liberalism" which has come to be such a boast with some governments on the Continent; they do not court its exercise in their regard, and they indicate their appreciation of its value by asserting that it is generally "liberalism only in words and tyranny in reality." The Catholics of Calais conclude their manifesto with a fervent hope that no Chamber of French representatives will pass a measure that will be an insult and a wrong to the majority of the nation, and with an equally fervent prayer that, if this hope should be unrealized, there will be vigor enough amongst the people to assert and defend their liberties and their rights. Already, as we have said, the words of the Catholics of Calais have found an echo throughout France, and in the cause for which they are struggling, French Catholics will have many a sympathetic aspiration for their triumph from amidst the hearths and homes of Catholic Ireland at home and abroad.

BLESSED is the neighbor who is so busy about his own affairs that he has no time to pry into yours.

BLESSED is the friend who never requires the loan of your umbrella.

THE MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

One of the most touching stories ever set in circulation is that of the little girl who, on account of lack of beauty, was slighted by a vain mother, who lavished all her love and pride on the poor child's lovely sister. One day, when madam lay on a lounge in her own room, languidly reading a novel, a knock sounded on her door "Is that you, darling?" asked the mother. "No, it 's only me, mamma," timidly answered the poor little neglected one. "Only *me!*" What a story of slighted love and meek humility those two words expressed! The mother's heart was touched, and from that time she strove to divide her love more equally between her children. There should be no favorite in a family; such an arrangement is a blot and a curse upon its perfect happiness. In the first place, the favored child is harmed by favoritism. If a boy, the chances are that he turns out very badly; if a girl, she is spoiled in her temper, and if she does not become a vixen, develops into a young woman as soft and impressionable as a bit of wax, and without some severe after-training, too likely some stinging chastisement, quite unfitted to be a wife and mother. Then the mischief done to the other children is incalculable. In our own experience we have seen many families shipwrecked on the fatal rock of favoritism, and in most cases the chief offender was the mother. So that a mother with a family of daughters should strive to her utmost to be a mother to all of them, bestowing the same warm kiss and hug upon the plain-featured Kate as upon the outwardly more attractive Ethel, her supreme thought being that the mind and future of the one were as precious in the sight of duty — motherly, Christian duty — as the other. A mother having a favorite child, and showing her partiality, unconscious though it may be, sows the seeds of envy, jealousy, rage, and mortified vanity in the minds of the rest of her offspring; and so, in after days, when self-reproach is mere idle snivelling over the delinquency, brings on them and herself the blackest of clouds. A mother should spread her love as evenly as she spreads butter on bread, not squander its whole wealth on one, and that, too, a daughter among daughters; for slighted sons can rub off the impression in contact with the work-a-day world, but in daughters it is ineffaceable. The memory of kisses and presents in which they did not share clings to them through life, and must, to a lesser or greater extent, weaken the texture of their moral nature.

In contrast with the gloom and depression general throughout the world stands forth the happy prosperity of France. An examination of the population returns gives a ready explanation. Of the inhabitants of France, fifty-three per cent are employed upon the land, and no fewer than 19,620,000 cultivate their own property, while 5,708,000 more are metayers, or farmers, cultivating the property of others, but sharing year by year with their landlords in a fixed proportion of the produce of their toil. With similar political and industrial conditions, Ireland might emulate the prosperity of France.

A light is always kept burning before the Blessed Sacrament to do honor to the Divine Presence, and as a sign to the worshipper that the Blessed Sacrament is in the tabernacle. In early times the Blessed Sacrament was perpetually adored, day and night, and those who watched kept the lamps. Again, the sanctuary lamp is not without a beautiful mystical signification. It represents the light of faith, that prompts us to adore the star of hope that guides us to the Babe of Bethlehem, and the flame of charity that should always burn within us.

JULIA MARRON:

A TALE OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.

Celt, in the Illustrated Monitor.

CHAPTER IX.

THE WAKE.

THE idleness and intemperance of Julia Marron's husband had at length brought their household into debt and misery. Up to this, however, the members of the household had been left together. Her mother was there, acting as a guardian spirit, and her two little children had grown up to walk and to talk, and to pronounce the dear name of "mother"; and even a younger little fellow had usurped the vacant cradle.

A vague hope kept lingering around the heart of Julia Marron that all would yet be right. Her faithful spirit trusted; and she strove, as she had ever striven, to do her best, no matter how adverse soever circumstances appeared.

They had got their little crop of potatoes out of the ground. Her mother's hands had helped to get them out. The little clamp of turf that stood at the gable of the house was brought home from the bog that was near, some of it on a donkey, and (for our story must tell the truth) some of it too, and not the smallest portion either, in bags on Mrs. Marron's back.

It happened one day that Mrs. Marron, when engaged in this laborious work, felt very tired. It was seldom she "gave in," and Julia felt convinced that her mother must be rather unwell when she allowed herself to be persuaded so easily. Mrs. Marron sat on a stool by the fire, and taking the youngest little fellow on her knees, she "jaunted" him. Finding, however, that he was sleepy, she laid him in the cradle; and after seeing him fast asleep, she threw her cloak around her, and told her daughter she would step down to Master William's bog-fields for a few rushes.

We suppose it is unnecessary to state that the rushes, when peeled of their covering and dried, are soaked in grease, and as such are used by the poor instead of candles.

The evening was falling and night was coming on when Julia saw her mother returning with a handful of rushes; but her clothes were dripping wet.

"O mother, for the love of God what happened you?"

"This will be my death, Julia!" and the woman looked on her daughter solemnly and sadly. "As sure as I'm a living woman I saw your father's fetch this evening." *

"Oh, whist, mother!"

"Well, you see, darling, as I was drawing them, I began to think of the times when we did n't want rishes, and when it was n't a little miserable rish that lit us to bed. And then my eyes began to fill, and I thought how low we were, aroon, to-day. And it use n't to be so; and I almost envied Briney Marron in his grave when I thought of them. O Julia, Julia aroon, light were the troubles of the world when you came darling of our hearts, to our home first!" The mother pressed her daughter's hand wildly.

"Oh, now, mother, don't be lamenting." Julia spoke through her tears. "Sure I'll make your life as happy as I can, at any rate, whatever I'll do when you 're gone." And she could n't help bursting into tears.

"May the blessing of heaven be upon you, sunlight of our home and dearest pulse of our hearts! O Julia, I fear I shall go, and what will then happen to my poor lamb and her three little children? O Julia aroon. I wish to God I had never given you to that dark dog — to that drunken — "

"But he 's coming round, mother — he 's coming round now. It is n't he that 's to be blamed so much, for he is n't really bad. It is the persons that give him the bad advice that are the worst."

* To see a "fetch," or to imagine it, is quite an ordinary thing in the North of Ireland.

"Ah! the mane fellow!" said the mother. "Sure he's not a chick or a child, that he'd take their advice. Does n't he see their advice is bad, and why does n't he lave them there?"

"Whist, mother! I think I hear him comin'."

"Poor darling! poor darling!" the mother sighed, as she watched her retreating form; "and the ruffian bate her, that's as pure as the daylight on the ranning wather."

Next morning, when Mrs. Marron awoke, there was an acute pain in her side, and a smothering in her chest and throat, and a violent heat suffused her whole frame.

Father Bryan was sent for. He came. He felt her pulse; it was faint and rather fluttering; the breathing was quick and short and very impeded, and speaking was a trouble to her. He sat on a low seat beside the bed, and bent his head down towards her face to hear her confession. He gave her the Holy Viaticum and anointed her; gave her a few exhortations and said some prayers with her, and went away.

It froze that night; and in the small hours of the morning, Mrs. Marron was called to judgment.

There is one custom in Ireland — a custom that is upheld by the Irish wherever they go — and that custom the best friends of the Irish people deprecate loudly. The custom we allude to is the *Irish wake*.

For this reason, and because we hope that good may arise from it, we crave the reader's pardon if we go somewhat into detail in describing it.

When Mrs. Marron was some two or three hours dead, women were brought in "to wash her." Before setting to do what must at any time appear a revolting work, the women got whiskey. Against this we do not wish to raise our voice, if, as is stated, it gives a courage for the time being. In an hour or two a person entering the room found the deceased laid out on her bed; her shower-of-hail cap, with the pretty borders, was upon her head; her arms, enveloped in a brown habit, were laid outside the counterpane, and the hands clasped a small crucifix between their rigid fingers.

While this was taking place, Andy M'Kenna had gone for the loan of Master William's black jennet, "to go into town to get a few things for the wake."

Having succeeded in catching the animal, which was no easy job, and having harnessed him, which was still less easy, he drove away to town. Julia Marron remained in the little parlor; she turned round, and sat on a chair through sheer weakness, and the tears, large and round, rolled silently and slowly down her cheek.

Her eldest child — poor Bob's godson and favorite, and, therefore, of course, her idol — came riding in on a long stick, and asking his mother whether Nanna (that was the name he used to call his grandmother by) was in there anywhere, that he was riding after her to overtake her.

The poor mother started from her seat, kissed her child, put her hands to her head, and gave a shriek of agony. She then sank back on the chair, and rocked herself to and fro, crying softly and pitifully, "O mother, mother! you will be soon in the grave with my father, and then I will be all alone. O mother! mother! mother!"

At last Anne Reeves came in, and finding that the poor girl had not had a night's rest, she induced her to lay herself on the bed in her own little room.

Nature was tired and weary, and she slept for several hours. But, oh! the horrid dreams that haunted her mind; still she slept until the voice of her husband crying awakened her. He had been to the town, and, of course, for the grief's sake, he took a little drop. And when he came home he was just "soft," and so he fell at crying over his "good mother-in-law"; "the likes of her was not in the ring of the world," etc., etc., *ad nauseam;* for nothing is so disgusting

as the senseless twaddle of a drunken idiot From his mother-in-law's room he went to that of his wife; and, oh! he praised Julia, and he kissed her, and he cried — and he cried for himself, and he cried for Julia, and he cried for the "childre" ("poor things! they little knew their loss"), and he cried for his mother-in-law, and he cried "for them all; for he loved them all."

A strange man, one of his seaside acquaintances came in (and we might as well tell the reader that his seaside friends were a band of Ribbonmen; for what purpose they come we will declare further on). The strange man took Andy M'Kenna's hand, and pressed it in a peculiar manner, at the same time indenting, with the nail of his thumb, the flesh on the back of his hand: this was the Ribbonman's "grip" then. He spoke some two or three words, which an uninitiated listener would account the most stupid trash, and that moment Andy M'Kenna became sober. He followed his visitor outside the door, and what passed between them we are not going to tell just now.

It was about an hour or so after the short November day had faded away into night that Julia Marron was awakened by the cries of Andy M'Kenna. When she recovered, her mind was seized by such a feeling of absolute misery and despair that she rested on the side of the bed as one demented, yet with the sense to know it and put her two hands up to prevent her head from reeling.

"With members worn and weary, with eyelids heavy and red," and with soul agonized and bereaved, she rose from the bed on which she had been resting, and wandered to the room where her mother was laid out.

Meantime a large crowd had already gathered in the kitchen. Around the wall seats had been fixed. On one side it was a borrowed ladder, resting at the middle and at the ends on large stones that had been brought on purpose from the fence at the opposite side of the road. In another place were the boards of a cart, supported on a masonry of turf; elsewhere chairs and stools; and flung on the centre of the kitchen floor was a bundle of fresh-threshed oaten straw, which, as the crowd increased, was scattered, and on which the late comers took their seats. This was quite the custom; to a stranger, however, it has the look of Indians squatting in their wigwams.

The first thing that struck one entering the little kitchen was the strong and almost unbearable odor of tobacco smoke. Already pipes had been filled and handed round. The pipes had been lit; and now there were not six persons in the crowd that were not smoking, talking, and laughing.

There was a group gathered around the fire. On the flag, at one corner of the fireside, sat a crooked, peevish old dame wearing a faded bonnet, and smoking. She was a beggar-woman, and from her rapidity in going from house to house had been nicknamed "the Train." At the opposite corner was seated a rival in the same trade, and who, from the profusion of her tattered garments and their various hues, bore in familiar parlance the *soubriquet* of "Map of the World."

The spirit of the fire-group consisted in "setting" the two old hags at each other, both of whom continued to smoke away the whole time with the greatest nonchalance; both also were a little deaf, or pretended to be so, and a wag in the middle undertook the gratuitous office of interlocutor; and the sayings and answers, the thrusts and repartees, did not lose in their carriage through him.

It is told of Curran that he once acted as interpreter between an English and a French lady at a theatre: he managed to say such sweet things, and to pass such handsome compliments, that at last he had the ladies excited to such a degree that they

rose simultaneously and embraced each other.

Our fireside Curran may not have succeeded in making his lady-friends embrace for love, for that was beyond the range of possibilities; but he certainly would have succeeded in making them embrace for a very different purpose, had they not been prevented from so doing.

Various subjects engaged the rest of the company, and they listened and laughed according to the burden of the conversation.

After an hour or so there was a sudden lull. A crowd of strangers made their appearance; these were Andy M'Kenna's friends. They were not completely strange and unknown however. Many a young man there stood up and shook hands with them; but, of course, men meeting at fairs and elsewhere will know one another. About ten o'clock the whole house was packed, and then the unseemly proceedings commenced which have made us detest the Irish wake so much.

The fun — this is the word, the very word, no matter how inappropriate it is called by — did not commence until a general round of whiskey had been distributed. For those who have ever been present at a wake there is no need of describing a round of whiskey; and for those that have not been present, it is almost impossible to describe it. Two men went round at different sides of the house, and filled out a glass of raw whiskey for each person. Andy M'Kenna himself went to the corpse-room, and there most genteelly and gallantly (for he was quite a lady's man) did deal out a little lady's punch to the few old women and decent neighbors that watched by the dead. The decency and hospitality of the household are usually estimated by the number of "rounds" of whiskey that are distributed during the night, and there is the greatest grumbling and jealousy if one is passed over, even by mistake, without getting his share.

Scarcely had the two men that were distributing the drink turned their backs, when a little, active young man started up, threw off his coat, dashed up against the side-wall of the house, grasped one of the rafters, and then, hand after hand, rafter after rafter, up, up, till he reached the apex; then, turning to the other side, he descended, hand after hand, and beam after beam, with the same agility, till he came to the side-wall, then dropped to the ground.

Don't stare, reader, we are describing customs, nothing more and nothing less. To let you know what senseless things are carried on at Irish wakes sometimes, you must let us describe the practices that prevail thereat. If you have influence to do so, try and abolish the Irish wake if you can. To try and do that was one of the objects of this tale.

A rival was up immediately He flung off his coat, dashed at the side-wall, grasped at the rafter, and hand after hand, beam after beam, up, up, till he too reached the apex; then down by the other side, and eventually to the ground. Time was given to each to try his skill at this; but as it was a matter of great agility, few were found ready to attempt it, and fewer still to accomplish it.

While repeated attempts and as frequent failures were made by the more slothful to climb the rafters, there was a universal call of "The slipper! the slipper!"

This game consisted in a number of men sitting on the ground, who shifted a slipper from one to another among them. One stood in the middle: he was to find out the slipper; and the particular amusement consisted in striking him on the back with the slipper, and then all dexterously holding up their hands, when he turned sharply round, to deceive him. If he found it, the person with whom he found it took his place, and he sat down. This game is described in Goldsmith's "Vicar of Wakefield"; but there it was carried on at a pleas-

ant gathering of neighbors, not in the house of death.

When they began to tire of this sport, then the singing commenced. Singing at a wake! actually singing at a wake! and singing too not the very choicest of songs. A young man sang at one corner of the kitchen some country song, a love song or farewell ballad, or a "doleful lamentation." Then a response was had from the opposite quarter, and there was cheering and clapping and remarks; and one side of the house was pitted against the other; and there was a "Bravo, Pat!" and "Boy, Barney!" or "Success to you, Rosy!" or "*Sonuher* to you, Mary!" (Good husband to you!) This, we need not state, was certainly most irreverent at a wake, in the house of mourning, in the presence of the dead. It was nothing, however, to the sinful amusement which followed, and which was called the "Tinker's Marriage."

A man was selected from the group who, when at his daily avocation, wore a leathern apron, — a smith, for instance, or a shoemaker. His apron he had brought with him; he put a knot upon it, and then stood up in the middle of the apartment. He appointed two young fellows to act as his "porters." He then got a stool and laid it in the midst. He called up one of the young unmarried men, and put him sitting upon it. This young man was to choose his wife. He pointed to some one of the girls; she was called. If she did n't come, the porters were ordered to do their duty, she was hauled up. They were turned towards the door; each got a stroke on the back with the knotted apron. The master of the ceremonies pushed them from him, declaring one thing or another to the effect that they were married.

For decency we will draw a veil over the rest of this immoral subject. By the time this amusement was over, which was about twelve or one o'clock, it was noticed that Andy M'Kenna's seaside friends had gone, it was supposed home. Some of the young men of the place too were missing; but it was thought that, as a matter of course, they had accompanied them a bit of the way. So much boisterous amusement being over, those who remained were in a more fitting mood to listen to ghost stories.

Anne Marron was sitting in the wake room; and, of course, Anne was talking. Some one asked her — I think it was Jacob Roe, the basket-maker — if she had ever seen "anything worse nor herself."

"That I have, Jacob," said Anne.

Jacob was remarkably fond of ghost stories, and, strange to tell, preternaturally "afeard" of them. It was said of Jacob Roe that once the night would fall, the priest of the parish could scarcely get him to go outside the door; so upon Anne's answering in the affirmative, Jacob drew his chair nearer, ejaculating, "My, oh! goodness gracious! um, um, um!" Anne began: —

"One day I went out late to the market. It was the latter part of October; for I remember to see the gossans gathering the laves down near the plantation. I called at two or three places and did my little business, and between one thing and another, it was a good little start after dark when I set out for home.

"The moon was shining, and it was as lovely a night as could be. I had passed the bridge; the moon was shining on the water, and away across the lake it was like a sheet of silver, when all at once the laves began the most awful 'furlin' you ever heard."

"My, oh! goodness gracious!" and Jacob Roe stirred himself on the chair.

"I looked behind me."

"That I may be happy if you were right there! I'd go on and have nothing to say to 'em."

"I did turn round and looked behind me, and I seen nothing whatsomever. And so I walked on again; but I had not gone far when I found the laves tracking me, step by step.

'This can't be good,' said I to myself: but still I walked on brave and bould."

"My, oh! goodness gracious!"

"The laves stopped, and I began to think I was all right. I came on along to the turn of the road, and there, out from inside the whitethorn ditch, jumped a black dog."

"My, oh! goodness gracious! God betune us and all harm!" and Jacob crossed himself devoutly.

"Step by step, and track for track, he followed me on along the road the whole length of the way, up to the quarry near the fort. Immediately that he passed the lone bush there — no; it was while he was passing the gate, I noticed it was n't him at all, but my brave ould Norman, the 'tory hunther,' and he having no head on him."

"My, oh! goodness gracious!" and every word was emphasized.

"I put my hand in my pocket for my bades, but I had n't one of them. Well, every dhrop of sweat pouring down my face you 'd think it was a millrace; I thought my cap would fly off me; and a few bottles of porther I had in the basket, you 'd hear them jingling above at the post-office, and still I did n't feel afraid."

"My, oh! — goodness gracious! but you had the courage."

"Well, and he came on, and you 'd think every tramp of him would go down through the road. Tramp by tramp, and step by step, on he came, until we were near the big gate. He then popped out on the road and jumped there like a young kid. He crossed me twice on the road, but I tould him to lave my way in the name of God and his holy Mother, and he flew in over the gate like a bird."

There was "Oh! oh! oh!" at the end of the story, with a "My, oh! — goodness gracious" from Jacob Roe, and "Sure enough it was the ould tory-hunther himself," from the whole group.

"You would n't go that way again in a hurry?"

"To-morrow night, Jacob, if I had business."

"See that now — my, oh! — goodness gracious! — that I may be happy if I think you 'd be right."

"Why, what would I care for th' ould sarpint, or a thousand of 'em?" said Anne.

"Your story was terrible enough," replied Jacob; "but wait till I tell yous what happened to me, and maybe yous will see whether *they* could injure a a body or not."

Jacob paused as if to remember the exact particulars, and then began: —

"God be with the time when Nell Sheils kept a public house on the bridge at Mill-o'-Louth. Well, I was n't an ould man then, and God forgive me, I was n't a sober man either; so, after making a good day's work at the big fair of Mullacrew, selling baskets, I was comin' home. Nell had the name of keeping a good dhrop, and at that time I knew the 'differ' between bog-water and porter. Well, as I said, I went in to take just one little weeny dhrop, when, as I was sitting there, who should come in the doore but my next neighbor, Phil M'Shane, that lived in the forge in them times. So as it was the loan of his donkey I had, and bekase besides he was a gay, good fellow himself, I asked him to have a sup. 'I 'll never refuse you, Jacob,' said he; so I ordered Nell to make us two of the best dandies in the house. It was little more than the dusk of the evening — of a fine summer's evening; but we sat there talking over many a little thing for a while. We did n't delay too long, and when we came out, for a while we kept on together, but I suppose it was the dhrop riz in his head; anyway, he put spurs to the horse and drove away like wildfire.

"I put on Goggin — that was the name of the donkey — to a trot. I was a little bit merry, and was singing for myself quietly goin' along. I don't mind of anything happening till I came to the little mound in the bog, when of all the lots of rabbits and

hares that any one ever seen, I seen them there before me playing on the road. I trotted on through them, and they sat on their tails and looked up at me as bould as brass; and one fellow said, 'Let him pass, she 's before him.' I was n't two yards a past where he spoke when I looked back, and not a sign of a hare or a rabbit did I see, though the road was thronged with them two minutes before. 'It is imagination, Jacob Roe,' said I to myself.

"I was just coming to the cross-roads, not far from the bog, and was going to raise the song to turn it, when a woman in white sprung out from the shade of the bushes and bounced up on the cart. The stick fell from my hand, and, though my eyes were swimming with fear, I saw Goggin make a spring, without I ever touching him, and I saw the traces of the cart get as stiff as if there was a ton weight upon 'em.

"She sat on the cart all along around the town, and not a mother's sowl did I meet, and not a prayer could I say. I 'd be going to say a prayer; she 'd lay a hand on my head, and I 'd think she was going to crush me to the ground. It held so till we were coming near the bridge, when she caught the donkey and cart in her hands; she gave a terrible screech, and flung us into the gripe. The cart was thrown upon me, and when I was picked up in the morning, they thought I was dead. I took a faver (God bless and save the hearers), and since then I never tasted a dhrop, and I never venture outside the house after dark"

Just as he stopped there was a noise: they all looked. There was a pull on the sheets of the bed; the sheets stirred — the sheets that were over the dead woman. For an instant all held their breath, and then several cried out together, "Betty is rising! Betty is rising!" In a moment they were on their feet, and out of the little room Jacob Roe was first; and coming out the door he met with a stool, over which he stumbled, and was flung in the hurry against a tin can of water that one of the girls had brought for preparing the tea. They all followed suit: "Betty is rising! Betty is rising!"

Poor Julia was startled and ashamed. She stood up; and a little kitten that had been playing with the sheets of the bed, came against her foot and mewed. Then Anne Marron sat down "brave and bould," for though she "riz from her seat, she did n't stir a peg"

"I knew it was nothing worse nor ourselves was there," said Anne.

The rest returned one by one; but Jacob Roe was found on his knees, muttering "My, oh! goodness gracious! God betune us and all harm! May the Lord presarve us day and night, lying and rising, from sin, sickness, and harm!"

They raised him up, but when he looked on the light he fainted "clane away." They brought him a drop of whiskey to revive him; but he would n't take it "for fear worse might happen him" At last he took a drop of water; but no persuasion would prevail upon him to go down to the corpse-room any more.

Some of our readers, we are sure, doubt as to whether it was home Andy M'Kenna's seaside friends had gone. They were Ribbonmen, no doubt of that; they did n't come so far to a wake.

There was a dispute going on between the farmers and those who had taken potato-land from them The former were wanting forty shillings a rood for the land; and the latter had pledged themselves not to give more than thirty. This dispute was very bitter, and the Ribbonmen were anxious to make some examples that very night. For this purpose they selected a certain farmer, from whom Andy M'Kenna had potato-ground, and thither they had gone. Whatever way it happened, the farmer and his four sons had got the word. They were all stout, active men, and were

prepared for the emergency. The Ribbonmen had hardly knocked at the door for admittance, when they were answered by a volley fired into their midst. Though none of the shots took fatal effect, the Ribbonmen, unprepared for such a reception, made a precipitate retreat, leaving several of their party maimed along the roadside.

To be continued.

BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

THE perceptive faculty of women is usually keener than the same phrenological organ in man. Woman knows, or strongly believes, that beauty rather than genius is worshipped by the sterner sex. A man may talk of the latter to his lady-love, but the keenness of the woman knows he is thinking of the former in his heart Women have an innate desire to please their *beaux*. They are fond of admiration, hence one of their longings is to be beautiful, is to be called pretty, handsome. The grand secret of female beauty is health; the secret of health is the power, the appetite to eat, digest, and assimilate a proper quantity of wholesome food; yet, in connection with this there is something more important, — active exercise, which will cleanse and tone the vital organs, gain a perfect digestion, purify the blood, clear the complexion, and produce a state of mental and physical electricity, which gives symmetry of form, bright eyes, white skin, and glossy hair, the last a genuine type of female beauty which no cosmetic can ever produce.

LAWYER. — How do you identify this handkerchief?' WITNESS. — By its general appearance, and the fact that I have others like it. LAWYER. — That 's no proof, for I have one just like it in my pocket. WITNESS. — I don't doubt it at all. I had more than one of the very same sort stolen.

THE THIRD ORDER OF ST. FRANCIS,

Which is conspicuous for the number of its members and for the practical piety which it inculcates, has just received a striking evidence of favor from the Holy Father, who is himself its most distinguished member. In according the Apostolic benediction to the chronicle of the *Franciscan Annals* and its promoters, his Holiness expressed himself in these emphatic terms. "I have always," said Pope Leo, "loved the Third Order, to which I belong. I have always remembered that the glorious saint was inspired by God to give birth to that institution at a time when society was so much in want of some such invitation and some such institution to recall it to piety and meekness." After alluding to the great benefits which have been conferred by the order, and the many saints that have adorned it, his Holiness added in conclusion, "This conviction and these facts urge me to great affection for the Third Order now that I am Pope, for I hope and promise myself from it much advantage to Christian society, which now also stands in need of some one to rouse it, to put it in the way of practical piety. Therefore, I hope and desire," said Pope Leo XIII., on the 8th of last December, "that the Third Order may ever be propagated more and more, and I bless from my heart all who promote and favor it."

MANY mothers are either compelled to stay away from church or chapel or take their babies with them. In order to hear a famous Methodist preacher a poor woman took her little one in her arms. The loud voice from the platform awoke the child and made it cry, and its mother got up and was leaving the hall, when the minister stopped her by saying, "My good woman, don't go away; the baby does n't disturb me." "It is n't for that, sir, I leave," she replied, with perfect unconsciousness of sarcasm: "it's you disturbs the baby."

WHAT CHARACTERS SHOULD BE USED IN WRITING AND PRINTING THE IRISH LANGUAGE?

NEW YORK, March 17, 1879.

To the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language: — Learning that the subject of the alphabet to be used in writing Gaelic is to be discussed, I venture to submit a few thoughts on the subject.

The only alphabet which it is contemplated to use are two, viz., those known as the "Roman" and the "Irish." It is not proposed to use the ancient "oghams," which are the only native alphabet.

Both the "Irish" and the "Roman" letters are merely modifications of the Latin, as are all the alphabets of Western Europe, and as was the Anglo-Saxon, all having received their introduction from the Church of Rome. It is extremely absurd to say that the Irish character (one modification, merely in form, of the Latin) is better adapted to the genius of the language than the Roman, which is only another modification of the same.

The Irish character, however, from its antiquity, its associations, and its beauty, has peculiar claims on the Irish people. Especially is it advisable, in the present endeavor to revive the language, that all the prestige attaching to the distinctive alphabet, and all the national feeling it engenders, should be made use of.

When the language has been reestablished as a vehicle for communication of ideas, and takes its place as a national idiom, then in all probability it will be time to drop the distinctive alphabet and use the one now almost universal in Christendom, — a transition easily made, for there is no radical difference. The Germans are now gradually making the same change.

The argument as to locking up the literature in the old character seems very weak, for the five or six letters which in the Irish alphabet are of peculiar form can be learned in fifteen minutes, — much less time than it would take for a person well versed in modern Irish print to learn to read ancient manuscripts in (nominally) the same character.

The argument as to English influence is claptrap. The Irish people have an older claim to the Roman letter than the English, and the English do not care one straw whether the Irish use it or not. In fact, an Englishman who desired to prevent the spread of Irish would prefer to confine it to its own alphabet, in order to cut off the means of its diffusion.

While it seems preferable to use the ancient alphabet, where it can be done, it is far better that it should be printed in Roman letters than not at all. It is the height of bigotry to say that a printer who has no Gaelic type shall not print Irish matter. The *language* is much more important than the alphabet, as a man's soul is superior to his clothes.

I should vote for a resolution embodying the following sentiments: —

"That the New York S. P. I. L. expresses its preference for the use of the Irish character.

"That students of Irish should be accustomed to read and write also in the Roman character, a work of less than half an hour.

"That where Irish type cannot be had, newspapers and periodicals be encouraged, not discouraged, in printing in the ordinary type. The movement cannot afford to lose any aid through prejudice

"That the habit of uniformity in spelling is quite as important as the choice of alphabet, and that all be earnestly requested to spell in accordance with the works of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language."

Very respectfully,

CHARLES E. SPRAGUE.

GAELIC CHARACTERS AND ROMAN TYPE.

114 AND 116 E. THIRTEENTH STREET,
NEW YORK, March. 4, 1879.

At a special general meeting of the above society the following preamble

and resolutions, proposed by Mr. Daniel O'Neill, and seconded by Mr. Charles E. Sprague, were unanimously adopted: —

Whereas, We have been requested by the Boston Philo-Celtic Society to concur in the sentiments expressed by it in a series of resolutions recently adopted in condemnation of the use of Roman type in printing Irish;

Whereas, We consider the preservation of the language and the diffusion of a knowledge thereof among the people of the world of much more importance than the style or form of the character of its alphabet; and

Whereas, In our efforts to obtain these objects we cannot afford to lose any aid whatsoever, and knowing, moreover, that Roman letters can be correctly used; be it therefore

Resolved, That while expressing a preference for and a desire to preserve the old Irish characters, and not yielding in our determination in this respect to any men, we do not condemn or discourage the publication of Irish matter in Roman type in cases where the Irish characters are unprocurable.

FRANCIS WARD, *Secretary*.

THE two Italian methods of treating diphtheria — with chlorate of potash and hydrate of chloral — have been combined by Dr. Cæsar Calttaglia, of Rome, and, as he claims, with remarkable success. He dissolves a drachm of hydrate of chloral in five drachms of glycerine, and applies it to the false membranes three or four times a day, by means of a camel's-hair brush. Of the chlorate of potash he gives from two and a half to four drachms a day, dissolved in four and a half ounces of water, to children of from three to six years, and an ounce to adults. With these medicines he always combines a tonic and restorative diet.

BLESSED is the man who can sew on his buttons when the baby is crying.

AN INFIDEL'S TESTIMONY.

MR. DYER D. LUM in a radical paper, "Man," of New York, says: "One of the most marked effects of Protestant insufficiency to direct social evolutions is its treatment of public charity. Wherever social questions are more largely discussed, Protestantism is fairly crumbling into decay. England ignored charity immediately upon severing her connection with the Church of Rome; she confiscated the church lands, from which one fourth to one third of the revenues had been devoted to the poor, and made the pauper. In Germany, where social questions occupy so large a portion of the public attention, the Reform religion is routed. The poor laws of Protestant nations are an outgrowth of its system of faith and a standing disgrace. If the thousand years of Romish dominion can be called the Dark Ages, surely the three hundred and fifty succeeding ones have fairly won the name of the Heartless Ages."

WHEN Mary, Queen of Scots, was led to execution, she carried a crucifix with her, and looking at it exclaimed, "As Thy arms, O God, were stretched out upon the cross, so receive me into the arms of Thy mercy, and forgive me my sins!" The Earl of Kent, who was standing by, interrupted her, saying, "Madam, you had better leave such popish trumperies, and bear Him in your heart." To this uncharitable remark she nobly replied, "Sir, I cannot hold in my hand the representation of His sufferings, but that I must at the same time bear Him in my heart."

IF he shall not lose his reward, who gives a cup of cold water to his thirsty neighbor, what will not be the reward of those who, by putting good works into the hands of their neighbors, open to them the fountain of eternal life? — *Thomas à Kempis*.

TEAGMHÁIL NA N-UISGEADH.

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS.

Ní 'l annsa g-cruinne aon chumar na gleann,
Mar an lag a bh-fuil co-sruth an dís amhann ann;
Is luaithe bheidheos eulaighthe uaim m'arran 's mo bhrígh,
'Na chrionfas an gleann glas úd úr as mo chridhe!

Ní h-e an t-amharc breagh aoibhin bhí sgartha air gach taobh
Ní h-e lonair an chriostal na úr-bhláth na g-craobh;
Ní h-e cogar na srotha mar eug-cheol mna-sighe,
Acht nidh éigen nios dílise tá a n-doimhneacht an chridhe.

'Siad mo chairde do cheangal mo chumann 'smo chlaon,
Do sgap air gach nidh ann sgéimh shasta na mían;
Oir ní 'l aon nidh dá aille nach meuduigheann a bhláth,
Dá fheicsin tré shúilibh air a m-bidheann againn grádh.

A ghleann aoibhin cath-abhna budh shuaimhneach mo shuan,
Faoi fhasgadh do chabháin le mo chara fior-bhuan,
'N áit a m-beidhmuid ó-na siontaibh faoi dhidean go sámh,
'S ar g-cridhe mar do chiún-srotha co-measgtha le dáimh.

Translation.

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet
As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet;
Oh! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it was not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
Her purest of crystal and brightest of green;
'T was not her soft magic of streamlet or hill,
Oh, no. — it was something more exquisite still.

'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near,
Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
And who felt how the best charms of nature improve,
When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca! how calm could I rest
In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
Where the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

Thomas Moore

JESUITS AND POLITICS.

THE general of the Society of Jesus, Father Beckz, has addressed a letter to the Provincials of the order, in the course of which he says that, in fact and in theory, the Society of Jesus is and declares itself a stranger to all political parties, whatever they may be. In all countries and under all forms of government, it confines itself exclusively to the exercise of its ministry, having in view only its end, which is far superior to the interests of human politics. Always and everywhere, each member of the society loyally accomplishes the duties of a good citizen and a faithful subject to the power that rules the country. Always and everywhere, the society says to all by its teaching and its conduct, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and to God the things that are God's." These are the principles which it has never ceased to profess and from which it will never depart.

WHAT IS A SHYSTER?

THE "Central Law Journal," published at St. Louis, recently invited information on the origin and true significance of the word "shyster," and got replies from several correspondents.

One, writing from LaCross, Wis., suggests that "shyster" is etymologically derived from the German word "schuster," a cobbler, and that it grew into use in New York City from the practices of certain attorneys of a lower class, and others, not attorneys, hanging around the Tombs, the city Criminal Court, picking up the case of prisoners, and taking the prisoners' money found on their persons, for real or pretended legal services. From that the meaning grew to apply to all lawyers or practitioners in the lower courts whose practices are disreputable.

Another correspondent, writing from Chicago, says the term "shyster" is probably a variation of the word "shicer," which signifies "a mean man, a humbug, a duffer, a worthless person, one who will not work." "Duffer" has a general application of a worthless fellow, or a cheat of any kind. The word "shyster," as applied to a person of the legal fraternity, may be said to signify that he is low and mean in practice, or is a worthless humbug. Its special application is to such as are shy of the higher courts and even-handed practice, and who resort to evil practice to accomplish their ends, either in stirring up litigation or thwarting justice, as by bribery, packing juries, or procuring straw bail, etc.

PLEASURE FOR A CHILD.

BLESSED be the hand that prepares a pleasure for a child, for there is no saying when and where it may again bloom forth. Does almost everybody remember some kind-hearted man who showed him a kindness in the days of his childhood? The writer of this recollects himself at this moment as a barefooted lad, standing at the wooden fence of a poor little garden in his native village, where, with longing eyes, he gazed on the flowers which were blooming there quietly in the brightness of a Sunday morning. The possessor came forth from his little cottage; he was a wood-cutter by trade, and spent the whole day at work in the woods. He was come into the garden to gather flowers to stick in his coat when he went to church. He saw the boy, and breaking off the most beautiful of his carnations, which was streaked with red and white, he gave it to him. Neither the giver nor the receiver spoke a word, and with bounding steps the boy ran home; and now, here at a distance from that home, after so many events of so many years, the feeling of gratitude which agitated the breast of that boy expresses itself on paper. The carnation has since withered, but it now blooms afresh.

Useful Knowledge.

PAINT splashed upon window-glass can be easily removed by a hot solution of soda.

USE kerosene and bath-brick or lime to scour zinc, tin, or copper; wash in hot suds, and polish with dry whiting.

SPIRITS of ammonia diluted with water, if applied with a sponge or flannel cloth to discolored spots in carpets or garments, will often restore the colors.

To give glass great brilliancy, wash with a damp sponge dipped in spirits, then dust with powdered blue or whiting (tied in a thin muslin bag), and polish with chamois cloth.

A PASTE made of whiting and benzine will clean marble, and one made of whiting and chloride of soda, spread and left to dry (in the sun if possible) on the marble, will remove spots.

A FLANNEL cloth dipped in warm soapsuds, then into whiting, and applied to paint, will instantly remove all grease and dirt. Wash with clean water, then dry; the most delicate paint will not be injured, and will look like new.

TO DYE COTTON OR SILK SCARLET. — Three gallons warm water, add one ounce cream of tartar, one ounce powdered cochineal, two ounces solution of tin; wet the goods in warm water, and when the dye boils, put in the goods and boil one hour, frequently stirring them; then take out the goods and rinse in cold water.

MOTHS. — Moths will infest carpets in warm rooms in winter as well as in summer. A sure way to remove them, says the "Ohio Farmer," is to pour strong alum water upon the floor to the distance of half a yard around the edge, before the carpets are laid down. When sweeping, once in a while sprinkle dry salt upon the carpet.

WASHING AND DRYING DISHES. — Do not have flannel or woollen dish-rags, as they retain the grease, and so keep putting it on instead of taking it off Old towels are the best for this purpose, and they should be washed and boiled as regularly as the napkins and towels themselves Fine china should never be put into hot water, as it spoils the enamel.

TO WASH WINDOWS. — Have a pail partly filled with tepid water, throw in a teaspoonful of powdered borax; have one small chamois dipped into the borax water, to wash the windows; then with a dry chamois rub the windows dry and polish. In this way windows may be cleansed in a very few moments, and not wet the carpets or tire the person.

WHEN TO EAT FRUIT. — There is a rule on board steamers going to the tropical ports against the admission on board of bananas. It is based on the fact that the passengers drinking wines or alcoholic liquors are sure to die if they eat the fruit, as the liquor taken into the stomach acts as a preservative of the fruit and prevents its digestion. The Spanish proverb has it: "Fruit is golden in the morning, silver at noon, but lead at night." Americans do not seem to have heard of this proverb, nor to have one of their own experience. Mostly they eat fruit at night, and hence have not the sovereign idea of it that they would have if they had eaten it at more proper times. They eat it as dessert at dinner. This may be the most proper time to eat dried fruits, but it is not the right time to eat juicy ones. The Spanish people learned their proverb from eating the very juicy fruits, like oranges. Those should be eaten in the morning, a little before dinner — not later than noon. Early in the day they will, if eaten, prove to be the best possible medicine for the bilious.

The Humorist.

THERE is probably not a woman in all this broad, sunny land of ours, who does n't think that the carving-fork was made for the express purpose of pulling corks out of bluing bottles and lifting stove-lids.

TOMMY came home from school and handed to his father the teacher's report on his progress during the month. "This is very unsatisfactory, Tom; you've a very small number of good marks. I'm not at all pleased with it." "I told the teacher you would n't be, but he would n't alter it."

AN upholsterer was called in to do some work at the house of two German old maids. One of them, as he knew, was perfectly deaf, and he was told to take down a curtain, then to put it up again, and again to replace it. Greatly put out, and believing he could express his feelings without being heard, he said at last, "You cursed stupid old brute!" The lady turned towards him and placidly said, "Excuse me, my man; it is my sister that's deaf."

A MEDICAL practitioner had as a patient an elderly man who was sadly afflicted with deafness. One prescription after another had been given, but still the patient was shut out from his fellow-men by want of hearing. In these circumstances his wife called at the house of the physician and said, "I've just come to ye ance more, doctor, to see if ye canna gie John something better for his hearing, for the last bottle ye gied him did him na guid ava." "Dear me," said the doctor, "I 'm surprised at that; but I dare say it matters little whether or no, for really there's naething gaun the noo that 's worth the hearing."

MAN is the only animal that blows his nose. The alligator has a nose nearly two feet long, and he never blows it. The elephant can reach over his nose and tickle his hind legs, and he often does, but never wipes it. The blue-nosed baboon has a cerulean proboscis, of which the noblest animal may be proud, but it goes unblown. The double-nosed pointer has immense capacity for blowing, but he never will; and the oyster, whose nose reaches clear round to his back, refrains from exercising it. Man alone has reached the height of a pocket-handkerchief, and he proudly waves his bandanna as a sufficient evidence of his superiority.

A CELEBRATED naturalist was singularly tenacious of his time, and did not like those who entered his house to deprive him of it. "I know," said he, "that Monsieur l'Abbé Hauy comes to see me, our conversation is an exchange, but I do not want a man to come and tell me whether it is hot or cold, raining or sunshine. My barometer and thermometer know more than all possible visitors, and in my studies in natural history," added he, "I have not found in the whole animal kingdom a species or class or family who frighten me so much as the numerous family of bores."

THE Earl of Buchan and Laird of Dryburgh, well known during the latter part of the last century as an enthusiast in Scottish history and antiquities, was very eccentric, but was full of energy. An amusing incident occurred at his funeral. Sir David Brewster and Sir Walter Scott were both present. The chapel in Dryburgh Abbey runs from east to west; the grave was made accordingly, and the foot of the coffin should, in the usual way, have been carried in first. The former saw this was not being done, and said, "We have brought in the earl's head in the wrong way." "Never mind," replied Sir Walter, "his lordship's head was turned when he was alive, and it 's not worth our while to shift it now."

A Chat with our Lady Readers on what they Wear.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

Among the new flannel-finished materials for summer dresses is a sleasily woven, fine wool fabric called beige de santé. This is about as heavy as bunting, but is not so stiff and wiry. It comes in gray, tan, and beige shades of a single color, or else invisible checks, the checked effects being given in the weaving rather than the coloring. Panama tweeds are loosely woven wool goods of light weight, in small checks of three or four threads each way, suggesting the Panama canvas used for embroidery. A new camel's-hair fabric is shown without twills, with flannel finish, and as thin as bunting or grenadine It is most largely imported in beige brown and black. The standard de bege is in gray, olive, moss, beige and navy blue. Zephyr armures are light crape stuffs, slightly crinkled. Cheviot striped wools are in narrow stripes of two grave shades, the lighter stripe marked by broad cheviot twills. Low-priced woollen mixtures have tiny stripes, checks, or zigzag effects of two shades, as cream and brown, or gray and red. Buntings are shown again in a variety of colors. Creamy white bunting is now made so thin and fine and of such light weight that it is being used in evening dresses for the watering-places. A tasteful model for making simple woollen suits, plain summer silks, and grenadines is as follows: Long, smoothly fitted basque with revers in front extending from the neck to the lower edge. Striped goods set on in vest shape in front, a revers low down in the coat-like seams of the back. The long overskirt is draped in folds across the front and held in place down the middle by being tacked to a tape on the wrong side. Three panels of the striped fabric are placed the entire length of the apron; one directly in the centre, the others about twice their width from this on either side. The back is caught up in plaits at intervals. The short round skirt is trimmed with two side-plaited flounces. This design is appropriate for mourning dresses, with crape for trimming in place of the striped stuff. It will also suggest to economists ways for converting half-worn dresses into something novel and stylish. The fancy for vests provides an excellent remedy for remodelling basques and sacques that have become soiled in front, or are too tight across the bust. A separate vest of any appropriate material is made, and the front of the basque turned back *en revers*. The part turned back as revers begins at the throat, and slopes gradually wider to the end. The button and button-hole defacements are covered with the material of the vest. Costumes of two shades, and more frequently of two different colors, are still the latest fashion, and they offer an inexhaustible mine of ingenious combinations.

A black grenadine dress is still considered an essential part of a lady's summer wardrobe. The new black striped grenadines are very elegant with inch-wide stripes of moire, satin, or velvet. Satin-figured grenadines are new and handsome Plain square-marked grenadines remain popular. The new black grenadine dresses have satin accessories and jet ornaments, jet galloon, much shirring, and a great deal of plaited black Breton or French lace. Grass fringe is also used for trimming.

Under the general name of foulard, Fashion offers this season a variety of beautiful tissues. They are soft and brilliant silks, of lovely and harmonious colors, and the designs for making up are picturesque surprises,

well carried out, producing toilets of surpassing elegance. The pompadour styles of figured foulard silk are seen in colored goods of light weight, such as cotton sateen, and the transparent wool fabric formerly called mousseline-de-laine. These are shown with white, cream, pearl, and Sévres blue grounds strewn with small palm-leaves or flowers. Even in chintz calicoes, the same pretty pompadour figures are presented, and the designs for making are as elaborate as for foulards and delaines. These have panier overdresses very bunchily draped, squarely trimmed necks, elbow sleeves, fichus, jabots, a great deal of shirring and lace. The skirt is decidedly short, escaping the ground entirely. Panier basques are simply cut quite long, and caught up in plaits in the side seams to make the hips look large. There are also panier polonaises that afford excellent suggestions for making over the long polonaises worn last year; these are left to button part of the way down, the lower part curved open, and the ends raised and fastened back quite high at the middle of the back, the great length admitting of plaits being laid high on the hips; plaits at irregular intervals are taken in the back breadths to bunch them up.

That quaint novelty among cotton goods called mummy cloth has a rough printed surface. The choicest designs are in soft, faded colors, and in sprays and stripes. It is one yard wide. Twelve or fourteen yards make a short suit in the Pompadour or Dolly Varden style described above. Printed armures have raised threads on a white ground like the brilliantines formerly worn, and is strewn with pale-tinted, small flowers and foliage.

The polka-dotted percales of soft finish are "Frenchy" looking fabrics, and are readily mistaken for foulards; these are provided with a border of several narrow stripes along the selvage. French and English calicoes, lawns, and organdies have light grounds, over which flowers, vines, or palm-leaves are strewn. These have borders two or three inches wide, and so many yards of bordering are required to trim a dress that a double border is furnished by having a stripe of it down each selvage. Calicoes of solid colors are supplied to complete costumes that are partly figured and partly striped. These are warranted to wash.

For graduating and commencements, white dresses are made either of plain or figured Swiss muslin, or of organdie, India muslin, French nainsook, or the new Persian lawn. A favorite design for such dresses is the panier basque with square neck and elbow sleeves. Breton lace insertion is set in, to simulate a vest. The basque is edged with plaited lace. The apron is formed of two plaited scarfs laid straight across the front, edged with plaited lace; the ends of these scarfs are concealed at the sides by jabots or cascades, arranged from the front edges of the back breadths, which are trimmed their entire length with plaited lace. The back is caught up at intervals, and made very "bunchy." Two plaited flounces trim the lower skirt. Long-looped bows of satin or watered ribbon are used in profusion upon the skirt, and to catch up the basque on the hips, while another is at the back near the edge of the basque, on the sleeves, and at the throat. When less expensive white dresses are desired, the lace can be omitted, and knife-plaitings of the muslin used. Pretty white organdie, Swiss muslin, or tarletan dresses are made up over pale blue silesia, that has a sufficient gloss to give the lustre of silk. If no color is desired, white silesia slips are made.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE. — The Notre Dame Catholic University, near South Bend, Indiana, was destroyed by fire on the 23d of April. The college building, six stories high, infirm old men's home, Music Hall, and Mimms Hall were all destroyed. Loss, $200,000; insurance, $60,000. No lives lost.

Instructions for Reading Irish in Roman Letters.

bh at the beginning of a word, if followed by *e* or *i*, sounds like *v* in English; if followed by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it generally sounds like *w*. It follows the same rule in the middle of a word, but at the end of a word, whether preceded by one of the broad vowels, *a*, *o*, or *u*, or one of the slender ones, *e* or *i*, it generally has the sound of *v*. *ch* has *always* a guttural sound. If preceded by *a*, *o*, or *u*, it sounds like *ch* in *loch*; if preceded by *i*, like *ch* in the German word *licht*. *dh* at the beginning of a word sounds like *y*; in the middle and end, it is silent. *gh* sounds like *dh* in the beginning of words; in the middle or end, it sounds like *ch*. *mh* follows the same rules as *bh*. *fh* is generally silent. *ph* sounds like *f*. *th* sounds like *h*. *sh* sounds like *h*. If a consonant precedes an initial one, separated by a hyphen, the *first* one only is pronounced.

A D-TIMCHIOLL NA SEAN GAEDHILGE.

Measann morán daoine go bh-fuil an Ghaedhilge atá annsna sean leabhairibh, eagsamhuil go léir ó'n Ghaedhilge atá sgriobhtha aniu. Is e seo dearmad mór. Dá m-beidheadh an t-sean teanga sgriobhtha cho aireach a's a sgriobhthar an Ghaedhilge atá againn anois, ni bheidheadh acht sár bheg dithfire eatorra. Is an t-sean aimsir ni chuiridís acht go h-anamh, ni an litir *h* na an punc mar mhalairt no séimhiughadh. Ag an cheud fheuchan smuainfimís go raibh aon de na sean leabhairibh seo nios deacaire 'na Greigis. Is cosamhuil ba mian le na sean sgriobhnoiribh anallód a sgribhinn do dheanadh cho deacar a b'fhéider leo a léigheadh; do chrapadís na focail, gan sgriobhadh acht leath aca; b'fhéidir go raibh an paipear, no an rod as a righneadh na leabhair, an-dhaor, agus ba h-áil leo morán de sgribhinn do chur air áit bheg. Le taisbeanadh nach bh-fuil morán maiarte a d-teanga na h-Eireann air feadh dá chead bliadhain deug, cuirfimid sios annso rann ó'n leabhar a measta sinne ann Eirinn, iodhan, *Liber Hymnorum*, no leabhar dán spioradálta.

"Ann Ardmacha fuil righe,
Is cian do reracht Emain;
Is cill mór Dunleathglasse,
Nim díl gedh dithreabh Temair."

Ni'l fhocal is an rann so nach bh-fuil a n-usaide aniu, acht aon cheann

Literal translation.

ABOUT THE OLD IRISH.

Many persons think that the Irish that is in the old books is altogether different from the Irish that is written to-day. This is a great mistake. Were the old Irish as carefully written as the modern Irish is written, there would be but very little difference between them. In the old times they used not, except very rarely, to put a letter *h* or a dot to mark change or aspiration [of letters]. At the first look we would think that one of these old books was more difficult than Greek. It would appear that the old writers in ancient times wished to make their manuscripts as hard to read as they could; they contracted the words, not writing the half of them; maybe the paper or substance out of which the books were made was very dear, and that they wished to put a good deal of writing on a small space. To show that there has not been much change in the language of Ireland during twelve hundred years, we will put down here a verse from a book thought to be the oldest in Ireland, namely the *Liber Hymnorum*, or "Book of Hymns."

"In Armagh there is kingship,
It is long ago since Emania was founded,
Downpatrick is a great church,
Not dear to me though Tara be a desert."

There is not a word in this verse that is not in use to-day save one,

amháin, "do reracht." So sampla eile as an leobhar ceadhna, noch is cuid de'n urnuighe ghlórmhar sin a rinne Noamh Padruig a d-Teamhruigh an tan do bhí ag dul do sheanmoir an sósgeul do Laoghaire mhic Neill, oir ba h-e ba righ Eireann ag an am sin.

"Sgiath De dom ditin, Sochraide De dom anacul ar intledhibh deamhna, ar cech n-duine midus trastar dam a fogus no a cian."

So rádh eile as graimear de Zeus, atá soilleir go leor, agus is cosmhuil go bh-fuil se nios sinne 'na ceachtar an dhá shampla shuas.

"Cid aingel d'anglibh neimhe pridichas doibhsi ni chretid dó."

Tá beagán focal is na samplaibh seo nach bh-fuil a n-usaid anois, acht tá a ngraimear agus a g-cuma ionann leis an teanga labharthar ann Eirinn aniu. Is fior go bh-fuil an t-sean Gaedhilge deacar, acht'sí de bhrigh nar sgriobhadh i go soilléir mar sgriobhthar i ó fuaradh amach ceard clódhbhualtha. Se mar sin le na sean leabharaibh ann gach teanga. Taisbean sean leabhar lamh-sgriobhtha a n-Gregis no a Laidion do scoláire is feárr a g-coláisde Yale no Harvard, agus ni fheudfaidh se gan aire mhór, aon line dé thuigsint.

"do reracht." Here is another sample from the same book, which is part of that glorious prayer that Saint Patrick made at Tara when he was going to preach the gospel before Laoghaire, the son of Niall, for it was he who was king of Ireland at that time: —

"May the shield of God protect me, may the hosts of God defend me against the snares of demons, against every person who meditates opposition to me near by or far off."

Here is another sentence from Zeus's grammar that is quite plain, and it is likely that it is older than either of the two examples given above: —

"Though an angel of the angels of heaven were to preach to them, they [would] not believe him."

There are a few words in these extracts that are not in use at present, but their grammar and construction are the same as those of the language spoken to-day in Ireland. It is true that the old Irish is difficult, but it is because it was not written plainly, as it is written since the discovery of the art of printing. It is so with the old books in every language. Show an old manuscript book in Greek or Latin to the best scholar in Yale or Harvard, and without great study he will not be able to understand a line of it.

Summary of Recent Events.

ENORMOUS UNDERTAKING IN FRANCE. — Talk about the cost of the Pacific Railway, why, it is a mere flea-bite to the colossal schemes of the new French Minister of Public Works, M. de Freycinct, who proposes to expend about £160,000,000 sterling ($800,000,000) on a vast network of state railways and hydraulic works. His plans, which have almost all been sanctioned, comprise the maintenance of about 23,500 miles of national railways, not much more than half of which are at present in working order, and 5,000 miles of which have yet to be built, and the expenditure of $150,000,000 on new canals and old systems, and about $50,000,000 on the improvement and deepening of ports and harbors.

INSTITUTION FOR INVALIDS. — The Brothers of the Order of St. John of God have opened, in a charming and healthful spot in Sandymount, an establishment for the treatment, care, and comfort of gentlemen whose health has been impaired by sickness or other causes. The Order of St. John of God has its special mission in the ministry of the sick, and its fame in its kindly, if arduous work is spread throughout all the world. Its members have their institutions in nearly all the great cities of Catholic Europe, and wherever they are, they are looked upon and cherished as boons and blessings to all who need them and have recourse to them. Their coming to Dublin cannot fail to be equally a boon and a blessing here.

Our Young Folks.

BY MISS PUZZLER.

59.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of fourteen letters:
My 4, 6, 8 is a color;
My 2, 3, 9, 5 is a word of salutation;
My 13, 12, 1, 11 is a part of the body;
My 14, 9, 10, 11 means ill;
My 7, 9, 13 is wickedness;
My whole is the name of a noted author.

60.

LOGOGRIPH.

Whole I am a word of six letters; behead me, and you will find me at a funeral; behead again, I am a small seed; behead once more, I am a monkey; transpose, I am a vegetable; restore to my whole and curtail me, I mean a fragment; curtail and transpose me, I am the mark of a wound; behead me and you will see a vehicle; restore to my whole, behead and curtail, and I am a knock.

61.

CHARADE.

My first is a celebrated patriot; my second you see with; my third is a sweet fruit; and my whole is a seaport in Asia.

62.

ANAGRAMS.

Roman Emperors.

1. Lucia! gal; 2. In pas vas; 3. Not I, maid; 4. Sin is upon aunt; 5. I bit sure.

63.

CHARADE.

Generals and their Victories.

My first is a title of courtesy; my second is a domestic fowl; my third is a grain; my fourth is a verb; my fifth is a fastening; my whole is an English hero.

64.

My first is chance; my last is an adverb; my whole is a siege in which the above-mentioned hero was engaged.

65.

My second is often made of my first; my third is a boy's name, vulgarly expressed; my fourth is what all boys are; my whole is an American hero.

66.

My first is part of a boy's name; my second is a vowel; my third is found on farms; my fourth denotes a city; my whole is a battle in which the above-mentioned American hero was engaged.

67.

My whole is a map you will agree;
Behead me, an animal then you will see;
Again behead me, now skill I denote;
Restore and curtail, on the ocean I float.

68.

SQUARE WORD.

An article of which most gentlemen are fond; to fancy; amusements; an actor; something often seen in music.

69.

In a little isle my home I make,
Where I never fear nor toad nor snake;
On the sunny side of a mossy mound,
In the early spring I am always found;
And once a year, whatever betide,
Of patriot hearts I am the pride.

70.

SQUARE WORDS.

To reproach; a measure of land; a metal; a time of fasting.

71.

A network of fine thread; an interjection; a fish; to watch.

72.

BEHEADINGS.

To jewellers I am a prize;
Behead, and I in station rise.

73.

Take one of the babies' best friends,
And cut off the poor creature's head,
Transpose the part that is left,
And a practical joke there's instead.
Now cut the head off of the joke,
I make easy whatever you do.
Next curtail me, and then you will find
What's left to be just me and you.

74.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of twenty-three letters: —

My 8, 19, 5, 2, 11, 12 we all possess;
My 6, 10, 3, 17, 22, 1, 7 is a man's name;
My 12, 4, 14, 9, 6, 15 is a very nice beverage;
My 13, 22, 19, 7, 18, 19 is what every one ought to possess;
My 12, 5, 23, 21 is very valuable in the city;
My 12, 14, 5, 16, 20, 7, 18 is very pleasant in the summer time;
My whole is the name of a man celebrated for his dramatic writings.

75.

BEHEADING.

After rain I often show
My face upon the street below,
Headless I express quite well
What I sometimes cause the dainty belle.

76.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

My first is a juvenile toy
Much prized by every boy;
My next in "The Faëry Queene"
Is a leading character seen;
In parks you my third oft see,
Surrounded by many a tree;
My fourth was an ancient god,
Adored on Egyptian sod;
My fifth you of flowers compose,
The lily, the wallflower, the rose;
Initials take, and they will make
A flower stiff, not tall;
The finals, too, will give to you
Another meek and small.

77.

BEHEADING.

On stormy nights this oft is seen
Darting across the sky;
Behead it, now it oft has made
The poor slave weep and cry;
Behead again, oh! what a change,
It now a lordly tree is seen.

78.

CONUNDRUM.

Why is a pig with a curly continuation like the ghost of Hamlet's father?

79.

SQUARE WORD.

A color; something for wounds; one; a woman's name.

80.

METAGRAMS.

I am a word of four letters, change my first, and I am a beverage; my second, and I am part of a horse; my third, and I am part of a measure; my fourth, and I am part of a herb.

81.

I am a word of four letters. Change my first, and I am an article of clothing; my second, and I get up; my third, and I am a cable; my fourth, and I am in Scotland.

82.

I am an insect. Change my head, and I pant; my neck, and I wipe; my body, and I turn awry; my tail, and I perform my ablutions.

83.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

Modern Books.

1. Like the fair-faced vow.
2. I safe, then calm hot shot.
2. Count Sin, be calm.
4. Burn'd by a rage.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN THE MAY NUMBER.

40, Grave-digger; 41, Of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: It might have been; 42, Macaw, aroma, coral, amaze, wales; 43, Cat-at, Burns-urns, Pin-in, Whenhen; 44, Ireland; 45, Brave, raven, avert, verse, enter; 46, Pine-apple; 47, 1, An idea, 2, Because you find it increases, 3, Tulips (Two-lips); 48, Tiger, tier; 49, Link, pink, rink, sink; 50, Moat, once, acre, teem; 51, See-saw; 52, Heart, ear, art, tar; 53, Bark-ark-bar; 54, Where there 's will there 's way; 55, Home, sweet home; 56, Atlas, Arion — Anna, Tower, Lipari, Apollo, Saturn; 57, A bed; 58, Stockings.

Of the April puzzles B. D. answers 14; P. G., 11.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.

BOSTON, JUNE 1, 1879.

A Talk with our Readers.

READ the advertisements.

THANKS to the friends who have sent us "The Old God."

THE "New York Catholic" is pleased with its success. So are we.

THE back numbers of our magazine will be furnished to all new subscribers.

THE poet priest, Rev. J. A. Ryan, has recovered from his recent indisposition.

THE Jubilee has been extended, for all countries outside of Europe, to the 31st of August.

IT is stated in some of the foreign papers that the venerable Archbishop of Tuam is to be created a cardinal.

ERIN'S HOME TREASURES, the prettiest picture of Irish life ever published. It is given to all yearly subscribers to our magazine.

M. ALPHONSE DE LA BOUILLERIE, son of the former Minister of Agriculture and Commerce in France, has entered the novitiate of the Society of Jesus at Angers.

MR. JUSTIN M'CARTHY, has been returned, unopposed, member of Parliament for the county of Longford, to take the place of Major O'Rielly, appointed to a government office.

WE are pleased to learn that "The La Salle Advance," an interesting monthly Catholic paper of Philadelphia, is doing well. Our magazine and the "Advance" will be furnished for $2.25 a year.

NEW YORK CATHOLIC. — This is a new paper recently started. It is ably edited, well printed, and has just the ring to it to make it popular. DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE and "The Catholic" are given for $3.00 a year.

WILL some friend loan or give us a pamphlet published by Mr. Donahoe seven years ago, entitled "Was St. Peter ever in Rome?"

THE rumor is that Dean Stanley, of whom we had something to say in a former number of our magazine, is about to become a Catholic.

THE CLARE ELECTION. — The select committee on the Clare election have decided that the acceptance by Sir Bryan O'Loghlen of the appointment of Attorney-General of Victoria rendered vacant his seat for Clare.

REV. FATHER LAWLOR, of St. Mary's, New London, Conn., recently announced that the names of all Catholics of his congregation who appeared before the police courts will be publicly made known in the church and their offences described to the congregation.

WE are in daily receipt of such letters as the following: —

REPUBLIC, MICH., March 25, 1878.

MR. PATRICK DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — Enclosed, please find three dollars. Your magazine is one of the most welcome visitors that comes to my table.

Respectfully,
REV. J. W. KELLY.

CHARLESTON, S. C., March 28, 1879.

Dear Mr. Donahoe: — The following are subscribers to your magazine: Rev. H. P. Northrop, St. Patrick's, Charleston, S. C.; Rev. C. B. Northrop, St. Mary's, Charleston, S. C.; Very Rev. D. J. Quigley, Cathedral Chapel, Charleston, S. C.; Rev. D. Hurley, St. Peter's Chapel, Charleston, S. C.; Mr. William Wilson, Beaufort, South Carolina; Rev. J. P. Twigg, Cathredral Chapel, this city. Please find enclosed post-office order for the amount. Wishing you a sweeping success in the publication of this good Irish magazine, and in all things else,

I am yours sincerely in our Lord,
REV. JOHN P. TWIGG,
Cathedral Chapel.

Many thanks to our good friend, Father Twigg.

WHY is it, asks the "Catholic Columbian," that a Catholic young man will pass the Church in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept, and feel ashamed to show his faith by lifting his hat in honor of so august a Presence? Why is it that on the next square he will lift his hat entirely, to a lady friend?

NEW YORK, March 10, 1879.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — I beg to offer you my personal thanks for the first three numbers of your very valuable magazine, which you were so kind as to send me. I submit to you a notice from the last issue of my paper.

I sincerely hope that your success in the venture may be all that your heart could wish. No success could be greater than is deserved by so worthy a publication.

Yours very truly,
ELIOT RYDER,
Editor New York Catholic.

MOORE and Emmet were boon companions at Trinity College. Though by the bill of 1793, Catholics were admitted to the University, they were yet excluded from scholarships, fellowships, and all the honors which brought emolument. This, of course, shut Thomas Moore, the Catholic son of Catholic parents, out from all those little aids in the way of money by means of which many a clever youth has worked his way through a university curriculum.

PEORIA, ILL., March 15, 1879.

P. DONAHOE, ESQ.:

Dear Sir, — Please find enclosed a post-office order for $10.50, being a subscription for seven numbers of your magazine.

The Rev. Father Hurley, our pastor, has very kindly spoken of the magazine, and earnestly recommended it to his parishioners.

I can say from a careful examination of it that it is the best work for the least money published in this country.

Wishing you success in your new undertaking,

I am very truly, etc.,
M. C. QUINN.

PÈRE MONSABRE, of the Order of St. Dominic, who is now preaching the Conferences at Notre Dame, Paris, was one day, during his novitiate at Flavigny, in the company of some of his fellow-novices, who were discussing the unhappy state of souls estranged from God, and whom the mere sight of a priest would annoy and terrify, and were inquiring among themselves what would be the best means of helping them. Père Monsabre remained silent for a time; then, suddenly starting up, he exclaimed with a thrilling voice: "I know what I will do! I will go through the streets in my habit. I will force them to look at me, and I will cry to them, 'Take care! the Gospel is passing by!'"

ANY person who takes a magazine regularly from the post-office, whether directed to his name or another's, or *whether he has subscribed or not*, is responsible for the payment.

If a person orders his paper discontinued, he must *pay* all *arrearages*, or the publisher may continue to send it until payment is made, and collect the whole amount, whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

The courts have decided that refusing to take newspapers and periodicals from the post-office, or removing and leaving them uncalled for, is *prima facie* evidence of intentional fraud.

KENTON, OHIO, March 3, 1879.

MR. DONAHOE:

Dear Sir, — Inclosed find two dollars for your grand undertaking in publishing a national Irish and American magazine. I hope and trust that every Irishman in America, Canada, and all over the world where Irishmen dwell, will subscribe for your valuable magazine. Further comment in my power will come to a close by saying that we know that you were the true and tried old friend of our noble race. Therefore I wish you every success.

Yours respectfully,
J. D. CROWLEY.

DURING the holy season of Lent there were three missions going on in Boston. The Jesuits at the Church of the Immaculate Conception, the Dominicans at St. James, and the Redemptorists at St. Stephen's. We do not learn how many communicants there were at St. James, but over ten thousand communions were given at the Immaculate. The Redemptorist Mission was continued at St. Stephen's after Easter. We can safely say that on no former occasion have the Catholics of Boston manifested so much zeal and piety as during the past Lent. The Jubilee exercises undoubtedly contributed largely toward this happy result.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE FOR JANUARY, 1879. — Here's the eagerly looked-for re-entry of Patrick Donahoe into journalism, and into that Irish-Catholic sphere which he long dignified, and where he did such good work for his religion and his countries, native and adopted. The very appearance of this magazine is engaging. One "takes" to it right away, while its contents are in every way suitable to the Irish and Catholic homes for which the magazine is intended. That it may enter many is our hope, not only that its beneficent influences may be exerted upon their inmates, but so that Patrick Donahoe may once again "take his station" among the publishers who are conferring benefits upon our people. Among them Patrick Donahoe should be leader, as of old, not only because of his past services, but for the brilliant example he gave the country of honesty. — *I. C. B. U. Journal, Philadelphia.*

A ZEALOUS priest in New England has ordered twenty-five copies of "The Catholic Mirror," Baltimore, Md., to be sent to him every week, for distribution among the members of his congregation. He does well in this, for a good paper is a great help to a rector, and its influence soon shows itself in families where it is carefully read.

The largest number taken by a priest, of our magazine, is forty-five. He is a New England clergyman, also. Has our contemporary many such priests out in Mary's land?

CARDINAL NEWMAN.—We understand that by special dispensation from his Holiness, the ceremonies attendant upon Dr. Newman's admission to the cardinalate will be performed in the Chapel of the Oratory, at Edgbaston, upon an early day. The friends and admirers of our great theologian are expected to muster in strong force, and I am afraid that the restricted accommodation will force the good fathers to refuse many petitions for admission. The rarity of the ceremonies beyond the walls of Rome, and the illustrious fame of the new cardinal, render the occasion unique. It will be remembered that in 1535 the Pope promoted to the purple Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, after his committal to the Tower of London. The aged bishop on receiving the news is said to have replied that "if the hat were lying at his feet he would not stoop to take it up, so little did he set by it." Henry VIII., like a bloodthirsty tyrant, exclaimed, "Paul may send him the hat, but I will take care that he have never a head to wear it on." The royal brute kept his word, and the saintly martyr was beheaded. The times of Cardinal Newman are at least better than those of Cardinal Fisher.

HOUSE OF THE ANGEL GUARDIAN.—While all the other Catholic institutions in the archdiocese of Boston appear to be remembered by the charitable, one of the greatest charities in the State seems to be almost entirely neglected or forgotten. Never before was this institution conducted so creditably and so economically as it has been since F. Justinian, the present Superior, has had the supervision of it. The expenses have been reduced about one half what they formerly were, and yet the means to meet the current expenses are meagre and entirely inadequate. Many of the boys supported by this institution have been abandoned by their parents or friends, and are left to the charity of F. Justinian and the noble brothers who co-operate with him in ameliorating and improving their condition. This great work of charity has no fixed income for its maintenance, and the charitable all over the State, and in our community particularly, should remember the House of the Angel Guardian, which has, through the labors of its founder and of its present head, saved so many wayward boys from criminal and profitless lives, and sent them forth into the world as good citizens and Christians.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

We cheerfully copy the above from the "Gazette," and vouch for every word of it. See advertisement on advertising pages.

FIRST VOLUME COMPLETE.—With this issue of our magazine, the first volume is completed. We append a title-page and contents for those who desire to bind the six numbers. It is much better to bind in two volumes than one at the end of the year. The six numbers make a handsome volume of five hundred and seventy-six pages. The cost of binding is fifty cents per volume. Subscribers desiring to have their numbers bound, by leaving them at our office, 25 Boylston Street, their orders shall be attended to.

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—This monthly is fully up to the standard of its predecessors, and those who desire a book full of excellent reading matter, had better send two dollars, the yearly subscription. We would not be without it for twice that amount. At the end of every six months the subscriber will find himself the owner of a volume of some six hundred pages, which is a treasure in any family, and all Irish and Catholic families should have it. To all subscribers, Mr. Patrick Donahoe sends a fine engraving "Erin's Household Treasures," which when framed is an ornament in any house, recalling scenes of home and fatherland.—*The A. O. H. Journal, Richmond, Va.*

IT is gratifying to us to be able to announce that DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE is a success. Before its appearance a warm welcome awaited it from the old acquaintances of its editor, and since it has proved itself to be commendable on its own merits, it has won troops of new friends. Its proprietor has published a lithograph, a copy of which he intends to present to every yearly subscriber. It is called "Erin's Home Treasures," and represents the interior of an Irish peasant's cabin. He and his wife are seated side by side, looking with affection on their sleeping child. The pot is boiling in the fireplace, some chickens are drinking water from a bowl, while on the wall is a rude crucifix and a pair of beads.—*Baltimore Catholic Mirror.*

DONAHOE'S MAGAZINE.—Anything bearing the imprint of the veteran Catholic publisher, Patrick Donahoe, will meet with a ready appreciation by his countless admirers in this country. We can safely say that no Catholic publisher in America has had a more extended and, at times, bitter experience in this line than Mr. Donahoe. Hence, his monthly magazine, which is his latest venture, will be well received by Irish families, both at home and abroad. This is a handsomely gotten up magazine, filled with interesting matter from the most brilliant writers, and, without doubt, will prove a welcome visitor in every Irish household, both at home and abroad. We congratulate Mr. Donahoe on his return to the editorial chair, and hope that naught but unvarying success will ever meet his efforts.—*Hibernian Record, New Haven, Conn.*

Obituary.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north wind's breath,
And stars to set; but all,
Thou hast *all* seasons for thine own, O Death!

CLERGYMEN.

Rev. Eugene McSherry, Catholic pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Loretta, Hempstead, L. I., died at that place recently; he was born in Ireland in 1842.

Rev. Bernard J. McCollum, formerly pastor of St. Philomena's Church, Hawley, Penn., died in Rome, on March 22d.

Rev. John A. Logue died suddenly in Philadelphia on the evening of Holy Thursday. He was born in that city, July 3, 1850.

On Friday morning, the 4th of April, Rev. P. J. Egan died almost suddenly at his late residence in Minersville, Pa., where he was pastor of the Church of St. Vincent de Paul since February, 1878.

The death of the Rev. Malachy Hanley, P. P., of Spiddall County, Galway, took place on the night of 28th March, after suffering from consumption for several months. The reverend gentleman was only thirty-five years of age.

Rev. Father Kennedy died in New Orleans, March 29. At the time of his death, he had attained only to the age of twenty-three years one month and eighteen days, having been a priest but three months and a few days.

On the 18th March, Rev. Albert Busch, of Lively Grove (Alton diocese), Ill., died after a short illness, pronouncing the words, "Now I go: praised be Jesus Christ." Deceased was born in 1844 at Nieheim, circle of Hoexter, Westphalia.

Death has of late made sad havoc amongst the clergy of the primatial see of Armagh. The venerable Archdeacon Gossan, P. P. V. G., St. Peter's, Drogheda, died on the 9th of April, in the 70th year of his age, and the 48th of his sacred ministry.

It is our sad duty to record the death of the Rev. Peter Maguire, P. P., Maguiresbridge, which took place on the 23d March, at his residence near Lisnaskea, county Fermanagh, diocese of Cloyne. The deceased venerable priest, who died in the seventy-fifth year of his age, and in the forty-eighth of his missionary career, was a native of Enniskillen.

The Rev. Theodore Noethen died suddenly at Albany, N. Y., on Thursday, April 10, from congestion of the lungs and hemorrhage. He was pastor of the Church of the Holy Cross, Catholic chaplain of the Albany Penitentiary, and probably the oldest priest in the diocese. He was the author of many books, and was known all over the world for his great usefulness. Father Noethen was born at Cologne, Feb. 3, 1816.

Rev. Father A. M. Marigliano of St. Mary's Church, Endicott Street, Boston, died at Holy Cross College, Worcester, at 10.45 A. M., Tuesday, April 15. He was born at Naples, July, 1842. His father, an Italian nobleman, is still alive. Father Marigliano was ordained in 1866, and came to America in 1871, and joined the Jesuit Fathers. In September, 1877, he came to St. Mary's, where he remained until his final illness.

The Rev. Edward Coughlan, of Boston, died at his father's residence in Salem, Mass., March 29. Mr. Coughlan was a young man about twenty-nine years of age, and the son of Timothy Coughlan of that city. He was a graduate of the Salem High School and a remarkably talented and promising young man, having already taken a prominent place in the ranks of the Catholic clergy. He went to Salem on St. Patrick's Day for the purpose of delivering the panegyric at St. James's Church, but was prevented from doing so by illness. His disease was an affection of the brain. He was a man of high culture, and had travelled extensively abroad.

The Dominican Order in Ireland has sustained a heavy loss by the death of the Very Rev. Father Wm. Dominick Madden, Kilkenny. Attracted at a very early age to the religious state, he was admitted to profession in the convent of Esker, county Galway. Father Madden was often selected for offices in his Order to which no small degree of responsibility was attached, and he invariably acquitted himself with the utmost prudence, zeal, and the kindest consideration for others. The last six years of his life were spent under the shadows of the Black Abbey in Kilkenny, where by the even tenor of his ways, and his faithful discharge of the dutfes of the sacred ministry, he won the esteem of all classes, and was held in the highest reverence both by the people and the clergy. Father Madden was ordained priest in Rome in the year 1839, and he was in his sixty-third year when a painful illness terminated on the 22d inst. in his peaceful and most happy death.

Death of the Very Rev. Father Prior, of the Carmelites, Kensington, England.—For all who have ever frequented the beautiful Church of the Carmelite Fathers at Kensington we have this week the saddest news. On Sunday evening last, at about a quarter to six, the revered Prior, Father Stanislaus Viney, while on his way to a sick call, was suddenly seized with an attack of *angina pectoris*. Brought home in a cab by a friend who happened to be with him, he was met by Father Edmund at the gate of the monastery. On seeing one of his beloved brethren he became perfectly conscious, and leaning upon the Father's arm, walked into the house. Dr. Lattey was immediately summoned, and everything was done that human skill could suggest; but God had other designs. The good Father grew rapidly worse, the last rites were administered, and, surrounded by the Fathers

and all his brethren, he calmly expired at about half past seven, conscious almost to the last.—*R. I. P.*

SISTERS.

Sister Mary Philomena Cavanaugh recently died at the Convent of the Visitation in Georgetown, of which community she had been a member for many years.

On the 1st of April there died in the Convent of St. Clare, Newry, Sister Mary Aloysius Collins, who for the last forty-five years was an inmate of the convent. This venerable lady was sister to the late Daniel Collins, Esq., of Newry.

Sister Jane Frances (Keenan), one of the oldest of the Maryland community of Sisters of Charity, died recently at St. Mary's Hospital, Baltimore. The deceased was born in Ireland, in 1808, and was for forty-two years an energetic member of the Order of Charity.

Mother Mary Regina Lawless died at the New York Catholic Protectory, on Friday, March 28, in the sixtieth year of her age and the forty-fifth of her religious vocation. A solemn requiem mass, for the repose of her soul, was celebrated in the chapel of the female department of the Protectory, on Sunday, March 30, at half past ten, A. M., after which the remains were conveyed to the mother-house of the Sisters of Charity, Mount St. Vincent, where they were interred. With everything to make life happy and attractive, she gave up the world in the first early years of her girlhood, and vowed, in the calm quiet of that time-honored institution of the Sisters of Charity, at Emmettsburgh, to devote herself to a life of self-sacrifice and devotion.

LAYMEN.

The death of Judge Norton, of Brighton, in Texas, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, is deplored by all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. He was one of the most learned members of the Boston bar, and was respected by all the members of the profession. His remains were taken to the Cathedral of the Holy Cross on the 25th of March, where a requiem mass was said for the repose of his soul, which may God rest in peace. After allowing for several private bequests, his estate is to be equally divided between the Association for the Protection of Destitute Roman Catholic Children, St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, and the House of the Good Shepherd. Each institute will receive about three thousand dollars.

Sudden Death of Sir John Carden.—Sir John Carven Carden, D. L., died suddenly on Sunday morning, March 23, at his residence, Templemore Abbey, Templemore. He had taken a walk that morning, and was preparing to go to church when he was suddenly taken ill, and died in a few minutes. The deceased baronet was in his sixtieth year. He was a Conservative in politics, and more than once took a prominent part in Tipperary elections. It is remarkable that not two years ago his brother, Col. Carden, was found dead in a railway carriage on the Great Southern and Western Railway. He was on his way from Templemore to Dublin, and the medical testimony was to the effect that death was caused by disease of the heart.

Events of the Month.

Mr. Butt is still sick at his residence in Dublin.

An attempt has been made on the life of the Emperor of Russia. The would-be assassin was arrested.

The Church property in the diocese of Philadelphia is worth $12,000,000, and the debt is $600,000.

James Shields, who fought with Robert Emmet, died in Allegheny, Pa., recently, in the 104th year of his age.

Captain Edward O'Meagher Condon, the Fenian exile, is now a clerk in the Treasury Department, with a salary of $1200 a year.

Mr. Patrick Meledy, the Fenian exile, has been frightfully disfigured by an accident in Philadelphia, where he and Capt. Cusick were thrown from a carriage.

How great a share of the glory of Catholic Emancipation belongs to Moore, no man can tell, nor how much credit is due to his Melodies for the amelioration effected in the condition of his countrymen, since he made their wrongs immortal. But no one will deny that to his works much is due.

A Cork newspaper man named O'Mahoney has created a sensation in Italian musical circles. He went to the Sunny Land to perfect his musical education, and so successful is he as a bass singer, that Italian cities are vying with each other in doing him honor. Signor Omani is his professional name.

Captain Harris, in a recent lecture delivered in Dublin, gave a very graphic description of the appearance and manner of the Zulu race. It was all nonsense, he said, to imagine that they were a class of men who could be "got over" in a couple of days; they were gigantic men, and their mode of warfare might be described as "swelling out" and "eating up."

St. Joseph's College, Mill Hill.—The Holy Father has intimated to the Bishop of Salford, as Superior-General of St. Joseph's Foreign Missionary Society of the Sacred Heart, that he intends to erect the far north of India into an Apostolic Prefecture, and that he desires to intrust it to St. Joseph's Society. In obedience to the wishes of the Holy See, four missioners were to take their departure from Mill Hill on Tuesday in Easter week.

REV. WALTER HILL has left the Paulist community and joined the Passionists. Rev. William Dwyer has left the Paulists to accept a mission in the Diocese of Rochester.

THE RT. REV. DR. CROLLY was consecrated Bishop of Down and Connor in 1825. During the first seven years of his mission he received into the Church one thousand converts in Belfast.

THE Empress of Austria, in her liberal distribution of gifts before she left Ireland, did not forget Mr. J. Kenny, station-master at Kilcock, to whom, in recognition of his services, was presented a diamond ring.

THE Italian, Passananto, who attempted to kill King Humbert at Palermo, in the presence of his wife and child, has had his death sentence commuted to transportation for life, and has been sent to the Island of Elba.

ANOTHER effort has been started in Congress to place Gen. Shields on the retired army list. A bill has been introduced to this effect, and the veteran's friends throughout the country would hail its passage with delight.

THE VERY REV. MONSIGNOR MANNING, of the Order of St. Charles, nephew of Cardinal Manning, is to be Bishop of the new Roman Catholic see of Middleboro' created in Yorkshire. He is barely forty years of age, but very popular.

CATHOLICISM IN THE FAR EAST. — The "Madras Catholic Directory" for 1879 gives a total of 22 bishops (Vicars-Apostolic) and 1,130 priests in India, Ceylon, Burmah, and Siam, exclusive of the clergy in Goa, who amount to 660.

A REMITTANCE of $12,500 is annually sent to the Pope by the St. Peter's confraternity of Dublin. This association was organized in 1860, its mission being to relieve the necessities of the Holy Father. Its first contribution was $80,000.

HALF a century ago Catholic Emancipation was proclaimed in Great Britain and Ireland. Before that time, small, indeed, were the favors shown to "Papists," and the concession was not wrung from an oppressive government without a long and severe struggle.

THE giving of alms and the paying of pew rent are two entirely different obligations. The former is charity; the latter is paying a just debt, fulfilling a contract entered into with the priest, towards the defraying of the necessary expenses of church, school, and his generally quite moderate salary.

FATHER MORTARA, of the Regular Canons of Lateran, established at Mattaincourt (Vosges), famous some twenty years ago as the Jewish boy who was baptized at Rome by a servant, and who was afterwards taken under the protection of Pius IX., is preaching the Lent sermons at the Saint-Die Cathedral.

A TERRIBLE catastrophe is reported from Afghanistan. A body of English cavalry were crossing the Cabul River, when they missed the ford, and a whole squadron was swept away by the current. The squadron belonged to the famous English cavalry regiment, the 10th Hussars, and one officer, Lieutenant Harford, and fifty men were drowned.

DR. DOLLINGER, according to a rumor now current at Rome, is not unlikely to return to communion with the Holy See. When Dr. Dollinger recently reached his eightieth birthday, many congratulations poured in from his old allies, and notably, it is said by one of our morning contemporaries, from an influential Cardinal at Rome, who professes his belief in Dr. Dollinger's speedy submission to authority.

MAINE HELPS A CATHOLIC CHARITY. — The Hon. Edmund Madigan, of Houlton, Me., made an able defence in the Maine State Senate, on the 19th of February, in the matter of the appropriation for the St. Elizabeth Orphan Asylum of Portland. Mr. Madigan denied the assertion that political influence had been used in order to gain a previous appropriation for this institution, and insisted that as other asylums had been assisted, it was the duty of the Senate to set aside religious prejudices in the present instance. Through his efforts the resolution was finally passed.

THE appointment of the Coadjutor Bishop of Dublin to an Archbishopric of the metropolitan diocese has been confirmed by his Holiness Leo XIII. The Holy Father has thus not disregarded the voice of the diocesan clergy who had elected Dr. M'Cabe, to whom they gave the *dignissimus* vote, when shortly after the Cardinal's death they came together to choose his successor. With this announcement from Rome came the intelligence that Dr. Woodlock, Rector of the Catholic University, has been nominated to the See of Ardagh, vacated by the death of the late Dr. Conroy.

ABSENCE OF CRIME IN IRELAND. — All the assizes are nearly over, and the evidence of the absence of crime in the country is still further increased. In opening the assizes for the county Cork on Tuesday, Mr. Justice Lawson told the grand jury that, with the exception of one charge of murder, and two or three of violent assaults, there was no case on the calendar of serious importance, and the number of criminals for trial was small as compared with the great size of the county. During the day a man named Curtin was tried for manslaughter and acquitted. In opening the Antrim Assizes on the same day, Mr. Serjeant Robinson told the grand jury that the riots which occurred in Belfast on Monday night did not detract from the good character of the county or the town. There are between twenty-two and twenty-six cases for trial. Judge Orsmby, in place of Judge O'Brien, who is ill, opened the county Donegal Assizes on Tuesday, and told the grand jury that their duties would be very light, and that the constabulary returns indicated the peaceful state of the county. At the Kildare Assizes on Monday, John Griffin, ex-postmaster at the Curragh, who was convicted of appropriating money enclosed in letters, was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. Baron Dowse opened the assizes for Down on Friday week, and told the grand jury that there was nothing in the state of the county which prevented him from congratulating them on its state. The presiding judges at Wexford, city and county, Kildare, and Kerry found the same happy state existing.

"The great Josephus Flavius Cook," says the Catholic Review, "electrified his Boston audience the other night by performing a startling experiment. Placing the white of an egg in a glass he poured alcohol upon it, and the mass after a few minutes became hard. This chemical effect the great J. F. C. claimed to be an indisputable proof of his proposition that no one, under any circumstances, should ever drink a drop of fermented or distilled liquor. But he failed to remark that the white of an egg if placed in hot water would undergo the same change, and to draw the obvious conclusion that one should never use hot water, but take his tea and coffee cold."

From every quarter of France, its spiritual rulers are protesting against the Bill on Higher Education, which, in the name of the government of the Republic, has been introduced into the French Chambers. Since the protest of the Cardinal Archbishop of Paris and his suffragans was made public, the Archbishop of Rheims and his suffragans of Chalons, of Amiens, of Soissons, and of Beauvais have forwarded their protest to the President of the Republic himself, and the Archbishop of Toulouse, with his suffragans of Pamiers, of Montauban, and Carcasonne have appealed to the senators and the deputies. The venerable and illustrious Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has written a touching and an eloquent letter to President Grévy, and has asked him to interpose in time that no wrong be done to and no harm be inflicted on religion, justice, peace, and the true national spirit of the country.

Cardinal Donnet, Archbishop of Bordeaux, has addressed to both Chambers at Versailles a communication on the education question, which is signed by the Archbishop of Toulouse and the Bishops of Pamiers, Montauban and Carcassonne, while the Bishop of Grenoble has issued a reply to the letter addressed to him by M. Lepère, Minister of Public Instruction and of Worship. In the last document the bishop states that, in his opinion, the time has come to hold the press in check as far as religion is concerned, in order to prevent the persecution of the secular clergy. The "Revue des Deux Mondes," it is worthy of note, contains an article by M. de Mazade, in which many objections are found against M. Jules Ferry's Education Bills.

The Empress of Austria was filled with wonder on meeting Mr. Kavanagh, member of Parliament for county of Carlow, with the Kildare hounds. He was born without legs or arms. In place of legs he has six inches of muscular thigh-stumps, one being about an inch shorter than its fellow, while his arms are dwarfed to perhaps four inches of the upper portion of these members and are unfurnished with any termination approaching to hands. Yet he is a beautiful caligraphist, a dashing huntsman, an artistic draughtsman, an unerring shot, an expert yachtsman, and drives four-in-hand. In writing he holds the pen or pencil in his mouth and guides its course by the arm stumps, which are sufficiently long to meet across the chest. When hunting he sits in a kind of saddle-basket and his reins are managed with surprising expertness and ease.

Notices of Recent Publications.

"Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion." By Thomas Moore. A few copies on sale at Messrs. Noonan & Co.'s.

G. W. Carleton & Co., New York, announce a new book, from the pen of Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, entitled "The Two Brides." A novel.

Rev. A. A. Lambing, of Pittsburg, Pa., has in press a "History of the Catholic Church in the Dioceses of Pittsburg and Allegheny," which will soon be ready for delivery.

The Life of Our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and of His Blessed Mother, translated and adapted from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, A. M. Benziger Bros., New York.

We have perused the six numbers of this book, and have no hesitation in saying that it is the most interesting and instructive life of Our Adorable Saviour and his Blessed Mother we have ever seen, and we have seen many in our day. It is gotten up in splendid style.

John Murphy & Co., Baltimore, have just issued the eleventh revised and enlarged edition of the "Faith of our Fathers." The universal favor with which this work has been received, as attested by the sale of 50,000 copies, will, we hope, be continued and extended to this new edition. See advertisement.

P. Fox, St. Louis, Mo., sends us "Devotions for the Month of May." Adapted from the Italian of Don Vincento Palletti. By a priest of the Archdiocese of St. Louis. We cannot have too many books for the month of our Blessed Mother. We strongly recommend this little book to the children of Mary.

The same publisher has published "Jane, the Orphan": a drama, in two acts, composed for exhibitions, etc., in young ladies' schools. From the French.

Messrs. Lynch, Cole & Co., proprietors of "Irish American," New York, announce the following publications:—

Robert Emmet's "Speech in the Dock," translated into Irish by T. O'Neil Russell, with the original English on opposite pages, is now ready, in pamphlet form. It makes a handsome pamphlet, in green paper covers. Price ten cents. Sent free by mail on receipt of price.—The first number of "Moore's Melodies," translated into Irish by Archbishop MacHale. Price twenty-five cents. Will be completed in two numbers.—Also in press, Father Burke's "Easy Lessons in Irish," latest revised edition, with the author's corrections.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.

LIBRARY
ST. JOHN'S SEMINARY
BRIGHTON, MASS.